

# The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

JOSEPH McLEOD.]

"THAT GOD IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST." Peter.

[Editor and Proprietor.

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## The Intelligencer.

(From the New York Observer.)

### HEAVEN A LOCALITY.

The question to be discussed, in this article, is whether heaven is a locality, visible and tangible to the beings who inhabit it, or merely a state of existence, having no relations to time or space. Some persons have advocated the latter idea, and have argued that, when the spirit left the body, it severed all connection with matter, and existed, henceforth, in a purely spiritual state. The heaven, it has been said, consists in the delights of a holy soul, that was dependent on nothing external; that had no defined locality, and no communication with any visible forms of matter, or of being. But such a theory, in my view, entirely shuts out of the mind all idea of heaven. It sweeps away all those beautiful and celestial fabrics that are built upon the imagery and language of the Scriptures. It excludes the idea of social and enrapturing worship around the throne of God, and obliterates our cherished associations with visible forms, and all the warm expressions of interest and affection that enter into our conception of heaven as a home.

The position, therefore, that we take, and shall endeavour to maintain, is that there is somewhere in the universe of God a local and visible heaven, which is presented to us under the names of "The Paradise of God," "The Heavenly Kingdom," "The City of the Living God," "The Saints' Everlasting Rest." In proof of this we appeal first to the teachings of Christ, the fountain of all truth. Shortly before the Saviour's arrest and crucifixion, he comforted his sorrowing disciples with these words: "Let not your heart be troubled." "Do not be distressed at what is about to take place, at our separation, or the cruel death that is before me." "Ye believe in God, believe also in me." Repose implicitly in what I have said to you, and in what I am about to say. Whatever perplexities surround you, or mysteries seem to hang over me, yet have faith in me, and you will find in the future, that all my words will be made true. "In my Father's house are many mansions," he said, "that I go to prepare a place for you." This language is distinct and unqualified. He then adds: "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am ye may be also."

Now, if heaven, as some suppose, is only a state of being, with nothing local or visible, with what propriety can this language be applied to it? And the same inquiry may be put in relation to all the language that Christ used in reference to the heavenly world. In the prayer that followed his farewell address, he said: "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." But how can they be with Him, and hold sensible communion with Him, unless he occupies some definite locality? And how can they behold His glory unless there is something visible to excite their admiration and delight?

St. John says: "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." Precisely in what sense we shall be like Him we do not understand. But our glorified bodies will be like His glorified body. Our faculties and senses will be of a very high order, resembling His. Our sense of sight will be so clear and penetrating that we shall see Him as He is; see Him in the heavenly loveliness of His character, and in the majesty and glory of His person. And whatever is visible in Christ, or in the heavenly world, must partake, in some sense or degree, of the nature of matter. Our knowledge extends to but two substances, matter and mind, or spirit. One of the characteristics of spirit is its invisibility. What, therefore, is visible belongs to the department of matter. But matter itself has a great variety of forms. Its rudimentary elements are found in the rough earth, with its rocks and mountains. Its refined and subtle elements are found in the air, in light and in electricity. We are familiar with forms of matter which are invisible to our present organs of vision; and there may be still others that enter into the structure of heavenly beings, and their celestial abodes. As I read my Bible, and, especially, as I listen to the words of the great Teacher, who brought life and immortality to light, there rises before me a vast and splendid kingdom, the beauties and attractions of which are faintly set forth under the imagery of gardens, fountains, cities, palaces and crowns; and the stronger I can feel the pulsations of the spiritual life through my being, the greater is my faith in the grand truth that Christ has gone to prepare a place for us; and that the preparations for the arrival of his disciples will be worthy of Him who intensely loves those whom He redeems, and who has at His command the resources of the universe.

But besides the words of Jesus, the language of the apostles is based upon the view that we are advocating. St. Paul tells us that he was caught up into the third heaven, or paradise, "and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter." The Jews considered that there were heavens. The first was the atmosphere above and around us, where the birds fly, and the clouds move. The second was the region occupied by the sun and stars. The third was above all, where the kingdom of God reposes in undimmed light and splendor. To this St. Paul was admitted. Here he heard those wonderful things, saw those glories and experienced those joys that animated him to the very close of his earthly career; that fired his zeal with such unabated ardor, and led him to long to depart and be with Christ.

