

Church of San Francisco, over whose eloquence thousands had hung entranced, who was a violent prosecutor of the rising faith, a Dominican friar, Manuel Aguas, read the pamphlets, was convinced, withdrew from his pulpit and from the mass. He read the Bible, distrusted his former teachings, visited the "Church of Jesus," as the new church called itself, and at last confessed unto salvation.

It made a great stir. He became very bold in his preaching, and aggravated his former associates by his ability and enthusiasm and popularity. The archbishop excommunicated him in the cathedral in the presence of an immense crowd. But the deposed priest did not fear the anathemas. He stood in the audience, and even sought debate while the terrible curses were being solemnly recited—anathemas that a few years before would have been instantly attended with burnings on the piazza of his own convent, and in which also a few years before, had it been another of his brethren who was being thus accursed, he would himself have taken part joyfully in the burning. He waxed bolder, and wrote to the archbishop a powerful paper, in reply to his excommunication, showing up the follies and falsehoods of the Romish Church.

It is worthy of being scattered over our own land. It professes to give a conversation between Paul and the archbishop. The former visits the cathedral, witnesses the performances, condemns the heathen idolatries, and learns, to his surprise, that he is finding fault with what some assert to be the most ancient Christian ordinances. He enquires farther, and finds no Bible permitted to be read, marriage of the clergy forbidden, idolatry observed in the worship of the mass, the bread of sacrament alone being distributed to the people, the wine being denied because, as Aguas says, one council affirms, "the blood of the Lord would be squandered by adhering to the moustache." In these charges he utters some truths not so well known to Americans as they should be, and in a masterly, sarcastic manner. He declares "Prohibition of matrimony has driven many unfortunate proselytes to commit great immoralities;" that fastings are not very painful, the rich on such days fasting over tables laden with delicacies and wines for four hours, "rising very contented, not to say inebriated;" that the God whom the priest creates in the mass "has been deposited in the abdomen of mice, when these mischievous little creatures have eaten the consecrated host, a misfortune which has often happened, though kept secret from the faithful." He charges the priests with stealing the alms deposited to pray souls out of purgatory, and mocks at their saints for everything, declaring that "it is a very fortunate arrangement to ask Saint Apollonia to cure us of the toothache; Saint Lucy, of cataracts on the eyes; Saint Vincent Ferrer, of pains of childbirth; Saint Anthony the Capizon, 'so called on account of the large head the sculptor has seen fit to place on his shoulders,' to find lost things; Saint Caralampius, to keep our houses from being burned; Saint Dinias, to preserve us from rob-

bers; Saint Judeus Thaddeus, to deliver from slanderous and lying tongues," although he sarcastically adds, "the nuns have multiplied the prayers to this saint in vain, since Padre Aguas will not leave Mexico, nor cease invading the Holy Cathedral." He notes what was mentioned as being absent from the catechism sold at Leon, the erasing of the Second Commandment. He also sarcastically refers to the priest's family as "nephews who are the legitimate sons of their uncles," and presses home on the archbishop not only these unwelcome facts, but the severest denunciation of the apostle for permitting and approving them. Pitifully he concludes with the story of her cruelty, and describes her great inquisitor, Dominic de Guzman, as surpassing all others in cruelty, and yet canonized and worshipped by the Church. Nowhere in modern history has there been a severer, sharper, more sarcastic, and more effectual rebuke to the pretensions and career of Papacy than in this powerful pamphlet. Can not our tract societies give it to our people?

The separation was complete. The most popular of her preachers, confessor to the canons of the cathedral, doctor and teacher of divinity, giving medical advice to multitudes of the poor of the city, was so cast out by the greater excommunication, which was nailed on the doors of the churches and announced in the papers, that all his friends forsook him, and, had it not been for the police, the boys would have stoned him in the streets.

He preached to large houses in the two chapels, and superintended the work after Dr. Riley's departure. Sickness seized him, some think poison, and he died in the spring of 1872, when only about fifty years of age. His last sermon was on the text, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great shall be your reward in heaven." He was so ill he could scarcely finish his sermon. He was taken from the pulpit. Soon he was dying. A friend asked him, in this solemn moment, "Do you now love Jesus?" "Much, very much," was the answer.

As memory commenced to fail, so that he was forgetting his nearest friends, one of them stooped over the dying man, and in his ear asked the question, "Do you remember the blood of Christ?" He had not forgotten that. He exclaimed, "The most precious blood of Jesus!" On breathing his last, a smile rested on his countenance, which abode still upon it when it lay in state in the Chapel of St. Francis. A great multitude attended his funeral, among whom were many Romanists. His hearse had properly upon it the emblem of an open Bible. By that he had conquered.

There is no doubt that Manuel Aguas is, so far, the chief fruit of the Mexican Reformation. Whether he would have proved the Luther, can not be known. Probably its Luther must come from abroad, or from the youth now growing up in the faith. More probably it will have, as it will need, no Luther.