

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,
AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVI.

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No. 1.

For the Hospital Review.

A Costly Sacrifice.

BY BERTHA S. POOL.

I.

I said, "So be it! The way is sweet,
And the way is fair, my friend,
The path that lies for your weary feet
Must guide to a restful end.
True, it parts us twain, true I drop your hand
I have held along in mine,
But the sacrifice I can understand,
And grief shall yield its wine!"

II.

So I stood and shaded my eyes awhile
And looked adown the way,
Where she waved adieu with a tender smile,
At the close of a weary day.
I could catch a gleam of her robes between
The sunset and the trees,
And the golden light of her hairs' rare sheen
Where it waved upon the breeze.

III.

But I had not counted—I was not brave,—
The deadly cost till then,
When I found the bitterness it gave,
When she might not come again!
And ah! it were better to strive and moan
And to suffer heart to heart,
Than to bear the burden of life alone,
And learn to live apart!

You may sound the depth of yonder sea
And count the sands that under it be;
You may measure the heights of heaven above,
But thou mayst not fathom a mother's love.

A Voice from India.

The following extract and description of a home in Vine Grove, Madura District, Southern India, we copy from a friend's letter written June 2d, 1879:

I can hardly realize that it is nearly six months since I bade you all a hurried farewell. Since then we have come so far and stepped into such a strange life, that the past seems like a dream, and we think of the dear friends and of the sacred places as existing in some misty continent, far away under the setting sun.

If you will consult your atlas for the Western Gauts of Southern India, you will find a range of mountains along the western coast, about two hundred miles from the Indian Ocean. They arise abruptly from the plain to the height of eight thousand feet and more, and are the water-shed for this portion of the empire.

If you could travel up the steep mountain path, through tropical forests, through mountain streams, and along "zigrass" where a false step would be your ruin, you would come to a vast amphitheatre, walled in by grass-covered peaks! A little lake nestles lovingly around the base of these giant peaks, and their breezes often whip its calm waters into mimic breakers. Upon one of the lesser elevations around this mountain lake stands a cottage built of rough stone and mud dried in the sun, a very comfortable abode; through the

lofty and beautiful eucalyptus trees which surround it, we catch glimpses of the lake, of the mighty hills of the north and west, and also of the white spire of the American Mission chapel peeping out from a grove of rhododendrons, which, in March, are masses of crimson flowers.

Upon the knolls and in valleys are five other cottages, each with its flower garden and friendly shade. This is the "Sanitarium" of the American Madura Mission, and we have been for two months in the cottage described, studying Tamil and recovering from the fatigue of our long journey.

Roses of all varieties bloom in our garden and a heliotrope larger than a hoghead, blooms unceasingly in sight of our window: calla lilies are never wanting and fuchsias grow into shrubs, but no sweet peas gladden our eyes.

If you should come in just now you would find my wife bargaining with two women for peaches for preserving, twelve dozen of which she gets for six annas, or about eighteen cents. A little earlier you might have found her buying beef for two annas per pound.

Well, the real life crowds upon us, one feels like laying strong grasp upon every energy of body and soul and wielding them for Christ. Thronging thousands of dusky Hindus are to be lifted up; gorgeous temples and barbaric rituals to be destroyed,—as far, at least, as their present use is concerned,—a generation of children to be educated; the gospel to be preached far and wide; the poor and rich to be cared for; in fine the whole civilization, if it merit such a name, to be sapped and mined until it crumbles before purer principles and Christian customs. Long ago the plans were made and the first blows struck. Fifty years of faithful missionary work have left deep impressions. Pray for us that the mantles of the faithful may fall on us and that our poor efforts may be coupled to those divine forces whose working is sure and which never fail of their purpose.

GEORGE.

For the Hospital Review.

London Sights.

I do not know whether I wrote you that while in London, we one day had the pleasure of seeing the Princess of Wales, in a plain, handsome barouche, drawn by two light gray horses, and attended by two footmen in full livery. She drove out of the carriage-way of Marlborough House in St. James's Square, where she lives. She was dressed very plainly in black, as was the lady with her.

Marlborough House, by the way, is an ugly, moderate-sized house, of red brick, faced with stone. It has large grounds, enclosed by a high, brick wall, before which guards patrol day and night. St. James's Palace, which nearly adjoins it, a very old, dingy affair, shows some traces of former glory, but is only used on state occasions. Still, you know, ambassadors are always accredited to the Court of St. James. Buckingham Palace is on the other side of the Square, and is a handsome and very large brick building, and the town residence of the Queen. In the neighborhood of the Square are the remains of the old Palace of Whitehall, where Charles 1st was beheaded; across the street from which is Whitehall Chapel, all of which are old, forlorn and dingy. Very near by are the magnificent club houses, which make a great display, and the church of "St. Martin's-in-the-Fields," which has a greatly admired portico, something after the style of the Madeleine in Paris.

We saw the Mansion House where the Mayor lives; it looks like an old hotel. One day we saw a carriage drive away with some one in it; it was so gaudy that it looked like a circus wagon, and we inquired of a policeman whose it was. He replied with a very top-loftical air, "*That* is the Lord Mayor *and* his carriage." It was with difficulty that we could preserve our equanimity.

We visited Guild Hall, the Bank of England and the Royal Exchange, crossed the famous London Bridge, walked for some distance on the splendid Thames embankment, and viewed Cleopatra's Needle. Many times we crossed the fine Holborn Viaduct; and one day walked some distance through the very worst part of London, Hounds Ditch, Bishopsgate, Petticoat Lane, &c., where it is said to be unsafe of a Sunday to go without a policeman. We were much impressed with Oxford and Regent Streets, and amazed at Cheapside, Lombard Street, the Strand and Fleet Street. The old Temple and Temple Bar, sacred to literary memories, interested us greatly. We walked through Billingsgate, with its fishy smell, past the fine monument; then through Goswell Road, passing the house where Shakespeare lived for many years.

We visited Westminster Abbey twice; but words can give you no idea of it. We enjoyed seeing the Parliament Houses, especially the tall Victoria Tower. The House of Lords was in session and we had the pleasure of entering it and hearing some distinguished advocate plead. From thence we crossed Westminster Bridge, and passing the five great buildings of St. Thomas's Hospital, (with its income of thirty thousand pounds a year,) walked to Lambeth Palace, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was away, and we were allowed to go partly through it. The building is very old, with modern attachments here and there, of different dates and very irregular. One part of it is the famous Lollard's Tower, where so many Wickliffites were imprisoned and never heard of more. We climbed to the very top and saw walls and floors covered with names and inscriptions which the prisoners had cut there. We rode home from there *via the Metropolitan or Underground Railway*, which seemed to me very disagreeable.

We saw with interest, Pall-Mall, Picca-

dilly, Haymarket, Edgeware Road, Drury Lane and Ludgate Hill. Trafalgar Square, with the fine monument to Nelson, and Landseer's magnificent lions impressed us particularly. One day we went through Hyde Park at the driving hour, and saw many of the fine turn-outs. It was a brilliant scene. The finest part is called "The Lady's Mile," and on a fine day makes a great show. There we saw the elaborate memorial to Prince Albert, and the race course—yes, and Apsley's House where the Duke of Wellington lived. Many residences of the nobility in Grosvenor Place are handsome, others very uninteresting. The West End houses are mostly of a plain exterior, and are not nearly as showy as the fine houses of New York and Chicago. But on our way from York to London, (soon after leaving Edinburgh,) we caught glimpses of several imposing, old, historical residences; and some of them were large, battlemented castles. A day in Sydenham, at the Crystal Palace, was very enjoyable. It is so entirely unique, that it is quite a study; such a wonderful collection of busts, casts and fac-similes, that require much time for inspection. The grounds are not only extensive but extremely beautiful and picturesque. F. rambled around everywhere, seeing and enjoying everything, and has rarely had a happier time.