St. Peter, in describing the coming of Christ to judge the world, says: "Nevertheless, we, according to His promise, look for a new heaven and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." In the visions granted to St. John when an exile in Patmos, after stripping them of all imagery and symbols, it must be allowed that he gazed upon a kingdom of ineffable splendor. And we may naturally suppose that he has but partially expressed, in human language, what he saw and heard of the joys and glories of heaven. Then the Scriptural writers uniformly represent the glorified saints as possessing bodies; and we must naturally infer that they will dwell in a heaven suited to the nature of these bodies. In endeavouring to describe the resurrection

body, St. Paul says: "It is sown in corruption," in a state of decay and degradation. "It is raised in incorruption," to be no more subject to dissolution and death. "It is sown in dishonor," consigned to destruction because of sin. "It is raised in glory," such a glory as shone from the three celestial beings on the Mount of Transfiguration. "It is sown in weakness," and is no more liable to decay. "It is sown a natural body," one composed of flesh and blood, and dependent upon earthly food. "It is raised a spiritual body," no more dependent upon the natural productions of the earth, but formed of elements that are indestructible. Then, as his mind kindles with the glory of the theme, he sounds forth, as in the hearing of all coming generations, this utterance, which, for grandeur and power, is unsurpassed: "For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

And where, we would ask, are these glorified and immortal bodies to dwell? Are they to float in space, connected with nothing that is tangible or visible? Are they to search in vain for the place prepared for them; for the throne of the eternal; for the cities of the living God; for the glorious kingdom over which Jesus reigns? Whither, we may ask, did Enoch and Elijah go, when they were translated from earth to heaven? Whither did the bright cherub travel that bore the great prophet from the earth? and upon which Elisha gazed with wonder. Did all fade from visible existence, as they faded from the vision of Elisha? Did the chariot and the horseman, and the illustrious man of God reach only vacancy? and has he dwelt all these ages in dreary emptiness? When he appeared with Moses, upon the Mount of Transfiguration, did he merely assume a celestial body for the occasion, and one that was to be thrown aside the instant he withdrew from the three apostles? Whither, too, we may ask, have the other patriarchs and prophets; the apostles; the noble army of martyrs; the great multitude of the redeemed, who have passed away from earth, gone? The Holy Scriptures answer. They have gone to their everlasting home, where the pure in heart see God; where believers see Jesus, and are like Him; where there are beautiful mansions, and temples of light, and anthems of everlasting praise. They have gone to "Mount Zion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven."—R. W. Clark, D.D.

### "NEVER CROSS A BRIDGE TILL YOU COME TO IT."

It was beginning to grow dark one pleasant October evening, and little Anne and her grandmother were sitting by a brightly blazing wood fire. Grandmother had her knitting in her hands, and the gathering darkness did not stop her work, for she had to knit so many stockings for her children and grandchildren that her fingers knew just what to do, without having any eyes to watch. But, for a wonder, little Anne was doing nothing, and had sat for a whole quarter of an hour without even talking. The truth was, Anne had had three little friends to spend the afternoon with her, and they had played and laughed and talked so much that she was glad to rest and be quiet. So she sat watching the bright flames, till grandmother at last said, "What is my little girl thinking about so long?"

And then the unusual silence was broken, and Anne's little tongue ran as fast as it could talk, with a history of all that pleasant afternoon—of the games they had played, and the stories they had told each other under the trees.

"And O, I remember," she said suddenly, "there was something I wanted to ask you, grandmamma. We were playing 'Proverbs' this afternoon; and one that Lucy gave us to guess was, 'Never cross a bridge till you come to it.' I don't know what it means; do you?"

"Yes, darling; it means, do not be troubled and anxious about difficulties or trials in the future; wait till you come to them."

"But still I don't exactly see what it means about the bridge," said Anne; "of course, no one can cross a bridge till he comes to it."

"I will tell you a little story that may help you to understand it. Once upon a time there was a little girl named Ruth. She was a timid child, afraid of all sorts of things that had no intention of hurting her. As a cow looked toward her, she felt sure it meant to run at her; if a dog barked, she thought it meant to bite her; and if she had to go into a dark room, she trembled with fear till she was safely in the light again. Don't you think she was very foolish?"

