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BUT BE YE GLAD AND REJOICE.

Do we not pitch our songs too low.

O sweet, my fellow-singers?

Too oft along life's path we go

Like funeral bell ringers.

Too much we sing of pain and loss,

Or grief and desolation.

Is there no sun-shine from the cross?

No gladness in salvation?

Too oft we strike the sombre chord

Of sin's depressing story:

Too loud we chant, "Have mercy, Lord!"

Too faintly, "Glve God glory!"

If grief must modulate the strain

Into a mournful minor,

Strong Fa'm should quickly soar again

In major chords diviner

We ask the watchman on the hills,

"What cheer? what signs of dawning?"

Like music sweet the answers thrills,

"Night broods—but comes the morning."

Be that the word we pass along—

"Night broods (for rest, not sadness),

But morning comes!" Leap heart! wake
song!

We scarce can rest for gladness.

—THE OPEN WINDOW.

MOBBED AND BEATEN.

BEING requested to furnish an account of some of my missionary experiences, I cheerfully comply.

During the week previous to Sunday, August 19th, 1888, Elder A. S. Fuller and myself were visiting friends in the eastern part of Crockett County, Tennessee, among whom was the family of Brother Jas. F. Brooks. We had been laboring in that locality for several months previously, holding meetings whenever we could get an opportunity, and particularly in the section east of Bell's Depot about five miles. The school building generally occupied was always opened to us by Trustee Moore, without any objection whatever, and all appointments, except the first, were solicited by the community.

During our visit in the week above mentioned Brother Brooks expressed a desire to be baptized, and after giving general instructions, such as are customary upon these occasions,

we consented to perform the ordinance, and fixed as the day August 19th. In the mean time we permitted the circulation of an appointment for preaching for Saturday night, August 18th. Between the time of the visit and the appointment for baptism we had sufficient time to inform Elder Elias S. Wright, the president of the Conference, whom we had just left in the adjoining county (Dyer) of the request of Brother Brooks, and asked him to come and take part. He came; the meeting on Saturday night was held, and we announced another for Sunday which we also filled, and made as public as possible the intention of Brother Brooks. The time arrived for baptism, a few being assembled to witness the same. Some of these snored, and others offered insult, such as (speaking of the confirmation), "He didn't receive the Holy Ghost; I saw Him go by on a butterfly," etc. We paid no attention to these remarks but returned to the residence of Brother Brooks, and continued our instructions to him.

During the evening we had a pleasant conversation, and to close the passing day sang some spiritual songs, had prayer, and retired about nine o'clock.

It being very hot weather we left both doors to our room open, and were soon quietly enwrapped in slumber. About 11 p.m. we were awakened by an armed mob of about twelve or fifteen persons, who ordered us to get up and accompany them to the woods, assuring us they did not wish to hurt us. Elder Fuller commenced counting them, stating at the same time, "you are a pretty looking lot of fellows."

At this juncture I arose to a sitting posture, and said, "You are a pretty looking lot of fellows, arn't you? What do you think Christ would think of you if he were here? Why do you disturb the quiet of peaceable

citizens at this time of night with those hideous masks. If we have transgressed any of your laws we are amenable; take us before your magistrates, and we will answer to any charge you may prefer."

One of their number then said: "We don't want you to preach any more in this locality."

We answered: "The best way to stop our preaching is for the people to cease attending our meetings."

While this conversation was going on Brother Brooks and wife were aroused and came in, in their night clothing, and the former walked among them, taking a look at each one.

A voice was now heard outside saying, "Captain! Captain! enough said, enough said."

As they walked away Brother Brooks said, "I hope I shall meet you on the Judgment day." A few minutes later a volley of twelve or fifteen shots was heard in the woods near by, all having a tendency to make the former scenes more hideous. A little conversation between us and we lay down as before, leaving both doors open, and were soon sound asleep.

On the following day we remained and while so doing had a chance to observe passers by, many of whom stopped and had a chat with some member of the Brooks family, thus giving evidence of their guilt, their calls being so uncommon.

We now leave the locality and spend our time visiting with friends in other parts of the County and some in Dyer County for the next two weeks, when we are informed of the anticipated return of Elder Thos. M. Holt. It has been previously arranged that Brother Fuller shall accompany him to Weakley County. We all go to Bell's Depot to meet him at the appointed time, but instead of all passing through the town, knowing the prevailing