would not stir an inch, until Mr. Jones got down and worked the pump handle a dozen times after which operation it moved on directly; and to finish off the day's pleasure, it stopped at all the customers of the milkman, in the road where Mr. Jones lives, his house being at the further end.

Miss Leslie on Slang.

"There is no wit," says the author of the Behaviour Book, "in a lady to speak of taking a 'snooze,' instead of a nap—in calling pantaloons 'pants,' or gentlemen 'gents'—in saying of a man whose dress is getting old, that he looks 'seedy'—and in alluding to an amusing anecdote, or a diverting incident, to say that it is 'rich.' All slang words are detestable from the lips of ladies. We are always sorry to hear a young lady use such a word as 'polking,' when she tells of having been engaged in a certain dance too fashionable not long since; but, happily, now it is fast going out, and almost banished from the best society. To her honour, be it remembered, Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence. How can a genteel girl bring herself to say, 'Last night I was polking with Mr. Bell,' or 'Mr. Cope came and asked me to polk with him.' Its coarse and ill-sounding name is worthy of the dance. We have little tolerance for young ladies, who having nothing of the right stock to go upon, substitute coarseness and impertinence (not to say impudence), and try to excite laughter and attract the attention of gentlemen by ta king slang. Where do they get it? How do they pick it up? From low newspapers or vulgar books? Surely not from low companions? We have heard one of these ladies, when her collar chanced to be pinned awry, say that it was put on drunk—also that her bonnet was drunk, meaning crooked on her head. When disconcerted, she was 'floored.' When submitting to a thing unwillingly, she was 'brought to the scratch.' Sometimes she did things 'on the sly.'

Obituary.

Recent Deaths in St. Stephen, N.B.

Mrs. Thomas Frazer, of Oak Hill, St. Stephen Circuit, was on Thursday, the 9th inst., called to enter into her rest, at the age of 70 years. Under the faithful ministry of our esteemed Father Pickles, in the year 1841, she was brought from the bondage of fear into the manifested love of God. From that time her high christian character, her deep-toned piety, her delight in holiness, her even, constant flame of love to God, produced a hallowed impression upon all. Evidently, she "walked with God." She greatly delighted to mingle with God's people in public worship, and never allowed slight obstacles to detain her from His house. She was steadfast in the faith, and appeared to be as immovable as the Rock on which she had obtained a sure foundation, while she was always abounding in the work of the Lord. "Given to hospitality," she rejoiced in "ministering to the saints." Both she and her husband gladly opened their house to the ministers of the gospel, and the welcome accorded was always felt to be hearty and sincere.

Mrs Frazer possessed great buoyancy of spirit. Her cheerful countenance indicated the internal peace. Hers was emphatically the religion of love. "The law of kindness was in her tongue." Although for about four years previous to her death, increasing bodily infirmities destroyed much of the pleasure of life, yet she always cherished a cheerful resignation to the Divine will. Her hope was fixed, trusting in God. To her, Jesus Christ was the One altogether lovely. Death at last came as a stealthy messenger, but found her ready. Calmly she seemed to sleep—but she had ceased to breathe, her spirit had returned to God. Her bereaved husband and loving children and friends in their mourning, cherish a sure and certain hope of her resurrection unto everlasting life.

On Friday, the 2nd inst, Mrs. Milberry, relict of the late Samuel Milberry, of St. Stephen, was called to exchange mortality for life at the advanced age of 96 years, having lived to see her children and her children's children down to the fourth generation, and to be cheered with knowing that many of them are respected and useful members of the Church of Christ. A. B. B.

MRS. GREEN, OF BRIGUS, N. F.

