

fied that her lot was, in junction with the other four "sisters" (as they all address each other), a most happy one, that one could only wonder at her calm and not-to-be-shaken faith.

Presently a very pretty girl came in, and she was introduced as "My daughter." A sweet, refined face it was; and when I heard that the young lady was a singer of much promise, and had taken part in an amateur representation of the "Mikado," filling the character of "Yum-Yum," and moreover that she was not married, I thought, that it is in this generation that the Mormons will find the rebellion which in the days of their mothers was impossible. For they are allowed a latitude with regard to society and amusement that naturally was out of the question in the time when railways and telegraphs did not exist.

A picture of Councillor Wells was shown to me, a large engraving, apparently out of some publication, and very handsomely framed. It was the head and face of a man no longer young, with waving, snow-white hair and pointed beard, strongly-marked features and not a disagreeable expression.

But the crowning point came when a large photograph was produced of a group consisting of the thirteen daughters! apparently all sizes and ages, the youngest seven years old. And Mrs. Wells remarked, "There, you have seen what very few people have seen—the picture of thirteen daughters of five mothers and one father!" I certainly was impressed by the honour, and more than all, by the calm assurance of being in the right that was displayed by the Mormon wife. Her faith in Mormonism could not be turned more easily than that of an Eastern fanatic.

Subsequently Sister Wells paid me a visit, bringing her little granddaughter with her, such a pretty child, and invited us to spend the evening with her, so that we could see the interior of a Mormon household; and we regretted extremely the shortness of our stay prevented us from going to her house, but we heard many interesting facts from her.

She told me that her eldest daughter was one of three wives and was most happy. And on asking if she was perfectly satisfied herself, replied, "Oh, yes; because *we* consider it a step to further exaltation!" The children of the different families call the wives who are not their mother, "Auntie," and all the saints address each other as "Brother" and "Sister" So-and-so.

To the question if there was much bickering and jealousy amongst the different families, she said, "Not more so than in others," which was a most discreet answer. But further she said that the only jealousy, as a rule, was if the father noticed the children of one mother more than those of another.

Brigham Young had eighteen acknowledged wives, of whom seven or eight survived him, and when I enquired if any of them had ever married again, Mrs. Wells said "No, impossible that any wife of such a Saint as Brigham Young should ever marry again; he was such a wonderful man, such a splendid man in every way."

One of her own daughters had died unmarried, which was evidently a great grief to her, as there seems to be some stigma attached to such a fate.

The days of Utah, as a Mormon territory, are no doubt nearing a close; the Church of the Latter Day Saints will be soon extinct. They themselves look upon all the changes as a religious persecution, which only the coming of the Prophet can end, and which advent will restore the once great community to its former power. Polygamy is now heavily punished, and elders and Bishops of the Church suffer alike with their humbler brethren; but the problem to be solved is a stupendous one, as to what is to become of the helpless women and children.

Once well cared for, industrious and apparently happy in their prosperity, the new state of affairs has brought terrible suffering on those helpless beings, who are unable to cope with the hardships which they are forced to endure. The fathers and bread winners have in almost every case been forced to fly from the country, often without being able to make provision for their families, who are left to struggle as best they can to make a livelihood. It must seem hard in many ways, though naturally, the beginning of the end must come. One phase of the prosecution going on in the courts of law against Polygamy must be mentioned: In no case could a Mormon wife be induced to give evidence against her husband, it being well-nigh impossible to find out which was number one, as in that event only one wife could be acknowledged by law. A consequence perhaps of terrorism, perhaps of instinctive loyalty to the head of the household; one cannot tell.

The doctrines of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," as set forth in a pamphlet of that name, given to me by Mrs. Wells, are striking in their similarity to those of the Episcopal Church, with exceptions of belief in "Miraculous manifestations of God's power, as not confined to the apostolic and earlier ages, nor to the eastern hemisphere, but may be enjoyed in this age, or in any dispensation or country." Also that the "Book of Mormon and revelations made to Joseph Smith were inspired strictly from God, to organize the Church of Christ anew."

