

Miscellaneous.

[From the New York Observer.]

Bedini and Dr. Duff—A Contrast.

ing preached, his text was the man that fell among thieves, she related the circumstance to me, and said my laughter was turned into mourning. A heavy burden of sin pressed me down to the earth, and I could find no comfort until one night, solitary and alone, I retired into a grove, and when bowed in humble prayer at the foot of the cross, suddenly these words of Dr. Watts came with light and power to my soul:—

"All over glorious is my Lord,
Must be beloved and yet adored;
His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too."

Shortly after, our dear sister related a satisfactory experience, and expressed a firm belief that the Lord had redeemed her soul. She was cordially received into the Baptist church, immersed by Elder Edward Manning, the pastor. She was married to Mr. M'Naney, a respectable School Teacher, by whom she had a number of children, one a worthy member of the 2nd church in Sackville. Our sister walked in fellowship with the church several years, and then came to this place, united with the 1st church in Salisbury, here she lost her husband, and has lived with her children until it pleased the Lord to call her home. Our sister was born March 28th, 1773, and died March 11th, 1854. Her life, from 16 to 81 years was that of a saint. She loved the house of God, and was always in attendance when it was possible. I have been intimately acquainted with her, and enjoyed Christian fellowship many years, and knowing that she has many friends in this Province and Nova Scotia, I thought it my duty thus to give this short memoir. I preached at her funeral to a large audience, and many could say with Solomon, that it was better to go to a house of mourning than to the house of mirth. She sleeps in Jesus and is blest—may my last end be like hers! None could say that Mrs. M'Naney was not what she professed to be—a disciple of Christ. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

Yours truly,

JOSEPH CRANDALL.

Salisbury, April 19th, 1854.

Died at the Little South-west, on the 6th inst., Mrs. Phebe Traves, wife of Oliver Traves, in the 37th year of her age. The deceased was a daughter of the late Deacon Somers, whose widow and family are members of the Baptist church. Mrs. Traves joined the church at this place 15 years ago, of which she continued a consistent member until she was called away by death, we trust, to "the rest that remaineth for the people of God." Mrs. Traves was generally beloved and esteemed by all who knew her—her end was peace. The mournful occasion was improved by the writer, from Heb. iv. 9. May the Lord bless the dispensation to the bereaved family.

In regard to the progress of the church, we stand low, yet we read that there is "joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," and we of late had the pleasure of baptizing one on a profession of his faith. May the Lord grant us grace, whereby we may serve Him acceptably, with reverence and fear. My heart is stirred up within me, when reading of revivals, while I feel my own leanness. May the Lord grant his holy spirit to enlighten our minds to know, and to do his will.

Yours, in the hope of eternal life,

D. M'PHAIL.

Northesk, Miramichi, April 13, 1854.

THE CAR OF JUGGERNAUT.—We are given to understand, says the Citizen of the 10th ultimo, an East India paper, that the famous car of Juggernaut of Muehs, near Serampore, was totally destroyed by fire on the night of Monday last, and the "odekurics," or proprietors of Juggernaut have been merged in grief, attributing the accident to the fury of the god, far causes of which they are not cognizant.

IDOL WORSHIP IN NEW YORK.—A gentleman, in this city, while visiting in Cherry street for an Industrial school, went into a room where were a little company of Chinese offering sacrifice to an idol. A Chinaman was kneeling in front of the idol, burning some sweet-smelling substance floating in water in a little cup. The gentleman apologized for the intrusion, but they did not seem much troubled by it.—N. Y. Evangelist.

TASTE.—At a magnificent fancy ball, recently given at Florence, by Prince Demidoff, an American lady appeared in the complete costume of an Indian squaw.

Who has not heard of Bedini, the Archbishop of Thebes,—the Nuncio of the Pope to Brazil, taking the United States in his way,—the spy and butcher of Bologna,—the Great Runaway! He came here a bad man, on a worse mission; a low creature, though a high ecclesiastic; with nothing to recommend him but his titles and his feathers. In private, he was doing the work of him that sent him, the pope; in public, he was courting the dignitaries of the State, and the attention of the people. Scared, by some demonstrations made by his own countrymen, and other foreigners, to testify their appreciation of his character, he passed incog from Washington to New York. It is said that he was concealed some days in the city; but, as the storm was thickening instead of passing away, he sent for the Mayor and implored his protection. It is said, that, moved by his awful terror and dread of assassination, the Mayor applied to the Collector for a vessel from the Revenue Service to carry him out of the city; but that the Collector declined to interfere. It is said that application was made to the Government for instructions in reference to the Latin priest, and that orders were sent to get him away as soon as possible, and at public expense. It is known that he went incog to Staten Island; that on the day of the sailing of the Atlantic he was sent on board an old Tug, the most unpretending that could be found, in order to avoid suspicion and expense, and placed on board the steamer; and that he took his departure as Nuncio from the United States to Rome, taking England on his way! Alas, poor Yorick!