"Yes," said Anne, hanging down her head a little, for she remembered some such feelings herself; "but, grandmamma, how can one help being afraid?"

"I will tell you one way. When you are alone in the dark, for instance, do not think about unpleasant things—about the ghosts, and robbers, and such things, that will naturally make you afraid; but think of pleasant things; and if nothing else will take away your fear, remember that your Heavenly Father is with you as much in the darkness as in the light, and when you are with Him there is surely nothing to fear."

"But to return to my story: Little Ruth had been spending a day with her aunt, who lived in a great farmhouse, not far from her own home. Her father drove her over in a carriage in the morning, and told her she might stay all day, if she would be home by the time the sun set. So Ruth had seen the little new chickens, and played in the hay, and picked currants for Aunt Mary and been very happy and happy all day. After an early supper, while the sun was still far up above the hills, her aunt took her out in the garden and orchard, and gave her a basket of fruit and flowers. Then she showed her a new and short way home, across the fields, into a narrow lane that led into the main road.

"Ruth ran on merrily, stopping sometimes to add some wild flowers to her basket, and sometimes to look back to the fence where Aunt Mary stood watching her. She soon found herself safely in the lane; and after climbing a little hill, she could see her own home not far away. It was a beautiful view, for she could see the blue ocean far away between the hills and the river, with the white houses of the village reflected in it, and close by, the winding road, with hedges of wild roses and elder, and little clumps of trees here and there. But Ruth did not stop long to admire the view; for, as she looked down the hill, she saw something which frightened her. What do you suppose it was?"

"A cow?"  
"No; guess again."  
"A great black dog?"  
"No; it was only a pretty little brook, which ran sparkling over the stones."  
"I don't see how she could be afraid of a brook. That couldn't hurt her."

"This was the trouble. The road, as it seemed to Ruth, ran directly down to the brook, and for a bridge there was only one wide plank. So she began to think how dreadful it would be to have to go over such a bridge. It might break down, or she might be dizzy, and fall off, and be drowned."

"Why, I like to cross over the brook on a board!" said Anne, quite relieved to find that Ruth was not to be an illustration of her own foolish fears.

"But Ruth had not lived in the country long, and little city girls are not in the habit of running about in all sorts of places, as you are. Ruth was very much afraid, and she began to think what she could do. Could she go back? No; for it would take a long time to go round by the road, and besides, she was ashamed to have her aunt know that she was afraid. So she did the most foolish thing possible; she sat down and cried, and then she looked down the hill again, and the water seemed deeper and the bridge narrower than before; and so she cried again. I don't know how long she would have sat there crying, if the sun had not gone down toward the mountains so fast, reminding her that it was time to go home."

She went slowly down the hill, till the bushes and trees hid the brook and the little bridge, and then she took courage, and ran on faster. She soon came to a turn in the little lane, which she had not seen, the trees were so thick; and where do you suppose she found herself? In the main road, with only a very short distance to go to reach her own gate, where her mother was looking out for her!"

"And where was the brook?"  
"The brook was by the side of the road, where it had always been; but the path down to it led off in another direction."  
"So all her crying was for nothing, and she didn't have to cross the bridge at all!"

"No. And now you see what is meant by crossing a bridge before you come to it; do you not?"  
"Yes, grandmamma; but people are never so foolish really, are they?"

"Yes, dear, very often. Many a tear has been shed over troubles that never came. Do you remember a little girl who cried because there was such long talk at the end of the spelling-book? How was it when she really had to learn them?"  
"Oh, they were easy enough then. And I remember crying one night last week because I thought it would rain the next day, and we could not go to the picnic. And it only rained a few drops in the night, and the next day was beautiful. Oh, dear! I didn't think I was so foolish!"

"Ah! dear Annie, older people than you sometimes do the same foolish thing."

"But, grandmamma, sometimes the sorrows we fear do really come; and then we have to cross the bridge."

"Certainly, dear; but if little Ruth had not found she was mistaken, and really had to cross the brook, would her crying before hand have made it any easier? No, indeed; and remember this, Anne, God has given us no promise of strength for imaginary sorrows, or for trials that we think may be in the future. He says, 'As thy day → shall thy strength be;' and if we try to carry to-morrow's burdens to-day, we must expect to sink under them. Now, my dear, can you remember any text in the Bible that means the same thing as this proverb?"