Jane Elliott was born at Belturbet, Cavan, Ireland, October 1800. In youth she was blest with Sabbath School instruction, under the suprintendence of the Rector, a godly man, and favored with opportunities of attending the ministrations of Methodist preachers. Her parents belonged to the Established Church, yet Jane was allowed to attend prayer-meetings and class-meetings in company with an elder sister; and during a revival in the neighbourhood, became one of the converts. She was made very happy; but her "goodness was as a morning cloud." In after life she deeply regretted this, as also her folly in marrying one who was not converted. Her first husband, Jerr. Knox, was a soldier, and of unblemished moral character. He was promoted from the ranks to the office of Quarter Master's Sergeant. He threw no obstacles in her way; still he was not an help meet for her. He died in 1844. Previous to his death, during Rev. R. Williams' charge of the St. John's Circuit, Jane was for some time "in darkness;" but at length it pleased God to send her relief, in a sermon preached by Mr. W. from Isaiah 50, 10. From that time, her gloom gave place to peace of mind. We were married in 1851. I feel thankful for being permitted to enjoy her companionship for 15 years. She often pleasantly quoted from 31 Prov., "She will do him good," &c. When we lived in Cupids, Rev. W. E. Shenstone appointed her class-leader. She was not a bigot—she would go any where within her reach to hear God's servants preach; and would read any book that might help her on her way to heaven. In her health, she valued the means of grace, and often went, before day, from her residence at the south side of St. John's, to the old vestry. She loved the Jews. When a young woman, she saw a Jew in Dublin, and she often said that her heart warmed to him immediately. In St. John's, she became a subscriber to the Jews' Society, and here for a short time, she was a collector. Her care for the Jews brought a blessing to her own soul, and proved a benefit to her temporally. She was unobtrusive—she shunned, as much as she could, the company of the grand and gay; yet courted the society of Jesus' disciples. For those she thought pious, she had an ardent love. As she grew older, she cared less for society, except that of a few kindred spirits. She felt symptoms of cancer, in her right breast, about two years ago. For the last 14 months of her life, she was mostly confined to her bed. Her sufferings were very great. Prostrated by her affliction, she cared less to converse; and seldom consented for me to read the Bible to her. Her last letters from her only daughter, whom she tenderly loved, she did not wish to have read to her. On Friday morning, 22nd February, the day before she died, I was called up, as my dear wife was judged to be dying. When she saw me, she asked me to read a penitential psalm, and while I was musing she referred me to the 39th, by quoting the first verse. This occurrence was a cordial to me; for it showed me that her mind was in the right direction, and that her remembrance of the Scriptures was unimpaired. She lingered until Saturday afternoon, and while a few affectionately watched her, she ceased to breathe. I would like to acknowledge the very great kindness shown to my dear partner during her sore affliction, by christian friends, both in St. John's and Brigus. My prayer is, and shall be, that the Lord may plentifully reward them. WILLIAM GREEN.

Brigus, N. F., May 11th, 1867.

Provincial Wesleyan.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1867.

"Out of the Church."

The above is the heading of an article in a late issue of the New York *Methodist*, which we copy, commending it to the serious consideration of all whom it may concern. The number is large in every christian community of those who are "out of the Church," and who for their own sake, for the sake of the Church, and for the advantage of the world around them, ought to occupy an honorable and useful position as the avowed friends of the Lord Jesus. Many are estimable persons, living in the fear of God, who but need the help afforded by church ordinances, to qualify them to an appreciation of the value of christian fellowship, and to a full surrender of themselves to Christ. Many there are whose hearts have frequently been deeply impressed by the preached word, and by the admonitory lessons of Providence, and who have on many occasions been "almost persuaded" to take the decisive step, and become joined unto the Lord and to His Church in a perpetual covenant. There are those also who once professed religion, who have allowed some trivial circumstance to alienate them from the Church, and who cannot be happy until their names are again enrolled among the followers of Christ, and their forfeited privileges restored. And there are very many who in other years, under the most happy circumstances, it may have been in other lands, have had, in connection with christian ordinances, the candle of the Lord brightly shining on their head; but whose lamentation now is, O that it were with me as in days past! Most gladly would christian people welcome back these to their fellowship. To recover such backsliders from their wanderings, and to replenish the ranks of the church with those whose happiness, usefulness, and safety demand their union therewith, is worthy of earnest effort. Let the following be read with care:—

It is a sorrowful thought that all over the land there are those to be found who, though once active members of the Church, are now outside of its communion. We do not refer to such as have been excluded for offences by disciplinary action, but to those against whom no charges could be brought, yet who, by their own voluntary act, have put themselves outside of the Church. Such a deed might well be called ecclesiastical suicide. Once they enjoyed the meetings of God's people for prayer and praise; they listened with delight to the preaching of the Gospel; they partook with spiritual profit, of the emblems of the dying of Christ; they were deeply interested in the welfare of the Church, for their names were there. But now they are aliens; their appetite for spiritual food is gone; they have no more visible connection with the Church.

In some cases, this union with the Church is voluntarily severed because of a conscious loss of piety. Those who thus withdraw from the Church assert that it is useless to belong to it while their hearts are not interested in the spiritual life, and as they desire to be consistent, they forsake the Church. But why not manifest their consistency in another way? Why not remain in the Church and seek for an increase of piety? Their conduct in forsaking the Church, is as absurb as would be that of a man who should leap into the sea from a vessel in a storm, because it would be inconsistent for him to remain on board, and be idle while every one else was at work to save the ship. A sane man would show his consistency by remaining on board and going to work.

There are some who withdraw simply because of a wicked indulgence in some whim which had seized them. They are displeased with the minister; his preaching does not suit, or his manner is unpleasant, or he has neglected them in his pastoral work; or there are some of the official members whose conduct toward them has not been such as they thought they had a right to expect; the class-leader had neglected them; the trustees have called too often for collections; the stewards have pressed them too hard for the minister's support; or there are some of the private members with whom they have had difficulties, and thereby hard feelings have arisen. They pass and re pass each other and never speak. The grand remedy for all these difficulties seems to be to withdraw from the Church. If ministers, or officials, or private members do not please, leave the fellowship of God's people! How absurd and wicked all this seems! We are almost ashamed to put it in print as the conduct, at any time, of grown-up men and women; for it is more like the capracious freaks of foolish children. Yet many pastors will confirm our assertion that many are found who withdraw from the Church for no better reasons than these. Would they be willing to leave a warm, comfortable house in winter, and go out into the cold to perish, simply because some of the internal arrangements were not according to their liking? We think not.

