> person whom everyone admired. I had moments of resentment, when I may have used indescression in acting naughty.[59]

Pregnancy further complicated the issue of marriage secrecy for Avery in 1902, but that pregnancy ended in a miscarriage after just a few months. Except for the support of her sister, Mary, Avery struggled alone through this sorrowful time, unable to explain her illness or receive immediate emotional support from others. Owen's support at this time came mainly through letters.

As Avery struggled with the difficulties of living within a post-Manifesto marriage from her situation and perspective, so Helen struggled with it from hers. Because post-Manifesto polygamy remained a secret, even within the church, there were only a handful of people in whom Helen could confide her feelings. Some of the pain Helen experienced stemmed from a natural sense of jealousy and also from her own deteriorating self-confidence given Owen's frequent absences and the necessity of sharing his marital affections. From a contemporary perspective, it is difficult to understand how she persevered so earnestly to help make this polygamous union successful. The motivation behind her determination may be found in an essay she wrote for the *Young Women's Journal* in 1903 entitled, "Be Ye Not Unequally Yoked." The following excerpt from this essay, combined with Helen's devotion to God and to her children, clarifies the foundation on which she built her life as a polygamist's wife:

> Parents who are united in their belief in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and who by their works show that they are striving to serve God and keep His commandments furnish for their children a corner stone upon which may be built a structure of faith that cannot be shaken by the powers of adversity.[60]

In a November 1900 letter to Owen, two months before Owen and Avery's marriage, Helen reported an incident that had just occurred which gave her some comfort in anticipating their entering into post-Manifesto polygamy:

> You ask how I am feeling. Some days I feel fine and at other times I am "blue" as "Indago." Yesterday I had Aunt Zina and Aunt Bathesheba down and we spent a splendid afternoon. They gave me a lovely blessing and made me some beautiful promises which I firmly believe will be answered if I am humble and faithful.[61] (Letter 7)