"Yes, grandmamma, I think I know one—'Take therefore no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'—Independent."

### A WIFE'S VICTORY.

The following very interesting narrative is selected from the *Protestant Churchman*—

Many years since a gay and fashionable pair lived near me and attended my ministry. The husband was rich and worldly, and delighted in the admiration which, in society, his wife received. They lived a reckless, gay and worldly life. Except in the worship of an occasional Sunday morning, they knew nothing of religion, and cared for nothing they heard even then.

But in the wonders of grace this gay and fashionable woman was converted, and in the most open and decided manner renounced her life folly, and cast her lot among the followers of the Lord. Her sudden change of life and purpose intensely enraged her unconverted husband, who had no sympathy with her, and could not understand her. He tried in every possible manner to overthrow her plans, and drive her from her choice. He forbade her union with the Church, his wife received. He watched at the entrance of the Church-yard to prevent her entrance by force. So far was this hostility carried, that, at last she found access to the Church for her appointed baptism only through the window in the rear. Thus matters went on for weeks, every day bringing some new tidings of his violence and her sufferings. How much their domestic affairs were known to others I never knew.

The people and the generation have since passed away. Their young children are now mature, and several of them parents themselves.

Some weeks of this new history had passed, when late, one evening, after I had retired to my chamber for the night, my doorbell was violently pulled, and the messenger said Mrs. → desired to see me at once. I dressed myself and went anticipating some new scene of violence. The streets were solitary and still. As I ascended the steps, the door was quietly opened to me, and I found the two sitting together on the sofa, with no other person present. The man looked up to me in an agony of tears, as in astonishment. I sat down by his side and asked an explanation.

"Oh, sir," he cried, "can I be saved; can I be saved?"  
"Yes, surely," I answered; "but you amaze me—what has led you to this?"

"This angel," he replied with eagerness. "You know how I hated her religion. But you do not know how I hated you. I thought you the blackest of human beings. You had broken up my happiness; you had destroyed my peace; you had separated my family; you alienated my wife from me. I laid it all to you. I was intensely enraged with you. I have several times watched for you with the intention of killing you. But it is all over now. I am thankful to see you. But this angel wife—I have cursed her; I have persecuted her in every way; I have beaten her; I have pulled her down by her hair; and she has received it all in silence and meekness. She has never said one unkind word in reply; but she has prayed for me and loved me. And I can stand it no longer. I am miserable, because I am so guilty. I have rebelled so horribly. I have been loved and treated so affectionately. Can I be saved?"

The wife sat silently and heard the whole, and then gently said:  
"My dear husband seemed so distressed tonight, that I took the liberty to send for you."  
How fresh and vivid is that whole scene before me as I write, and all its incidents and details, which I will not describe.

With what delight did I preach the Saviour's love to this lost one, thus aroused by that love to see his own voluntary and aggravated guilt.

We passed more than an hour thus together, and closed our conversation with earnest prayer. Blessed was the result! The strong man armed had found a stronger than he, who, had taken from him all his armor wherein he trusted, and spoiled his goods. He was rebuked by love, converted by Divine Power. He, too, came into the Saviour's flock, and on the side of Jesus.

How changed the mad one became, "sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind." He witnessed among us for years a good confession; he was honored and beloved in the Church—a pattern of gentleness and fidelity at home and abroad.

After some years of earnest Christian life on earth, his course was finished, and his rest obtained. I have since hardly passed the house in which they lived, without recalling to my mind this whole remarkable scene—that powerful display of grace—that voluntary surrender, and the wonderful love and mercy which in so much rebellion he received. He assumed all the responsibility of the guilty wandering upon himself. He learned to give all the glory of his recovery to that amazing grace, which had plucked him as a brand from the burning, and loved him when he was dead in sins.

### NOT WEARYING IN WELL-DOING.

BY PLAIN JOHN.

