

Pastor and People.

Ultramontane Cruelty.

(From Harper's Weekly.)

The recent massacre at San Miguel is only the latest of those enormities that seem constantly to mark the course of ultramontanism. Whenever it has the opportunity, as at San Miguel or Acapulco, it spares no one who stands in the way of Roman Catholic rule. San Miguel is or was a populous and flourishing town of San Salvador, and is said to have contained a population of forty thousand. But political Romanism had made its way into the prosperous republic, and, offended at the action of the government, which seems to have forbidden the reading of an obnoxious pastoral by the Bishop of San Salvador in the churches, the priests planned a general revolt in the name of religion. They seized upon some discontented among the people to aid their design. All over the republic the ultramontanes were to rise at the same moment; a priest named Palacios preached a violent sermon against the national authorities; the bishop supplied his adherents with a paper insuring them, should they die, an immediate entrance into paradise. This curious document was found upon the dead bodies of the rebels, and ran thus: "Peter, open the gates of heaven to the bearer, died for the religion," signed GEORGE, Bishop of San Salvador, and sealed with the seal of his episcopal see.

On a Saturday evening the ultramontanes, stimulated by the priest's exhortations and the favour of the bishop, rose in a wild tumult at San Miguel. They seemed to have been armed with more effective weapons than a priestly absolutism. They seized upon the public prison and set free two hundred prisoners. They next attacked the garrison of the town. They killed the two generals, Espinosa and Castro, Espinosa's body they cut in pieces, which they threw at each other. They cut the skull of Castro, and threw him over a wall, where he was found by his mother; he died three days after. The garrison were nearly all assassinated. Many of the best citizens of the place were killed. At last, in their fierce fanaticism, the ultramontanes covered sixteen houses with kerosene and set them on fire. Pillage, murder, and dismay prevailed throughout the unfortunate city. An immense amount of property was destroyed, estimated to be worth \$1,000,000; and it was chiefly by the interference of an English man-of-war that San Miguel was saved from a total destruction. The government at last sent troops to the town, who shot down the banditti without mercy. The country has been declared in a state of seige. Martial law has been proclaimed, and San Salvador is safe, at least for the present, from the rage of the ultramontanes. The priests and bishops have been banished, or are held in careful subjection, and the enemies of the republic must await a severe retribution. Yet it is doubtful if these horrible scenes at San Miguel will be the end of the ultramontane outrages and disorders. In Mexico recently they roused a whole province in revolt. All over South America they seem to be planning some new assault upon freedom and human rights. In Brazil only the firm and threatening attitude of the government has hitherto held the priests and bishops in tolerable submission, and the angry letters of the Pope to the Emperor might seem almost plain incentives to revolt. In Ecuador, an important and powerful state, the Jesuits have without scruple seized the government, violated the republican constitution, and forced their own President upon the people. It is not yet evident how far an ultramontane conspiracy may be active in South America, or what new revolutions may await its various governments. From the intrigues of the priests. Yet it is certain that the ultramontane faction is busy in all its cities, and that its priests and its emissaries will be no more merciful when they have the opportunity than the fanatics who at San Miguel cut men in pieces and pelted each other with the fragments, or who sought to burn down a flourishing city with kerosene.

