

has pervaded society, and we may reasonably hope that many have looked on this occasion as something more than an empty form. It has been at least an acknowledgement that there is a Power higher than that of man, and that fate is not the ruler of the world." In Belfast, it would seem that that day was marked with a peculiar solemnity. In the *Banner of Ulster*, there is a sketch of the sermons preached on the occasions, and it may be remarked, that while each text is quite appropriate, no two ministers preached from the same text—a proof of the amplitude of divine revelation. Dr. Cooke preached from James iv. 9, 10; Dr. Morgan from Ecclesiastes ix. 18; Rev. John McNaughton from Jeremiah iv. 9; Rev. R. Knox, Linen Hall Street, from Isaiah ii. 4; while the other ministers adopted equally appropriate texts, and the day was marked by all the solemn cessation from labor, which characterises a communion Sabbath in the metropolis of the North of Ireland. May a blessing follow the solemn exercises of the day, and may the nation throughout the struggle look unto God, and humbly commit their cause to Him, who alone is the Governor among the nations.

DEPARTURE OF REV. DR. DUFF.

Our dear friend took his departure from the shores of America in the steamer *Pacific*, on Saturday, 13th ult. Kirwan, (the Rev. Dr. Murray of Elizabethtown, whom we rejoice to say there is some hope of our seeing at the meeting of our Synod,) has written another contrast between Bedini, the Pope's Nuncio, and Dr. Duff. Speaking of the departure of Bedini, he says—

A day or two previous to the sailing of a steamer for England, a few men, muffled, and looking suspiciously around, might be seen crossing to Staten Island, where they were hidden away by some friend, as were the spies of Joshua in Jericho by Rahab. On the morning of the sailing of the steamer an old "Tug" might be seen pressing its way to an adjacent wharf. As it put forth no pretensions to be a boat for passengers, no decent person thought of noticing it. As the noble steamer fired her signal guns for departure, the muffled gentry made their way to the "Tug," which swung from her moorings as soon as they stepped on board. She paddled into the stream. Bedini was smuggled on board the steamer; and thus he passed from our shores amid appalling fears and terrors, which made the little hair left by the priestly razor on his head to stiffen into straight lines, and without a solitary being to bid him farewell. We take it for granted that his priestly attendants were rejoiced to get rid of him.

It is said that when he got fairly on board, he commenced most devoutly kissing a crucifix; and that when he got quietly seated, he read his missal with race-horse rapidity. When during the voyage, the winds of February rolled up the waves of the Atlantic into stormy billows, it is said he manifested great terror. And when he got safely to London he wrote back for our edification, the famous letter of Feb. 17th, to the Archbishop of Baltimore, in which he seems to weep with rage, to pray like Lucifer, to laugh like a hyena, to deny alleged charges so as to prove them, and in which, after gravely informing us that he sent "a number of pictures of the Blessed Virgin of Rimini," "the portentous moving of whose pupils" has rendered it "a picture so blessed and so full of celestial inspiration," he offers the following prayer to "the blessed Lady

of Rimini."—"O may this most powerful mother of the God-Man, console with her celestial glance, so many of her children who will seek in her maternal heart, the fountain of so many graces; and may she, in so many others also, who, bathed in the blood of her Son, still obstinately refuse to call her their mother, work not the less rare prodigy of opening their eyes." This letter should be preserved in every museum of the world as a fair specimen of the literature of the Roman priesthood—of the progress of the Italian mind—of the annals of papal ecclesiastics, and as the most wonderful sample of unadulterated balderdash which this age has produced. With this famous letter poor Bedini has disappeared from view; but whether he has gone to Thobes, or has taken some other route to Brazil; or whether he is stirring up the Holy Father to seek redress for his "discountenancing and insulting treatment," which was sufficient to cause "any nation to descend a thousand degrees in the scale of its dignity," is not known. Only one thing is certain, we shall not soon again see the like of Monsieur Archbishop Gaetano Bedini.

