

DRIFTING.

Drifting down the river of life—
Drifting, drifting, drifting;
A lonely bark—immortal soul—
Launch'd forth to seek life's final goal,
O'er sunken rocks or hidden shoal,
Drifting, drifting, drifting!

Drifting down the river of life—
Drifting, drifting, drifting;
Here, passing through some lovely scene,
Cool shade and sunshine intervene,
Now, o'er a cascade's glistening sheen,
Drifting, drifting, drifting!

Drifting down the river of life—
Drifting, drifting, drifting;
Ever moving—resting never—
Speeds the bark adown life's river,
Daring Death and danger ever,
Drifting, drifting, drifting!

Drifting down the river of life—
Drifting, drifting, drifting;
High rocky, frowning banks o'erhead,
'Neath tangled branches, live and dead,
A tiny bark to ocean sped,
Drifting, drifting, drifting!

Drifting down the river of life—
Drifting, drifting, drifting;
Hark! the roll of distant thunder,
Lightnings rend the rocks saunder,
Oh! the look of awe-struck wonder,
Drifting, drifting, drifting!

Drifting down the river of life—
Drifting, drifting, drifting;
Cowering 'neath the chilly blast,
Many a dreadful cavern past,
Out—out into the light at last!
Drifting, drifting, drifting!

See! the Pilot looking for us—
Drifting, drifting, drifting!
Be the signal for Him—"Prayer!"
Trust His wisdom, skill and care,
Gone the night of dark despair,
No more danger drifting!

Oh! the wrecks that strew the shore—
Drifting drifting, drifting;
No fear had they on sea or land,
While others knelt, they dar'd to stand,
And spur'd the Pilot's helping hand,
Wreck'd and lost while drifting!—Can.
Presbyterian.

The Fatal Punishment: A Lesson for Mothers.

"If you do not behave, I shall shut you in a closet for the remainder of the day. Do you hear?" and Mrs. Turner looked with angry eyes upon her little son who stood in the doorway.

The boy cast down his large expressive eyes in affright.

An elderly lady, with silvery hair and a face that spoke of a great and silent sorrow, sat near the door from which the boy retreated. Her eye fell upon the child, and she saw the frightened look in his eyes, the sensitive, timid look. Then she fixed her gaze upon his angry, impatient mother.

"I would not do that," she said, with a shake of her head. "Punish him, if you must, some other way." "Some other way?" and the young mother looked surprised. "Why, I thought that a gentle way, and one that would frighten him into obedience."

"You should never frighten him." "But how am I to make him mind? I cannot whip him. It pains me to do that."

"Then you seldom punish him?" "Seldom."

"And have never shut him in a closet?" "Never."

"Never do so."

"Why?"

"Sit down, and I will tell you of a mother who had a child, young and tender as your little boy, and how she once punished him. It happened a good many years ago, more than twenty."

The woman paused a moment, and looked through the door down to where the little boy silently strayed, and then at the young mother who was listening attentively to her. Then she continued: "It was a day in June: the sun shone as brightly as to-day, the sky was as cloudless, and the roses were in bloom and cast their fragrance upon the balmy air; the birds sang merrily in the trees and bushes that shaded and grew around the house of a happy couple that were blessed with a beautiful little boy. The child had been playing among the flowers, and had committed some childish misdeed. The mother felt that she must punish him. She did not wish to inflict corporal punishment, for, as in your case, it pained her to do so; she thought she would punish him by shutting him in a closet. This she did by leading him up stairs to a closet in an attic chamber, one which she seldom used. Shutting the door upon him she left him alone. The mother thought that her child would only be lonely in the dark closet, and perhaps a little frightened. She never thought how sensitive and timid her boy was, or that there might be aught in the closet. She only thought, 'In a little while I will go to him and let him out, and he will be a better boy.'"

"The young mother went down stairs again, and took up the work she had laid aside. Before she com-

pleted it a rap sounded on the door, and an neighbor entered. Her errand was trivial; she had come for the purpose of spending an idle hour and to chat. The mother thought more than once of her child in the dark closet, and thought after he had been in it for half an hour or more that she would, as soon as her loquacious neighbor paused a moment, slip up to the attic and let him out. But the woman's tongue ran on in an endless flood of talk which she found difficult to cut short, and after a while she became an interested listener. She forgot all about her darling child. She thought not of the moments speeding by, but sat an earnest listener to the glowing account her neighbor gave of a subject that had long interested her.