Another day we spent at Windsor Castle. The Queen was away, so we were allowed to go through the State apartments, which we considered very fine until we saw those at Versailles, which are gorgeous beyond description. We saw with interest the tomb of the Princess Charlotte, (who would, had she lived, been Queen instead of Victoria,) and the Waterloo Gallery, with its portraits and memorials of the heroes and incidents of the battle; St. George's Hall, where the knights of the garter are installed and which is hung with their escutcheons, and life-sized portraits by Kneller, VanDyck, Lawrence, Sely and

others, of all the sovereigns of England. And last, but not least, the Memorial Chapel to Prince Albert. It was built by Cardinal Wolsey; but it had gone to ruin, and after Albert's death was refitted, exquisitely embellished and dedicated to his memory. Nothing more beautiful can be imagined; I will not undertake to describe it. We found time while in London to visit repeatedly the British Museum; it would take months fully to see it. I was greatly charmed with the collection of precious stones, *F.*, with the wonderful variety of stuffed birds, and *M.* devoted himself to the Assyrian and Egyptian galleries. The crown jewels, gold plate, &c., we saw while at the Tower. We spent many hours, also, at the National Gallery; the Portrait Gallery was closed; we saw the originals of Rosa Bonheur's Horse Fair, and Reynolds' famous Little Samuel, beside some of Landseer's animal pictures; and we saw, also, the Turner Gallery.

I must close by barely alluding to the great collection of porcelain, wedge-wood ware and laces, of all kinds and of every age; and lastly, a wonderful collection of snuff boxes, quite endless in their variety, and that valuable contribution to science and art, Schliemann's collection of antiquities.

A Lucky Sovereign.

They made a strikingly contrasting picture standing in the warm June twilight, and the fragrant odors of the tea roses and the woodbine, and the budding grape vines, lingered around them as if the tender scents were fitting tributes to them.

Two fair young girls, the same age to an hour, and as unlike as sisters could possibly be, and each a perfect type of her own style of loveliness—both of them peeresses in their royal dower of beauty.

Rose stood leaning against the railing of the veranda, her haughty eyes, that could melt from the cool, brilliant gray they looked now into such liquid darkness when occasion required—splendid, calm, cold eyes—were roaming away out into

the gathering dust, that was falling in a purple-gray veil of tissue over wood and lawn.

She turned her face toward her companion. Her eyes suddenly recalled in wandering, listless glances, and showed a half-vexed, half-amused expression.

"Bell, how much longer are we going to stay here?—at least how much longer do you want to stop? I am sure I shall die of ennui if I have much more of it."

"Oh, don't think of going back to town yet, Rose. I wish we might never have to go."

"Never go back? Why, Bell, is it possible that you are so infatuated with the country as to actually wish that? Child, for three months it is all very well to bury one's self as we are buried, and I've no doubt that mamma will feel much better and stronger for it; but to stay longer—in a hired cottage, with only one half grown girl to assist in the work, and no amusements of any sort, and our joint stock of earnings exhausting itself daily—I tell you, Bell, I prefer our own suite of rooms at home, and my music scholars, and your bookkeeping, with a chance of occasional enjoyment."

"I dare say you're right, dear. But I do love the country, Rose."

"So would I if, for instance, I lived in the mansion over yonder, Fernley Court, you know, where the stately housekeeper showed us through, and descended on the many qualities and vast wealth of its owner. I forgot to tell you, Bell, there will be a grand reception given a week after he gets back, and he is expected hourly." Bell lifted her eyebrows in a graceful little gesture of surprise.

"A reception? Oh, Rose, and of course there'll be a dance. Oh, dear, how I'd like to go!"

"Of course you'd like to go. But do you think for a moment the aristocratic families around here would condescend to associate with us?"

Bell's face grew stern.

"Why not? We are ladies born and bred, if we do work for a living."

"You foolish child. I can tell you our faces and our handsome dresses—if we had them—would take us where our family name would not. And I can tell you something else, Bell—"

The little gate at the roadside opened at that instant, and the sound of lagging

footsteps coming toward the house interrupted Rose's remark, and then a dusty, travel-stained man paused at the foot of the steps, and touched his dingy hat-rim to the girls.

He was evidently one of the many respectable, discouraged, disheartened men one so often sees tramping through the country in search of work.

Rose drew herself up.

"Go away. We have nothing for you. We don't encourage tramps here."

He touched his hat—the rim was decidedly battered and dusty.

"I beg your pardon, ladies; but if you will give me a——"

Rose swept across the floor angrily.

"Will you march off, or I will have the dog set on you! Bell go tell Jane to unfasten Rover."

The man turned away slowly, as if to move was an effort, and Bell sprung up in an impulse of remonstrative protest.

"Rose, how can you be so heartless! He is pale as death, and only see how he drags himself along! You might have let him sit down a minute, and at least have given him a kind word and a piece of bread and butter."

A contemptuous laugh pealed from Rose's red lips.

"Tired and ill! Drunk and a thief, you'd better say! A piece of bread and butter! Absurd, Bell!"

Bell raised her finger warningly.

"Oh, Rose, don't! He'll hear you!"

Rose raised her voice a key higher.

"Let him hear, then! Perhaps you had better sit and watch that he does not faint and fall."

She swept haughtily into the house, leaving Bell with her cheeks flushing, and a compassion born of the sweet, womanly sympathy glowing in her blue eyes as she watched the man walk slowly, painfully along, and finally halt at the gate, as if in utter discouragement at the long stretch of road between him and the next house, where he might find what Rose had rudely denied him—the magnificent country seat of Lionel Granville, from whose doors no beggar was ever turned away hungry.

Bell saw him, and her quick instincts told her what she imagined his manner meant.

Quick as a bird, she dashed up stairs to her room and snatched her portemonnaie from the bureau drawer, and was down

again with a sovereign in her hand, as she ran softly after him, still leaning against the gate post, and still looking with that same strange expression on his pale face at the towers of Fernley Court.

"Here, please. It isn't much, but it's all I have to spare. Take it, please."

He looked surprisingly at her, and then at the money.

"You are very kind, but you are mistaken. I only wanted a——"

Bell thrust the money in his hand.

"Never mind, please. I think I can see you are proud; but please take it. There!"

He seemed amused at her eagerness; but made no more ado about accepting the gift and pocketing it, as he stood and watched her slim figure flitting away like a spirit in the dust.

The next day Rose came into Bell's room, radiant as she only permitted herself to be under rare circumstances, her gray eyes flashing, and her red lips parted in a smile of triumphant delight.

"Bell, see this! Now what do you say?"

She laid a square, monogrammed envelope in the girl's lap, addressed to the Misses Melton, and bearing inside invitations to the reception at Fernley Court for a fortnight from that night.

Rose watched the girl's sweet face glow under the surprise, then saw, to her amazement, the flush of delight fade.

"Well, Bell, of course we'll go. I'll take some money I can spare and get some *suisse*, and wear natural flowers with it; and I know you have a sovereign laid aside for an emergency. You can get a good many things with it—gloves and a sash, you know—and who knows but what Lionel Granville may be captivated?"

Bell laid the envelope softly down.

"I can't go, dear, unless I wear my old white muslin, which will look wretched beside your new *suisse*. I—I've spent my money!"

Rose frowned.

"Spent your money? Why, I saw it yesterday morning in your drawer. I noticed that the edge of the sovereign was a little chipped, and remember wondering if it was a good one or not. Spent your money! Bell, what do you mean?"

Bell met the vexed eyes as calmly as she could. She was just a little in awe of this magnificent sister of hers.

"I gave it to that poor man last night, Rose. I was so sorry. I am sure he wasn't the sort of a man to talk to as you did. I know he deserved the money."

Rose sat down, and folded her hands in icy wrath.

"Give a sovereign to a tramp—a beggar! Well, if it doesn't pass my comprehension!"

