

their country, Hidalgo de Dolores. Soon after, in the village of Dolores, we caught a glimpse of the house where Hidalgo resided. "A country curate, exasperated by the wrongs inflicted on his people, he raised the cry of independence, and led an hundred thousand Indians to battle." Unfortunately the noble attempt failed, but he has received from his countrymen the honored name of "First Patriot." Excommunicated by the Romish Church, he died a Protestant, and his name has since served to animate many a Mexican, against whom the anathemas of the spiritual power have been hurled.

It is said that railroads, rain, and a staple government, are the three essential items which Mexico must possess in order that she may greatly prosper. A fourth must be added, the necessity of which has also been felt by not a few, viz.: a religious reformation.—*Evangelist.*

Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

VII.

MISSIONARY INFATUATION—HOMEWARD BOUND—PENANG—A BULL IN THE SALOON.

The conviction that a voyage beyond the tropics, and a return to America are imperative, is not, in the case of missionaries, suddenly or easily reached. The exigencies of the work never seem greater than just at the time when the missionary ought to leave, when all his friends see that if he would save his life he must away at once. A kind of infatuation seems to seize him. He cannot see what is so plain to all others, that he is failing fast, and daily becoming weaker. The invariable reply to every remonstrance is, "One year more, and then I will go;" and he does go "whence there is no return." In this way many invaluable lives have been sacrificed. There ought to be some authority that could command and compel missionaries to feel that it is as much their duty to leave their posts when health fails, as it was to go to those posts in the first instance. The writer witnessed one remarkable case of this missionary infatuation,—that of the lamented Thomas,—and resolved then that he would never allow himself so to impose on himself. In September, 1872, his opportunity came. But the spell was on him! Prostrated, unnerved, with all that remained of the vital forces battling with fever; doctors and missionary friends urging immediate departure, nothing was farther from his thoughts and purposes! and when at last he yielded so far as to consent to being removed to Rangoon, it was with the conviction that a few weeks at most would find him again at his work.

But physician and friends at Rangoon seemed as obstinate and as inconsiderate as those at Henthada! Try Maulmain, perhaps the Doctor there is a man of more common sense; as bad as the rest, for after watching symptoms for a month, he coolly writes a certificate to the effect that "— is in such a condition of health that his immediate return to his native land is urgently necessary." Though still under the spell, it yet seems useless to resist the persecutions of well meaning but deluded friends, and the missionary, feeling something like a martyr, embarks at Maulmain on the steamer "Ethiopia," for Singapore, the first stage on the homeward voyage. It is a most agreeable surprise to learn that the Captain is a Nova Scotian and a Baptist—Capt. S., of Liverpool—and that his wife is with him. The "Ethiopia" belongs to a Scotch mercantile company, but she carries "Her Majesty's mail," so her Capt. and officers all wear the gold band on their caps.

The sea air acts like a tonic. After a few days of pleasant motion over summer seas, it was found to be possible for an infatuated invalid—who would not believe himself seriously ill—to become strong enough to begin to realize how weak he was! The spell was beginning to dissolve. A return to America did not seem so unreasonable after all.

The first point touched at was the Island of Penang. The town of Penang is prettily situated on a plain at the foot of a lofty hill, which rises almost immediately behind the town. The summit of this hill is a famous sanitarium, where a cool and bracing atmosphere may be found in the hottest season of the year. The native population of Penang are Malays, and in features, language, and costume bear no resemblance to the Burmese.

This Island, together with all the "Straits settlements," as they are called, Malacca,

Singapore, and Province Wellesley, are a British Colony, whose Governor's official residence is at Singapore. It is a singular fact that throughout all the Straits settlement, and also at Hong Kong, the only silver coin current is the Mexican dollar, for which the native merchants have a greater regard than for British sovereigns even.

While lying in the harbor of Penang there occurred an extraordinary incident, which might have resulted in a frightful tragedy. The crew were engaged in hoisting cattle from a lighter to a place provided for them at the bow of the steamer.—Capt. S., Mrs. S., and a guest from shore were sitting at the table in the saloon. One of the cattle was a savage bull which had already—as was afterwards discovered—gored a man on shore. As soon as this animal touched the deck he struggled violently, broke away from his lashings, and, tail on end, charged furiously the whole length of the ship, and hit the saloon!—The end of the rettee on which Mrs. S. was sitting received the first shock of the charge, which threw her violently down and under the table; this position saved her life, for the bull, though he made desperate efforts, was unable to reach her.—The din and confusion of breaking glass and crashing wood, mingled with the terrified cries of Mrs. S. together with utter ignorance as to the cause of it all, were not a little alarming. The first impression was that we had been run into by another steamer. The stateroom doors were shut and locked to prevent the enraged animal from turning into any of them. He charged on to the end of the saloon where it was not easy for him to turn round; a rope with a noose was passed down the skylight, and over his head, when he was despatched on the spot. The nervous shock to Mrs. S. was, of course, terrible; but with this exception, and a gash on the forehead, received in her fall, she escaped uninjured. A. R. R. C.

