

A Hospital Hymn.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[Read at the Dedication of the O. W. Holmes Hospital at Madison.]
Not ours to ask in freezing tones
His race, his calling, or his creed;
Each heart the tie of kinship owns
When these are human veins that bleed.

Here stands the champions to defend
From every wound that flesh can heal;
Here science, patience, skill shall blend
To save, to calm, to help, to heal.

Father of mercies! Weak and frail,
Thy guiding hand Thy children ask;
Let not the Great Physician fail
To aid us in our holy task.

Angel of love, for every grief
Its soothing balm its mercy brings,
For every pang its healing leaf,
For homeless want thy outspread wings.

Enough for thee the pleading eye,
The knitted brow of silent pain;
Thy portals open to a sigh!
Without the clank of bolt or chain.

Who is our brother? He that lies
Left at the wayside, bruised and sore;
His need our open hand supplies,
His welcome waits him at our door.

Source of truth and love and light
That warm and cheer our earthly days;
Be ours to serve Thy will aright,
Be Thine the glory and the praise!

Wornout Hands.

We can see them every day.
Poor wornout hands, trembling,
wrinkled and unsightly; yet to me
how beautiful they are! They have
done so much. Their loving work
began in infancy. That was many,
many years ago, when they, too,
were dimpled and white. What
tiny hands they were then!

But we find it hard to believe
that grandma ever was a baby. We
can hardly picture her in the dainty
robes she must have worn. Still,
she had her niche in the happy
household, and filled it after her
own perfect baby fashion. Father
and mother both felt the tender
touch of her soft, caressing fingers.
The former went forth to his daily
toil with renewed strength and
courage, and the latter's added
duties only seemed to grow lighter
as the days flew by.

Baby grew fast. A few years
later, what busy little hands she
had! They were thrust into every-
thing, and if destruction followed,
"helping mamma" was the sweet
excuse which always shielded their
pretty owner. But soon they were
a help indeed; always willing and
ready. Ah, what busy hands they
were!

And they were destined to be-
come still dearer. Only a few more
years and then an impatient lover
had circled one slender finger with
a golden engagement ring. They
seemed the warmest hands he had
ever clasped. Love was the most
match-maker, and their marriage
quickly followed. Charles would
have his way. How they missed
her—father, mother, brothers and
sisters—when those dear hands had
vanished to deftly make ready the
new home nest! They beautified
it until the proud young husband
thought there could be no lovelier
spot in all the wide, wide world.

Another year; they were mother
hands then, and their real life-work
had just begun, and, if possible,
they were more diligent than ever
before. They even found time for
other work outside the little home.
The needy, sick and afflicted were
helped in a thousand different ways.
They were benevolent hands.

And years of peace, happiness
and prosperity were given them in
return. Twice had the cozy home
been enlarged; the loved faces God
had sent filled it to overflowing.

After a time one left it never to
return. How the patient, pitying
mother-hands hovered round that
dear one in the last sad hour? They
tremblingly closed the sightless
eyes, gathered sweet, fresh roses to
lay on the downy pillow, tenderly
raised the coffin-lid for one last
look, and finally planted vines and
flowers on the newly-made grave.
After that the home went on as
usual, only there was one less to
do for. How strange it seemed!

One by one the others also left
her side; the boys to make their
way in the great Babylon, called
town, and the girls to exchange the
old homes for new ones here and
there. So mother's hands fondly
prepared each outfit as it was need-
ed; knitting stockings and making
bridal robes were all the same to her.

Then, after thirty years of earnest,
loving toil, her tired hands took a
little needed rest. All the children
had gone from her. There was only
husband to care for now, and his
wants were so few in comparison
with what theirs had been! Her
tender, wifely hands often lingered
lovingly on his head. Poor Charles!
His once thick, black hair was now
thin and gray. He was growing
old; but surely he was now dearer
than ever. The children could live
without her. As in the beginning,
he was again her all.

But ten years later he was taken

from her. Oh, the agony of that
parting! His dying kiss fell on the
dear, tear-wet hands that always
scattered flowers along his life path.
They fashioned his shroud. She
would not suffer a strange hand to
perform that last sad service. Soon
he peacefully slept in the little
village church-yard, and she all
alone in the old nest. How empty
it was! Her hands are quite idle
now. No work to do, no loved ones
to wait upon. Only self left.