Rose swept out of the room—she was like a duchess in her movements, and poor Bell went on with her sewing, wondering if her old white muslin wouldn't look pretty well if it was nicely got up, thinking that there was a sea-green silk sash somewhere she had never worn, and a pair of white kids at home that Rose could go for when she went to buy her *suisse*. So, while her busy, deft fingers sewed through the summer days on Rose's airy dress, little Bell decided she would go, after all, and wear her fresh white dress, and tea roses in her golden tresses, and the sea-green sash knotted on her skirt—a simple, exquisite toilet that made a very Undine of her, that made people turn their heads for more than a second or third look when she and Rose entered the magnificent ball room.

It was perfectly delightful everywhere. Mr. Granville possessed none but high-bred, intelligent friends, and the Misses Melton were treated accordingly.

The music was heavenly, and from her seat, where she sat like a queen in state, Rose watched her handsome host, who had bowed low over her hand when he was introduced—watched him, as, in his quiet, self-possessed manner, he went among his guests.

Her heart was beating—would he, oh, would he ask her for the first dance, or would he go among the groups of stylish ladies from the city, any of whom would be so honored by his attention?

And then Rose saw Mr. Granville go straight across the room, right by her, and bow slowly to Bell as he said a few words, and offered his arm.

Bell! Bell to lead the grand quadrille! Bell on Lionel Granville's arm, the observed of all observers—as fair as a sea-nymph, and so graceful, so sweetly unconscious of her radiant beauty.

Rose sat gloomily through the first quadrille, and watched Lionel's pale, handsome face as he bent it very near Bell's golden curls, his ardent, admiring eyes,

that looked so eagerly into the sweet, girlish face that others beside Rose noted his attention.

Then, the dance over, Lionel gave Bell his arm.

"That has been a delightful quadrille, Miss Melton. By the way, did you know I have something that belongs to you?"

They had reached Rose's chair by this time, and Bell turned laughingly to him:

"Something of mine! I do not see how that can be, Mr. Granville. Do you, Rose?"

Rose favored him with her most fascinating smile.

"Indeed I do not, seeing that this is the first time we ever saw Mr. Granville."

He smiled in Bell's eyes.

"I'll leave you to fathom the mystery. Don't forget the first waltz for me, Miss Bell."

He went away, so handsome, so courtly, and Bell's foolish little heart was throbbing with new, vague delight, while Rose was almost suffocating with envy at the signal triumph of her sister. Mr. Granville came promptly for his waltz.

He drew her hand through his almost authoritatively.

"Miss Bell, it seems I have always known you, yet you say you never saw me before. Suppose we take a walk through the conservatory instead of having this waltz?"

Into the fragrant semi-dusk they went, where fountains tinkled and rare flowers bloomed, and the music came in veiled sweetness and richness.

"I want you to be sure I am right, Miss Bell, when I say I have something of yours. Look at me closely. Have you never seen me before?"

He bent his face near hers. It was gravely smiling—and so tender and good—and Bell looked timidly at the smiling yet stern eyes.

"I am sure I never saw you before, Mr. Granville."

"Then have you ever seen this?"

He drew from his vest pocket a sovereign—the very one, with a tiny bit chipped off it, that Bell had given the tramp.

"Don't you understand, dear child! I had taken a freak into my head that I would walk from town here, and it was a grand walk, although it took three days and ruined my clothes. I stopped at your little cottage to beg a glass of water. You know the rest."

Bell's face was a marvel at that moment. "In your kindness and goodness you gave it to me, Miss Bell, and the little act gave me an insight into your heart that a year of ordinary intercourse would never do. I shall keep it until you will buy it back. I have set a price on it, and if ever you are ready to give it you can have it."

He put the money reverently away in his breast pocket, and took her out among the crowd again, a strangely happy girl.

And before the summer roses had faded, Bell paid the price for the chipped sovereign—her own heart—that Lionel Granville plead for so eagerly.

She is the mistress of their grand house now, and Rose visits her once a year, not oftener, because Bell's husband doesn't care much for her. But the invalid mother has a life-long home amid the luxuries of Fernley Court, and Bell is happier than the birds that sing in the trees of the big old park.

You Wait!—Waiting Still!

In a volume of personal experiences in a hospital at Richmond, during the late war, Mrs. Pember records the following incident:

"Kin you writ me a letter?" drawled a whining voice from a bed in one of the wards, a cold day in '62.

The speaker was an up-country Georgian, one of the kind called "Goubers" by the soldiers generally; lean, yellow, attenuated, with wispy strands of hair hanging over his high, thin cheek-bones. He put out a hand to detain me and the nails were like claws.

"Why do you not let the nurse cut your nails?"

"Because I aren't got any spoon, and I use them instead."

"Will you let me have your hair cut, then? You can't get well with all that dirty hair hanging about your eyes and ears."

"No, I can't git my hair cut, kase as how I promised my mammy that I would let it grow till the war be over. Oh, its unlucky to cut it!"

"Then I can't write any letter for you. Do what I wish you to do, and then I will oblige you."

This was plain talking. The hair was cut (I left the nails for another day), my portfolio brought, and sitting by the side

of his bed, I waited for further orders. They came with a formal introduction—"for Mrs. Marthy Brown."

"My Dear Mammy:

"I hope this finds you well, as it leaves me well, and I hope that I shall git a furlough Christmas, and come and see you, and I hope that you will keep well, and all the folks be well by that time, as I hopes to be well myself. This leaves me in good health, as I hope it finds you and—"

But here I paused, as his mind seemed to be going round in a circle, and asked him a few questions about his home, his position during the last summer's campaign, how he got sick, and where his brigade was at that time. Thus furnished with some material to work upon, the letter proceeded rapidly. Four sides were conscientiously filled, for no soldier would think a letter worth sending home that showed any blank paper. Transcribing his name, the number of his ward and proper address, so that an answer might reach him—the composition was read to him. Gradually his pale face brightened, a sitting posture was assumed with difficulty (or, in spite of his determined effort in his letter "to be well," he was far from convalescence). As I folded and directed it, contributed the expected five-cent stamp, and handed it to him, he gazed cautiously around to be sure there were no listeners.

"Did you writ all that?" he asked, whispering, but with great emphasis.

"Yes."

"Did I say all that?"

"I think you did."

A long pause of undoubted admiration—astonishment—ensued. What was working in that poor mind? Could it be that Psyche had stirred one of the delicate plumes of her wing and touched that dormant soul?

"Are you married?" The harsh voice dropped very low.

"I am not. At least, I am a widow."

He rose still higher in bed. He pushed away desperately the tangled hair on his brow. A faint color flitted over the hollow cheek, and stretching out a long piece of bone with a talon attached, he gently touched my arm and with constrained voice whispered mysteriously:

"You wait!"

And reader, I am waiting still.

Cure for Gossip.

What is the cure for gossip! Simply culture. There is a great deal of gossip that has no malignity in it. Good people talk about their neighbors because they have nothing else to talk about. There comes to us the picture of a family of young ladies. We have seen them at home, we have met them at the galleries of art, we have caught glimpses of them going from a book-store or a library with a fresh volume in their hands. When we meet them they are full of what they have seen and read. They are brimming with questions. One topic of conversation is dropped only to give place to another, in which they are interested. We have left them, after a delightful hour, stimulated and refreshed; and during the whole hour not a neighbor's garment was soiled by so much as a touch. They have something to talk about. They knew something and wanted to know more. They could listen as well as they could talk. To speak freely of a neighbor's doings and belongings would have seemed an impertinence to them, and of course an impropriety. They had not temptation to gossip, because the doings of their neighbors formed a subject much less interesting than those which grew out of their knowledge and their culture.

And this tells the whole story. The confirmed gossip is malicious or ignorant. The one variety needs a change of heart and the other a change of pasture. Gossip is always a personal profession, either of malice or imbecility, and the young should not only shun it, but by the most thorough culture relieve themselves from all temptation to indulge in it. It is a low, frivolous, and too often a dirty pastime. There are country neighborhoods where it rages like a pest. Churches are split in pieces by it. By it neighbors are made enemies for life. In many persons it degenerates into a chronic disease which is practically incurable. Let the young cure it while they may.—[*The Alliance*.

The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions—the little, soon forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of a playful raillery, and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasant thought and feeling.