For the Christian Messenger.

FROM ROME, ITALY.

Rome, July 21st, 1873.

I send you the following, which is a literal translation of the discourse made by the Pope on the occasion of Ratazzi's death and funeral:—

"It was perhaps not an insult to religion a funeral promenade which accompanied the body of a man who was born a Catholic, but who counselled by perfidious friends, died an unbeliever and was deprived of all the comforts of religion? The worst of journals exulted in this kind of death, and cried with one voice 'mori qual visse'. He had indeed made himself memorable by the most anti-christian acts. His life was a continuous course of conspiracy against the peace of Italy, against the sanctity of religion, and against this Holy See. He began some years since by the suppression of (religious) orders in Piedmont and here, at length, dragged along by his 'anti-pontifical bile', he caused no inconsiderable sums of money to be spent for the famous expedition of GARIBALDI, which finished with the affair of MENTANA. For these and other evil undertakings he cannot be too much despised, and he died under their weight and without making reparation to the millions of good Catholics for the enormous scandals he had created. He is no more and has entered into the 'house' of eternity. Which eternity? I know not. But if he dies 'as he has lived', which is the assertion of his friends, a sad thought presents itself to him who reflects on the death of this unhappy man (infelice). But notwithstanding that the justice of God is not made manifest to us we all profoundly adore him, and it is not difficult for us to imagine what will be its signification in this instance. I cannot however be silent with respect to the painful impression I receive when I read in certain Journals that the body of this man was with pomp, deposited in one of the 'largest temples' of his country, on the doors of which was written 'that the INFINITE BOUNTY had gathered the defunct to his arms.'

I was still more afflicted when I read that there were priests more like laymen than Ministers of an Omnipotent Sovereign who assisted at these ceremonies, or rather these funeral profanations. I trust that all this is false, and that so much shame has not been heaped on the memory of ALEXANDER III. Touching ourselves we raise our eyes to the God of Mercy, and ask his blessing, and that he will give us strength and courage, keeping us always united and foreign to every principle of conciliation, which would resemble that between CHRIST and

BELIAL. Everyone will occupy himself with his own affairs. They (the Italian party) desire that I go to them. I wish them to come to me. But to them I cannot go, nor ever will I. May God comfort me, comfort you and sustain you from the impetus of their infernal phalanx. They are wolves who would fain devour the lambs, but there is nothing to fear, because as wolves to be wolves (?) they will be conquered, and the lambs will be the victors. 'Si lupi fuerimus vincimus' said St. CHRISOSTOM. On the other hand we shall have the eyes of God upon us:—'Oculi Domini super justos, et aures ejus in preces eorum. Benedictio etc.'

The above, as you see, is a most cruel denunciation of the deceased statesman's character and policy from the lips of one who calls himself the representative of the most gentle and forgiving of his race—the Saviour of mankind. Neither St. Peter nor St. Peter's master would ever have pronounced judgments of such violent political indignation as the head of the Roman Catholic Church. It is frightful to find that after living to be older than the oldest of Popes, Pius IX. has not been able to cherish some small modicum of compassion for one who was placed in positions that rendered it almost impossible to act otherwise than he did. There are many intelligent Catholics who consider that such men as Cavour and Ratazzi will eventually prove to have been the best friends of the Catholic Church, not as it is at present, circumscribed, cribbed, and confined within the walls of the Vatican, but the great union of conscientious and thoughtful Christians, who desire to follow the directions of their great Master. The Pope must have perceived long ago that there are many millions of the Ratazzi race in Italy; and the Papal curses, he should be aware, have lost all their former potency and terror.

Your readers may ascertain by the following extracts the manner in which the cause of the Temporal Power is to be served through the Pilgrimages. Here is a paragraph taken from a letter written by the Trieste correspondent of a German paper called *The Bohemia*:—

"For sometime past there have been rumors of a secret recruitment of 'soldiers of St. Peter's key,' going forward here at Coerz. Recently an office for enlisting soldiers for these regiments, was discovered at Trieste, and the affair made so much noise that the local papers took it up.

