

The Religious Intelligencer.

AN EVANGELICAL FAMILY NEWSPAPER FOR NEW BRUNSWICK AND NOVA SCOTIA.

REV. E. McLEOD,

"THAT GOD

IN ALL THINGS MAY BE GLORIFIED THROUGH JESUS CHRIST."

Peter.

and Proprietor.

Vol. XII.—No. 21.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, FRIDAY, MAY 26, 1865.

Whole No. 593.

The Intelligencer.

THE LATE REV. ENOCH PLACE.

The name of "Elder Place" is a familiar one with the Freewill Baptists of the United States. He was one of the early ministers of the Denomination, lived to a good old age, and has recently departed to his reward. A few years since we met "Elder Place" at a Freewill Baptist Anniversary Meeting, and was deeply impressed with his venerable appearance and pious demeanor. The following from his obituary in the *Star* will be found interesting.—[Ed. Int.]

HIS PARENTAGE.

The venerable subject of the following paragraph, Rev. Enoch Place, was born in the town of Rochester, July 13, 1780.

EDUCATION.

From early life he possessed a desire for knowledge; but the opportunity afforded him to acquire it was very limited. For several of his earlier years he received no instruction in either letters or religion, save from his kind mother. The district school, which he afterward attended, was a mile from his home and was kept only six or eight weeks in the year, and that too in mid-winter, and in a room of a private dwelling which was cold and poorly lighted. Teachers in those days, though considered passable, were sadly deficient in literary attainments. He attended school every winter, and learned what he could; but such were the disadvantages of his early schooling, that its "imperfect effects," says he, "are visible in me to this day." Not a sentence of English grammar was taught in the school during his connection with it; and the branches that were taught, were taught but imperfectly.

It seems that his father intended to put him to the goldsmith business when he should arrive at a proper age; but being a farmer, and finding more work to do than he had time to do, he relinquished his purpose, and resolved to give him an education sufficient for all common business purposes. This however, did not satisfy him. The very thought of it made him gloomy. He knew that physically he was not adapted to the drudgery of a farm, and therefore he resolved that should he live to be free, he would, cost what it might, go to a public school; and if no other way opened to delay his expenses, he would go on trust, and pay "the bill" by teaching when he should become qualified. The way, however, opened sooner. The family physician, Dr. Howe, knew his case, and recommended some other employment. He proposed to take him into his own family as a boarder, that he might enjoy the privileges of the village select school. To this the parents consented. This pleased him well; and he soon found himself under the instruction of a competent teacher, who spared no pains to assist his pupil in his studies. The only thing which detracted from the pleasure of attending this school, was that as he had a mile and a half to walk to and from school, he was compelled to go without his regular dinner. He made good progress in the school, and when the term ended returned home, but only to enter another school. Wishing to advance in his mathematical studies, he was admitted into the village school at Gonic, two miles from home, which distance he walked daily during his attendance at the school. In this way he qualified himself to teach, and soon entered upon the work, teaching in the winter and working with his father on the farm in the summer.

CONVERSION, BAPTISM, AND CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

At an early age his attention was called to the subject of religion. He lost a little sister, who was his playmate, and who was very dear to him. This greatly distressed him. He sought a place where to weep, and there he knelt for the first time and asked God to have mercy upon him. At the age of fourteen, he was visited by a dream which greatly alarmed him. He prayed and resolved to amend his life; but did not, it seems, see the plague of his heart. At sixteen he was stirred up in his feelings to seek after God, but his stubborn will refused to submit. At this time there was an interesting revival in the vicinity where he lived, under the labors of Rev. Wm. S. Babcock, and many turned to the Lord, among whom were his parents, who, with their family, until now, were constant attendants of Parson Howe's meeting at the Plains. This was coming near home. One night after his father had returned from an afternoon meeting, but in great distress of soul for his sins, he called his family around him, read his Bible, told them he was a lost sinner, begged of them to forgive him for never praying in his family, said he had lived a Pharisee, trying to substitute good works for the grace of God; but he had found out that it would not do; he "must be born again." Turning to his son, he said, "Enoch, you can read the Bible better than I can; you have talents for which you must give an account to God; will you, my son, join with me in prayer?" This came well-nigh bringing him upon his knees, but he resisted. The father prayed, and so did the mother, and both of them were made happy in the Lord. The children wept, and so did the hired help. It was an era that had not been dreamed of in the family.