Anecdote of Professor Agassiz.

A writer in *Harper's Magazine* tells a characteristic story of Professor Agassiz, cleverly illustrating the difference between the older school of science, which sought simply to discover and record facts, and the modern school, which seeks the law within the law by comparison of observed phenomena.

Some 35 years ago, at a meeting of a literary and scientific club discussion sprang up concerning Dr. Hitchcock's book on "Bird Tracks," and plates were exhibited representing his geological discoveries. After much time had been consumed in describing the bird tracks as isolated phenomena, and in lavishing compliments on Dr. Hitchcock, a man suddenly rose who in five minutes dominated the whole assembly. He was, he said, much interested in the specimens before them, and he would add that he thought highly of Dr. Hitchcock's book as far it accurately described the curious and interesting facts he had unearthed; but, he added, the defect in Dr. Hitchcock's volume "is this; it is dees-creep-teeve, and not compar-a-teeve." It was evident throughout, that the native language of the critic was French, and that he found some difficulty in forcing his thoughts into English words; but the writer never can forget the intense emphasis he put on the words "descriptive" and "comparative," and by this emphasis flashing into the minds of the whole company the difference between an enumeration of strange, unexplained facts, and the same facts as interpreted and put into relation with other facts more generally known. The moment he contrasted "dees-creep-teeve" with "com-par-a-teeve" one felt the vast gulf that yawned between mere scientific observation and scientific intelligence, between eyesight and insight, between minds that doggedly perceive and describe and minds that instinctively compare and combine. The speaker vehemently expressed his astonishment that scientists could observe such phenomena, yet feel no impulse to bring them into relation to other facts and laws scientifically established. The critic was, of course, Agassiz, then in the full possession of all his exceptional powers of body and mind.

—[*Scientific American*.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1879.

Mid-Summer at the City Hospital.

On the first day of August we made our monthly visit at the City Hospital, and approaching it from the south, we found the grounds restored to their wonted order. The piles of brick and rubbish had disappeared, a green lawn had supplanted the vegetable garden, and the lofty locusts and broad spreading willow formed a grateful shade in the summer morning.

The lawn mower was leaving a velvet track on the north lawn, and settee, hammock, and tent, invited the invalid to rest and refreshment.

Since last we had crossed the Hospital threshold, one of our aged citizens who for nearly a year found a home in one of its private rooms, had been borne to his last resting place, and we re-called the many times he had testified to us his gratitude for comforts and mercies received within the Hospital. Our sympathies were drawn out to another, a youthful sufferer, then passing through deep waters.

We found the Surgical Ward numbered thirteen inmates, but many of these were out of doors, and but few confined to their beds; one man who had weights attached to his limb had broken his leg by jumping from an engine on the new road but he was doing well. A soldier who some years since had had his leg amputated in the Hospital, by Dr. Whitbeck, had returned sick. He was hoping to obtain pension money to enable him to buy a wooden leg.

Eighteen inmates were receiving treatment in the Medical Ward. The sickest among these was an aged man afflicted with dropsy, one was suffering from sun-

stroke, one from skin disease, one had rheumatism, and one heart complaint.

Two occupants only were in the Lying-In-Ward. One of these had lost her infant and the other had placed hers out at board.

There were very few changes in the Upper Female Ward. An eye patient had been operated upon by Dr. Rider and had left benefitted; some persons had lung diseases, others epilepsy, erysipelas, rheumatism or weakness.

But few of the fourteen patients in the Lower Female Ward were confined to their beds and none were very feeble. A paralytic who for two months we have found in her cot was up, dressed and looking much better. The aged woman with broken hip, from Webster, seems more feeble. A new youthful inmate, with spine complaint, had come in for treatment. We found Mrs. P. aiding her invalid friend, Mrs. B., who cannot feed herself. The kindly ministries the invalids render each other soften the hardships of Hospital life and beautifully illustrate the Christian graces. We are often moved by the sympathy the patients evince for each other, and feel that the Hospital ward is a fruitful field for the culture of unselfishness.

Our Empty Mansard.

Our appeal last month for furniture for the new rooms in the Mansard of the East Wing was not responded to so fully as we desired. One lady has signified her intention of furnishing a room, but no articles have as yet been received. The past winter we occupied for a time one of the private rooms in the West Mansard, and we know how pleasing to the invalid are harmonious and tasteful surroundings. We know how, when away from friends and kindred, the adornments that make cheerful our homes minister to the benefit as well as the pleasure of the invalid. They speak of a mother's love, of a sister's care,

The Hospital Review.

and so, kind friends, of the sick, we come *boldly* to you, and ask not only for soft beds, for easy lounges and chairs, but also for beautiful things for the eye to rest upon, for those that will take the thoughts of the sick from their own troubles and brighten and cheer the desponding. Nice furniture is now very cheap and there are many who would doubtless take pleasure in aiding us. We would like to have churches who have not yet a room in the Hospital, or charitable individuals, unite in furnishing a few model sick rooms. Please combine comfort and taste, and the thanks of many a sufferer will bless the donors.

In Memoriam.

For some days past the many friends of Mrs. Mortimer F. Reynolds have been anxiously watching for tidings from one who seemed long hovering between life and death, and now the message comes, that the conflict is over, and that in her own beautiful home on the seventh of August she breathed her last. We, dwellers at the lakeside, have cast many enquiring glances at the steam yacht that was for some days her abiding place, and on which she wooed Ontario's breezes, trusting they might bring help and comfort, and alleviate her sufferings. The most devoted care of loving friends, and the assiduous and unceasing efforts of medical skill, could not avert the progress of disease, and though fully appreciating the many blessings that filled her earthly cup of happiness, she was ready to bow to the will of her Heavenly Father.

By the death of Mrs. Reynolds the City Hospital has lost another friend. She identified herself with its interests, and some years since selected and furnished a room for private patients in the West Mansard, that bears the name of "Mrs. Reynolds' Room."

A few months since as it needed repair-

ing, she gave directions for the necessary work, and invalids who in future occupy it will be reminded of the departed friend whose name will ever be associated with it.

The Children's Cot.

Little Annie, the present occupant of the Cot, is greatly improved by Hospital care. Her head that was covered with a fearful hamor is much better, and her weak eyes are growing stronger. She is a bright, cheerful girl, and all the patients love the little one who sleeps in the Children's Cot.

The dear children whose warm hearts and busy fingers have devised and executed so much for our Children's Cot Fund are now, many of them, finding health and happiness at the sea-shore, the lakeside, in the country or among the mountains. We hope they will all return benefited by their summer rambles, and that they will in their leisure hours remember the little ones who sick and poor would seek healing in our Children's Cot.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Interest on money invested,.....	\$17 50
Anonymous,	60
Receipts for the month,.....	\$ 18 10
Previously acknowledged,.....	606 92
Total receipts,.....	\$625 02

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

The enterprising house of D. Gordon is offering constant attractions to customers. Small profits and large sales ensure plenty of purchasers. The novel feature of a *bargain counter* where each day some new article is offered attracts crowds. His goods are fresh and cheap. Remember Nos. 79 and 81 East Main Street.

Apples.

Early apples will be very acceptable to the inmates of the City Hospital. They are very perishable and can there be kept from spoiling.

Our Matron tells us that the donations of berries and sugar for the patients were very acceptable. Fruit and vegetables can be disposed of in large quantities at the City Hospital. Our country friends will please notice this.

An interesting sketch of the history and work of the City Hospital recently appeared in the Sunday-issue of the *Democrat and Chronicle*. We thank our friends for their kindly notice of this Institution.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 19, 1879, Geo. W. Pratt, of pyo-pneumothorax, aged 74 years.

Donations.

Mrs. Mogridge—City Directory of 1878.
 Mrs. C. M. Lee—Old Cotton and six books.
 Mrs. F. Gorton—Graphics.
 Mrs. B. Mathews—Roll of Cotton.
 Mrs. Romanta Hart—Cloth and Shirts.
 Miss Hooker—Gooseberries.
 Mrs. Eugene Glenn—Thirty-five quarts Strawberries, 10 lbs. pulverized Sugar.

