

THE DESERT WEEKLY

PIONEER PUBLICATION

ROCKY MOUNTAIN REGION.

ESTABLISHED

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

JUNE, 1850.

NO. 15.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1889.

VOL. XXXIX.

FAITH'S VISTA.

When from the vaulted wonder of the sky
The curtain of the light is drawn aside,
And I behold the stars in all their wide
Significance and mystery,
Assured that those more distant orbs are
suns
Round which innumerable worlds re-
volve—
My faith grows strong, my day-born doubts
dissolve,
And death, that dread annulment which life
shuns,
Or fain would shun, becomes to life the way,
The thoroughfare to greater worlds on
high,
The bridge from star to star. Seek how we
may,
There is no other road across the sky;
And, looking up, I hear star-voices say:
"You could not reach us if you did not die."
—American Magazine.

MORMONISM.

To what can we better com-
pare the state of the world,
politically, socially and religiously,
than to a troubled sea? And where
shall we find the aid that will bring
these furious waves to peaceful rest?
This is the question which has long
agitated the minds of politicians,
philosophers and divines, but where
is he who can answer it?
That the lot of humanity in gen-
eral is a hard and too often a cruel
and revolting one, needs no proof
other than is patent to the under-
standing of all observers. The
poverty, distress and despair of the
poor in London and other cities of
Europe and America—cities which
are said to be the beacon lights of
civilization and of Christianity—is
a terrible proof that both the civili-
zation and Christianity of the age
are weighed in the balance and
found wanting. Hence the unrest
which pervades the minds of men
of all nations, and the longing for
that regeneration of society desired
by all except those who, lulled in
the lap of luxury, plenty and ease,
have so far lost the tender feelings
of humanity that they turn a deaf
ear to the cries of misery which are
everywhere heard. Many rush af-
ter socialism, nihilism and com-
munism. These alas! are sure
engines of destruction. They may
destroy but cannot build up. They
are helping to overthrow the totter-
ing tower of Babel, but they cannot

even lay the foundation-stone of the
temple in which the virtues dwell
which shall exalt, purify and confer
happiness and glory upon the hu-
man race.

For many centuries philanthropic
philosophers have striven to intro-
duce that ideal system of govern-
ment for which all crave except
those who are so depraved as to pre-
fer the ignoble gratification of self
to all besides. But that these philos-
ophers have failed to accomplish
their designs we have proof in the
ever louder and wilder cry as of de-
spair which resounds throughout
the earth. What have availed the
eloquence of orators, the fire of
poets, or the blood of patriots?
Wherever have these damned those
rivers which are made by the tears
of humanity? So swift, so strong
and mighty have been those rivers
that these dams have been constant-
ly broken as if they were the play-
things of a child.

And yet, as if the cup of earth's
misery were not already bitter
enough, as if the voice of philosophy
were not like an empty mocking
sound, as if torrents enough of human
blood had not already drenched the
ground for nought, we behold such
a scene as the angels might weep to
look upon. We behold, alas! mil-
lions upon millions of armed men
awaiting as in solemn awe for that
one word which shall send them to
that harvest of death than which
there is nothing more fearful.

In this tempest-laden sky, in this
midnight darkness, in this blackness
of death there is still a gleam of
hope—a still small voice of joy, a
bright millennial star of light whose
rays fall upon the earth. It is neither
the jargon of philosophers, the cun-
ning of statesmen, nor the clash of
the blood-stained sword of the war-
rior chief. It is the little stone cut
without hands out of the mountain.
It is the Kingdom set up which
shall never more be thrown down.
It is that system of government,
that true type of socialism which,
fashioned after a celestial order,
shall yet heal the bleeding nations
and bring peace, love and joy to the
earth.

He whose mind was first illumined
by this bright millennial star whose
rising has brought joy to the world
was a poor farmer's boy, possessed of
so slight an education as could be

afforded by the backwoods of Amer-
ica in the early part of the present
century. He truly might have been
described as poor and ignorant, and
of all men, humanly speaking, one
of the most unlikely to found, with
the slightest prospect of success, a
new system of religion or of philo-
sophy, or an institution of such sta-
mina, vitality and cohesive strength
as that called "Mormonism" pre-
sents to the world today. No sooner
had this youth announced his divine
communication with beings of the
celestial world than persecution
raged against him, even before
the organization of the Church,
and therefore the Church may
truly be said to have been
born in the dark and tempestuous
night and cradled in the storm,
buffeted in its earliest infancy
against the swift rolling waters of
bitter hostility, and struggling
against the hatred of its foes who
were determined upon strangling
its infant life. Yet this frail child
is preserved and gathers strength.
A very few years elapse and the
Temple at Kirtland is built. Perse-
cution becomes so strong that the
Church is soon driven from this
place, leaving behind it that holy
Temple, now useless and defiled, in
which Prophets of old and the Sav-
ior Himself had appeared.

Fleeing from Kirtland the Church
settles in Missouri, soon to be driven
from thence likewise. Now it set-
tles in Nauvoo, Illinois. There a
splendid Temple is begun, but before
it can be completed the Prophet and
his brother Hyrum, the Patriarch of
the Church, are ruthlessly murdered
in cold blood. The temple is hardly
finished before the Church is again
bodily driven forth—this time into
the desolate wilderness, where, de-
prived of their Prophet and Patri-
arch, of the flower of their manhood,
the people desolate and forlorn,
robbed of their earthly all except
some cattle and a few wagons, go
forth amid the icy blasts of an
American winter, far beyond the
haunts of civilization, to the hunt-
ing grounds of the savage Indian.
Well might they exclaim as they
sat by the frozen Mississippi River
"Now have our enemies triumphed
over us!" With what an exultant
cry of victory were their ears pierced
as the enemies shouted their brutal
songs of triumph from within those