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A USEFUL FAULT-FINDER

man, several years since, who seemed to be a bold leader of all opposition to religion, and always ready to publish abroad any delinquencies which might be discovered in any professor of religion. At length he made up his mind to remove from the place to another part of the country. Meeting the pastor of the Congregational church one day, he said, after passing the usual salutation:

"Well, I suppose you know that I am going to

"Glad of it? Why, no," said the minister, "you are one of our most useful men, and I think I shall hardly know how to spare you."

Taken aback, somewhat, by such a reply, he immediately asks, "How is that?"

"Why" rejoined the minister, "There can't be a sheep that gets a foot out of this fold but what you will always bark from one end of the town to the other. I think you have really been one of

The remaining congregation we will not repeat; but there seemed to be an idea too good to beeked lost, in rērence to the usefulness of some wicked men, whoare always disposed to find fault with the church. They may often exert some restraint influence, and do good in that way, when they do not intend to. David recogized this usefulness, when he said, "I will take heed to my ways, I will not sin with my tongue; I will keep my mouth from a bribe, while the wicked is before me" (Ps. 39:1-3). If the Lord has blessed these

THE PIGEON-SHOP BOY.

What makes these persons love children so much? It is because they love Jesus Christ, who loves children, and died that they might have their sins forgiven. Children have souls to be saved; and these good people wish that they should be saved—and they know that the souls of ragged boys are as precious as those of the well-dressed.

And for sinners came to die,
In his mercy passed not by,
Even ragged boys.

I have a story to tell you of some rough and
ragged boyas who were invited by kind teachers to a
Sabbath-school, that they might there hear of Him
who went about doing good, and took children into
his arms and blessed them.

Two boys were one Sunday found wandering
about the streets; they had found their hands in their
pockets, and soked as if they did not know what
to do with themselves. A Sunday-school teacher

who was passing along, went up to them and asked, "Do you go to a Sunday school?"

"No, sir."

"Wouldn't you like to go?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Perhaps you don't know what a nice place a Sunday-school is!" said the teacher.

"I never saw one," replied one of the boys; and turning to his brother, asked, "Do you mind going Jack, to see what sort of a thing it is?"

"I shan't go," he answered, "without asking

"You're quite right, my boy," said the teacher, "never do anything without your parent's leave."
"I don't like to ask him," said Tom. "He's so
saurily angry when I speak to him."
Poor bys! thought the teacher to himself.
Perhaps he have an unkind, drunken father; I do
pity thim, if they have. I will offer to go with
them, an ask their father myself. And so he
said—
"Shall I go and ask your father?"
"Yes, r."

"But *you* must go with me, and show me where you live."

The boys led the way, and the teacher followed them. After turning down several narrow, dirty streets, they went through a miserable court-way, and he found himself in Dove's Rents.

There one was a pigeon-shop. Do you know what a pigeon-shop is, in some of the worst parts of London? You will say a place where they sell live-pigeons. That is quite correct. But it is worse than that. The worst of characters live

There had almost every kind of wickedness been practised. The people who keep such shops, and who live in them, are usually the vilest of the vile and neither fear God nor regard man.

Sch was the home of these poor boys; and ever hour of their life nothing but what was bad had met their eyes and entered their ears, and it was altogether a new thing to them to have a kind look bestowed upon them, or a kind word spoken to them.

You will think that these boys would be rather difficult to teach, as a schoolmaster would have to

"Well, they may go if they like," said the father.

He did not seem to know or care what was meant by the word *obey*. He was always in motion; it was hardly any keeping him still. His eyes were everywhere where they should have been; and his ears were never open to anything that was good. He did not like to be found fault with, and never seemed pleased with doing right. He liked to mutter better strolling about on the Sunday, and often tried to persuade his brother to go with him instead of going to school, but Tom would not. At last, however, Jack left, and went Sabbath-breaking with his friends.

but so with Tom; he stayed. He was fond of school, was attentive to his lessons, and gained the esteem of his teacher. Many times did some of his companions laugh at him and tease him for going to Sunday-school, but he bore it all very patiently. They told him that no doubt he fancied

Many an eye has moistened as the story of this orphan boy has been told ; and many a heart has prayed that the God of the fatherless and motherless would be his friend. He loved his mother, and we cannot but believe that he obeyed her and was a faithful child. Will my little little readers, whose parents are yet spared to them, always try to show their love by cheerful obedience, knowing that this is pleasing to the Lord ? Will the *boys*, especially, always be affectionate and kind to their *mothers* ?

several officers, when one of them, supposing that he was in sympathy with this hostility, said him :

“ What do you think of these missionaries, who are coming here to disturb the minds of the natives upon the subject of religion ? ”

“ I think,” Wellington replied, “ that they are right. It is their duty to obey their marching orders. Those orders are very explicit. ‘ Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.’ ”

"Do wait in, sir," he replied; "you are my best friend. If I could but engage my friends to be faithful with me I should be sure to prosper. But, if you please, we will both pray in the first place, and ask the blessing of God upon our interview."

After they rose from their knees, and had been much blessed together, he said:

"Now I will thank you, my brother, to tell me what it is you have against me."

"Oh," said the man, "I really don't know what it is: it is all gone, and I believe I was in the wrong."

The first child replied, "They do it immediately," the second, "They do it diligently," the third, "They do it always," the fourth, "They do it with all their heart;" the fifth, "They do it altogether."

Here a pause ensued, and no child appeared to have an answer; but, after some time, a little girl

Solomon tells us that the glutton shall come to poverty; warns us not to be among riotous eaters of flesh; and even bids us to put a knife into our throats if we be men given to appetite. Is there no less desperate remedy?

Jefferson says that "No man ever repents eating too little."

Sir Isaac Newton very often dined on a penny's worth of bread.

Abernethy cured his indigestion and regained his

Besides brown bread, the Greek boatmen subsist almost solely upon their native fruits—figs, grapes and raisins. They are the most amiable, active, graceful, cheerful and even the merriest people in the world.

Grant Thorburn attributed his cheerful old age to the fact that he "never eat enough," and thousands of his countrymen are wearing out their bodies not so much by the excess of business as the people to

quantity of food usually consumed by the greatest part of them, does not exceed six ounces a day. Six or seven dates soaked in melted butter serve a man a whole day, and he esteems himself happy when he can add a small quantity of coarse flour or a little ball of rice.

FAMILY TROUBLES.—Was there ever a family without its troubles? Adam and Eve had their troubles in Eden; and all families have had their troubles. Every family has a skeleton behind the door; every person has a thorn in his side. It is

tempers our metal; it develops our self-control; it quickens our inventive powers. Troubles are to us what the winds are to the oak, what labor is to the muscle, what study is to the mind. Life is a school, and trouble is one of the great lessons. Troubles are not to be courted, but when they come we must get over them with the best fortitude we can muster. Take courage, therefore, troubled one. Do not in vain are your trials. They make you brave, strong; and it is hoped, better. Be not cast down, cheer up; cast aside your weeds and woes, look the world in the face; do your duty; take

every trouble by the horns, overcome it, with the courage of a true soldier in life's great campaign, and stoutly contend for the victory of will and wisdom.