Receipts for the Review,

To AUGUST 1st, 1879.

Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—by Mrs. W. H. Perkins, \$ 2 00
 Mrs. C. S. Baker, 62 cents; Mr. W. W. Carr, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Darling, 62 cents; Mrs. Ann Hoyt, 62 cents; Mrs. M. C. Mordoff, 62 cents; Mrs. W. T. Mills, 62 cts.; Mrs. D. Palmer, 62 cts.; —by W. Elphick 4 34
 Miss H. H. Backus, 62 cents; Mrs. J. R. Campbell, 62 cents; Mr. E. C. Duushee, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Frick, \$1.24; Mrs. M. Garson, 62 cts.; Mrs. H. S. Hanford, 62 cents; Dr. J. O. Roe, 62 cts.; Mrs. E. K. Warren, 62 cents; Mr. A. J. Warner, 62 cents,—by S. S. Terry, 6 20

Mrs. W. B. Douglass, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Heath, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Loop, 62 cts.; Mrs. A. W. Mudge, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. McKittrick, Brooklyn, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Marburger, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, two subscriptions, \$1.24; Mrs. H. T. Rogers, 62 cents; Mrs. S. O. Smith, 62 cents; Miss Underhill, 62 cents,—by Mrs. Robert Mathews, \$ 6 70

Monthly Report.

1879. July 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 70
 Received during month, .. 14
 Births 2— 86
 Deaths... .. 2
 Discharged, 9— 11
 Remaining, Aug. 1st 1879, .. 75

Children's Department.

Coming into the Shade.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Out in the midsummer sunshine,
 Out in the golden light,
 Merrily helping the gardener,
 Ever so busy and bright,
 With tiny barrow and rake and hoe,
 Helena flitted to and fro.
 But the midsummer sun rose higher
 Over the flowery spot.
 "I must rest a little now," she said,
 "I am so tired and hot.
 Oh, let me come to you and look
 At the pictures in your beautiful book."
 Why we should leave the sunny lawn
 She did not understand;
 But cheerily, trusting, Helena laid
 In mine her little brown hand;
 And I led her away to a shady room,
 To rest in the coolness and the gloom.
 For she could not have seen the pictures
 Out in that dazzling light;
 Though the book was there, with its colors fair,
 The sunshine was too bright;
 But in the shade I could let her look
 At the pictures in that beautiful book.
 "I have never seen them before," she said,
 "I am so glad I came!
 And the gardener will manage the flowers, I
 think,
 Without me just the same!

And I need not trouble at all, you know,
About my barrow and rake and hoe."

So page after page was gently turned,
As I showed her one by one,
And told her what the pictures meant,
Till the beautiful book was done.
And then—I shall not soon forget
The loving kiss from my tiny pet.

And now—I shall not soon forget
The lesson she had taught,
How from the sunshine into the shade
God's little one's are brought,
That they may see what he could not show
Among the flowers in the summer glow!

—[*Sunday Magazine*.]

How Grandma Went Shopping.

Money should either be valuable in itself, or have a credit as good as value. Illustrations of the inconvenience to which those people put themselves who feel obliged to distrust such light and easily-carried things as bank-bills, were common enough in old times. A Memphis woman writes the following story of her grandmother, long preserved in the family traditions:

That good lady, in a time long gone by, was desirous of purchasing a new silk "gown." The nearest city where such a dress could be bought was H., thirteen miles from her home. The horse was accordingly saddled one fine morning, and tying beneath her dress a strong pocket, in which was a capacious and equally strong purse, containing fifty good silver dollars (dollars of "our fathers," not ninety-two cents,) she mounted, and, after much adjusting and re-adjusting the heavy weights she must carry, bravely road away.

But it was a weary journey, and many a time she stopped to change the heavy purse from side to side, as the bruises it made became too painful to be borne; and many a time in that long ride was she tempted to throw the valuable but tiresome weight into the gutter; but she was a plucky woman, and carried her enterprise to a successful termination, returning home the same day with the lighter burden of "plum-colored lutestring" and gay-flowered chintz, a weary, satisfied woman; and the story always ended, "She was so bruised and lame that she could hardly walk for a week afterward."

A Laconic Blessing.

Rev. G. B. Atwell, an aged Baptist minister of Pleasant Valley, Conn., who recently died, was known for his laconic speech. He once asked a blessing at a public dinner in this style:

Adam sinned by eating, and Noah by drinking. Save us, Lord, from the sin of the one and the folly of the other. Amen.

Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 S. Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 44 Spring Street; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 60 S. Fitzhugh Street.

Notice.

Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder.

Notice.

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Treasurer for their discontinuance and until payment of all arrearages is made as required by law.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
" N. T. ROCHESTER, " Dr. MATHEWS.

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By Mail, " 50 "

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Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. Dr. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 28 Spring Street.

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147 State Street,

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1879.

1838.

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BRITTIN & WILDER.

1838.

1879.

JEFFREYS

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ERASTUS DARROW,
 OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

1846.



1879.

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Cor. West Main and Fitchhugh Sts.

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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,
AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1879.

No. 2.

For the Hospital Review.

My Ship that Sailed Away.

BY BERTHA SCRANTON POOL.

I.

I have waited, I have waited when I was a little child,
For the coming of a vessel I had launched away to sea;
With its Christmas cargoes laden, and its promised treasure piled,
I have felt each hour a year of pain, that hid its sails from me.
I have held out tiny hands unto the coming joy, and cried,
"O, you pretty little ripples, do not drown my coming ship!"
I have left my hoarded treasures, turned from all the world beside
At the chance of spilling out the wine I lifted to my lip.

II.

And if ever, o'er all dangers, came the blue sky thro' the grey,
When the storm had found me sorrowing, with tears of childish woe,
And the shining of a homeward sail came dropping down the bay,
With a signal at the mast head that I could not fail to know;
Aye, if ever from my waiting came the day of joy to me,
Came the treasure, and the sunshine with its cargo all of gold,
I have always found the sweetness far less sweet than it should be,
And the very thing I coveted has seemed a little

III.

I have crept away at twilight, with my fingers pollen stained,
From the pretty bruised petals of the flowers that I sought,
And the dearest thing of all the rest that ever I have gained
Was just the *waiting* for the ship those tardy ripples brought.
And so, in childish sleepiness, before I said good night,
I have hidden foolish bitter tears, and turned me to the wall,
And I know how little was the plaint that told my story quite,
"Dear me, I wonder, really, of the pleasure was this *all*?"

IV.

Since, I've stood on darker shores and looked for ships that sailed away,
Deep laden with the freighted hopes of joys I sent to sea;
Or else, in their returning I have waited thro' the grey,
And gathered in my woman hands. the wrecks they brought to me.
The ventures that my girlish hands too early gave the years,
Those hands that still so young, O God, are not new hands, I ween,
In gathering in the harvest, that womans' weight of tears,
And leaving no sheaf in the way, but reaping close and clean!

V.

I marvel sometimes, vaguely, for 'tis foolish at the best,
Have they then quite lost, these hands of mine, the trick of sweeter things,

Of tying daisy chains again, in meadow glories
drest,
Of clasping tender memories, of wearing olden
rings?
Or, must they ever keep the fold learned best
from hopeless pain,
But not to every young heart giv'n, or else no
heart were young;
I long to trail them thro' the sheen of golden rod
again,
And keep time to the chorus that the happy reap-
ers sung.

VI.

But still I hold them out to Thee, Thou knowest
them, O God!
Thou knowest whether all my ships shall come
again from sea,
Thou knowest if this heart must still be held be-
neath the rod,
Or if the waves will bring back wrecks, and *only*
wrecks, to me.
And like the little child again, sometimes I creep
away
And fold my fingers in the way they ever seem
to fall,
And still the old, old questioning returns, until I
say,
"Of life and its sweet promise, is this song-less
ending,—all?"