"Three-quarters of an hour had gone by, and she had not released her little son. During the last twenty minutes, while the woman's tongue rattled on, a strange sound had echoed through the house. But the two women heard not. Fifteen minutes later, the neighbor rose to go. Then the mother thought of her child, and, as soon as her neighbor was gone, hastened up stairs. She felt a feeling of dread fall upon her as she placed her foot upon the first step that led to the upper story, and hastened up to the attic chamber. As she placed her hand on the knob, she heard a strange, unearthly sound. It fell upon her ear like a death knell. And, like a flash! a premonition as of something awful fell upon her, and she was unable to move for a moment. Throwing off the horrible dread as best she could, she tremblingly pushed the door open and hastened over to the closet. The sound was repeated. With ashen face, and dread horror grasping her heart strings, she tore the closet door open. A huge rat flew out, almost in her face, and after it appeared her little boy with strange eyes that gazed at her with oh, such an awful look! A shriek broke from the poor mother's lips, and she fell to the floor in a swoon. The neighbor who had just left the house, and one or two others living near, heard the cry, and hastened to the house. Guided by strange sounds above, they hurried up to the chamber, and found the unhappy woman, with her child bending, a jabbering and gesticulating idiot, over her."

"The mother, when restored to consciousness,—which was not soon—found her husband bending over her, and the sad face of her loquacious neighbor near; and later, when she looked upon the face of her child and saw his reason had forever flown, the awful consequences of the punishment she had inflicted was so great, it banished all joy forever from her life, and she never smiled again."

"Mother! young mother!"—the woman's words were impressively earnest—"never, on any account, shut your little one in a closet; lest like me you unhappily open it up to a driveling idiot!" As her quivering lips ceased to speak, she hastily rose and left the apartment.

"Poor mother!" thought Mrs. Turner; "I will indeed heed your warning." And that night, as she clasped her child in her arms, she asked God to guide her while leading him on through the years that were before him, and forgot not to send up a petition in behalf of the poor woman whose sad, sad story had awakened in her the desire to be to her child a wiser and kinder parent.—Morning Star.

How HE BEGAN.—A good many of the boys who read these pages will soon be "earning their way" in the world, if they are not already doing so. Here is a word to encourage them:—

Just above the wharves of Glasgow, on the banks of the Clyde, there once lived a factory boy whom I will call David. At the age of ten he entered a cotton factory as a "piecer."

He was employed from six o'clock in the morning till eight at night. His parents were very poor, and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of very hard labour.

But then and there, in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education and become an intelligent and useful man. With his very first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin," showing himself a scholar.

He then entered an evening school which met between the hours of eight and ten. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings.

At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar schools.

He next began a course of self-instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from piecer to a spinning-jenny.

He brought his books to the factory, and, placing one of them in the "jenny," with the lesson before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindles and the rudiments of knowledge.

He entered Glasgow University.

He knew that he must work his way; but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice to gain the end.

He worked at cotton-spinning in the summer lived frugally, and applied his savings to his collegiate studies in the winter.

He completed the allotted course, and at the course was able to say, with praiseworthy pride, "I never had a farthing that I did not earn." That boy was David Livingstone.—Wee Willie Winkie.

A Handsome Soul.

One day a boy, who was taking his first lesson in the art of sliding down hill, found his feet in too close contact with a lady's silk dress. Mortified and confused, he sprang from his sled, and, cap in hand, commenced an apology.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I am very sorry."

"Never mind that," exclaimed the lady; "there is no great harm done, and you feel worse about it than I do."

"But your dress is ruined. I thought you would be angry with me for being so careless."

"Oh, no," she replied; "better to have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper."

"Oh, what a beauty!" exclaimed the lad, as the lady passed on.

"Who, that lady?" returned his comrade. If you call her a beauty, you shan't choose for me. Why, she is old, and her face is wrinkled!"

"I don't care if her face is wrinkled," replied the other; "her soul is handsome, anyhow."

A shout of laughter followed, from which he was glad to escape. Relating the incident to his mother, he said, "O mother, that lady did me good. I shall never forget it; and when I am tempted to get mad, I will think of what she said, 'Better to have a soiled dress than a ruffled temper.'"

Southwestern Christian Advocate.

"If I Could Only See My Mother!"

"If I could only see my mother!" Again and again was that yearning cry repeated.

"If I could only see my mother!" The vessel rocked, and the waters, chased by a fresh wind, played musically against the side of the ship. The sailor, a second mate, quite youthful, lay in his narrow bed, his eyes glazing, his limbs stiffening, his breath failing. It was not pleasant to die thus in this shaking, plunging ship; but he seemed not to mind bodily discomfort. His eyes looked far away, and ever and anon broke forth that grieving cry: "If I could only see my mother!"

An old sailor sat by, a Bible in his hand, from which he was reading. He bent above the young man and asked him why he was so anxious to see his mother, whom he had wilfully left.

"Oh, that's the reason!" he cried in anguish. "I've nearly broken her heart, and I can't die in peace. She was a good mother to me—oh, so good a mother! She bore everything from her wild boy; and once she said to me: 'My son, when you come to die, you will remember this!'"

"Oh, if I could see my mother!" He never saw his mother. He died with the yearning upon his lips, as many a one has died who slighted the mother who loved him.

Boys, be good to your mother.

A Sharp Thrust.

Some men who pass for very respectable citizens, and who really are not without good qualities, have a habit of not only finding fault with their wives at every least provocation, but of doing it in terms such as no gentleman would think of applying to any lady except to his own wife, or possibly his own sister.