At her tearful request, one child,
a daughter, returned, bringing with
her five fatherless little ones. Then
grandma gladly took up the broken
threads of her life-work. There was
still so much to be done. It seemed
as though all her own children were
back again. She knew just what
to do for them. Their many childish
wants and necessities were to her an
open book, which she read with de-
light. Little Charles was grandma's
namesake. How she loved the bon-
ny boy!

But at last the grandchildren left
home, just as her own had done.
Grandma's loving farewell followed
them like a blessing. They can
never forget her.

She is almost ninety now. There
she sits in the room rocking-chair
in which dear grandpa died thirty
long years ago. Soon she will join
him in heaven. Her work is all
done; she is only waiting.

Poor, wornout hands! Age and
disease have crippled them, but they
are not unsightly. No, no! Some
day they will be folded, cold and
white, upon her breast; and the
sweet rest of the weary will be hers
at last.

Show Your Love.

When a man chooses from all the
women in the world one woman to
be his companion for life, he solemnly
promises before God and man to
love her with an affectionate love.
And that love should be as real and
genuine after they have been
married twenty-five or fifty years as
it is on the morning of the wedding
day. It need not be so demon-
strative. We hardly expect the
same outward expression of love in
an aged couple as in a newly
married couple. But the love should
exist all the same—less demon-
strative, because age is less demon-
strative than youth, but real and
genuine, and manifesting itself in a
thoughtful courtesy, a true politeness
and a gentle lovingness toward her
who has walked by his side for many
years, and with him borne the bur-
dens of life.

You may give your wife costly
Christmas, or birthday, or wedding
anniversary presents; you may fur-
nish her with fine dresses, a beauti-
ful home, costly carriages, and send
her to fashionable watering places,
but her heart hungers for something
more, even the free, hearty, contin-
ued, daily affection of your heart.
Nothing else can take its place.
The other things are valuable only
as they are tokens of such affection.

And do not always assume that
she knows of your love. God knows
that we love him—if thus we do—
but he wants us to tell him of it
every day. You know that your
child loves you, but you never tire
of having that child put its little
arms around your neck and say,
"Papa, I love you ever so much."

It will give your wife immeasurable
pleasure if you occasionally tell her,
with a kiss, that she is dearer to
you than ever.—Rev. R. T. Cross.

The Bible.

No fragment of any army ever
survived so many battles as the
Bible; no citadel ever withstood so
many sieges; no rocks were ever
battered by so many hurricanes, and
so swept by storms. And yet it
stands. It has seen the rise and fall
of Daniel's four empires. Assyria
bequeaths a few mutilated figures to
the riches of our national museum.
Media and Persia, like Babylon
which they conquered, have been
weighed in the balance, and long ago
found wanting. Greece faintly sur-
vives in its historic fame; and iron
Rome of the Caesars has long since
ceased to boast. And yet the Book
that foretells all this still survives.

While nations, kings, philoso-
phers, systems, institutions, have
died away, the Bible engages now
men's deepest thoughts; is examined
by the keenest intellects; stands
reversed before the highest tribunals;
is more read, and sifted, and debat-
ed, more devoutly loved and vehe-
mently assailed, more defended and
more denied, more industriously
translated and freely given to the
world, more honored and more
abused, than any other book the
world ever saw. It survives all
changes, itself unchanged; it moves
all minds, yet it is moved by none;
it sees all things decay, itself incor-
ruptible; it sees myriads of other
books engulfed in the stream of
time, yet it is borne along till the
mystic angel shall plant his foot
upon the sea and swear by Him that
liveth for ever and ever, that time
shall be no longer.

Praying in Half a Room

In a large and respectable school
near Boston, two boys, from differ-
ent States and strangers to each
other, were compelled by circum-
stances to room together. It was
the beginning of the term, and the
two students spent the first day in
arranging their room and getting
acquainted. When night came the
younger of the two boys asked the
other if he did not think it would
be a good idea to close the day with
a short reading from the Bible
and a prayer. The request was
modestly made, without whineing
or cant of any kind. The other boy,
however, bluntly refused to listen to
the proposal.

"Then you will have no objec-
tion if I pray by myself, I suppose?"
said the younger. "It has been my
custom, and I wish to keep it up."