The Story of a Dinner-Set

AMERICAN RIVALLING FRENCH ART.

THEODORE R. DAVIS MAKING DESIGNS FOR A DIN-
NER-SET FOR THE WHITE HOUSE — HOW THE
PROJECT WAS DEVISED AND SUCCESSFULLY
CARRIED OUT.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 31.—Pleasant as a Summer resort, this place is also invested with interest as the temporary home of an artist engaged in a work designed to do credit to American industry. This gentleman is Theodore R. Davis, who has been connected many years with *Harper's Weekly*. I have just come from his studio, where he is engaged on a most unique work for an American artist, and one which interests every American and will challenge the attention of the connoisseurs of the Old World. He is making the designs for a State dinner-set for the White House, which Haviland, of Limoges, France, is now at work upon and declares will be the finest dinner-set ever made in Europe.

First take a peep into the studio. When Mr. Davis came down here for recuperation and work his eye settled on a somewhat isolated bathing-house containing several dining-rooms. Mr. Bradley, the founder of Asbury Park, gave him plenary powers. He appropriated three of the dressing rooms on the end facing the sea, knocked out the partitions, cut out a large space for a window affording a view of the ocean, and imported his artist's kit. The corner from which he draws his inspiration contains a box covered with a gorgeous American Indian wove blanket, of great value. Here the artist sits in his working hours with a water-color board on his knee, his colors at his hand, and the ever-changing sea before his eye. Sea tints and sea scenes enter largely into his designs, for which reason the studio could not be better located. The studio is in the shape of a letter L, and in size about 6 by 4 feet. In one corner is a basin of water-lilies. In the box is a big frog which, when there are no visitors, sits on the bench and looks with a quizzical eye at the artist, who once kept him for a model, but now boards him for his company. Unfriendly pins hold beautiful insects and shining bugs to the walls, and a piece of dried fungus makes a delicately tinted background for a gorgeous beetle. Bold water-color drawings and engravings ornament the sides of the nook which contains the artist's throne, and over his head are shelves holding a few pieces of choice Haviland ware. A shelf holds brushes, glasses and other artist's utensils, and at one side are numerous bottles containing colors. A few days ago Mr. Davis had several large clam-shells ranged on the bench, and holding a variety of small creatures of the animal kingdom in a strong pickle. His friend Mr. Bradley put his teetotaller nose into the studio door and remarked, "It smells queer here!" "I should think it did," replied the unperturbed artist; "Mr. Bradley, it is with difficulty that I endure the smell of this liquor myself." The proprietor of Asbury Park showed that he respected art, even in pickles.

Upon a high shelf is a large photograph of the conservatory of the White House, with Mrs. Hayes in the foreground surrounded by her two youngest children, and Mr. Davis's little girl, who makes pies in the sand outside while her father lays

on the water-color. On this photograph hangs the whole story. Early last Spring Mr. Davis went to Washington on a mission for the Harpers, which was to make a picture of the President and the Cabinet, and which appeared in due time in the *Weekly*. Mrs. Hayes invited him into the conservatory, and after turning the camera on the group described above, the President's wife entered into conversation on a topic very dear to the housewife's heart. The china brought into the White House during the reigns of Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. Grant had gone mostly the way of all porcelain that servants handle at the State's expense. She found it difficult to set the table properly for a State dinner, since the china closet held only a Babel of remnants. She had ordered a new State dinner set of Haviland; the contract was signed, and Haviland was under \$5,000 bonds to deliver the set by January, 1880. Mrs. Hayes regretted that she had been obliged to go to France for a dinner set. "They make very good ware at Trenton," said Mr. Davis, "but, of course, Haviland, of Limoges, makes the best. Still, if you cannot have American ware you could at least have American designs, representing the fruits, vegetables, game, fish and fauna indigenous to this country."

Mrs. Hayes caught at the idea and acted upon it with the decision and authority of a Queen. "Scott," she said to her little son, "see if you can find brother Webb." The eldest son appeared. "Webb, will you ask General Casey to come to the conservatory?" General Casey appeared and was requested to write at the lady's dictation. She began, "Haviland & Co.: I desire to cancel the contract for the dinner set—" "But—" interrupted General Casey. "Remember, I am dictating," said Mrs. Hayes, enjoying his surprise, and continued, "and to enter into a new one similar to the first with the exception that Mr. Theodore R. Davis is to have exclusive supervision of the designs." This was the substance of the letter, which was dispatched at once.

It was now Mr. Davis's turn to expostulate. He urged that he was under contract to the Harpers not to do work for any one else. Mrs. Hayes, with a woman's faith, could see no obstacle in that contract, any more than she could in the first contract with Haviland. It may be that a President's wife can make and unmake

business treaties at her will. At any rate, Haviland acquiesced with incomparable grace, and Fletcher Harper, when Mrs. Hayes's wish was mooted to him, said to his faithful artist, "I don't ask you to try to surpass everything of the kind that Haviland has done. I expect you to beat them, and I'll have one of the duplicate sets for myself."

Haviland was in this country, and offered Mr. Davis every assistance and coöperation, but at first he was disposed to doubt if anyone could surpass his favorite artist, Bracquemond. He brought out an oyster plate. "That," said he, "is the best oyster plate that was ever made." Mr. Davis didn't like it, and frankly said he thought he could do better. "If you do I will break this plate," said Theodore Haviland. A few days afterward Mr. Davis showed him the design, and the favorite plate was seized and dashed into a hundred pieces that strewed the warehouse floor. The artist has already furnished fifty designs, and Haviland grows more enthusiastic over them as they come in. There are to be twenty-five sets bearing the signature of the artist and maker; these will be similar to an artist proof engraving. Eleven of these come to this country, and the remainder will be sold in Europe. Mrs. Hayes will probably have two sets, Fletcher Harper is to have one, and Mrs. Theodore R. Davis is not to be forgotten.

Mr. Davis has had everything his own way both as to the shapes of the pieces and the designs, and has aimed at a striking originality and strong, bold, effects of color and form combinations. Everything that enters into the designs is distinctively American. To give a running description of the different pieces: The tea-cup is in the form of a Chinese mandarin's hat, the handle being formed by a curling tea sprig, the leaves of which decorate the sides of the cup. For the oyster-plate decoration there are five Blue Point half shells in a curve. He has discarded the conventional half-dozen, adopting Emerson's saying, that nature loves the number five. Opposite the shells is a scene representing down on the seashore, a sea gull, and a tangle of sea moss bordering the picture.

The soup plates in coloring and form, are in imitation like the mountain laurel flower. There will be pictures on the bottom of the plates, such as a bullfrog croak-

ing on a bag, in the midst of a rain storm, and an illustration of a clam-bake.

The fish-plate is in form in imitation of a scallop-shell, with salt and fresh water scenes on the flat surface added to the heel of the shell to complete the oval form of the plate. In these water pictures are shown different American fishes, such as a trout lying under a lily pad, two lobsters fighting, a sheephead nibbling at oysters fastened to a palmetto log. The platter picture represents a fine roe shad entangled in a golden net. In form the platter is nearly square with the corners turned up.

The designs for the dinner plates are very elaborate, and comprise such scenes as a bear attacking a honey tree, the antelope, the buffalo, a coon climbing a persimmon tree, with a "darky" looking for the coon; cranes dancing, with one crane beating time with his wing while the others enjoy a walk-around, which is not of the imagination but fact, etc. The platter of the bird plates will be adorned with a wild turkey, the chief of the American game birds, on the wing, with a prairie fire and its reflection in water adding color to the picture. The bird plates are plaque in form and the prairie chicken, ptarmigan duck and other birds enter into the designs. The salad plates are a great novelty, the figure of a lobster being etched into the bottom of the plate, while the color will be applied underneath, the color with the varying strength of translucency, produced by the etching, uniting to form a fine effect. The dessert plates are decorated with fruits indigenous to the country. The plates for crackers, cheese and cigars will be furnished with pictorial designs intended to stimulate conversation. In form they will resemble an Indian plate, which is a stiff willow bent in a circle with thin strips of willow or reeds woven across. Mr. Davis's beautiful Indian blanket, on which he sits, will take a conspicuous place in these last designs.