I do not know if the nineteenth century has not already far outstripped the eighteenth in priestly cruelty. The progress of humanity seems almost arrested, if not turned back. The worst instance of ultramontane barbarity in the eighteenth century was the judicial murder of Jean Calas, and the horrible persecution of his family, but the keen satire of Voltaire and the indignation of Europe avenged on its perpetrators the fearful deed. The Jesuits were not long after driven out of Portugal, France, and even Spain. In 1762 the order was abolished by the Pope. Ultramontanism perished for a time, and its spirit was only preserved in the sanguinary revolts which the priests excited in republican France. But it is impossible to discover in all the annals of the century a religious fury as mad as that of the San Miguel rioters, or an incitement to rebellion so effectual as the passport to heaven signed by the Bishop of San Salvador. The Papal Church has plainly declined in its moral tone, and under the ultramontane rule is fast sinking into a savage barbarism. If South America and the Isthmus are endangered by its aggressive cruelty, still more so is North America, and the murders at San Miguel may well excite the attention of Cincinnati and New York. What is this strange impulse of ultramontanism that seems to turn even educated men into merciless savages? Are the emissaries of the Papal Curia among us any more tolerant than the Bishop of San Salvador, the priest Palacios, the Jesuits who have captured Ecuador, or the clergy of Acapulco? It is at least a curious though disheartening study to watch this slow return to barbarism. Possibly the men who lived in the prehistoric caves tore their enemies to pieces like those of San Miguel, but they certainly were provided with no passports to heaven. All over North as well as South America we may notice this tendency of the ultramontane to savage cruelty. The publisher or author among us who ventures to denounce it is threatened with personal violence. In an Eastern city recently an ultramontane mob set upon a few

helpers men, women, and children, and might have stoned them to death, like Stephen, but for the interference of the Mayor of the city, who saved them at the cost of wounds and blows. A priest in Philadelphia exposed in language not more stringent than that of Luther and Erasmus, of Chaucer, Gower, and Lindsay, what he asserts to be the prevailing corruptions of the Roman priesthood: he was nearly murdered by a throng of furious ultramontanes. In Quebec and Montreal the same spirit of intolerance is constantly shown; the Protestants, it is stated, have in many instances been forced to leave their homes among the Roman Catholics, and emigrate to districts where liberty of speech and thought is yet allowed; and it is not an improper inference from these facts that should the ultramontanes, by the aid of their Democratic leaders and allies, gain a lasting preponderance in our chief cities, they may employ means to perpetuate their rule not altogether unlike those they have ventured to use in San Miguel and Acapulco.

Nor is this without an example in Europe. Belgium, a neutral kingdom, whose separate existence was guaranteed by the chief European powers, was for a long period ruled by liberal, although Roman Catholic, ministers. It rose to get prosperity. Its schools, railways, and manufactures flourished under wise administrators. Its press was free and its literature progressive. But recently it has fallen under the control of the Jesuits and ultramontanes, who have seduced the ignorant peasantry into a strict obedience to their rule; a strange and alarming condition of civil discord has followed, and Belgium seems on the verge of a religious war. "It is as if the Belgians," says the London Times, June 9, "were divided into two parties, drawn up defiantly in front of each other, and only waiting an opportunity to come to blows." No liberal can venture into districts ruled by the Jesuits without danger of personal violence. Even incautious strangers have been ill-treated by the fanatical peasantry when they wandered far from the towns. In a fierce riot recently excited by the ultramontanes hundreds of persons suffered severe injuries; the cause of the disturbance was the refusal of a school-boy from an Athenium to take off his hat to the Host. The ultramontanes surrounded the school, but the boy escaped. Every Belgian liberal may look momentarily for a San Miguel. In Germany and Switzerland the ultramontanes have committed terrible excesses. In Spain they encourage the cruelties of the Carlists; in France their chief newspaper, L'Univers, preaches a universal war for the restoration of the papacy; nor is it impossible that, armed with passports, like those granted by the Bishop of San Salvador, the ultramontanes in some sudden access of fury may strive to rend in pieces the chiefs and rulers of Protestantism.

To guard ourselves from the effects of principles and parties so fatal to civilization is the plain duty of American citizens, and the growth of ultramontanism among us is the most dangerous element of our political future. It knows no moderation; it is governed by no well-ascertained laws. At one moment it grovels in the dust in feigned humility, the next it starts up menacing and terrible. It insinuates itself into the homes of the wealthy; it flatters, caresses, and waits its opportunity to sting. It pervades the press; it fixes upon leading politicians; it envenoms, enchains, betrays. If we would not be like Belgium, divided into hostile sections; like France, incapable of freedom; like Mexico or Spain—if we would defend the republicanism of the New World, and drive from its fair shores the vengeful arm of Rome—if we would revive and perpetuate the principles of 1776, we must expel from political power ultramontanism, with all its adherents, and crush it before it fastens upon our schools, and corrupts the sources of our civilization. Let ultramontanism and its Democratic allies sink before the rage of the people, and North and South America need fear no second San Miguel.

