

# THE DESERT WEEKLY

PIONEER PUBLICATION

ROCKY MOUNTAIN REGION.

ESTABLISHED

TRUTH AND LIBERTY

JUNE, 1850.

NO. 10.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1890.

VOL. XL.

## MARCH.

Light-footed March, wild maid of Spring.  
Your frolic footsteps hither stray!  
Smiles blent with tears will April bring—  
'Tis April's sentimental way—  
But your wild winds with laughter ring.  
While young and old your will obey:  
A moment here, then on the wing,  
Coquettish March, what games you play!

I know, a maid as blithe as you—  
Child of the Ice-King and the Sun—  
At her fair feet fond lovers woo;  
She flouts and jeers them, every one:  
And then she smiles—once more they sue:  
Then blows she cold—they are undone:  
Oh March! could you or she be true,  
Then all were naught, so you were won.

—LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

## FAITH.

Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—*Acts xvi. 31.*

Jails are dark, dull, damp, loathsome places even now; but they were worse in the Apostolic times. I imagine today we are standing in the Phillippian dungeon. Do you not feel the chill? Do you not hear the groans of those incarcerated ones? Listen again! It is the cough of a consumptive or the struggle of one in a nightmare of a great horror. You listen again and hear a culprit, his chains rattling as he rolls over in his dreams. But there is another sound in that prison. It is a song of joy and gladness. The music comes winding through the corridors of the prison. It is the song of Paul and Silas. They cannot sleep. They have been whipped, very badly whipped. The long gashes of their backs are bleeding yet. They lie flat on the cold ground, their feet fast in wooden sockets, and, of course, they cannot sleep. But they can sing. Jailer, what are you doing with these people? Why have they been put in here? Oh, they have been trying to make the world better! Is that all? That is all! A pit for Joseph. A lion's cave for Daniel. A blazing furnace for Shadrach. Bullets for Joseph and Hyrum Smith. A dungeon for Paul and Silas!

While I am standing in the gloom of that Phillipian dungeon and hear the mingling voices of sob and groan, and blasphemy, and Halle-

lujab, suddenly an earthquake! The iron bars of the prison twist, the pillars crack off, the solid masonry begins to heave and rock till all the doors swing open, and the walls fall with a terrific crash. The jailer, feeling himself responsible for these prisoners, puts his sword to his own heart, proposing with one strong, keen thrust to put an end to his excitement and agitation. But Paul cries out: "Stop, stop! Do thyself no harm. We are all here." Then I see the jailer running through the dust and amid the ruin of that prison, and I see him throwing himself down at the feet of these prisoners, crying out: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" Compact, thrilling, tremendous answer—answer memorable all through earth and heaven: "Have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Well, we have all read of the earthquakes in Lisbon, in Lima, in Aleppo and in Caracas; but we live in a latitude where in all our memory there has not been one severe volcanic disturbance. And yet we have seen fifty earthquakes. Here is a man who has been building up a large fortune. His bid on the money market was felt in all the world. He thinks he has got beyond all annoying rivalries in trade, and he says to himself: "Now I am free and safe from all possible perturbation." But a national panic strikes the foundations of the commercial world, and crash goes all that magnificent business establishment.

Here is a man who has built up a beautiful home. His daughters have just come home from the college with diplomas of graduation. His sons have started in life, honest, temperate and pure. When the evening lights are struck, there is a happy and an unbroken family circle. But there has been an accident down at the beach. The young man ventured too far out in the surf. The telegraph hurled the terror up to the city. An earthquake struck under the foundations of that beautiful home. The piano closed; the curtains dropped; the laughter hushed. Crash go all those domestic hopes and prospects and expectations! So, my dear reader, we have all felt the shaking down of some trouble, and there was a time when we were as much excited as

the jailer in the prison, and we cried out as he did: "What shall I do? What shall I do?" The same reply that the apostle made to him is appropriate to us: "Have faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

You cannot put your heart's confidence in a man until you know what stuff he is made of. When, then, I ask you who this is you want me to trust in, you tell me he is a very attractive person. Oh, how attractive his manner! Why, when they saw Christ coming along the street they ran into their houses and they wrapped up their invalids as quickly as they could and brought them out that He might look at them. Oh, there was something so pleasant, so inviting, so cheering in everything He did—in His very look! When these sick ones were brought out did He say: "Take away those sores; do not trouble me with those leprosies!" No, no; there was a kind look, there was a gentle word, there was a healing touch. They could not keep away from Him.

In addition to this softness of character, there was a fiery momentum. How the old hypocrites trembled before him! How the kings of the earth turned pale! Here is a plain man with a few sailors at his back, coming off the Sea of Galilee, going up to the palace of the Cæsars, making that palace quake to the foundations, and uttering a word of mercy and kindness which throbs through all the earth and through all the heavens and through all the ages. Oh, he was a loving Christ. But it was not effeminacy or inspidity of character; it was accompanied with majesty infinite and omnipotent.

Christ is only wanting to get from us what we give to scores of people every day. What is that? Faith! If these people whom we trust day by day are more worthy than Christ, if they are more faithful than Christ, if they have done more than Christ ever did, then give them the preference; but if we really think that Christ is as trustworthy as they are, then let us deal with Him as fairly. "Oh," says some in a light way, "I believe that Christ was born in Bethlehem, and I believe that He died on the cross." But, my dear reader, do