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CONSOLATION.

Infidelity and Christianity at the Grave of Childhood.

We have been moved to write this article by reading the following sad, pathetic words, pronounced by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll at the grave of a young child.

While the casket still rested upon the bier, and the painful pause was broken only by a mother's sobs, this apostle of unbelief, with uncovered head and in tremulous tones, spoke thus:

My Friends—I know how vain it is to gild a grief with words, and yet I wish to take from every grave its life. Here in this world, where life and death are equal things, all should be brave enough to meet what all the dead have met. The future has been filled with fear, strained and polluted by the heartless past.

Every cradle asks us "whence?" and every coffin "whither?" The poor barbarian, weeping above his dead, can answer the questions as intelligently and satisfactorily as the robed priest of the most authentic creed. The fearful ignorance of the one is just as consoling as the learned and unmeaning words of the other.

They who stand with breaking hearts around the little grave need have no fear. The large and the noble faith in all that is, and is to be, tells us that death, even at its worst, is only perfect rest. We know that through the common wants of life—the needs and duties of each hour—their grief will lessen day by day, until at last this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace, almost of joy.

We dropped the article and asked ourselves the question, "Is this the message of condolence from infidelity to parental bereavement?"

The deepest grief known to the human heart is the grief of a mother for her buried darling. The crystal of the tears which rain upon its coffin lid seem to be impurpled by her own heart's blood. To sooth her sobbing breast and heal her broken heart there must be a strong faith and a colossal hope on which to rest.

"I wish," says he, "to take from every grave its fear." How? "Here in this world, where life and death are equal things, all should be brave enough to meet what all have met. From the wondrous tree of life the buds and blossoms fall with ripened fruit, and in the common bed of earth patriarchs and babes sleep side by side."

"One writes, other friends remain. That loss is common to the race. And common is the commonplace. And vacant chaff will mean for gain. My own loss better, rather more. The common sorrow evening none. To morning, but some heart did break."

"Another element of that belief with which these infidel words would soothe a bereaved heart is, doubt, listen to them! How rapid they must have seemed to that mother as she saw the casket lowered into the grave: 'We do not know which is the greatest blessing, life or death. We cannot say that death is not a good. We cannot say whether the grave is the end of this life or the door of another; or whether the night here is not somewhere else a dawn.'"

"Feed my lambs." It is more than ever a voice out of heaven, and verily upon those that obey it shall come the blessings of them that are ready to perish.

The following will bear reprinting: A man who had been drinking very freely at the bar, in going out into the street fell into the gutter. A wag seeing him, ran into the public house and said to the saloon-keeper: "Sir, your sign has fallen down." He went out, and to his astonishment beheld only the poor drunkard.

loathsome vice. But God has placed upon that soul the seal of immortality, and scorched by sin it sometimes looks out with a desire for salvation, terrible in its hopelessness, and can find in all its wells of earthly happiness no fountain in which to slake its thirst. What are your griefs or mine compared to the deep unutterable sorrow of that soul, bruised and fainting under the burden of its own sinful life.

But, as though he read the protest against such hollow comfort in the pleading, wistful look of the mother's eyes straining after the lowering casket, he tries to inspire comfort in the idea of forgetfulness. "We know," he says, "that through the common wants of life, the needs and duties of each hour, their grief will lessen day by day, until at last this grave will be to them a place of rest and peace, almost of joy."

How different the tone and language of Christianity to the mourners weeping at the "little graves" of earth. Christian philosophy stands beside every bereaved parent, and pointing to the casket containing the body of their darling says: "Your child is not there. That is only the setting. The jewel blazes in the crown of God's paternality. The soul of your child is rocked to rest in the cradle of divine tenderness. Your little one is never saved from the contingencies of human life. It is far safer than when you folded it in your loving arms. That bosom across which suns move and stars revolve—the bosom of infinite love—is the softest and sweetest place of rest in this great universe. Then, beyond the shadow of a doubt, your baby is 'at perfect rest.'"

THE MORNON QUESTION.

Every age and every country has had among the questions making up the sum of its public sentiment one, the importance of which, determined by its vital relations to the highest interests of humanity or its disastrous influence upon social order, has constituted it a balancing moral force, or the pivotal center upon which political economy has turned, and from which progress or retrogression has been determined.

CHRIST BY JACOB'S WELL.

Jesus was "weary with his journey," and sat down by Jacob's Well to rest while his disciples went into the city to buy food. A woman, with her soul in darkness and her life stained by sin, approached to draw water from the well. Christ came to save sinners, and here was one who sorely needed salvation. She came to the well for water that would slake her thirst; she returned to her home to tell her friends that Christ, the Messiah, had come to save his people.

It is unnecessary to go over ground, now well beaten, in restating the attitude of Mormonism toward the morality of Christianity and the laws of the republic in which it exists, imperium in imperio. With blasphemous assurance it pleads the authority of that divine code, the letter and spirit of whose earliest utterances it has trampled in the pollution of polygamy.