It appears to be well known that the enlistment is actually going forward.

The recruits adopt the title of 'soldati della Croce-rossa' (soldiers of the red cross) because when each man enlists he receives a red cross which he wears under his tunic placed above the heart. These future Crusaders do not receive any payment as yet, because the date of their marching has not yet been fixed.

They are obliged to take part in all the pilgrimages, which are to be provisionally considered as marching exercises.

Besides this, these crusaders can embark for Spain to join the Carlist corps, in which case they are immediately to receive a certain amount of pay. Until now, none of them have decided to take this step, although 200 men have been enlisted between Trieste and Goerz.

It is said that the recruiting agent was formerly a lawyer, who emigrated from Modena, and who gives private lessons in Trieste.

The Bishop of Trieste being a prudent man, and foreseeing the consequences that may arise through this affair, wisely holds aloof from taking any active part in it."

The next extract is taken from a correspondence addressed from France to the *Crusader*, an English journal published in London and Dublin, and which, in its title heading, states that it is "DEVOTED TO THE RESTORATION OF THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE":

"It would be difficult to convey to anyone who has not visited France within the last two months, any conception of the great religious demonstration of which I have been a witness at Paray-le Monial."

"Nothing could completely recall the age of faith than the aspect of the little Burgundian town on the evening of the 19th. We had arrived from every part of the south and centre of France, and at every moment, at every station between Macon and Paray, faces we had not seen since the happy days in Rome met our view. Friends separated since Mentana—nay, since Castelfardo and Ancona—grasped hands in silent and earnest greeting. At Charolles, Cluny, and every village we passed, the carriages were in-

vaded by fresh reinforcements of pilgrims, of every province, of every social class, but all united in the one great hope—the salvation of France, the rescue of Rome."

"Field officers, country gentlemen who had borne arms in the late war at the head of their 'Mobile,' men of letters, and magistrates grown grey in their calling all displayed the emblem of the pilgrimage—the Sacred Heart—on their breasts, and joined in the chanted hymns or the rosary recited aloud by a Dominican who accompanied us, with as little human respect and as great fervor as the nun, the seminarist, or the simple Zouave."

"As we sped along, the old familiar names of Rome and its Royalist and Catholic gatherings were heard on all sides: De Sabran, De Montague, De Merode, De Maistre, De Saisy, D'Auberville, De Beugny, and countless others, among all the one strong purpose seemed to overbear all private sorrow, and the shadows of the Vatican hung heavier on the spirit of even those most bereaved, than their own losses. 'I would give my Maurice to Pius IX, were it to come again to-morrow,' said to me a lady, noble by name and tenfold nobler in soul, whose only son died a martyr on the wall of Rome on September 20. And the words of this heroic Christian were the expression of the universal feeling that Rome, France, and Christendom had the prior right to every thing that human power and will could give—the blood of men, the tears of women, the prayers of all."

"Indeed, the most remarkable feature in the assemblage was the predominance of the lay and masculine element."

"On arriving there, M. De Charette solemnly placed the banner of the Sacred Heart, borne by the Zouaves at Patay, on the tomb of Marie Marguerite Alacoque, and thousand of persons pressed forwards to press to their lips the folds still bearing the visible stains of the blood of the Marquis De Verthamon and the Comtes Jacques and Fernand de Bouillé, who fell mortally wounded in defending it. And around that glorious standard—the standard of France—the Zouaves and their chief kept watch through the short midsummer night, serving the countless masses, whose celebration began at midnight, till the morning Angelus assembled them for Holy Communion at the High Altar."

"Nothing could be more beautiful or more touching than the ceremony. General De Sonis, leaning on the arm of M. De Charette, headed the procession, and the two heroes of Patay knelt, side by side at the altar, followed by the entire body of Zouaves, three hundred in number, and praying with the fervor and recollection of seminarists in retreat."

"They were a numerous element in the procession, and as banner after banner defiled before the church, held by strong hands which had borne arms in defence of their native city, we felt that the great act of devotion we were come to share and witness was indeed a national one in the best sense."

"The place of honour at the head of the column had been assigned to the Zouaves."

"In proposing M. De Sonis's health, M. De Charette spoke of the noble part he had had in the victory of Patay, and of the certainty that the Pontifical Zouaves would always be found in the path of honour."