There are many others who get out of the Church by failing to take their certificates when they change their residences. The loss to the Church, and the greater loss to themselves, by this means, is incalculable. Very often they remove hastily, and have no time to procure a certificate, or they neglect it until the last minute, and cannot find the minister in charge; or they do not know that they need a certificate, as they may not remain long in their new home; and thus they go among strangers without any documentary evidence of their connection with the Church. No wonder they feel homeless in the new place of worship, especially if it is in a city where strangers are not so readily noticed as in the country; and no wonder if they soon lose their interest in the Christian life.

But there are those who procure their certificates on leaving their old places of residence, but put themselves out of the Church by failing to present these on settling in their new homes. They mean at first to do so, but suffer week after week and month after month to elapse without doing it; delaying from various causes, until at last they feel ashamed to offer their certificates, because they are old. In cities, where there are a number of churches, the delay is frequently occasioned by visiting all the churches in turn to see which one is preferable. It is better for all to find a spiritual home as soon as possible.

We think the evil just indicated might in many instances be remedied, if, in addition to the certificate given to the member leaving, a document somewhat similar in form should be sent by mail to the pastor or one of the pastors in the place to which the member removes, notifying him of the fact of such removal, and, if possible, giving the exact residence. We are aware that in some cases all this would be impossible, but in many others it could be done. A faithful pastor, on receiving such notification, would soon wait upon the stranger family, and make them welcome. We believe hundreds, if not thousands, would be saved to our Church every year by this simple expedient.

Letter from the United States.

(From our own Correspondent.)

RECONSTRUCTION.

The work of reconstruction in the Southern States is going on finely, and the prospect now is that this work will soon be accomplished, and all the States be in working order again. Some oppose it, but the great majority of the Southern people see the propriety of complying with the late Reconstruction Bill of Congress, and are disposed to submit to its requisitions. They see that by remaining as they are, they are losing immensely, and that the sooner they come into line, and are represented in Congress, the better. The prospect now is, that before many months, the reconstruction work will be so far completed, that all the States will work together and be represented in National Legislature.

REMARKABLE CHANGE—NEGRO EDUCATION.

There are one hundred and fifty-six schools for negroes in Georgia—a large number of which are sustained by the freedmen themselves. These schools embrace over ten thousand pupils, and are conducted by one hundred and nine white teachers, and forty-five black ones, and are scattered through about fifty counties. One hundred thousand blacks are supposed to be trying to learn to read and write in this State, while there is a similar state of things in all the Southern States. And what is remarkable, many of the planters and former slave-holders, are encouraging the freedmen in this work. This is certainly a most hopeful sign of progress in the South. What a change does the destruction of slavery introduce? Under the influence of slavery it was a crime for the slave to read or write—now being a freedman, he is in a glorious work in learning these things.

FREEDOM'S TRIUMPH.

The New York *Tribune*, in noticing the emancipation of the slaves in Brazil, says:

"Six years have witnessed the emancipation of 25,000,000 serfs in Russia; the liberation of 4,000,000 slaves in the United States, and the virtual manumission of 3,000,000 negroes in Brazil. It is a glorious six years' work—32,000,000 of men restored to freedom, and a curse taken off three of the largest empires in the world! The little that remains to do cannot rest long undone. The miserable relic of barbarism lingers now only on a few islands belonging to the Spanish crown; and the slave-holder who, in the face of events of the last few years, hopes to retain the right to buy and sell his fellow-man, even in those islands, must be sanguine indeed."

Wonderful this work! glorious progress! It is the Lord's doing, and is marvellous in our eyes.

AN OLD VETERAN GONE.

Rev. Daniel Webb, of the Providence Conference has passed to his reward. He was 88 years of age, joined the travelling connection in 1796, and was in the ministry doing effective service sixty-five years, with the exception of one year. The annals of Methodism do not furnish another instance of so long uninterrupted effective ministry. He was an able minister—an excellent pastor—earnest in his work—true to all the institutions of the Church—a wise counsellor—a devoted christian. His end was peace.

LITERARY.

Our publishers are making a stir in the literary world. "ECCE DEUS—essays on the Life and Doctrine of Jesus Christ, with controversial notes on *Ecce Homo*," has just been published by Messrs. Roberts Brothers, and is a work of great power. Its topics are various and are treated with ability, and written in a style, clear, forcible, and fascinating. All who have read *Ecce Homo* will desire to read it, as it corrects many of the false statements of that work.