"I don't want any praying in this
room, and I won't have it!" re-
torted his companion.

The younger boy rose slowly,
walked to the middle of the room,
and standing upon a seam in the
carpet which divided the room nearly
equally, said quietly:

"Half of this room is mine. I
pay for it. You may choose which
half you will have. I will take the
other, and I will pray in that half
or get another room. But pray I
must and will, whether you consent
or refuse." The older boy was in-
stantly conquered. To this day he
admires the sturdy independence
which claimed as a right what he
had boorishly denied as a privilege.
A Christian might as well ask
leave to breathe as to ask permis-
sion to pray. There is a false sen-
timent connected with Christian
actions which interferes with their
free exercise. If there is anything
to be admired it is the manliness
that knows the right and dares to
do it without asking any one's
permission.—Youth's Companion.

Work Now.

Young man, do not leave it to a
future day, but do it now. Man of
middle age, you have a vivid sense
of the rapidity with which your
years have gone, but they will go
just as rapidly in the future as in
the past. Man of old age, you have
to make haste—you have no time to
lose.

The ancient law said concerning
the sale of an estate, "According to
the number of the years thou shalt
diminish the price." The nearer
they were to the jubilee year the
cheaper they were to sell their land.
So the nearer you come to the end
of your days, you ought to hold
earthly things more loosely and prize
heavenly things more highly. When
your business is drawing to a close,
you hasten to conclude your work,
dispatching sometimes in an hour
more than in all the day that went
before.

When Napoleon went on the field
of Marengo it was late in the after-
noon, and he saw that the battle
was really lost, but looking at the
western sun, he said: "There is
just time to recover the day!" and
giving out his orders with rapid and
characteristic energy, he turned de-
feat into victory. So, though your
sun is near to setting, there is time
to recover the day. Avail your-
selves of the eventide, lest your life
end in eternal failure.—Rev. Wm.
M. Taylor, D. D., in Joseph as
Prime Minister.

Let Your Light Shine.

One of our ministerial exchanges
gave the following illustrative anec-
dote:

"I have a friend, Judge—, an
excellent man, eminent in his pro-
fession. Once a year, or oftener,
he was visited in the way of business,
by a gentleman from Texas, and a
cordial friendship sprang up between
the two, founded on esteem.

"During one of these annual
visits, at the conclusion of the busi-
ness, the Texas gentleman said:

"Judge C—, we have known
each other many years. I have the
highest regard for you as a man of
honor, and I have no doubt you
have an equal regard for me. In all
this acquaintance, I am ashamed to
confess, I have never inquired
whether you are consecrated to the
service of the Master I love, nor do
I know." "The judge was complet-
ely broken down. 'God forgive me,'
he cried. The ice was broken. The
two Christian brothers, with flowing
tears and clasped hands, begged
each other's pardon, and there on
their knees, upon the dusty office
floor, they held a blessed prayer-
meeting, one never to be forgotten
by either of the participants."—
Golden Rule.

Bad Training.

Why should parents wonder that
their children are given to trickery,
and deceit and downright dishonesty,
when such a scene as this could
occur? A lady and little girl were
passengers on a horse car. The
conductor asked the age of the
child. "Four years," said the
mother. "Six," interposed the
youngster, which caused the mother

to pay the fare and give the little
one a good shaking.

It has been said that a parent
giving his children good instruction
and a bad example, brings them
food in one hand and poison in the
other—which is likely to prevail;
The old fable is not without its les-
son, even in the present enlightened
age:

"How very badly my poor chil-
dren are walking!" said a crab, in
great distress of mind. "I scold
and reason and talk, yet I notice
nothing but crookedness."

"Ah, my friend," said a listener,
"if you so earnestly wish your chil-
dren to walk straight, why have
you always walked crookedly your-
self?"—The Quiver.

Peril of Wealth.

There was a widow of limited
means who was remarkable for her
liberality to benevolent objects. But
a sad change came into her life by
an unexpected legacy which made
her wealthy; and then her contribu-
tions began to fall below the
amount of her straightened finances.
Once she volunteered; now she
only gives when importuned, and
then it is as meagre as if the foun-
tains of gratitude had dried up.