"A beautiful and moving discourse was preached by the celebrated Pere Felix, which was interrupted again and again by the acclamations of the pilgrims; and as he spoke of Pius IX, cries of 'Vive le Pontife Roi!' 'Vive le Pape à Rome!' 'Vive les Soldats du Pape!' rent the air. It was with difficulty that silence was obtained, so great was the emotion; and could the echo have reached the Quirinal, it would have added little to the assurance and stability of its inmates."

"The Pere Picard distributed Red Crosses similar to those assumed by the Zouaves on the 20th September and which have been blessed and authorized by the Pope as the sign of the present pilgrimage."

Spanish Carlism, French Legitimism, and the Jesuits, such are the crutches on which the Pope now leans. Providence will break them when the time comes.

W. N. COLE.

For the Christian Messenger.

ORDAINED IGNORANCE.

Mr. Editor,—

In the CHRISTIAN MESSENGER of July 23, 1873, extracts of speeches on Education by brethren at the Eastern New Brunswick Baptist Association are copied from the *Visitor*. In one of these extracts is found

the phrase, "He objected to ordained ignorance." What does he mean? I do not certainly know. But if he means that none should be ordained to preach the gospel but such persons as have received a collegiate course of training, he certainly objects to what the great Teacher has, in every age of the church, manifestly approved. Ever since the time when "the High Priest, and as many as were of his kindred, perceived that Peter and John were unlearned and ignorant men," the Holy Spirit has not ceased to ordain from time to time continually, men of the same class, and from the days of Peter until now such men have often proved to be the most successful in the conversion of sinners; and, probably, the time is yet in the distance when such men will not be needed. I do not undervalue an educated ministry, but I think there is such a thing as deifying learning, and of depending too much upon worldly wisdom. An uneducated man will not be likely to obtain ordination unless he has given good evidence of the fact that he is decidedly pious and zealous. It is far easier by having a good education and a theological training to deceive himself and the people of God, and suppose that gifts will do instead of a call from God. If there is danger in ordaining ignorant men to preach the gospel, (and no doubt there is), I believe we should dread that ignorance the most which may be found often in a man of profound literature, i. e., ignorance of a call of God to the work.

The author of the phrase "ordained ignorance," says "he felt there should be closer sympathy among educated and uneducated." He ought to know that the use of such epithets is not calculated to effect the sympathy he seems to desire. I know the heart of an uneducated minister. Perhaps no person feels more than they do the need of education. Many of them are among the warmest friends of our College, and are doing what they can to aid the cause of education. But when a brother minister, who, perhaps, has had better advantages than some others have had, styles the less favored brethren "ordained ignorance," they can but feel that they are despised, and the tendency is not sympathy but alienation. Let all who plead for education and "closer sympathy," endeavor so to speak as not to thwart their own purpose by grieving or offending needlessly their best friends. I am, a companion of all them that fear God,

Yours, &c.,

R. S. MORTON.

For the Christian Messenger.

IN MEMORIAM.

MRS. WILLIAM LANGLEY,

of Isaac's Harbor, died on the 12th of May, 1873, in the 77th year of her age. She was the daughter of the late John and Elizabeth Clark, of Antigonish. When 20 years of age she found the Saviour, and was baptized by the late Rev. Joseph Dimock, and united with the Baptist Church in Antigonish. In 1840 she moved to Isaac's Harbor, and in the same year was one of ten who formed the church organized in that place by the Rev. George Richardson. She leaves a husband, five children, 58 grandchildren, and 74 great-grand children, many of whom have professed faith in Christ. She was one of those strong minded Christians, whose firm belief of her final acceptance never seemed to fail her; and her walk through life gave ample testimony of the genuineness of that faith. She was a regular attendant at the house of God, and was always ready to take part in the prayer and conference meetings, and to administer a word of comfort to the doubting and sorrowful. During the last few years of her life she was almost blind, but even then she was led by the hand to meeting, and, when unable to go, she would say that her heart was there. While thus deprived of sight she received great comfort from drawing on the large store of scripture which she had committed to memory in her younger days. Her whom she delighted to serve while in youth and vigor did not forsake her in her last illness. She was borne up on the wings of faith, and often said that she had no fear of death but longed for the time when the Lord would see fit to call her away, and when, at length, the messenger came, she departed this life rejoicing in her Saviour.

A. J. D.

MRS. ELIZABETH BAKER,

of Tremont, Aylesford. Death has again visited this neighborhood in the removal of the beloved wife of Mr. Samuel Baker.—She was the youngest daughter of our vint-