The spirit of medieval cruelty should be banished forever from the New World by the overwhelming vote of all its nations. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

Brownson on England.

Let England hear and tremble. Here is what the mild Dr. Brownson, Catholic theologian and philosopher, says of her: "Now, what is England? She is the oldest, best organized, and the most impious usurper against the authority of Almighty God to be found on the earth. The British Lion bows neither to man nor to God. Her Queen, by usurpation, assumes to be the Head of the Church of God in her dominions. Her Parliament creates and regulates this Church. It defines its faith, forbids the opposite, and prescribes with minute details the manner in which Almighty God shall, or shall not, be worshipped in its dominions, and legalizes the prayers to be addressed to Him. Thus she assumes sovereignty, over heaven, over her dominions on earth, and over hell. This is the moral monster whose garments are dyed with the blood of all nations to whom the sword of Charlemagne is to be loaned. The Irish race, the unfaltering children of faith, as if inspired by a divine instinct, have always hated her. This is the impious denier of all divine authority in the affairs of men, who now succeeds in forming an intimate alliance with that nation which has been the representative of this authority for a thousand years."

The Best Service.

A story is told of a great captain, who, after a battle, was talking over the events of the day with his officers. He asked them who had done the best that day. Some spoke of one man who had fought very bravely, and some of another. "No," said he, "you are all mistaken. The best man in the field to-day, was a soldier who was just lifting his arm to strike an enemy, but, when he heard the trumpet sound a retreat, checked himself and dropped his arm without striking a blow. That perfect and ready obedience to the will of his general, is the noblest that has been done to-day." And nothing please God so much as absolute and unhesitating obedience.

The Master's Call.

They toll me a solemn story, but it is not sad to me, For in its sweet unfolding my Saviour's love I see; They say that at any moment the Lord of Life may come To lift me from the cloud-land into the light of home. They say I may have no warning, I may not even hear, The rushing of His garments as He softly draweth near; Suddenly, in a moment, upon my ear may fall The summons to leave our homestead, to answer the Master's call.

Perhaps He'll come in the noontide of some bright and sunny day, When with dear ones all around me, my life seems bright as a gay; Pleasant must be the pathway, easy the shining road, Up from the dimmer sunlight into the light of God.

Perhaps He'll come in the stillness of the night and quiet night, When the earth is calmly sleeping 'neath the moon-beams' silvery light; When the stars are softly shining o'er slumbering land and sea; Perhaps in holy stillness the Master will come for me.

I think I would rather hear it, that voice so low and sweet, Calling me out from the shadows, my blessed Lord to meet; Up through the glowing splendors, of a starry, earthly night, To "see the King in His beauty," in a land of purer light.

The Fear of Death.

There was once a celebrated Austrian prince and statesman, named Kaunitz, whose dread of death was so great that he would not allow the word to be spoken by these persons usually about him. Every thing that suggested thought of death was kept carefully in the background. Even when his sister died, he only learned the fact when he saw the royal household in mourning. To an old aunt he once sent a favourite dish from his table four years after her death. No one had ventured to communicate the fact to him.

When it became necessary to tell him of the death of Frederick the Great, a courier spoke in his presence of communications that had been received from King Frederick William. That was the King's son, and thus he learned that the old King was dead, and his son had ascended the throne. When the Emperor Joseph died, some State papers he was to have signed were returned to him with the words, "The Emperor signs no more." He took such constant hourly care of his health that he lived to the age of eighty-four years. But then the last messenger came to him. O, how terrible it must have seemed when he felt he could no longer put away the thought that had all his life been so painful to him! Here was one who feared not the frown of princes; who bowed to no commands of royalty. Prince Kaunitz could close his doors on an unwelcome guest; but death was an intruder no palace guards or bolts could stay.