From this time our young friend became more thoughtful, and was encouraged to seek the Lord. Previously, he says, he was proud, full of vanity, and wished to make a show in the world, particularly in dress; but now he thought less of it. It was evident a turning point in his life. One obstacle stood in his way. He feared if he became a Christian he should have to be a preacher of the Gospel, and this idea he could not indulge. He was very attentive at meetings, (preaching and singing) was very much interested in Elder Babcock, accompanied him to his appointments, read the Bible, but secretly, lest it should be thought he meant to be a preacher; scrupulously observed the Sabbath, and loved the society of Christians.

At the age of twenty, he was employed to teach a school in the upper part of Barrington (now Stratford) near Barrington line. This was in the winter of 1806. A revival of religion was in progress in the place at the time under the labors of Wm. Sanders. Meetings were frequent, almost every evening in the week, the most of which he attended. Allow him here, reader, to tell his own story:

"My convictions were now renewed, and came

upon me like an armed man. My scholars were converted one after another, and I soon discovered a manifest alteration in the character of the school. In the prayer meetings, nearly all the professor and converts would exhort with great power. Even little boys would tell how they loved the Saviour, and then fall upon their knees and pray for him whom they called their "dear master." This was more than my proud and unbelieving heart could endure without emotion. "One night the meeting was held at father David Dwyer's in Barnstead, two miles from my boarding place. I attended. The exercises had progressed only a short time before I attempted to rise and relate some of my feelings; but I seemed fastened to my seat. Others would rise and speak, but I could not get confidence to do so. At length, putting my hands on the seat each side of me, and with a firm reliance on God's aid, I resolved to rise. But while rising, these words were forced upon my heart: 'You wicked wretch, will you open your mouth for God, and speak in meetings? Do it if you dare; he will instantly strike you dead.' This was a terrible shock to me, and I sank back in despair. I cried to God for help, and he heard me. I soon believed that this suggestion was from the devil. The excited state of my feelings passed off. I arose deliberately and proceeded to relate the state of my soul; but such was my sense of guilt, I was unable to proceed very far. Falling on my knees I cried aloud for mercy. How long I was in this position has no means of knowing. Christians were praying around me. I said, 'O Lord God Almighty, if there is one drop of mercy in heaven that has never been bestowed on a lost sinner, let it drop be bestowed on my poor soul.' Instantly I felt peace; my heart was filled with love; and I could say, glory to God in the highest."

This was on the 5th of March, 1807, from which time our young friend bore a living testimony to the Redeemer. He commenced praying in his school, at his boarding house, among the citizens of the place as he had opportunity to call upon them. He took some part in every meeting, and resolved to neglect no duty made known to him. In the spring, when his school closed, he returned home, and soon after attended monthly conference with his parents at Elder M. Otis' house at Crown Point in Barrington, a few miles from home. This was a joyful meeting. The company of the old saints who had long prayed for his conversion was to him now "sweet as the dew of Hermon and the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion." They sang—

"Religion makes the old feel young,
Gives seriousness to youth;
While with one voice, one heart, one tongue,
They worship God and truth."

Tuesday, May 12th, 1807, he related his Christian experience in a public meeting at Crown Point, was baptized by Elder Otis, and united with the F. W. Baptist church in that place, which relation was continued till near the close of life. He felt great peace in submitting to the authority of Christ in this ordinance, and like one of old who believed and was baptized, "went on his way rejoicing."

Not long after this, what he once feared came upon him—some of duty to preach the Gospel. Nor was he long in deciding. Leading his blessed Bible, and going to God in fervent prayer, he became fully satisfied that it was his duty to engage in the solemn work. June 3, he made his first effort. It was in the neighborhood where he taught school and where he experienced religion in the previous winter. His text was Gen. 3: 9. "And the Lord God called unto Adam, and said unto him, Where art thou?" Next day he preached at Capt. McNeal's, his late boarding place, from James 1: 27. "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this." Next Sabbath he preached at the "Temple," so called, at Crown Point, to a large assembly, from Solomon's Song, 2: 2. "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood." Thus we have followed him until we have seen him fairly initiated into his work, a work in which he took supreme delight, and which he prosecuted for fifty-seven years with little interruption. His preaching places were mostly Barrington (including what is now called Stratford), Rochester, Farmington, and a few other neighboring towns.