If all this does not teach the Pope, and his priests, and their dupes, a lesson as to the state of American feeling, and the sentiments of its people, on the subject of Popery, it is difficult to tell what can. It especially teaches them that no man, in whose skirts, or on whose hands can be found a spot made by the blood of freemen, slaughtered because of even unwise efforts to obtain liberty, need expect to be otherwise treated than as a foe to humanity by the free people of this land. If the Austrian Haynau could not live in England, how could the Italian Bedini hope to enjoy an ovation in the United States? But he hoped his embroidered vestment, and his pallium, made from "the wool of holy sheep," would screen him. But no; whilst in no country on earth are the true ministers of religion more respected than with us; in no country on earth are priestly hypocrites more detested. Hence, after his character became known, poor Bedini had to cover his tonsure, and to hide his long coat, and to put the crucifix that dangled on his breast in his pocket, and to put aside all his priestly regalia, lest they should attract attention to his person; and then to steal away as a thief, from a country where he expected to be honored as a prince. And you might as well attempt to quell the swellings of the ocean as to attempt to prevent the rising of all free hearts against such a man. This the Mayor of Cincinnati has learned to his cost. But he is gone. We shall be glad to learn his reception at the Court of Brazil, now that he has taken the United States on his way.

As the steamer that was conveying Bedini from our shores was receding, another steamer might be seen approaching them, with a very different man on board. That man was Alexander Duff. His history is a brief but a pregnant one. In his youth he devoted himself to God, and the cause of Missions. He left Scotland, his native land, for India in 1829, and was wrecked on the rocks of the Cape of Good Hope, losing every thing but his Bible, which was found on the beach where it was washed by the waves. Nothing daunted he sailed thence for India, and in a fierce hurricane, peculiar to those latitudes, he was again wrecked at the mouth of the Ganges; and only escaped with his life. He reached Calcutta, with his plans all formed, and with the fixed resolution to carry them out. If esteemed a fanatic at home, when Moderatism like a mountain of ice crushed and chilled the heart of the Church of Scotland, he was received with marked coldness by officials abroad. One man only encouraged him, and he was a heathen, the famous Ramohun Roy. The young Missionary hired a small room, and commenced his great work with five heathen boys. Such was the small beginning of the Church of Scotland's Missions in India. That room grew into the famous College of Calcutta, now the light of India; and the five boys into fourteen hundred pupils.

On the disruption of the Church of Scotland, the Missionary decided to go out with the Free Church. And although the college buildings

were mainly erected through his own individual exertions, he was compelled to abandon them, to go out empty handed, and to find accommodations, as he could, for his pupils. But when Christ's crown, and headship in the church, were at stake, he could not hesitate a moment. And although not so well accommodated as formerly, that College was never so useful, or more fully attended, than now. The great and successful labors of this Missionary in Calcutta are felt in all India, from Ceylon to the Himalayas; they are felt in their reflex influence on the entire Church of God. His great mental power, his entire consecration, his sleepless industry, his wise plans, his perseverance in following them out, have enabled him to do in India a work of vast magnitude, and of the greatest importance. And although under fifty years of age his name is in all the earth as "the Apostle of India."

On the death, we might almost say the translation of Dr. Chalmers, this Missionary was selected to fill his place as a Professor of Divinity in the Free Church College, as the man best fitted to succeed to the Chair vacated by him who in his life, was designated as "the greatest of living Scotchmen." But he declined the honor, for the reason, that he had consecrated himself to the heathen, and desired to live and die among them. On his return to Scotland he was elected by acclamation, Moderator of the Free Assembly of 1851. Since that time although in feeble health, he has been through Scotland, England, and Ireland, in labors abundant and with a fervid eloquence that has not been surpassed, seeking to rouse every branch of the Church of God to more earnest efforts for the conversion of the world. The writer of this article heard him, on one occasion, pour forth his soul for three hours upon the most densely crowded and deeply interested audience he ever saw; his appeals now melting the entire assembly into tears, and now filling the ample building with thundering applause.

This great Missionary, the Rev. Alexander Duff, is now in our country. He was landed on our shores just as Bedini had left them. He bro't with him no letters from pope, prince or prelate. The fame of his labors and Christian virtues had preceded him. No Antonelli lauds his gifts and his virtues. He needs no such doubtful praise. He is no Archbishop of tottering pillars, and crumbling walls, and piles of ruins, amid which the cormorant and the bittern, the owl and the raven hoot, and over which the adder and the serpent trail their slime. He comes not here on his way as a messenger from a doating tyrant in the old world to some other tyrant in the new. His hair is unshaven on his head. He wears no priestly vestments to catch vulgar eyes. He is simply a missionary who has spent most of his life among the heathen, and who has come to tell us of the degradation, and the wants and the rising civilization of India. He is simply a noble, self-sacrificing Christian Minister, who has come with the greetings of Protestant Britain to Protestant America. Although a Scotchman by birth, we all claim him as a fellow citizen; although a Presbyterian in religion, we all claim him as a fellow Christian.