That there is a tendency to weariness in the divine life, or rather in the duties it requires of us, is matter of common experience. The Bible recognizes it, and, by multiplied exhortations and encouragements, seeks to sustain the mind under its depressing influence. It says to us, "Be not weary in well-doing." It assures us "we shall reap in due season, if we faint not." It admonishes us "that the time is short"—a double admonition, since we have but a brief season in which to accomplish our religious work; but a brief season in which to contend with difficulties; and then we shall enter into rest.

One of the most frequent temptations to weariness is perhaps a sense of the difficulties to which we have alluded. We are prone to pause and brood over them, forgetting to think who is for us, in numbering the hosts that are against us. Indulging such a disposition, despondency will speedily enter. Shall the mother look upon her child in the cradle and begin to estimate the innumerable offices that must be rendered for that young life ere it reaches maturity? Shall she estimate them even for a year or a month? If she does, her heart will fail her. But if wisely she cherishes her love for the child, and meets her tasks only as they come, day by day, the work is easily wrought, and is a joy. So should we think of Christ and cherish our love to Him; think of and rely upon His power, taking up the duties imposed upon us as they come; and the "warfare," the "race," the "conflict" of faith, will be rendered thereby a joy.

Another temptation to weariness arises from an apparent or real want of appreciation. In the local Church men often shrink tasks they would readily undertake did they not feel, "if this is done, no one is grateful, and my reward will be no more, no thanks." In the Sunday school, where the best minds of the Church should be engaged, there is a holding aloof, with the excuse: "It is a thankless task, and incessant in its demands." Perhaps ministers and even editors, men supposed to be of wonderful endurance, may yet have some sense of the discouragement this apprehension sometimes brings. But is this right?

We do not forget that it is very unpleasant, but then it is the common lot. We misjudge others, and perhaps censor, when justice would demand silence, if not praise. We must not, therefore, be too severe, when they thus err. We think, notwithstanding the trial, they ought to be in their lot. Ought not we also to abide? Besides, this spirit is carnal. The Pharisees have their reward. The believer awaits his at the hands of the Righteous Judge, who will recognize and reward all service, though it be so light as casting a mite into the treasury, amid the large gifts of the affluent, or giving a cup of water in the name of Christ, when others are perhaps founding asylums.

Another temptation arises from the absence of immediate and larger results. We are impatient. We forget that times and seasons are with God, who reserves them to Himself. We forget that we are truly doing His will in laying the foundation as in raising the edifice. It often occurs in the Church that one sows and another reaps. Men may not justly distinguish the proportion of service, but He who gives the final award will deal "to every man according as his work has been;" yea, will show us what blind old Milton so well expressed, that—

"They serve who only stand and wait."

If it be their hearts intent upon the Master's will, Think of Elliott, the Indian Missionary. He toiled till he grew old. When he could no longer ride from village to village, he built a church near his own house, and there preached Jesus to the gathered red men. Grown more infirm, he met them in his own home. When he could not stand upon his feet, he preached from his chair. At last, though bedridden, he kept to his great work. Almost the last earthly effort, when the eyes were dim and the shadows of the dark valley were gathering upon him, was to teach a young Indian to read the Word of God.

Noble spirit! How much like the Master's who so early said, "I must be about my Master's work;" and at the last, still said, "The cup which my Father giveth me, shall I not drink it?" We

need the mind of Elliott—say, rather, the mind of Christ—that we may realize the nobleness and divineness of our religious labors, and may abide at the point of duty, through evil as through good report; through the failure as through success; content with what heaven allots us of joy and triumph, if we can only be found, at last, among those faithful and watchful servants whom the Lord, when He suddenly cometh, will both applaud and bless.

### WOMAN AT SALT LAKE.

And what, as regards the woman herself, is the visible issue of this strange experiment in social and family life?

During our fifteen days residence among the Saints, we have had as many opportunities afforded us for forming a judgment on this question as has ever been given to Gentile travellers. We have seen the President and some of the apostles daily; and introduced to nearly all the leading Saints; we have dined at their tables; we have chatted with their wives; we have romped and played with their children. The feelings which we have gained as to the effect of Mormon life on the character and position of woman, are the growth of care, of study, and experience; and our friends at Salt Lake, we hope, while they will differ from our views, will not refuse to credit us with candor and good faith.