There is a story that such a man came home from the shop one night, and found his wife much excited over the outrageous behavior of a tramp. He had begged for something to eat, and, not liking what the woman gave him, had abused her in the rudest terms.

"Johnny," said the man, thoroughly indignant, "when you heard that cowardly rascal abusing your mother, why didn't you run at once to the store, and let me know? I would have made short work of him. Didn't you hear?"

"Yes, pa, I heard. I was out in the barn, and heard what he said about the victuals, but—"

"But what?"

"Why, pa, I thought it was you scolding mother. He used the very same words you do when the dinner doesn't suit you. I didn't think anybody else would dare to talk to mother in that way."

Don't Give up Your Boys.

One of the most eminent pulpit and platform orators of this continent has all his life been troubled with a serious impediment of speech. A physician of this city, whom few surpass in fame, skill, and patron-

age, had St. Vitus's Dance till he was twelve years old. Another professional man whose name is familiar to thousands who read these words had epileptic fits till he was past ten years of age. The Chief Justice of one of the Supreme Courts of the country is almost a dwarf.

A noted architect is so unprepossessing in appearance that hardly any one would take him for a person of ordinary intelligence, and one of the chief railway lawyers has a miserable voice. Of lame men in the highest positions there are many, and the partly deaf earning prosperity are all about us. Don't give up your boys who have some impediment. And do not let them give themselves up. Encourage them to a noble ambition; help them with discretion; they may honor your family name and comfort your old age beyond those whose perfect form and rapidly maturing strength now delight your eyes.—Ex.

What to Keep Lists of.

1. Keep a list of your friends; and let God be first in the list how ever long it may be.

2. Keep a list of your enemies; and put down the "old man" and the "old serpent" first, and pray for all the rest.

3. Keep a list of your sins; and let the sin of unbelief be set down as the first, and worst of all.

4. Keep a list of your mercies; and let pardon and life stand at the head.

5. Keep a list of your sorrows; and let sorrow for sin be first.

6. Keep a list of your joys; and let the joy unspeakable and full of glory be the first.

7. Keep a list of the gifts you get; and let Christ, who is the unspeakable gift, be the first.

8. Keep a list of your hopes; and let the hope of glory be foremost.

How to Make Life Happy.

Take time; it is no use to fume or fret, or do as the angry house-keeper, who has got hold of the wrong key, and pushes, shakes, and rattles it about the lock until both are broken, and the door is still unlocked.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures.

Try to regard present vexations as you will regard them a month hence.

Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get.

It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature, that is the trouble.

The world is like a looking-glass. Laugh at it, and it laughs back; frown at it, and it frowns back.

When a YOUNG WOMAN behaves to her parents in a manner particularly tender and respectful—from principle as well as nature—there is nothing good and gentle that may not be expected from her, in what ever condition she is placed. Of this I am so thoroughly persuaded that were I to advise any friend of mine as to his choice of a wife, I know not whether my first counsel would not be, "Look out for one distinguished by her attention and sweetness to her parents."

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

A BOTTLE of the "Lotus of the Nile" is a most acceptable present to a lady.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL.

This great internal and external remedy always allays all pain. It is a specific for croup, and promptly cures coughs, colds, sore throat, sprains, bruises, burns, rheumatism, cuts, wounds, etc. Good for man or beast. Stands all tests. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cents. Hagyard's Yellow Oil.

There are many forms of nervous debility in men that yield to the use of Carter's Iron Pills. Those who are troubled with nervous weakness, night sweats, etc., should try them.

To preserve a youthful appearance as long as possible, it is indispensable that the hair should retain its natural color and fullness. There is no preparation so effective as Ayer's Hair Vigor. It prevents baldness, and keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy.

GOOD DEEDS DONE.

THE good deeds done by that unequalled family liniment, Hagyard's Yellow Oil, during the thirty years it has been held in ever-increasing esteem by the public, would fill volumes. We cannot here enumerate all its good qualities, but that it can be relied on as a cure for croup, coughs, colds, sore throat and all pains, goes without saying.

"August Flower" Lawn Tennis!

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deadly sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. COX.

G. C. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

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1874.....64,072.88.....	621,362.81.....	1,864,302.00.....
1876.....102,822.14.....	715,944.64.....	2,214,093.43.....
1878.....127,505.87.....	773,895.71.....	3,374,683.14.....
1880.....141,402.81.....	911,132.93.....	3,881,478.09.....
1882.....254,841.73.....	1,073,577.94.....	5,849,889.1.....
1884.....278,378.65.....	1,274,397.24.....	6,844,404.04.....
1886.....319,987.05.....	1,411,004.38.....	7,030,878.77.....
1888.....373,500.31.....	1,573,027.10.....	9,413,358.07.....
1889.....495,831.54.....	1,750,004.48.....	10,873,777.09.....
1890.....525,273.58.....	1,974,316.21.....	11,931,300.6.....
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