"GOD'S WORD WRITTEN," is the title of an able work on the inspiration of the Scriptures, by Rev. Edward Garbett, M.A., and issued by the "American Tract Society. It treats the subject of the inspiration of God's word with great clearness and force, meeting successfully the various forms of modern infidelity. It cannot be too extensively circulated and read. This Society is issuing a large number of works on experimental and practical piety. Among its late issues are "*A Sister's Story*," and "*Friendly Words with Fellow Pilgrims*,"—charming works.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are giving the reading public a large number of valuable works. The "*Arctic Day and Night, and A Journey to the Open Polar Sea*," by Dr. Hays, a most valuable work;—"*History of the Political Parties in the United States*," by Martin Van Buren;—"*History of Congregationalism, from about A. D. 250 to the present time*," by Geo. Punchard;—and "*South's Sermons*," being the first of the series of the "*Library of the Old English Divines*." The works of Baxter, Barrow, Hooker, &c., are soon to follow. This is one of the most extensive and enterprising publishing houses in the country, and the public are greatly indebted to them for their most valuable publications.

THE OPEN POLAR SEA.

Dr. Hays, in his recent work, with the above title, published by *Messrs. Hurd & Houghton, N. Y.*; thus speaks of his *winter quarters* in the Polar regions:—

"The ice soon closed around us.

"My chief concern now was to prepare for the winter, in such a manner as to insure safety to the schooner, and comfort to my party.—While this was being done, I did not, however, lose sight of the scientific labors; but, for the time, these had to be made subordinate to more serious concerns. There was much to do, but my former experience greatly simplified my cares.

"The duty of preparing the schooner for our winter home devolved upon Mr. McCormick, with the carpenter and such other assistance as he required. After the sails had been unbent, the yards sent down, and the topmasts housed, the upper deck was roofed in—making a house eight feet high at the ridge, and six and a half at the side. A coating of tarred paper closed the cracks and four windows let in the light while it lasted, and ventilated our quarters. Between decks there was much to do. The hold, after being floored, scrubbed, and whitewashed, was converted into a room for the crew; the cook-stove was brought down from the galley and placed in the centre of it under the main hatch, in which hung our simple apparatus for melting water from the snow or ice. This was a funnel-shaped double cylinder of galvanized iron connecting with the stove-pipe, and was called the 'snow melter.' A constant stream poured from it into a large cask, and we had always a supply of the purest water, fully ample for every purpose."

THE OPEN SEA.

Dr. Hays reached the *ultima thule* of his expedition, after a forty-six days journey in a dog-sledge. He thus describes the scene before him:

"Standing against the dark sky at the north, there was seen in dim outline the white, sloping summit of a noble headland—the most northern known land upon the globe. I judged it to be in latitude 82° 30', or four hundred and fifty miles from the North Pole. Nearer, another bold cape stood forth; and nearer still the headland, for which I had been steering my course the day before, rose majestically from the sea, as if pushing up into the very skies a lofty mountain peak, upon which the winter had dropped its diadem of snows. There was no land visible except the coast upon which I stood.

"The sea beneath me was a mottled sheet of white and dark patches, these latter being either a soft decaying ice, or places where the ice had wholly disappeared. These spots were heightened in intensity of shade and multiplied in size as they receded, until the belt of the water sky blended them all together into one uniform color of dark blue. The old and solid floes (some a quarter of a mile, and others miles across), and the massive ridges and wastes of hummocked ice which lay piled between them and around their margins, were the only parts of the sea which retained the whiteness and solidity of winter.

"All the evidences showed that I stood upon the shores of the Polar Basin, and that the broad ocean lay at my feet; that the land upon which I stood, culminating in the distant cape before me, was but a point of land projecting far into it, like the Ceverro Vostochnoi Noss of the opposite coast of Siberia; and that the little margin of ice which lined the shore was being steadily worn away; and within a month the whole sea would be as free from ice as I had seen the north water of Baffin Bay—interrupted only by a moving pack, drifting to and fro at the will of the winds and currents.

"It possessed a fascination for me, and it was with no ordinary sensations that I contemplated my situation, with one solitary companion, in that hitherto untrodden desert; while my nearness to the earth's axis, the consciousness of standing upon land far beyond the limits of previous observations, the reflections which crossed my mind respecting the vast ocean which lay spread out before me, the thought that these ice girdled waters might lash the shores of distant islands where dwell human beings of an unknown race, were circumstances calculated to invest the very air with mystery, to deepen the curiosity, and to strengthen the resolution to persevere in my determination to sail upon this sea and to explore its further limits; and as I recalled the struggles which had been made to reach this sea—through the ice and across the ice—by generations of brave men, it seemed as if the spirits of all these worthies came to encourage me, as their experience has already guided me; and I felt that I had within my grasp 'the great and notable thing' which had inspired the zeal of sturdy Frobisher, and that I had achieved the hope of matchless Parry."

This work of Dr. Hayes is the most interesting volume of Arctic literature yet published.

CECIL.

Letter from Carbonear, N. F.

