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THE MORNING OF JOY.

Do you long for the brightness
Of sunshine at morn,
When the gray streaks shoot upward,
The fair sky adorn?
You should keep the heart loving,
And never destroy
By the dark night of weeping
The morning of joy.

Keep your heart in its sunshine
As pure and as bright
As the diamond, whose sparkle
Gives bliss to the light!
Let your roses bloom ever,
And naught will alloy
But the dark night of weeping
Your morning of joy.

You may take all the blessings
That come in your way,
And your life should grow brighter
And better each day;
But in love you must cherish
What will not alloy,
If the dark nights of weeping
Bring mornings of joy.

It will come to your waiting—
That city so bright,
With its jasper walls shining,
In God's holy light;
Then the bliss of the happy
Will ever destroy
All the dark nights of weeping
With mornings of joy.

FROM THE ORIENT.

It is now about three weeks since Elders Smart and Simmons reached Alexandretta, where the representatives of the Sublime Porte proceeded to give them that initiation into Oriental life which usually awaits the unsuspecting missionary who ventures ashore in Turkey. To this Brother Jos. Tanner, who formerly presided here, can testify from personal experience. The custom house officers took from them every book, pamphlet, tract and paper they had, whether religious or secular; and in their fanaticism or desire to anticipate anything which might tend to subvert the present government or religion, they even took from the Elders their personal mementos, photographs of friends, etc.

Brother Edgar Simmons deploras this turn of affairs, not only because he has by far the heaviest loss, but because by it he loses a complete

and beautiful set of Church works, with which the Twentieth Ward graciously presented him just before he left. The books were sent to Aleppo for examination. If the Quadi, or Judge, call in one of the few sectarian clergymen there to help solve the case, he will soon discover two words which will settle the fate of the books, namely, "Joseph Smith." There is otherwise a possibility of recovering some of the seized articles.

After this incident they went on to Aintab, where they are now studying the Turkish and Gregorian character, the one almost exclusively used by the so-called Christians of this country. We spent a few days together in a very pleasant manner, enjoying a perceptible degree of the Spirit, and parted. President Hintze goes to Constantinople to see what can be done towards printing such matter as he considers necessary to forward the work here. On our way to Alexandretta the traveling episodes were very similar to those described in a communication from Aintab, dated May 1st. Every twelve or fifteen miles we came across a hamlet, the few huts in which were built of sticks and manure and occasionally a village built of mud (not adobies), with perhaps a house or two constructed of the stones of some ancient Greek or Roman country palace. In such a house the door and window sills are formed of pieces of beautiful granite pilasters from the ruins of some heathen temple, while the corner stone may be a fragment of a cornice or impost from a triumphal arch built by Darius or other conqueror of old, all bearing traces of the former greatness of the successive kingdoms which domineered over this now unfortunate land.

With much self-complacency and satisfaction of mind can the pilgrim Latter-day Saint look upon these proofs of the decadence of great man-made powers and conquering nations. How the soul grows weary in trying to grasp the immutable designs and the impartiality of the Great Maker, and His wisdom and foresight, which allows the proud and highminded to rise aloft, be filled to overflowing, and to fall down and vanish forever, while the humble abide! Nineveh and

Babylon once ruled the world with an iron grip. Their power and pride seemed likely to last as long as man should stand upon the earth. They were undisputed masters of the whole earth then known; they were the head of gold. Today where shall we look for a Babylonian? In the squalid Turkish village of Hillah, built opposite the obsolete ruins of Babylon? No; we have come, as it were, to the "miry clay" of that great vision of Daniel.

But look at a contrast. As we travel in Turkey we find everywhere Kurds, simple barbarians without literature or written speech—almost without traditions. Two thousand years ago Xenophon, with a formidable army of Greeks—enough to crush any army then on earth—came out against them. They were called "Kyrduchi;" but they retained their liberty, and today inhabit from Constantinople to the walls of China, while Greece can barely boast of two millions of the most heterogeneous people now on earth. Why should two empires fall and a Tartar tribe abide?

But I am digressing. On the third day's journey we came to a small though very beautiful Roman heathen temple. All inscriptions and pagan emblems, as the reader may understand, had been long since effaced or hewn to pieces by the iconoclastic Moslem conquerors. The building is now a mosque, or Mohammedan house of prayer. In the graveyard surrounding it are strewn a great quantity of pillars, columns, pilasters and chapiters, some of which yet surmount the graves of Mussulmen, over whom they were placed to serve as tombstones.

Among this wreck of palatial ruins appear a few Latin inscriptions on Roman graves, each headed by a dedication: "To the Gods of the Manes" (departed souls). One of these slabs bore a particularly plain inscription, though the date from the foundation of Rome, which follows the three initials A. V. C. (*Ab Urbe Condita*) was partly erased. It was inscribed to one "Martinus, most sweet son of" . . . etc., "died at the age of 26 etc.," ending with this wish: "May the earth (or soil) rest lightly upon thee."

Half a day's journey either way