We see this Prince's folly, but it is no greater than the folly of those who put far off the evil day, and drown all thoughts of eternity in the pleasures of this world. To live well, we must live with two lives in view. The nearer we live to our blessed Master the less painful will the thought of death become; and at the last,

"with feet unshaking, We shall come to the Jordan's tide, And taking the hand of our Saviour, Go up on the heavenly side."

How the Gospel is Spread.

The Rev. George Cousins, a missionary from Madagascar, says: "It is the natives themselves who do the work in Madagascar; it is very rarely that the missionary goes first. The native is the pioneer, taking the Gospel in his own hand. The soldiers do it. Sent away on Government service, if they are Christians, they take the Testaments with them, and when they find themselves surrounded by heathens and Sunday comes round, they hold service in their own families, and the heathen join them. After a year or two, we get a letter at the capital saying there is a congregation formed at such a place, and they want Bibles, hymn books, spelling books and other things, and they want you to come and visit them, and that is the first we have heard of the church. In the same way slaves sent by their masters to mind the cattle in the wilderness follow the same plan, and originate new congregations in distant parts of the island. These are the things that have contributed to the wonderful success that has attended our mission in Madagascar."

Preaching Duty.

Calvin, in Geneva, was allowed to thunder away from the pulpit about the "terrible decrees;" to speak as much as he chose about faith; but when, as a stern disciplinarian, he set himself to work to put checks and hindrances in the way of the loose practices of the "libertines," they protested, saying, "it is your place to explain the Scriptures; what right have you to meddle with other things—to talk about morals and find fault?" The old evangelist, Thomas Scott, said his flock followed him joyfully when he preached upon the first part of the Epistle to the Ephesians, but they forsook him when he came to the latter part. They delighted to hear of "being predestinated unto the adoption of children of Jesus Christ;" but they counted it legal and not evangelical to be urged to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith they were called.

Congregations now delight to hear about faith in God and Christ; but open up to them that there is a tremendous lack of faith when they do "inherent things; if, when times are hard, and there is an opportunity of making money just by a little underhand process, and they do it, it shows

they have faith in money, but not in God. This is descending from the respectability of the pulpit, coming down from exalting the Scriptures, which is the minister's great duty.

The Athenians found fault with Socrates, because, instead of using elegantly-turned sentences, and studiously selected illustrations, like the sophists, he was always talking about "smiths, and tanners and shoemakers, and asses with pack-saddles." The wisest among them, however, found out that behind all these common illustrations there lurked a divine meaning. The Athenians are among us; "the Greeks are at our doors." The dignity of the pulpit is to be maintained at all hazards. It may be allowed to speak of the down upon an angel's wing; not of the feathers upon a goose's back. It may tell of the beauty of the rainbow; not of the upliness of scolding and fretting. It may discourse of the wisdom of God in framing the world, but not of the wisdom of declining a challenge, of forgiving an insult, of keeping out of debt and holding one's tongue.—Southern Churchman.

Eastern Monarchs.

The words as well as the works of God will bear the closest scrutiny. If the sting of a bee is examined under the most powerful lens, it is found beautifully smooth and perfect. The most elaborately finished needle point which it is possible for man to make, is seen to be full of ridges and scratches if placed in a similar focus. The more critical the examination of the countries or the customs of Bible lands, the more perfect they are found to be in harmony with the sacred record. The written stones of Moab and of Assyria witness to the truthfulness of holy writ; and the birds, the stones, and the flora of Palestine are all significant in their testimony that the clearer and intenser the light of science thrown upon them, the less there is reason for faith to shrink from the ordeal. Names of geographical localities which still linger on the lips of the people are so like those they bore in the days of the prophets, as to enable the topographer and the archaeologist to determine the location of sites supposed to be lost. Customs, laws and traditions still in vogue there not only resemble those we read of in the Old and New Testaments, but are so identical with them as to plainly show that both were cast in the mould of the same lands, climate and popular mind. Among these corroborative conditions there is probably nothing more significantly parallel than the absolute power of the monarchs of the East. When in the eighth chapter of first Samuel we read the plea made by the prophet to dissuade the people from having a king, we have a picture of a chief ruler of the present time in those regions. It is drawn in that chapter with photographic sharpness of outline and detail of shading.