The maelstrom attracts more notice than the quiet fountain; a comet draws more attention than the steady star; but it is better to be the fountain than the maelstrom, and star than comet, following out the sphere and orbit of quiet usefulness in which God places us.—[Dr. John Hall,

Wood Hymn.

Broods there some spirit here?

The summer leaves hang silent as a cloud,
And o'er the pools, all still and darkly clear,
The wild wood hyacinths with awe seemed bowed;

And something of a tender, cloistral gloom,
Deepens the violet's bloom.

The very light, that streams
Through the dim dewy veil of foliage round,
Comes tremulous with emerald-tinted gleams,
As if it knew the place was holy ground;
And would not startle, with too bright a burst,
Flowers all divinely nursed.

Wakes there some spirit here?

A swift wind fraught with change comes rushing
by,
And leaves and waters, in its wild career,
Shed forth sweet voices—each a mystery!
Surely some awful influence must pervade
These depths of trembling shade!

Yes, lightly, softly move!

There is a Power, a Presence in the woods,
A viewless Being, that with Life and Love
Informs the reverential solitudes;
The rich air knows it, and the mossy sod—
Thou, Thou are here, my God!

And if with awe we tread

The Minster floor, beneath the storied panes
And 'midst the mouldering banners of the dead;
Shall the green voiceful wild seem less Thy fane,
Where thou alone hast built?—where arch and
roof

Are of thy living woof?

The silence and the sound

In the lone places, breathe alike of Thee;
The Temple-twilight of the gloom profound,
The dew-cup of the frail anemone,
The reed by every wandering whisper thrilled—
All, all with Thee are filled!

Oh! purify mine eyes,

More and yet more, by Love and lowly thought,
Thy Presence, Holiest One! to recognize,
In these majestic aisles which thou has wrought!
And 'midst their sea-like murmurs, teach mine
ear
Ever Thy voice to hear!

And sanctify my heart

To meet the awful sweetness of that tone,
With no faint thrill, or self-accusing start,
But a deep joy the heavenly guest to own;
Joy, such as dwelt in Eden's glorious bowers
Ere sin had dimmed the flowers.

Let me not know the change
O'er Nature thrown by guilt!—the boding sky,
The hollow leaf sounds ominous and strange,
The weight wherewith the dark tree-shadows lie!
Father! oh! keep my footsteps pure and free,
To walk the woods with Thee!

A Reverend Actor and His Family.

The family of George MacDonald, the distinguished Scotch novelist and poet, after a long retirement at Porto Fino, Italy, have returned to London, where they have given a series of dramatic performances of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress." Dr. MacDonald dramatized this allegory some years ago, and his family have appeared in the piece semi-publicly. It was not until this Summer, however, unless we are mistaken, that they made a regular public appearance in London. For a short season the MacDonalds gave this entertainment at Langham Hall to crowded audiences, composed principally of ladies and children. Dr. MacDonald played the part of Greatheart, and Mrs. MacDonald that of Christiana. As there are eleven children in this family, it was unnecessary to go outside for a company. Dr. MacDonald is so well known in America, both through his books and personally, that there will be many people interested to know what is thought of this unique performance by London critics. The Academy, which is excellent authority, says:

"The curious and delicate quality of the performance is such, all drawbacks notwithstanding, as would perhaps recommend itself most to the trained appetite of a connoisseur. The *dramatis personae* are Christiana and her four sons, Mercy, Mr. Greatheart, Mr. Feeblemind, and Mr. Brisk; Prudence, Piety, and Charity, the former of whom also take the roles of Mrs. Batseyes and Mrs. Muchafraid; Mrs. Timorous, a shepherd boy (Piety), and several angelic messengers, in the most angelic of whom Charity could be recognized again. The dialogue is sometimes taken verbatim from Bunyan—a striking tribute to the dramatic picturesqueness of the old Puritan—and sometimes a narrative passage is divided among the actors with great judgment, so as to give the younger children especially most childlike and lifelike parts. But, regarded as acting, the most remarkable part of the per-

formance is the complete finish and harmonious thoroughness of the whole, the family troupe playing (to compare small things with large) up to each other with the same accuracy and disinterestedness as the members of the artificial family at the Comédie Française. All the performers have a good delivery (Mr. Greatheart may have been a Scot for anything we know to the contrary), there is no over-acting, and at least three of the actors show a command of feature which would satisfy the great manager Serlo of their power to represent more than a single congenial character; Mr. Feeblemind is anything but a feeble actor; Mercy's changes of countenance during the courtship of Mr. Brisk (which has been rather amplified) show a great reserve of dramatic power; Christiana is clearly an actress, and Mrs. Timorous ought to do well in high comedy. As an instance of the completeness of the performance, may be noticed the very pretty tableau silently formed by the children arranging flowers on one side of the stage while the dialogue goes on in the last act but one—scene, the land Beulah.

A Noble Woman's Work.

A daughter of the great Dr. Chalmers, in the true greatness of bravely and perseveringly doing good, is proving herself her father's equal. Rev. Mr. Talmage states the following:

"In one of the alleys running off from Fountain Bridge, Edinburgh, a street crowded with drunkenness and pollution, is the low-roofed building in which this good woman is spending her life to help men and women out of their miseries.

"Her chief work is with drunkards, their wives and daughters.

"In the winter, when the nights are long and cold, you may see Helen Chalmers, with her lantern, going through the lanes of the city, hunting up the depraved and bringing them to her reform meetings.

"Insult her, do they? Never! They would as soon think of pelting an angel of God. Fearless and strong in the righteousness of her work, she goes up to a group of intoxicated men, shakes hands with them, and takes them along to hear the Thursday night speech on temperance."

Reconciled.

This beautiful poem was written in a hospital by one of the wounded soldier boys during the late war:

I am not eager, bold or strong;
 All that is past;
 And I am ready not to do
 At last! at last!

My half day's work is done,
 And that is all my part;
 I give a patient God
 My patient heart,

And grasp his banner still,
 Though all the blue be dim,
 The stripes no less than stars
 Lead up to Him.

A Sealed Postman.

You've all heard of sealed letters, of course, and seen some, too, no doubt; but did you ever hear of the letter-carriers, also, being sealed? Well, a bit of news has come saying that, among the Himalaya Mountains, the men who carry the mails on horse-back are sealed to their saddles, in such a way that while they can ride easily enough they cannot get down from their seats; and, what is more, the mail-packages are sealed to the men! Once started on the route, the seals are not allowed to be broken, except by the post-master at the next station, and, if they happen to get broken otherwise than by accident, the carrier is severely punished.

The result of this sealing is that a mail-carrier, who wishes to steal the letters in his charge is obliged to steal also the saddle and horse,—and himself as well, I suppose.

Nice places these carriers have to ride through, at times! Why, in some parts, the road is so steep that, in going down, the rider is kept upright by a rope passed under his arms and held in the hands of two men who are above him on the mountain. If it were not for this, the rider would fall over the head of his horse, or else cause the horse itself to go over head first.

Altogether, the postmen of the Himalayas must have a hard time of it.

—[*"Jack-in-the-Pulpit," St. Nicholas.*]

We can do more good by being good than in any other way.—[*Rowland Hill.*]

Mehemet Ali's Wit.

Mehemet Ali, the founder of the Egypt ruled by his grandson, the present Khedive, was a soldier, a statesman and a law-giver. Though wholly uneducated, he was a man of genius, and a natural ruler of men. "He found," says a writer,—recalling the boast of Augustus that he found Rome of brick and left it of marble,—"he found all Egypt a chaos; he left it a country."

Mehemet, though wanting in culture, had quick mother-wit, and was as ready with a retort as a Frenchman. While he was building the canal which connects the Nile with the sea of Alexandria, he asked a French engineer what he thought of the plan.

"Your Highness must pardon my suggesting," replied the Frenchman, "that your canal will be very crooked."