ORDINATION.

Jan. 20, 1813, the New Durham, Q. M. convened at Crown Point, and was continued three days. On the third and last day, Bro. Place was set apart to the work of the ministry by prayer, imposition of hands, charge, and right hand of fellowship. The season was one of much interest.

REMOVAL TO STRATFORD.

Forty-one years ago the present spring, he removed from his father's in Rochester into Stratford, and took charge of the 3d church (Stratford Ridge) where he has since lived, and where the greater portion of his Sabbath labors has been performed. A considerable portion of the work has been bestowed upon the 2d church (Crown Point) where he first united; and upon some neighboring churches. His field has been a large one, and often traversed. He has been a pastor and a missionary too. To give an account of the body of his ministry, contained in so many years, would require a volume rather than a column of a newspaper. His life is written, and what disposition shall be made of it, remains for his friends, the public, and particularly the denomination to which he belonged, to decide.

SICKNESS AND DEATH.

Though living on borrowed time, as the period is designated beyond "three-score years and ten," it does not appear that any thing serious was apprehended till a few months before his death. Early in the previous summer he was seized with a violent attack of dysentery, followed by successive attacks, which greatly prostrated him. Still he was able to prosecute his work for some time, until the heart disease, from which he had suffered more or less for years, and which was the immediate cause of his death, set in with greater violence, when he was hurried rapidly along to the close of life. From this time he continued gradually to decline until his death, though occasionally able to attend meetings, and sometimes to preach.

Jan. 1, 1865, he wrote in his Journal: "Our morning devotions were suitable to the occasion. After 67 years and 6 months spent in the ministry of the Gospel, I have commenced another year, but in poor health. God help me to live and die at my post of duty."

From this time he was confined mostly to his house. He did, however, go out and make a few visits, and attended one or two funerals, but with much difficulty. His last public service was at the funeral of Mrs. Lemuel Dwyer of Barrington, a widowed lady of 86 years. He preached from Rev. 14: 13, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," &c. There was weeping both by speaker and hearers. At the close the people gathered around him and took their leave of him, never expecting to hear the Gospel again from his lips. This was on the 12th of January. Several physicians visited and prescribed for him, but to little effect. His sun was going down.

Jan. 15, he wrote: "We had a solemn monthly meeting in our parlor to-day—eleven present. My illness was severe. I prayed, sang and exhorted for the last time in these things, unless a great change is wrought in my poor, feeble, suffering body."

Sunday, March 5. "A day long to be remembered. In the afternoon all our children, and most of our grandchildren, and several friends and brethren were present. We had a religious service. Bolstered high up in my bed, I led in singing. 'Lord, at thy temple we appear,' &c. Then I led in prayer. Mrs. Place followed. I closed with a solemn talk. It was a season of much weeping."

"About 12 o'clock had a dreadful fit of heart complaint. My family were called, expecting to see me breathe my last; could not speak—no pulse—but a step between me and death. Afterward revived and could talk a little with my family." [He had two other paroxysms, one of which was very severe.] He says, "My dear, blessed wife stood by me, soothing me by every attention. I prayed God to bless and comfort her, who must soon be left a poor lone widow. It has been a hard struggle to give her up and leave her alone. But I have given all up to God. I leave her in his hands who has promised in his word to be the widow's God, and a father to the fatherless."

"Very low through the night, weak and faint, and had to be fanned continually. Did not expect to see the light of another day; yet 'I still live,' and have been able to talk a little with my family."

At three o'clock this morning his paroxysms returned. The windows were thrown open, the cold sweat stood in large drops upon his face; he was unable to swallow or speak for a while, but rallied again. At nine o'clock he called for paper, pen and ink, and with "beating heart and trembling hand" wrote: "REMEMBER THE WORDS I SPOKE UNTO YOU, WHILE I WAS YET WITH YOU." These were the last words he ever wrote. He requested that they should be sent in and read to the brethren and sisters who should assemble in monthly conference in his breast when he should lie in his coffin—which was accordingly done.