DEAR BRO.,—This has been a joyous day to many hearts in Carbonear. Notice was given from the pulpit yesterday, that at eleven this morning it was the intention of our friends, on the south side, to lay the corner stone of their new Church. At the appointed time a goodly number was found on the ground to witness the ceremony—which was performed by our long tried and faithful friend and Brother, Father Apsey. Up to this time our people have worshipped in the School-house. It has long been felt that the place was too strait, and a larger place has been desired, but owing to the failure of the fisheries it has been deferred. We have now made a beginning in the name of the Lord, and are looking for his blessing on our endeavours, although up to this time pecuniary prospects have been as dark as ever, and even now are not much improved; still we have concluded we ought no longer to delay. The proceeds of a Bazaar at Christmas, and the subscriptions placed on the corner stone to-day, have afforded us funds to the amount of 400 dollars. As this church is to be built upon the Connexional principle, an opportunity is afforded the lovers of our Zion to help us in our undertaking. Any contributions which our Methodist friends in the Provinces may be pleased to favour us with, can be left at the Conference office, and will be gratefully acknowledged by the Trustees. We would not restrict our connexional privileges to the Lower Provinces, but believing the principle is admitted and acted upon in Canada, we should be happy to find that Newfoundland Methodism has friends there also—we sometimes hear of our rich Methodists in that prosperous country, and should be glad if they can help. James Lord, Esq., of Montreal, would gladly receive any contributions, and feel a pleasure in forwarding them to us. Mr. Lord knows the people for whom aid is now solicited, and can testify that they are not able to build a suitable house of worship owing to the frequent failures of the fishery, which is their chief dependance. Trusting the Lord will raise us up friends, we have commenced and believe we shall succeed.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN S. PEACH.

Carbonear, May 13th, 1867.

Rev. David D. Field, D.D.

An esteemed contributor furnishes the following:—

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Some time ago you published in the *Wesleyan* an article from the pen of Dr. Todd, on the funeral of a venerable and excellent American lady, the wife of Rev. Dr. Field of Stockbridge, Mass., who himself, has been gathered within the past few weeks, as a ripe sheaf into the heavenly garner. As some well-written particulars of his life, death, and funeral obsequies, have been sent to me, I have made a selection from them, hoping you would find them acceptable for the *Wesleyan*, as an interesting record of an old and distinguished Pastor,—the father of Cyrus Field of Atlantic Cable celebrity:—

DR. FIELD, who died recently in Stockbridge, Massachusetts, at the advanced age of eighty-six, was a divine of eminent ability and most exemplary character. He was an excellent preacher, his discourses full of matter and highly instructive. Much to the regret of the many, who loved to hear him best when he had not a scrap of manuscript before him, his sermons were generally written. As an extemporaneous preacher he had few superiors, never at a loss for thought or word. On special occasions he was a great master both in discourse and prayer, and so apt in quotations from Scripture that it seemed as if the old prophets and apostles must have written the quoted passages for his especial use. He was mighty in the Scriptures. It was a feast to hear him when, in the Old Academy in Stockbridge, seated in his arm-chair, his Bible in hand, he expounded a chapter in the sacred volume. His expositions flowed clear as crystal and as beautiful.

It was the writer's happiness to be at school in Stockbridge during a great revival under the ministry of Dr. Field. In that blessed season his preaching and prayers were full of unction and power. He well remembers how all the while, when the Doctor was examining candidates, his spiritual children, for admission to the church, the tears of tender joy streamed down his cheeks.

The last visit the writer paid to Dr. Field he accompanied the venerable man to the beautiful cemetery where his body now sleeps, and heard him speak with holy enthusiasm of the number of eminent saints reposing there, and the glorious resurrection awaiting them. He was enjoying a serene old age, with his excellent aged wife, whose buoyant spirits neither age nor disease could quell. They talked with playful wit of their infirmities, and of the loving little ministries by which they cheered each other.—Christian gratitude and hope breathed in all their conversation. The venerable wife was soon called to leave his side; and it was not long after that an eclipse fell on his faculties, like that which came to the old age of Dr. Beecher. Filial love did all it could to make the close of life comfortable and happy. The demise was very sudden, probably without pain.

Dr. Field, in another and happier respect, resembled his celebrated cotemporary. He was the father of highly distinguished children, most of whom survive him. They were all children of the same mother. His eldest son is David Dudley Field, of New York, as a great lawyer, honored in Europe as well as America. Another son, eminent in the law, is Justice Field, of the Supreme Court of the United States. Still another son, an able lawyer, recently president of the senate of Massachusetts, is Jonathan E. Field, of Stockbridge. Another son still is Dr. Henry M. Field, the able editor of the New York *Evangelist*, one of whose pleasant tasks it has been to give the public the history of the Atlantic Telegraph, and therein a modest record of the world-renowned achievements in that great work of another son of his father—Cyrus W. Field. The remaining son—Matthew D. Field—is an able and energetic man of business. Dr. Field had two daughters—Mrs. Brewer and Mrs. Stone—both deceased. The former, in connection with her husband, served several years as a missionary in Syria, under the American Board; the latter, as the wife and widow of a wealthy New York merchant, adorned a more private sphere with works of Christian benevolence.

