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LETTER FROM PALESTINE.

The following communication from Elder Don C. W. Musser, President of the Turkish mission, to his brother, Elder Joseph W. Musser, of this city, will be read with interest by the young man's numerous relatives and friends:

JAFFA, Palestine, Dec. 5, 1892.

Dear Brother Joseph—1892 is about to pass in its checks. Three hundred and sixty-five days have come and gone since I sent my Christmas greetings from Berlin. These lines, if all is well, will reach you about Christmas time. And, though they are addressed to you, they are meant for all who write their name with a big M., because I will not have time to write again for a week or so. I am kept very busy, preaching the Gospel in German and English, besides studying Arabic. The Lord is blessing me so much that I feel I can't begin to thank Him as I should. The more I do the more I am blessed and the more I want to do. The time flies along so rapidly that I can hardly keep account of it. Days, weeks and months seem as seconds, minutes and hours, and I fear I cannot accomplish what I should before my release comes. Since Brother Haag's death I have baptized three souls and expect in a few days to baptize as many more, among them a Jew. My heart is brimming full of love and gratitude to my Heavenly Father for permitting me, as unworthy as I am, to perform this work. It seems to me the Jews are preparing to receive the true Gospel of Christ. I have spoken to a number of them, and when I tell them of our people they confess their belief. A few days ago I met one and he asked me what I was here for. I replied by reading our Articles of Faith. After finishing, he told me he had never before met a Christian that he could invite to his house, but that he would like to have me come and teach his children. He afterwards told me he would like to become a member of our Church, but he feared the persecution that would surely follow. He said his life and the lives of his children would be endangered by his being baptized. I told him he needn't expect to get off without being persecuted, for this was something the Saints of God had always had to contend with. But, said I, if you will humble yourself before God, seeking a forgiveness of your sins, and pledging yourself to live a better life and to obey the Gospel call,

you will receive blessings from heaven, you will have strength enough to withstand the persecutions and will even find pleasure in being persecuted for Christ's sake. And even if you were called upon to lay down your life, that wouldn't be any more than our Saviour did, and would die with a knowledge that eternal life was yours, and you would show to the world that you loved and feared God more than you do man. I talked with him a long time, showing him the blessings a true Christian receives, and though he said he believed all, he had not the courage to forsake the world by becoming a "Latter-day Saint." This is only one instance in many. There are thousands upon earth of apparently good people in the world who would like to become members of our Church, but they are afraid to. For such we should pray, Dear Joseph, I am so happy in my work! I don't fear persecution in the least. In fact, when it comes for my religion's sake I glory in it. I feel sorry for the enemies of truth, but I glory in the fact that I represent a cause worthy the persecutions of the power of darkness. I find a great many friends and have been blessed with opportunities of bearing my humble testimony to a number of Palestine's leading men, among them the U. S. Consul at Jaffa, several missionaries of the Church of England, a well-informed and very intelligent Presbyterian missionary and many others. This class of people are not friendly to the truth, as a rule. When you prove to them from the Bible that they are not Christians they don't like it and they do everything in their power to stop the progress of God's work. If you try to convince them of the falsity of their doctrines and of the fact that the true Church of Christ has again been restored in all its simplicity and beauty, they will say they haven't time to discuss the question and show by their acts that they have no desire to learn the truth.

If the Lord continues to bless me in the future as He has done in the past, I will not care how long I am kept in this part of the vineyard, for I have, time and time again, dedicated my life to His service, and what matters it which part of the vineyard I am called to labor in? I should feel very much disappointed were I to be called home at the present time, for I feel that I am just beginning to be of use.

You ask me for a description of the

Holy Land and its people, and I am very sorry I am not better able to pen one. There is plenty to write about, but I am such an exceedingly poor hand with a pen that I find it would be impossible for me to give a description of this land of antiquities justice. The Arabs are a peculiar people. Every move and act of an Arab is so entirely different from those of other people that one cannot help being amused and interested even if he disapproves of what he sees. Their customs and habits are as old, nearly, as time, and if the Arab had his way they would be older than time, for if there is one thing that Arabs dislike more than another, it is progression. They don't want the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light or the railroad. They have no use for a printing press and education is entirely unnecessary. If you ask an Arab how old he is, he will answer "God knows." He can't understand the use of burdening his mind with the date of his birth. Ask an Arab woman the age of her child and she will contentedly reply "God knows." Ask an Arab how many inhabitants this city has. He will shrug his shoulders as he answers, "God knows." Arabs do everything backwards, at the same time laugh at us for doing it forwards. They worship with their hats on and shoes off. They read and write from right to left. When a husband bids his wife good-bye before starting on a journey he doesn't kiss her; he simply gives her his hand, she kisses it and sometimes weeps over it and the parting scene is over. A son does the same way with his mother and sisters, but father and son embrace and kiss each other three times, once on either cheek and once right smack in the mouth. If a man meets a friend he hasn't seen for some time he kisses him just the same as he kisses his son or father. It nearly makes me sick to see a friend remove the cigarette from his mouth to kiss another friend, but one can see such scenes at any time if he is walking in the city.

I will if all is well, spend Christmas in Bethlehem, where the wise men of the East were directed by the star, 1800 years ago. Affectionately,
DON C. MUSSER.

The unpleasantness between the Post and its late employee still continues.