He dictated the following which was his last: "Still alive, and suffering dreadfully, growing weaker every hour. This is probably the last Sabbath I shall ever see on this side of the spirit land. Every exertion is made by all my dear family to keep this mortal body with them as long as they can. Oh may we be united family in that blessed world where sin and sorrow, pain and death, shall never come."

THE RATTLESNAKE.

"The tongue is a little member, Mary; but it does great things sometimes, as well as boasts them."

"Does it, grandpa?" said Mary, with a light and cheerful laugh; then she added, "and good things too; yours does, at least, I am sure."

Mary Levenson was very fond of her grandfather. She had been spending many happy weeks at his pleasant home in the country; and now that the last day of her visit had come, she was sitting in the library of the old-fashioned house—her favourite room. She had been watching the setting sun from the open window while her grandfather was writing at the library table; but now that the sun had entirely disappeared, and the light had so faded away that Mr. Levenson could see to write no longer, he laid down his pen, walked to the window, sat down by his "dear child," as he called Mary, and abruptly addressed her in the words just quoted.

"And yours, what does yours do my dear child?" said Mr. Levenson, in response to Mary's little piece of flattery.

"Mine! Oh, grandpa, you must not ask me—you do not expect me to tell you. Mine is such a rattling tongue, you know."

Mr. Levenson, smiled, looked grave, and smiled again, as he asked, "And what is a rattling tongue, Mary?"

"Oh, dear! I cannot possibly describe it, grandpa. But dear old nurse used to say of mine that it ran 'nineteen to the dozen.'"

"She meant that you talked about a great many things and used a great number of words, I suppose?"

"I have no doubt that is what she meant, grandpa; only she would have added, I dare say, that I talked a great deal of sad idle nonsense."

"And would that have been true, Mary?"

"I am almost afraid it would, grandpa," said the open-hearted girl; "do you not think so, now, really?"

"That it would be true to say of you that you talk a great deal of sad, idle, nonsense, my dear child?"

"Yes, grandpa."

"I can say one thing for you, Mary; you can be silent upon occasion. You have been in my study for an hour this afternoon, and have not opened your lips till now."

"That was because you were so busy, and I did not dare to disturb you. But you don't know, grandpa, how my tongue itched to be at work."

"I have heard and read of 'itching ears,' my dear," said the gentleman, dryly, "but never before of an itching tongue. I think, but I understand what you mean; I want to talk, and I want you to listen. How shall we manage?"

"In the best possible, grandpa. I will be mum, there!" and the lively young lady pursed up her mouth as though she intended to open it again—never.

"But I don't require you to be 'mum, there,'" said Mr. Levenson, with another smile. "I will speak, and you shall speak, if and when you please; only I should like to lead the conversation."

Mary nodded; but she did not pursue her lips.

"You have just asked me a question, my dear, which I would rather not answer; but, taking for granted that you do talk a great deal of sad, idle nonsense (not that I say so), do you remember what this propensity leads to?"

"Mischievous, grandpa," said Mary, just opening her lips, and then shutting them again as close as she could.

"Sin, my dear child," rejoined the gentleman, solemnly. "In the multitude of words, man, he sinneth; but the tongue that keepeth his mouth from sin, he shall keep himself from falling into the snare. And a greater than Solomon assures us that we shall have to give an account at the judgment of every idle word we may have spoken."

"Grandpa, you really, really think that applies to me?" said Mary, earnestly, and looking up anxiously into her grandfather's countenance.

"Yes, my dear; to you and to me, both, I am sure of it. It may be more difficult to decide, in all cases, what words of ours come under that condemnation; but I fear that in this respect, as in many others, we must take up the humbling confession, 'In many things we all offend'; and add to it the earnest, fervent prayer, 'Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O Lord; for in thy offering this prayer, and humbly confessing our faults, it is our happiness to be assured, my dear child, that if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous; and he that confesseth his sins, he shall have mercy, and his sins shall be forgiven him.'"

Mary clenched tightly at her grandfather, and her eyes were suffused with tears. Perhaps she felt grateful that the bright full daylight was gone; for after that glance she turned and dropped her head till her face was hidden in the shade.