He thus describes in contrast the departure of the distinguished missionary:—

The last week of his sojourn amongst us, was the busy week of our Religious Anniversaries. Who that heard him at the Missionary Convention, before the Christian Union, the Tract and Bible Societies; before the Presbyterian, or the American Board of Foreign Missions, can ever forget the thrilling eloquence, and the apostolical zeal with which he urged the various tribes of Israel to go up and to possess the land. Nor were his words finely arranged for the occasion, and elegantly delivered, falling upon the audience like snow-flakes upon the running stream, and forgotten by speaker and hearer at the close of the service. They were words from the heart which all felt, and which will never be forgotten. They were nails driven into a sure place. He there scattered seed broad-cast, which will bear fruit long after he has fallen to sleep on the banks of the Ganges.

The morning of his departure was one of thrilling interest. He was the guest of Robert L. Stuart, Esq., who entertained him and his friends with princely hospitality. There, surrounded by the family of his host, and a few of his more intimate friends, he led in the morning prayer; a scene never to be forgotten. After attending to a few items of business, he went, with his friends, to a meeting for prayer in the church of the Rev. Mr. Thomson. The church was nearly filled with ministers and people.—The services were closed by Dr. Duff in a few simple, sublime words of farewell, and with the benediction. And such was the throng to shake his hand in a responsive farewell, that with difficulty he could enter the carriage which was to convey him to the steamer. But the scene at the steamer defies description. The wharf, and the noble *Pacific* were crowded with clergymen, and Christians, assembled to bid him adieu.—Many could only take him by the hand, weep, and pass on. Never did any man leave our shores so encircled with Christian sympathy and affection. All felt that that was to be a final adieu, and they mourned most of all that they should see his face no more.

When ordered to the wharf from the steamer, the people sought every point where they could catch a last glimpse of him. As the noble boat slowly, but majestically moved from her berth, not a word was uttered. Some held up a white handkerchief—some waved a hat. But not a word was uttered! The swelling emotions of all, forbade applause, or utterance. We looked as long as we could discern his countenance, and then we turned away, praying to heaven that his voyage homeward, and then Eastward, might be as safe and as prosperous as his visit to our shores had been popular and useful. No such man has visited us since the days of Whitefield.

COMMENDABLE EXAMPLES.—We learn, with much gratification, that the congregations of our Church in Montreal have recently, with much cordiality and good feeling, increased the salaries of their pastors. The congregation of Côté Street Church have raised the stipend of the Rev. Mr. Fraser from £325 to £400. The congregation of St. Gabriel Street Church have raised that of Mr. Inglis from £200 to £300. We have learned this fact with much gratification, because it shows that the people are considerate and conscientious. It is preposterous in the present day, when every necessary of life is nearly double what it was a few years ago, to hold up the sum of £100 as an adequate stipend to a minister of the Gospel—a sum which any sober laborer could with ease earn in the course of a year, and which a mechanic would never dream of accepting as an adequate remuneration for his time, and labor, and skill. The matter must be looked at, and our congregations must really be led to devise more liberal things. We know that it is impossible for a minister to live on the pittance which is generally given, without constant anxiety and embarrassment, or incurring debt. And if either of these things takes place, a minister cannot freely and fully discharge his duties. However faithful and devoted he may be disposed to be, his energies are paralyzed, his mind is burdened, and he cannot meet his people in that spirit, in which the minister of the gospel should be able to meet and deal with his flock. We trust many congregations will do as our friends in Montreal have done. Assuredly they will, by so doing, promote the real interests of themselves, and of religion.

INDUCTIONS, TRANSLATIONS, &c.

The Rev. R. McKenzie has been inducted into the pastoral charge of Barrie, Innisfil, and Essa.

The ordination of the Rev. John Laing, as minister of *Scarboro'*, is appointed to take place on Tuesday, 6th current.

The Rev. Robert Irvine has been translated from the Second Congregation, Toronto, to Knox's Church, Hamilton.

The Rev. W. Porterfield, formerly of Dunnville, has been translated to Plympton.

REV. JOHN BLACK.—We had recently letters from our brother at the Red River. Things were progressing most favorably. We believe the congregation there have sent a commission to an esteemed elder of the church, to represent them at the ensuing meeting of Synod.

PREACHERS FROM SCOTLAND.—We received on the 1st of May, just after the May number of the *Record* had been published, a communication from a Minister in the West, on the subject of the proposal to raise a sum of money to defray the expenses of Ministers from the old country. Our Brother expresses surprise that he saw no allusion to the matter in the *Record* until it was mentioned in the April number, and that he heard in Hamilton in the beginning of April for the first time, that such a proposal had been originated.