Once when asked by her pastor
to help a cause dear to her heart in
her comparative poverty, and to
which she gave \$5 then; now she
proffers 25 cents. Her pastor called
her attention to the surprising,
and ominous change. "Ah," said
she; "when day by day I had to
look to God for my daily bread, I
had enough to spare; now I have
to look to my ample income, and I am
all the time haunted with the fear
of losing it and coming to want
I had the guinea heart when I had
the shilling means; now I have the
guinea means; and the shilling
heart."

It is a fearful risk to heart and
soul to become suddenly rich.—
Presbyterian.

Lend A Hand.

When? Where?
To-day, to-morrow, every day,
just where you are.

You have heard of the girl who
sat down and sighed the morning
hours away, longing to be a mission-
ary and help somebody, while her
mother was toiling in the kitchen,
and looking after three little chil-
dren at the same time. Perhaps
your mother has servants in the
kitchen, but you can lend her a hand
all the same. You can find a place
to help brother or sister or friend,
and you can help everybody in the
house by your patient, kind, obliging
spirit, "in honor preferring one
another," self-forgetful and mindful
of others.

It seems a very little thing to
"lend a hand" in those quiet home
ways, but if you could see the record
the angels make of such a day you
would see that it was a very great
thing.

Boys, girls, watch eagerly your
chance. Do not be cheated out of
your happy privileges. It is a great,
noble, blessed thing to be able to
"help a little," no matter how little
it may be.

A poor widow lives in the neigh-
borhood who is the mother of half a
dozen children. Send them a peck
of sweet apples and they will all be
happy. A child has lost his arrow
—the world to him—and he mourns
sadly; help him to find it or make
him another, and how quickly the
sunshine will play over his sober
face! You employ a man, pay him
cheerfully, and speak a pleasant
word to him, and he leaves your
house with a contented heart, to
light up his own hearth with smiles
and gladness. As you pass along
the street you meet a familiar face;
say "Good morning" as though you
felt happy, and it will work admir-
ably in the heart of your neighbor.
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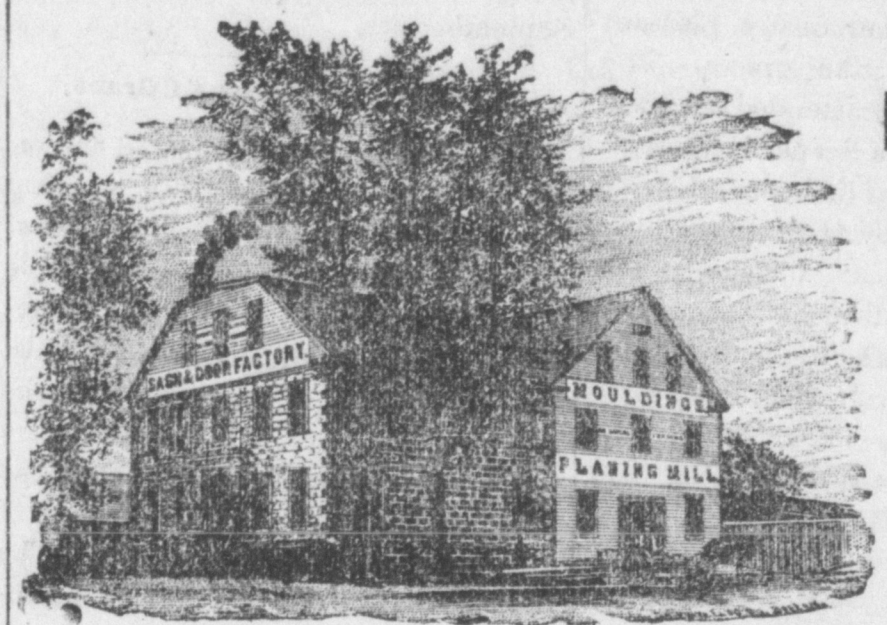
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| 1876 | 102,822.14 | 715,944.04 | 2,214,093.00 |
| 1878 | 127,505.87 | 773,895.71 | 3,374,683.43 |
| 1880 | 141,402.81 | 911,132.93 | 3,881,478.14 |
| 1882 | 254,841.73 | 1,073,577.94 | 5,849,889.19 |
| 1884 | 278,378.65 | 1,274,397.24 | 6,844,404.04 |
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