The funeral of this venerable man, occurred on the afternoon of Thursday, the 18th ult. The circumstances of his death were on this wise: His sometime waning faculties of mind, and especially of memory, had been quite refreshed by a pleasant drive, during which he called on several of his old parishioners. One of them, Col. Williams, saluted him with the remark, "Dr. Field, I am glad to see you so well," and he replied "I was never better in my life." He had a little grand-daughter on the seat with him, and drove home with his arm about her. On entering his room he laid off the scarf he always wore about his neck, and had been seated on his favorite chair, a relict of the *Mayflower*, but a moment, when his head fell back, and he could no more be awakened. The Lord had taken him thus gently and quickly.

The funeral services were of an impressive character. After the singing of an appropriate hymn, selections of Scripture were read and prayer were offered by the pastor, and Rev. John Todd, D D, of Pittsfield, spoke as follows:

My Brethren: Not till after I had taken my seat with you, did I know that I should speak on this occasion. And what shall I say?

"The good old man is gone!
He lies in his saintly rest,
And his labors all are done
And the work that he loved the best
The good old man is gone;
But the dead in the Lord are blest!"

The first time that I ever saw him I had just entered the ministry, when the General Association of Massachusetts met in my church. As the delegates came together at the appointed hour, there walked in a man in the prime of life, strong, vigorous, elastic in step, and evidently a marked man. On inquiry, I was told it was "Mr. Field, the minister of old Stockbridge." He was at once elected a Moderator of the Association, and presided with a dignity, energy, and appropriateness seldom surpassed.

Some fourteen years afterwards, on coming to this county, my acquaintance with him was renewed. I have seen him in his home—that home illuminated, and made a very uncommon home, by a most remarkable woman, the wife and the mother! Her presence, gentle as a moon-beam, warm as sunshine, cheerful as the cloudless morning, made that home—as I thought the most lovely of any home I ever saw. From that place, and from the training of those parents, has gone out an influence which has spread over the earth, walking in the high places where great human interests are staked, where skill spans rivers and chasms, where justice sits on her highest seat, where legislation deliberates and decides, and where the magic shuttle darts momently from continent to continent, bringing nations into one and weaving continually the web of amity and friendship which the iron hand of war shall not dare to rend, and which, also, from the chair of the editor instructs a generation. The influence that has gone from that home belts the earth, and stands before the world a living monument of what power can originate in the family of a single, plain, New England pastor.

We gather, then, around the body of one who has finished his course and gone up to give his account, having done what, by the grace of God, is a great thing for a sinful mortal to do—lived a long, honored, and useful life, left a rich legacy to the world, and finished his course with a name untarnished, a character unsullied, and a reputation unspotted. By the grace of God he was what he was, and by that grace he is what he now is. And as we gently lift for burial that body, so long the temple of the Holy Ghost we will pray—each one of us—"Let me die the death of righteous, and let my last end be like his."

God is with the Temperance Cause.

We rejoice at the general uprising of the friends of temperance. Organizations are being formed in city, town and village for the suppression of this vice, that has been eating away the most precious life. With one common will, Christian bodies lend their strength for one common aim. No sectarian cavilers destroy the blessed unity, for the enemy of souls is close upon our track; he waves his demoniacal banner nearer every day to the out-posts of Zion, and the Church with one common mind comes forth to battle. We have hibernated long enough—too long, alas! for we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the Prince of Darkness has gained ground. The winter quarters were warm, and we heeded not the glaring evil, until the cry of desolation told us of suffering mothers, children and sisters and above all, *dying souls*. It is well that we bestir ourselves, and the work, if as nobly carried on as begun, we cannot fail. Strong arms have given the first firm stroke; let them never again fall slack.

A thorough preparation is necessary that the great end be obtained. Feeling our dependence upon God we must carefully search our hearts lest there be a semblance of self gratulation there—a satisfaction in our own strength. If there be, it must needs be purged away, root and branch. For this self-complacence too truly proves our very weakness. Beautiful and perfectly good are the works of the Creator; and man, made in His own image, is the most glorious, the strongest of them all. But how is he strong; through the cultivation of his humanity? No; but, through the influence of the Spirit of the most holy God upon the immortal part. We fail often in good works in that we claim autocracy. Of course we dare not admit it, even to ourselves, but it is none the less true. Think, wherefore is that pride of heart we cherish so? Ah, it is caused by that good plan "I" have formed; that work "I" am engaged in. But it is not "I," but "God that worketh." But glad and humble that He designs to "work in us." He bestows the talent for our using, but will He not require it again with usury—lawful usury? Then we must pray without ceasing, earnestly, anxiously for the prosperity of our cause. The battle may bear heavily upon us, but our trusty weapons will prove true.