The ten Commandments are as binding now as in the days of Moses. Due to the extent of first, a tenth of their property and afterward a tenth of their increase of income were exacted from members of the church. And finally, that "the dead who did not obey the Gospel in this world can hear and accept of it in the spirit world, their mortal relatives or friends attending to the ordinance of the Gospel on their behalf." This is a very extraordinary shuffling off of the sins to which flesh is heir, to the unoffending mortal and sorrowing friends left behind.

The declaration of the three witnesses to the effect that the Book of Mormon was laid directly before them by an angel, with engravings on plates of gold, is another extraordinary thing to read, and one can but wonder at the credulity exhibited by the descendants of these people in Salt

Lake City even in the present day, who have advantages of education and society that their parents were entirely cut off from, but, as has been said before, it is in the youth of the present day that the re-organization of the sect will come; there is but little wish to submit to the rules and regulations laid down so vigorously and so faithfully carried out by their forefathers.

The papers deplored the falling away of the young men especially, whose great object seemed to be to try their fortunes in other spheres than their native one, and who, in many cases, do not care to give their counsel and strength to the rebuilding of the old institutions. And it must be bitterness indeed to the old Mormons, who suffered in what they believed a righteous cause, to see their authority set at naught, and to feel and know that it is now only a question of time when their beloved church will be a thing of the past.

M. FORSYTH GRANT.

## DESTINY.

A fledgling sung within a wind-blown nest,  
Deep cradled in a modest hawthorn's crest,  
To peer at it the curious leaves bent over  
And crooned soft songs to lull it into rest.  
The mother bird sang to the sun above her,  
Till stirred the gold air throbbing, like her breast,  
With love expest.

Through summer days, the golden sands of years,  
Shadow and sunlight crossed protecting spears,  
Ebon and gold above earth's new-born guest.  
With eager lips the leafage drained the tears  
Of dying clouds, lest it should be distress,  
And songs of love sang in its wondering ears  
To soothe its fears.

Frail as a crystal flake of breast-white snow,  
And fearful as an echo-fleeing doe,  
Weak as a wayward thistle-down which veers  
With winds that cannot bend the daisy low,  
Instinct with charms, born of more heavenly spheres,  
The tender nestling, bathed in the summer's glow,  
Swung to and fro.

Thus wind-nursed passed its youth. And then my love  
Found the shy nest within the hawthorn grove,  
Yielding it all that soul-love can bestow.  
I heeded not the warning poised above  
In heaven's blue arch, nor fateward turned to know  
That the frail nestling yet its wings would prove  
And skyward rove.

Days wing the soul and poise it for its flight;  
Days give it strength to win life's azure height,  
With lapse of days the feeble fledgling throve,  
And dreamed sweet dreams that thrilled it with delight.  
Then, while soul-sick I watched, its pinions strove,  
Not vainly, to uplift it to the bright  
Portals of light.

Sunlight and shade dwelt in the swaying trees,  
Sunlight and shade and happy melodies,  
Sunbeams and song, but in my head is night  
And wailings of a spirit ill at ease,  
For vacant is the nest. Beyond my sight,  
From upper skies, her joyous symphonies  
Float on the breeze.

The little one has found a kindred mate  
And flown from me, and left me desolate,  
Yet, shall I hate it that my love it flees?  
Nay, mine the sin, to struggle against fate,  
And, though I drink life's poison to the lees,  
Still may they sing, bright souls, at heaven's blue gate  
Nor fear my hate.

Montreal.

ARTHUR WIER.

## THE NOVELIST AS MILLINER.

It has of late become the fashion for novelists to dress their heroines with as much care as they construct their plots and develop their characters. Yesterday the heroine of romance wore clothes, and that was all. To-day her gowns and bonnets have become as important to the reader as her adventures. Dress in the old days was taken for granted, unless the dress of a past period, when elaborate descriptions were allowed, to intensify the local colour and add depth and brilliancy in the gray, antique atmosphere. When Thackeray touched on his heroines' clothes it was merely a high light on the canvas. In those spicy days, when Becky lived well on nothing a year, she once appeared in "a pink dress as fresh as a rose," while peeping out from under the hem was "the prettiest little foot, in the prettiest little sandal, in the finest silk stocking in the world." And there are Beatrix Esmond's red stockings, with the silver clocks, which she