"Grandfather," she said, meekly, "I know what you mean; it is very, very foolish. I am so thoughtless. I rattle away without thinking of what I am saying; it is my easily besetting sin, I am sure."

"Well, my dear, you know where it is written, 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' But I did not wish to grieve you, Mary."

"No, grandpa, I am sure of that; and it is I who have grieved you."

"Let us understand one another, my dear child," said Mr. Levenson; "it may be some time before we meet again after you take leave of us to-morrow. Nay, perhaps we may never meet again in this world; and I feel almost as though, even in the bright and glorious world above, and in my blessed Saviour's presence, my spirit would look back regretfully on this last interview if, from mistaken tenderness, I were now to keep back the caution which my love to you and my duty to my God bids me utter. But, my dear love, it is a caution, and not a heavy charge."

"Grandpa, I think I know what you are thinking of," said Mary, turning quickly, and laying her hand confidently on her grandfather's knee; "you are thinking of last evening, and the foolish chattering you heard, when Lucy and Julia were here."

"I am thinking of last evening; I have been thinking of it almost all day; and I have reproached myself for having 'held my peace, even from good,' as the psalmist says; but 'my sorrow was stirred,' and now, my dear, I have spoken."

"But, dear grandpa, after all, did we—I mean, did I—say anything so very, very shocking?" asked Mary, rather startled at her grandfather's unusual gravity.

"Do you recollect all that you and your young friends said, Mary?" responded Mr. Levenson.

"All!—everything! I am afraid not quite all, said Mary; 'for I know we did talk away—'"

"You are rather fond of using that word 'rattle,' Mary. Shall I tell you of what it reminds me?"

"Only that I am a mere child, quite a little baby-girl, and am pleased with a rattle, dear grandpa."

"No, I am reminded by your use of the word, of a venomous snake that carries a rattle with it, and so gives warning of its near neighbourhood."

"Grandpa! you do not mean, you cannot mean—"

"That you are like a rattlesnake; no, my dear child, I do not think you are at all like a rattlesnake."

"Except in the rattle, grandpa."

"Except in the rattle, if you will; but I cannot help thinking that some person's tongue answer the purpose, or might answer the purpose of the rattlesnake's rattle in warning the 'unsuspicious of the malice of heart which lurks beneath the fair exterior of an innocent looking face.'"

"Dear grandpa," exclaimed Mary, "I have never heard you speak so very, very severely before."

"Only earnestly, my dear child; at any rate, not so severely, I hope. I feel strongly on this subject, and 'out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.'"

"I asked you just now, Mary," continued Mr. Levenson, "if you could recollect everything that passed last evening in conversation with your young friends; you said, 'No,' shall I tell you what I recollect of it?"

"I am almost ashamed to say 'Yes,' but I will say 'Yes,'" replied the young lady.

"Well, then, I recollect that your young friends

and you talked very fast about others of your young friends who were absent; and mixed with a little faint praise, was so much ridicule—good-natured, I admit, but still it was ridicule—that if those friends had heard what was said, I am mistaken if they would have been friends any longer. But you did not stop there; there was a little piece of scandal too good to be wasted, or too bad, which sometimes amounts to the same thing; and so, among you, the character of a poor girl whose best and almost only estate is her fair character, was—no, I do not say torn to rags and tatters, my dear; so you need not lift your eyes so deprecatingly—but though not torn, it was roughly handled; confess, Mary, if it was not."

"It was very wrong, grandpa; but, indeed, we did not mean any harm," said Mary.

"I firmly believe it, my dear child; for though you and your young friends have rattling tongues (as you say you have), I am convinced that, at present, they are not ill-natured tongues. But,

"Evil is wrought
By want of thought
As well as by want of heart."

Do you not see this?"

Mary did see it. At least, she acknowledged that it might possibly be as her grandfather said.

"It really is so, my dear; many and many a word thoughtlessly spoken, has laid the foundation for miseries unexpressed. I could give you many instances of this; I will give you one if you will listen to a little piece of my own history, and then you will better understand why I feel so strongly on this subject."

It required no persuasion to induce Mary to give attention to her affectionate relative, who, after a short silence, commenced his narrative.