Faith, also, we must have; strong, undaunted. It will be worse than folly to expect a speedy and consummate victory. Lycurgus never saw the ambitious height, at last attained by his Spartan laws. Luther's reformation is not perfect to-day, but goes on and on by unwearied effort. And can we expect this Temperance Reform will be victor in a day, in a month, even years? But believing God to be with us, we *may*, we certainly *will* accomplish much. We may not see it from an earthly stand-point, but we may *feel* that to anxious, energetic, untiring laborers, with an approving God leading the way, failure is impossible. If time proves not our success, eternity will. What matters it that we see not through the night, if our leader looks upon the morning? God moves mysteriously, but the mystery is naught to us, since His wonders He will perform.

Then, in looking out over the bending fields if we gird ourselves for the toil of years, we will faint not at the heat and length of the day. But through our little life we shall hear the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world."

But this task is not alone for societies of strong men. There are associations to be formed by the frailest women; associations that will tell upon the nations and churches long after the timid formers are dust. In the home where the heart learns to love or hate its fellow, where the mind is moulded for future blessing or cursing the world What a mighty ocean will be formed by the little drops of water But will it fertilize the thirsty land, or overflow purity with a swell of vice? Let us not be derelict, for the time calls for action. The little acorns must be taught that it is a great and glorious thing to be a tall and goodly oak; but a mean and abject thing to grovel always near the earth. The mother's words blended with the word of God will not be forgotten when temptation assails the active eager boy, but help him to say with the child Cyrus: "I cannot taste it, for I apprehend there is poison in the liquor."

In the Sabbath-school, the public and academic schools, wherever there is a child the work may be carried on. And if we the beginners die. God does not, and step by step, from victory unto victory, shall the waste places be restored, and Satan undone. Not only into the untainted mind shall temperance be inculcated; if we tremble before the liquor-vender, it were truly inconsistency. He may laugh us to scorn, but we must talk; and who knows but, that, when he next fills the cup for the tottering inebriate, his hand will tremble; speak again and he laughs not so loud and he turns away from the next petitioner for poison. That is it—, step by step; small steps, but seen by our God and noted. Be thankful, and work on.—*Pittsburgh Advocate.*

The Franchise.

The following well written piece of irony on the Suffrage question is from one of our American exchanges:—

We are convinced. Having erred, it is the part of manhood to acknowledge it frankly. We have believed that the negroes ought to have the ballot, not only for their own protection, but because they would use it for the safety and welfare of the country. But we acknowledge our error. The negro ie not fit to vote.

The evidence which has convinced us can not be given within the limits of one article. We have gathered it from many sources. Slowly, and little by little, the facts have produced their impression, as the dropping of water wears away a stone. In the first place we observed the conduct of the negroes in the election at Washington. Now everybody knows that quarrelsomeness and fighting on election day are marks of a superior civilization. The more enlightened the constituency the more frequent will be the "election rows;" for example, the refined and highly enlightened district in New York City which embraces the Five Points, has been famous for its disturbances. Now the negroes do not fight. Peaceably, quietly, and in perfect order they deposit their ballots, manifesting none of that pugnacious patriotism which is the distinguished characteristic of the enlightened citizen and well qualified voter. The negro has an idea that public questions should be settled by votes, and not by clubs and knives. The notion is barbaric; it marks the darkness of his intellect. Clearly he has no idea of our institutions.

Again, we observe that a Convention of negroes in Tennessee, and similar gatherings in many parts of the South all pass resolutions demanding popular education as essential to the safety of a free government. This, also, is an exploded heresy. Those miserable fanatics who landed on Plymouth Rock, started the common school system, and some of their descendants still maintain it, and insist that a man that can not read ought not to vote. But pure Democracy has proved that the more ignorant a man is, the more useful a member he becomes of the only patriotic, conservative and constitutional party. Massachusetts, with her common schools and intelligence qualification, is utterly given over to fanaticism, infidelity, and hatred of the constitution. New York City, where the Democracy abolished all such qualifications, and where the school teachers buy their places by paying a percentage of their salaries to the men who appoint them—New York stands as a rock amid the wild deluge of fanaticism, and elects constitutional patriots like a Morrissey to Congress. Free schools are a part of the machinery of Yankees to overturn our beautiful system of government. Popular education only embarrasses the natural rulers of the country—the born aristocrats—in their wise and beneficent endeavors. It is all a miserable heresy, and yet these untutored negroes, fresh from the plantation, have somehow got it into their heads already.

Then there is manifested, in many different places, and by a very large proportion of the negroes, an altogether incomprehensible disposition to rely for guidance and advice, not at all upon their natural protectors and guardians, whose civilizing and Christianizing care and paternal, grand paternal and patriarchal relation to the inferior race naturally entitle them to its confidence, but upon pestilent Northern Yankees, treasonable and malignant creatures of the Stevens and Sumner type, and especially upon individuals of their own race who have education and intelligence, and have imbibed all the Northern heresies.