If you listen to the elders only, you would fancy that the idea of a plurality of wives excites in the female breast the wildest fanaticism. They tell you that a Mormon preacher, dwelling on the examples of Sarah and of Rachel, finds his most willing listeners on the female benches. They say that a ladies' club was formed at Nauvoo to foster polygamy, and that it made it the fashion; that mothers preach it to their daughters; that poetesses praise it. They ask you to believe that the first wife, being head of the harem, takes upon herself to seek out and court the prettiest girls; only too proud and happy when she can bring a new Hagar, a new Bilhah to her husband's arms.

This male version of the facts is certainly supported by such female writers as Belinda Pratt.

In my opinion, Mormonism is not a religion for women. I will not say that it degrades her, for the term degradation is open to abuse; but it certainly lowers her, according to our Gentile ideas, in the social scale. In fact, woman is not in society here at all. The long blank walls, the embowered cottages, the empty windows, doorways, and verandahs all suggest to an English eye something of the jealousy, the seclusion, the subordination of a Moslem harem, rather than the gaiety and freedom of a Christian home. Men rarely see each other at home, still more rarely in the company of their wives. Seclusion seems to be a fashion wherever polygamy is the law. Now, by itself, and apart from all doctrines and moralities, the habit of secluding women from society must tend to dim their sight and dull their hearing; for if conversation quickens men, it still more quickens women; and we can readily say, after experience in many households at Salt Lake, that these Mormon ladies have lost the practice and the power of taking part even in such light talk as animates a dinner-table and a drawing room. We have met with only one exception to this rule, that of a lady who had been on the stage. In some houses, the wives of our hosts, with babies in their arms, ran about the rooms, fetching in champagne, drawing corks, carrying cake and fruit, lighting matches, being water, while the men were loitering in chairs, putting their feet out of the window, smoking cigars, and tossing off boakers of wine. (N. B.—Abstinence from wine and tobacco is recommended by Young and taught in the Mormon schools; but we found cigars in many houses, and wine in all except the hotels.) The ladies, as a rule, are plainly, not to say poorly dressed; with no bright colors, no gay flounces and furbelows. They are very quiet and subdued in manner, with what appeared to us an unnatural calm; as if all dash, all sportiveness, all life, had been preached out of them. They seldom smiled, except with a wan and wearied look; and though they are all of English race, we have never heard them laugh with the bright merriment of our English girls.

They know very little, and feel an interest in very few things. I assume that they are all great at nursing, and I know that many of them are clever at drying and preserving fruit. But they are afraid lest your bold opinion, as though they were a watercourse, or a mountain range, should be considered by their lords as a dangerous intrusion on the sanctities of domestic life. While you are in the house, they are brought into the public room as children are with us; they come in for a moment, curtsy and shake hands; then drop out again, as though they felt themselves in company rather out of place. I have never seen this sort of shyness among grown women, except in a Syrian tent. Anything like the ease and bearing of an English lady is not to be found in Salt Lake, even among the households of the rich. Here, no woman reigns. Here, no woman hints by her manner that she is mistress of her own house. She does not always sit at table; and when she occupies a place beside her lord, it is not at the head, but on one of the lower seats. In fact, her life does not seem to be in the parlor, and the dining-room, so much as in the nursery, the kitchen, the laundry, and the fruit-shed.

The grace, the play, the freedom of a young English lady, are quite unknown to her Mormon sister. Only when the subject of a plurality of wives has been under consideration between host and guest, have I ever seen a Mormon lady's face grow bright, and then it was to look a sentiment, to hint an opinion, the reverse of those maintained by Belinda Pratt.

I am convinced that the practice of marrying a plurality of wives is not popular with the female Saints. Besides what I have seen and heard from Mormon wives, themselves living in polygamous families, I have talked, alone and freely, with eight or nine different girls, all of whom have lived at Salt Lake for two or three years. They are undoubtedly Mormons, who have made many sacrifices for their religion; but after seeing the family life of their fellow-Saints, they one and all become firmly hostile to polygamy. Two or three of these girls are pretty, and might have been married in a month. They have been courted very much, and one of them has received no less than seven offers. Some of her lovers are old and rich, some young and poor, with their fortunes still to seek. The old fellows have already got their houses full of wives, and she will not fall into the train as either a fifth or a fifteenth spouse; the young men being true Saints, will not promise to confine themselves for-