"When I was a young man at college, which is now more than forty years ago, I had, as my most familiar friend, an old schoolfellow, these are school-boys terms, my dear, and no doubt you understand what they mean, and when we went to college, our intimacy was continued. Young Cleaver—that was the name of my friend—was good-natured, generous, kind, and affectionate. I loved him very dearly, Mary, as he deserved to be loved. And yet my happiness in life was nearly wrecked by him; and though the trouble which befel me was afterwards removed its effects on my mind were very lasting."

Archib Cleaver had one failing—he had a rattling tongue, my dear. He was one of the most amusing men I had ever met with; his conversation was exceedingly lively and what is generally called piquant; that is to say, there was a dash of exaggeration, and humor, and ridicule in it. Moreover, it was full of anecdote. Archib never had a telling story but he stored it up in his memory for future use; and the most ordinary adventures in which he bore a part (or what would have seemed ordinary to others), when polished up and narrated in his peculiar manner, were made to appear something marvellous. You may suppose, therefore, that his society was coveted by his friends, and that he almost invariably captivated strangers into whose company he was for the first time cast. Let me repeat, that he had no malice in his disposition, and that he would not intentionally have injured any fellow-creature, much less an attached friend."

"I will not make my story a long one, so I must pass over the history of my long friendship with Archib, merely saying that we passed much of our time in each other's rooms, read together, walked together, rode together during the three years we were at college. At the end of that time we parted, he to the east, and I to the west; but before we shook hands for the last time we engaged to keep up a constant correspondence."

It is astonishing, however, how soon such promises are forgotten. A few letters passed between us at uncertain intervals, and then the intercourse came to a long pause. The truth is, the real business of life and new friendships engaged our attention."

"A new friendship, at any rate, engrossed mine. In the course of my travels after leaving college, I spent some months in Scotland. There I was introduced to a family with whom I soon became intimate, and one of the ladies in that family was your own dear grandmother—not a spectacled old lady such as you know her, Mary, and as you will be forty or fifty years hence, my dear, should your life be spared; but such as you are now—young, sprightly, and very lovely. At least, I thought so, and I have never altered my opinion."

"You never will, dear grandpa," interposed the grand daughter.

"Never, I am fully persuaded, never. Your grandmother has been my faithful, loving companion so many years; and every year we have been on life's pilgrimage together has drawn us closer and closer in mutual affection—has made her more dear to me."

"But this has nothing to do with my story," continued Mr. Levenson; "and I must go back again more than forty years, to say that I had some difficulty in prevailing on that young lady's father to admit me into his family on the footing Mary, you know, and you were named after her)—future husband."

"I hesitated on his part, that was, in fact, so much hesitation on his part, that I almost gave up in despair. The gentleman was not obdurate, however; and when he found that his daughter's affections were really engaged in my favour, he softened towards me, and after making very proper and as I then thought very searching inquiries respecting my family, and prospects, and personal character, he gave his consent to our marriage. But as we were both young (Mary and myself, I mean), and as I had not yet entered on my work, it was made a condition in his consent that the marriage should be deferred for two years."

"I thought this a rather hard condition, my dear, because I not only had a sufficient income at that time to justify my taking a wife, but my prospects for the future were as fair and certain as any prospects in this changeable uncertain world can be. But the father being very determined on this point, I was obliged to submit. So, after spending as long time as I could in Scotland, I tore myself away from my Mary, and returned home, two years were not so long a time to wait for a wife as Jacob had to serve for his Rachel."

"I returned home, then; and set myself, very earnestly and prayerfully I hope, to prepare for the important engagements which lay before me in the ministry of the Gospel. The more I contemplated this arduous and responsible work, the more did I feel the force of the apostle's words—'Who

is sufficient for these things?' 'Our sufficiency is of God.' Ah, my dear—

"'Tis not a cause of small import
A pastor's care demands;
But what might fill an angel's heart,
And filled a Saviour's hands."

"There were times, my dear child, when I so shrunk from fulfilling the vows which were upon me, that I was like those of whom the Saviour speaks, who, like their hands to the plough, look back again, and prove themselves unworthy of the kingdom of God. But I was not left to myself; my gracious Saviour watched over me, as I truly believe, and strengthened me; and even permitted a very great trial to befall me, that I might be more and better fitted for his service by being more weaned from the world, and more convinced, by painful experience, that perfect happiness is not to be found on earth. What that great trial was I will now tell you as shortly as I am able."