The most convincing proof remains. Everybody knows that true conservatism and constitutional patriotism are largely propagated and maintained in all parts of the country by bribery and whiskey. What would become of Democracy in New York or St. Louis if there was no such thing as whisky? But these ignorant negroes have a prejudice against selling their votes either for cash or drinks. As a sample of speeches made at almost every meeting of these creatures, read the words of two ignorant fellows at Jacksonville, Florida:

"Be de man nebah so pooh, if him hab no coat, no shoes, no bread, he must not sell his vote—not for five dollah, nor for five hundred dollah, nor fifty tousand. If he do, we will spurn him from us foreber and forebber, for wid a great price obteined we dis freedom."

"Beware ob General Whisky and Captain greenback. Two weeks dis day you deposit your votes for the fust time. Don't go to de corner shop. You goes in colored, you comes out black. (Great laughter.) You calls for one, one calls for two, two calls for tree, and tree too much, and four am more than most ob you con stand. Votin should make us keep sober—not get drunk."

That will do! The evidence is conclusive. Creatures who talk in that fashion, and who will neither sell their votes nor get drunk on election day are clearly not fit to vote.

Why I gave up Smoking.

Should you think that the following statement of why I gave up smoking will be useful to even one of your many readers, please use it, and I pray that it may lead some ministers of the Lord Jesus to abandon the use of tobacco.

I formed the habit of smoking when about 17 years of age, and soon liked it more than I can tell. My employers smoked at all hours of the day, and as I was an apt scholar a cigar, in a year or two, became one of the apparent necessaries of life. For about eighteen years the practice was continued, and for ten years or more, I wanted my cigar at early morning through the day, and the last thing at night.—One morning, having lighted an excellent Havanna, as usual on leaving home my steps were directed towards the city about three miles distant, with the intention of enjoying two cigars before reaching my office, but within three minutes from the first puff, I involuntarily threw the fragrant weed over a fence. In two minutes more I was shaking hands and talking with two young lads who were on their way to school; on separating and saying good morning, another cigar replaced the one so suddenly thrown away, and a lucifer was just being applied to it (a real smoker is as likely to be found without a coat as without the weed and the means of lighting it) when the following dialogue between conscience and myself occurred.

Conscience. Why did you throw that cigar away?

Myself. I did it in haste, without any thought as to why.

C. Be honest now, the reason?

M. I did not wish the boys to see me smoking.

C. Why not?

M. They are in my Sabbath School class. I thought of our lesson of yesterday, and should prefer to smoke when they are not in sight.—There is no chance of meeting them again to-day, therefore I will strike a light, for it is not wrong to smoke.

C. Stop a moment. Suppose we think a little. If it is not a bad habit, why try to conceal it from your Sunday School class. If it is bad, why continue it? If a son of yours were to ask your advice about indulging in cigars, would you say, Certainly, smoke by all means, or No, my son, touch them not?

M. It is not really bad, though perhaps extravagant. Everybody, so to speak, does smoke. I should prefer a son of mine would not, but I like it, and it is not such a bad habit as to hurt me.

C. It is a vile habit, and you know it. It is offensive to many people; the clothing, hair, and breath retain an extremely offensive odor for a long time after smoking. A great many who smoke acquire the habit of drinking spirits or wine. No gentleman would smoke in presence of ladies, or, for a moment, tolerate their smoking. No Christian would advise his son to use tobacco in any form. You cannot smoke and obey the precept, 'Whether ye eat or drink, or whatever ye do, do to the glory of God.' In consecrating all you have to God, you cannot include your pipe or cigars, and if not you have no right to use them; you are setting a bad example. By day and by night you are a slave to a bad practice, and, if you mean to be a Christian as well as to profess to be one, and desire to adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour, you had better throw that cigar from your mouth as you did the one that was on fire, and give up the habit henceforth and forever.

M. I shall not smoke any more. O Lord, help me to overcome, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

Fourteen years have elapsed since that morning walk, and I am still free from tobacco.—During the years of using it, I sometimes gave it up for a day or a week, because I was told that I could not, but not five minutes passed over the specified time before smoking was resumed. For a sea voyage of four months, I once provided more than 2000 cigars and in less then three months they were all reduced to ashes, and a pipe was substituted. A longing, yearning, craving for indulgence was always felt when deprived of my cigar. Sometimes I reduced the number used to eight or ten a day, but this did not continue for any great length of time. Notwithstanding all this excess, I was not, and am not conscious of any injury whatever to my health. One fact more I wish gratefully to acknowledge. I have had no desire to smoke, if I except the two or three first days after resolving to forego the habit, and during those days the desire was so trifling that it occasioned no inconvenience; no loss of appetite, no trembling of nerves, nothing that could be called a trial. Was not the promise verified? "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, I will do." To him who promised be all the praise.—*Congregationalist.*

DIAMONDS IN BRAZIL.—We have been gratified by a visit from H. M. Lane, Esq, the agent for Ayer's Pills, Sarsaparilla and Cherry Pectoral, in South America, who has just visited the mines with his medicines, and described to us the process of taking gems from the earth.—A driver places his gang of sla