Often the Christian, weary with life's toils and trials, is ready to faint beneath his burden. Near by is a soul sinking under a heavier load. Possibly sins dark and deadly have pressed it so deeply in the mire that its garments are foul with the stains of a

the mildest light in which it may be set—a violation of the statute laws of the United States—to say nothing of its heinousness as a crime against humanity and the laws of God, one can but wonder at the clemency of the Federal Government in dealing with its perpetrators heretofore. In addition to the fact already mentioned, several other causes seem apparent, the principal of which were its remoteness from the central government and its inaccessibility, until within the past two decades, by the ordinary executive appliances; and, perhaps the reason after all, the presence nearer the national capital, and in the very councils of the government, of even more distracting issues.

(1) So that the living together of the parties shall be the proof of bigamy or polygamy, instead of the ceremony of marriage, because the latter is performed in secret within the walls of the Endowment House, in the presence of faithful Mormons only, and no one of these will bear testimony to the fact.

BY RAIL AND SADDLE.

We were conversing the other day with the pastor of an important station about the propriety of announcing the text and subject of the Sunday sermons in the daily papers, and of allowing a report of the discourse to appear in the Tuesday's paper. He was disposed to regard the announcement as sensational, and as he was expected to furnish a synopsis of the sermon, he feared that it would appear that he was parading his performance before the world.

It was long after midnight when the train drew up at a certain town on the Sunset Route. The voices of angry men and boys caused us to look out. Some negroes were wrangling with the proprietors of one of those establishments that keep open near railroad depots late at night. They are drunk, said a passenger, and the more you know their loud outbursts and brutal obscenity seemed the natural consequence of drinking whisky. When men and women make fools and brutes of themselves, the matter is explained if they are near a saloon.

attention on every word that fell from the preacher's lips, may be able to do all he ascribes to himself every time he goes into the pulpit; but at the same time reveals a singularly vain and worldly spirit. Such a man needs to go to the mourner's bench every time he prepares for the pulpit. If such things are said of the sermon, anybody else rather than the preacher ought to say them. They had better not be said by any one unless they are literally true. And then if they can be truthfully said, they had better remain unsaid by anybody unless the preacher is so well ballasted with good sense and good religion that praise will not hurt him.

(2) So that polygamy shall be a condonable crime, instead of being allowed (as now) to expire within three years, by a statute of limitation.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Sunday School was reported in good condition. We were much interested by a question started by Bro. Lane respecting the importance of securing the attendance of the children at public worship. Every pastor and parent is interested in the solution of this problem. It is easy if teachers can be secured to obtain the attendance of the children, but how often after the services of the Sunday-school are closed do we see the children stream out of the house, go home or wander on the streets and few, if any, appear with the congregation during the hours of worship.

It is a matter of the first importance that every dollar be made up when the next conference shall meet. In a short time the second round quarterly conference will begin. How early conference reports should be presented will report the preacher's and presiding elder's claims met in full up to date.

litaner preacher. Duty recognizes no rank in the church of Christ. It rests on all alike. When we marked the full attendance of the members we were prepared to hear a good financial report. The claims of the preacher in charge and the presiding elder for the first quarter were more than met. We very much fear that not a score of conferences in Texas have made, or will make, a like report the present year. And yet, had every steward come forward with his collections, and the preacher and presiding elder been paid their full assessment, what a burden would be lifted from the preachers' hearts, and how many comforts would be added to the preachers' homes.

(3) So that the necessities to the polygamous marriage shall be equally punishable with the principals.

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Owing to the rain and norther the missionary anniversary at Flatonia was deferred until Wednesday night. There was an excellent attendance. Addresses were delivered by Bro. C. J. Lane and the editor, and a collection of \$112 raised for foreign and domestic missions. We find our people respond liberally and cheerfully wherever their claims are pleaded and earnestly presented. Texas Methodism should not be satisfied with an offering less than one dollar per member for foreign missions alone. When will the zeal of preachers and people measure up to this standard?

And now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

Some prayer and trust to the same protector. We hope never to see so wise and philosophical that prayer shall lose power to compose our anxieties under all the conditions of life. We ever feel that we are nearer God when we can approach him with the same confidence that filled our heart when, with folded hands, we knelt at our mother's knee and uttered that simple prayer. In these days of rapid transit and an occasional smash up, he is a happy man who can say his prayers on the railroad cars and go to sleep.

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These papers tell of a horrible story of a small-pox patient in Jersey City who, while delirious, escaped from his home and died in the streets. Two drunken men, supposing the dead man to be only a little more drunk than themselves, picked up the body and walked it between them some two blocks to a police station. When they sobered off they did not feel very comfortable over their exploit, while the police of Jersey City agree that they want no more drunken men on the force; and now that whole community is terrified over the possible spread of the infection. Of course they are; and if the police could have known that this small-pox corpse was about to be walked into the station they would have taken very effective measures to have prevented it. There is something as bad as small-pox in Jersey City and many other towns in the land; and drunken men and sober men are walking it through the streets and circulating it in police stations, and introducing it into private families until the terrible contagion has broken out in an epidemic form and has spread over the entire land. Intemperance is a greater curse than the small-pox. It is that that society were quarantined against.