Conscription for military and naval service, which is almost the limit of exercise of power by a ruler which will be borne by the people of Western nations, is only the beginning of that indulged by those of the East. In Egypt, even, which is under by far the most enlightened and liberal government of any of the lands in which were enacted the events recorded in Scripture, we see the Khedive conscripting the young men for these services, and also to build his railways and telegraphs; to dig his canals, and erect palaces and departmental edifices; to work his plantations of grain and cotton and sugar, and to operate his factories. We say "his," because pretty much everything public or private in the lands of the Pharaohs is as literally his as the old Egypt told the people they would belong to a king if they had one over them. This condition of things there at present is thus a type of what they were in the time of Samuel, and substantially they have been ever since.

As one looks into the faces of the common people to-day, he will see that they are plainly a disheartened people. This sadness of countenance is often almost painful to witness. The deepness with which it is drawn in the expression of the eye and the cast of the head, can only have come from the hereditary experience of centuries. The tones of their voices too are frequently in keeping, as they speak to each other or to strangers. Their wild, rude music, even, is pitched in the minor key.*

Taxation of so much of their labor as is left to them is such that more than half of that goes to the royal coffers, or the private purses of his officers.

In the portion of the eighth chapter of first Samuel, from the eleventh to the thirteenth verses inclusive, the counterpart of the above condition of things seems to be pretty minutely described. Their sons to be taken not alone for military service, but to "clear his ground, and to reap, his harvest," and "to make his instruments of war," and he will take your daughters to be confectioners, and to be cooks, and to be bakers." Then follows the taxation and the taking of lands even just as is still done by rulers of Oriental countries.—G. M. POWELL, in Christian Intelligencer.

* See verse 16 of 8th chapter of 1st Samuel.—"And ye shall cry in that day because of your king which ye shall have chosen you."

Spurgeon used a good illustration lately. He said when he was at the Grotto del Cano, he saw them let down an unhappy dog into a well impregnated with carbonic acid gas, which almost did for the animal; but they brought him to life again by sprinkling water over him. This was just like some ministers he knew, who were always letting their congregations down into the wells of doubts and errors, and then bringing them up and reviving them with some drops of the water of life.

The popular idea of letting children grow up as flowers grow is dangerous. Coleridge once said to a friend who held this notion, "Come with me and see my garden." He took him to a piece of ground covered with thorns. He said, "I did not want to prejudice this soil in favour of strawberries, and it has grown up to nettles and pigweeds." Child-life must be affected by the teachings of Christ.

Widow Readings.

It is the ascending way—up hill all the way.

All that enter not by Christ as the door have some counter-motive.

He must be necessarily poor who receives all from another.

The most innocent face of the world is opposed to spirituality.

Going to the fountain is not once and over—'tis always.

God being what he is, His Church must be secure for time and for eternity.

There is in every ordinance of the Lord that which is peculiar to itself.

They are the wise whom God esteems wise. They are the wise whom God makes wise.

There are many who know their own wisdom, but there are but few who know their own folly.

"The larger the income," said Archbishop Whately, "the harder it is to live within it."

The wise are they who distinguish clearly between the law court and the equity court.

Holy personal conformity to the will of God is that without which neither you nor I can be saved.

Be assured of this, beloved, there is no preaching like the preaching of ministerial sanctity.

God never gave you grace that you might live upon it, but grace that you might live upon Christ.

As I we little know what the position is for taking a fair view of Jesus when we are brought to the lowest dust.

The Lord's gracious supports sometimes only show themselves in groanings which cannot be uttered.

It is a glorious thing to see a spark in the midst of that ocean, and all the power of that ocean unable to extinguish it.

You have the narrower path in your narrow way, which no one knows but God Himself.

In proportion as you have the love of Christ shed abroad in your heart, in that proportion shall ye have the heart of a weaned child.

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