(To be Continued.)

THE USELESS.

What a strange life to live must be that of the useless! None, or, at least, very few of us do as much as we can; but to live for nothing, to be really a drone in the busy beehive of the world, must be a very strange existence—comfortable, perhaps, but certainly not happy.

There really are people in the world who are useless—at least, so it seems. The only visible good they are to try other people's patience and tempers. They certainly do this. Nothing can be much more trying to an eager, active person than to be constantly in the presence of an inert, useless individual.

Uselessness is another word for the very worst kind of selfishness. It means that love of ease and personal enjoyment is the all-pervading principle. Everything, and every one, are expected to be subservient to the useless. Their tastes are to be studied; their comfort to be thought of and provided for. Other people are to lay out their lives in being useful to the useless.

And there are always some to be found to do this. If an individual resolves to be of no use in the world, to be entirely a cumber to the ground, he will not starve, as he deserves to do. Some good-natured friend will quietly take up his burden and bear it with his own.

There are many families in which one useless member is to be found. Perhaps it is a daughter; she has the right number of limbs, her hands do not appear to be paralysed, her eyes are bright enough, and if you were to hint at the possibility of there being a deficiency of brain, she would be righteously indignant. And yet she does nothing. The others are busy enough. She sits by the fire with her hands either folded or holding the last new novel, and the others wait upon her. She has the best of everything, and is the most tenderly cared for. On Saturday, or other busy days, she goes out for a walk. The mother who nursed her infancy, and sorrowed and toiled for her is her slave yet.

But they cannot love her; they tolerate her, and are kind to her; but when the silent messenger comes and bears her away, there will be some sighs of relief as well as grief.

Why should she be mourned for? She has nursed no sick one, she has rendered no kindly attentions to the weary, she has never been the light and joy of her home, she never sacrificed her own pleasure to another might be happy. No one ever knew her to perform an act of self-denial. She has earned no tears; let her have none.

But she has committed a great sin. She was never sent into the world to live thus. She had her life-work appointed as others. What will she say when the Master inquires what she has done with her talents?

Oh! whatever we cannot be, let us all strive to be useful.

BOSTON CORBITT.

THE MAN WHO SHOT BOOTH.

In the Fulton Street Daily Paper Meetings a few days since a gentleman said:—

He wished to call the attention of the meeting to this man, this young sergeant in the Sixteenth New York Cavalry—and often spoken of in the daily papers as the "martyred President's avenger." Some of us knew him well. He was formerly an almost daily attendant upon this meeting, and very often led in prayer. When here he generally had his seat under the clock. He would sit quietly until the requests for prayer were read, and if any one struck him with peculiar force, as he generally did, he would spring up and instantly the reading was finished, and pour out his heart to God in prayer. He will be remembered by many who have attended this meeting from a peculiar hitch in his voice, which was very painful to those not accustomed to it, and from his always wearing his hair parted in the middle. He was of small stature, but with a compact and well built frame. His conversion took place in Boston, and when he was baptized on being received into the Church, he dropped his christian name, and took the name of Boston. His record has been one of unswerving devotedness to the service of his Divine Master ever since he made public confession of his faith in Christ. He was perfectly fearless in the discharge of what he thought to be his duty.

In the breaking out of the war, he went to the scene of conflict in connection with the Twelfth Regiment, New York, and served out his term of enlistment. One day his Colonel, on dress parade, got angry and swore at his men with fearful oaths. This was too much. Boston Corbett stepped out two paces to the front and reproved his commander for swearing, as being against the army regulations. For this he was ordered under arrest and placed in the guard house, from which the Colonel was glad in a few hours to release him. Such was his fidelity to duty, that he often got into trouble in endeavoring to perform it. But he never flinched for a moment, he was the consequence what time of enlistment had expired he laid down his gun, although he was doing duty on picket line, at midnight, and walked alone upon him. He was arrested and brought back. He was tried as a deserter and sentenced to be shot. But the authorities did not carry the sentence into execution. He enlisted again, was taken prisoner by Mosby's band, after being surrounded by twenty-six men, eight or ten of whom he shot, while the whole twenty-six were firing upon him—and Mosby seeing his pluck, commanded his