His life and labors are known to the world. He has worn himself out in seeking to excite, not to suppress, free thought—to elevate, not to depress the race, in seeking to teach the world that faith in Christ, not faith in the pope, is the way to heaven. No blood cries to heaven against him. No Scotchman will rise up, save to claim him as a countryman, and to proclaim him "every inch a man." As he passes through the land, no mobs will meet him with effigies; no police will be needed to protect him; and if he rides not in the Mayor's carriage—if he sails not in a government steamer—if he is not in secretaries' saloons in Washington, he will be welcomed as a Christian philanthropist of the highest stamp, by every Christian man from one end of the Union to the other.

And when his journeyings are ended, and the time for his return to his own land has arrived, he will need no protection from mayor or magistrate—he will need no tug to draw him from his concealment to a steamer in the bay, to avoid the hootings of the multitudes that would greet him if he went on board at the wharf. We will accompany him to the ship; we will give him our parting blessing, and receive his; and we will sorrow most of all that we shall see his face no more.

KIRWAN.

The Godly Mother.

In a class prayer-meeting, in one of the prominent Theological Seminaries of our land, the members related to each other the history of their conversion, and the steps by which they were led to prepare for the ministry.

In these statements, the remark, "I owe all, under God, to a pious mother," so often occurred, that the writer was induced to make more particular inquiry, which led to some very interesting results.

All but two had pious mothers, and most of them pious fathers. All were converted when young; some at the age of ten, none over twenty. All attended Sabbath-school. All remember with gratitude the instructions of their parents, and many spoke with touching interest of the happy influence which the teachings and prayers of their mothers exerted upon them. Some of these mothers "are fallen asleep," but others "remain to this pre-

sent," and rejoice in this result of their efforts.

These facts furnish matter for reflection. Suppose these parents had not consecrated their sons to God, where would have been this class of young men, now in the active ministry? And if other classes, and other seminaries, furnish similar statistics, where would have been the theological students of the land? Our seminaries would be empty, many of our pulpits empty, and the "harvest" would perish for want of "laborers."

Christian mothers, these facts show how much the world's salvation, under God, depends on you. Will you realize it, and act accordingly. You may not, through the agency of the press, leave a name and an influence like Hannah More, or Charlotte Elizabeth; but you may transmit a fragrant remembrance, you may exert an undying influence, through that little boy now by your side, and now under your instruction and control. In daily prayer and faith, dedicate him to God. Store his mind with useful knowledge. Aim to fire his soul with zeal for the Saviour's cause. Mothers, do this, and though your sons come not to eminence, and it be not written of you, "Mothers of the wise," yet it will be recorded in heaven of you. "Mothers of the good."

Sir Benjamin West attributed his eminence to the sweet kiss of encouragement his mother gave him when he showed her his first rude attempt at drawing; and it is stated that John Quincy Adams, through his long and eventful life, never omitted that beautiful little prayer his mother taught him when a child:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

What an influence God has intrusted to you. But little of it will find a record on the page of history. Eternity alone will reveal it. Sons and daughters "afar" will call "blessed."

Have you a refractory son, for whom you have offered fervent prayer, and wept away sleepless nights? Know that he may yet preach the gospel. Follow him, as did the mother of Augustine her dissolute son, with prayers and counsel, and God will hear you. Let not your faith waver. Adopt in this, as in other things, the beautiful motto of Charlotte Elizabeth:

"Victorious faith the promise sees,
And looks to God alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And says it shall be done."

—American Messenger.

Hints to Promote Harmony.

1. We may be quite sure that our will is likely to be crossed in the day—so prepare for it.
2. Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we are not to expect much.
3. To learn the different temper of each individual.
4. To look upon each member of the family as one for whom Christ died.
5. When any good happens to any one, to rejoice at it.
6. When inclined to give an angry answer lift up the heart in prayer.
7. If from any cause we feel irritable, to keep a strict watch upon ourselves.
8. To observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to their state.
9. To watch for little opportunities of pleasing and to put little annoyances out of the way.
10. To take a cheerful view of everything and encourage hope.
11. To speak kindly to servants, and praise them for little things when you can.
12. In all little pleasures which may occur, to put self last.
13. To try for "the soft answer that turneth away wrath."
14. When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves,—"Have I not often done the same thing and been forgiven?"
15. In conversation not to exalt ourselves, but to bring others forward.
16. To be gentle with the younger ones, and treat them with respect, remembering that we were once young too.
17. Never judge one another, but attribute a good motive when we can.
18. To compare our manifold blessings with the trifling annoyance of the day.