"Do your rivers in France run in a straight line?" abruptly asked Mehemet.

"Certainly not," answered the astonished Frenchman.

"Who made them? Was it not Allah?"

"Assuredly, your Highness," replied the Frenchman, thinking that the Pacha's wits must be wandering.

"Well, then," replied Mehemet, with the air of one who had led his antagonist right up to a fact which settled the question, "do you think that either you or I know better than Allah how water ought to run? I imitated him in my canal; otherwise, it would soon have been a dry ditch, not a canal."

"The Frenchman was silenced, but not convinced," remarks Mr. De Leon, who tells the story; "and the canal is certainly very crooked still."

Difficulty is the nurse of greatness, a harsh nurse, who roughly rocks her foster-children into strength and athletic proportions. The mind grappling with great aims and wrestling with mighty impediments, grows by a certain necessity to their stature. Scarce anything so convinces me of the capacity of the human intellect for indefinite expansion in the different stages of its being, as this power of enlarging itself to the height and compass of surrounding emergencies.—[BRYANT.]

Evil is like the nightmare, the instant you bestir yourself, it has already ended.

RIchter.

Salt Water Day.

The earliest hours of the second Saturday in August, year by year, witness a singular stir among the farmers through a large circuit in the eastern part of Central New Jersey, back of Ocean Beach and vicinity. Doors open, and men issue into the darkness, and guided by lantern-light, they enter the stable and feed the horses, and re-entering their houses, find the breakfast already smoking, and the family ready for the meal. Soon after, the largest wagon, perhaps two of them, are at the door. The family embark, the vehicles drive away toward the sea. By daybreak such vehicles, by tens, by scores, even by hundreds, filled with joyous passengers, are threading their way along every road, on lines converging towards a known terminus. These vehicles are freighted with not only happy holiday excursionists, but with all the means and appliances for a sumptuous pic-nic—bread and butter, and meats, and pies, and sandwiches, and cottage cheese, and whatever else the glorious farmer-appetite delights in; and besides food, there are also changes of raiment for a revel among the breakers. Arrived at the terminus *ad quem*, the horses are loosened from the wagons, and tied in the shade of the fragrant pines, and a more or less regular encampment is formed.

The day thus celebrated is called The Salt Water Day, All Sea Day, By Sea Day, Great Sea Day, etc. It is a kind of harvest feast.

The wheat is housed. The oats are garnered. The long-leafed, silk-tasselled corn stands marshalled in grand battalions over thousands of fertile acres. The buckwheat is now greening and soon to whiten many a landscape. The general result of the year's toil is pretty definitely known. The crops have proved an affluent or partial success, or a complete or partial failure. In either case, victory or defeat, the fight has been fought, the fatigue endured, and now, ho! for the pic-nic! Ho! for the sea-side! Ho! for the breakers! The All Sea Day, like the venders so graphically described by the wondrous pen of De Quincy in the Lake region—like the fairs of the old world, afford a richly enjoyed opportunity for social intercourse, for renewal of old acquaintances and formation of new ones, and also, we guess,

for facile flirtation and prosecution of love affairs, and certainly for rollicking, light-hearted jollification.

The origin of this unique institution is lost in the shadows of New Jersey antiquity. It probably grew up from small beginnings. First a family or two; these joined next year by a neighbor or two, and so on. How the place of meeting is decreed and announced, is to the writer as yet a mystery. It seems to be hit upon so distinct. This year a chief place of resort was Wreck Pond hard by Spring Lake. I was assured by a participant that the number of vehicles present was very nearly one thousand, and that they averaged fifteen passengers each. The number of people upon the ground was said to be at least twenty thousand. Coming as many of the Sea Day people did from the most secluded spots, their costumes were somewhat dissimilar from the latest Parisian. The high covered wagons with a shawl pinned at either end served for bathing houses, and the breakers even were outdone by the boisterousness of the sea revels. As a rule our farmers, young and old, enjoy no surplus of relief from the inexorable monotony of toil, and such an annual holiday, if the recreations be restrained within the bounds of harmless hilarity, can hardly fail to tell happily on both body and mind.

The Prince's Nurse.

Dr. Alfred Gatty writes to "Notes and Queries": In dean Stanley's recent sermon, which alluded to the Prince Imperial's sad death, these words were used: "We heard of his faithful English nurse, and of her good counsels to him." The story of this nurse, as I heard it at the time of the Prince's birth, is very remarkable. She lived at Gilling, near Richmond, in Yorkshire, and having seen that Dr. Locock was inviting respectable women to offer themselves for the situation, either through a dream or mental conviction, she persuaded herself that she was destined to have the care of the expected child. Disregarding all ridicule or remonstrance from her less romantic neighbors, she presented herself in plain cotton dress, at the time appointed for elective competition, at the great physician's house in London, and was at last admitted after many more pretentious candidates. Her tale to Dr.

Locock was the same that she had told her neighbors: "She knew that it was her lot to nurse the coming child." Her manner and fitness prevailed, and she was sent to Paris. Some years elapsed, and my lady informant was in Paris, with a niece, and called at the Tuileries to see her Gilling acquaintance. She was received by the good woman in like peasant dress to what she had worn at Gilling. The imperial child was exhibited among his toys, and the offer was made them of a drive in the carriage that was always at her disposal for the recreation of her charge. She was as simple and unspoilt as when she left her English home. On the night of Orsini's attempt to destroy the Emperor and Empress as they were about to enter the theatre, this good nurse was awakened about midnight by some one opening the door of the nursery, where she slept with the young Prince. Perceiving that it was his father, she lay still, and saw the Emperor go and kneel for a few seconds at the child's cot, and then quietly depart. More is probably known of this "faithful English nurse," but what I have stated of her original interview with Sir Charles Locock, marks her strength of character.

Sea and Mountain Air.

This is the time of the year when many families leave their homes in the city for the more invigorating mountain or sea-shore air, anxious to go where they may derive the most benefit. To such persons the following extract from a recent work by Dr. C. Alberto, a celebrated Italian physician, may be an aid in helping them to decide: "The marine air," says the doctor, "produces the same benefit as that of the mountain, but each has a different *modus efficiendi*; the former acts more forcibly and energetically on the constitution which retains some robustness and internal resources to profit by it, while the second acts more gently, with slower efficacy, being thereby more suitable to the weaker and less excitable organizations. From this important distinction the conscientious physician, who takes the safety of his patients much to heart, ought to be able to discriminate whether the alpine or the marine atmosphere is the better suited to the case he has before him."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1879.

September with the Invalids.

The fervid beams of the mid-day sun were pouring down upon us with withering power, as on the first day of September we sought the friendly shelter of the City Hospital. The south lawn was deserted, but bright colored flowers contrasted pleasantly with the green foliage that ornamented almost every window in the lower stories of the east and west wings of the Hospital, and flourishing hanging baskets gave a cheerful aspect to the south entrance.

Our first visit was to the private room of the Matron, who, worn out with her assiduous labors, was preparing for her departure to the country in quest of rest and refreshment.

In the Male Medical Ward we found there were seventeen patients, three of these were receiving treatment from Dr. Rider for diseases of the eye, and were all doing well; one was listening to an aged Scotchman who loved to read to him; he told us that he was almost blind when he came to the Hospital, but now his sight was restored. An aged German patient was very sick—threatened with paralysis; he had long been an invalid. One man was suffering acutely from inflammatory rheumatism, and at his bedside were his wife and only child, a bright looking baby of twelve months. Four patients in this Ward were confined to their beds; one of these was suffering from heart complaint; we brought him pleasant tidings from two of his children whom we had just seen at the Industrial School, and his fatherly heart was moved as he spoke of the kindly care there bestowed on his helpless children. There are several aged and infirm persons in this Ward, some paralytics,

and two young boys, one of whom has a disease of the hip and the other a skin disorder.

The Medical Ward is greatly improved by its recent renovation, and the new blue and white counterpanes are much prettier than the old plaid ones. An aged man who has long been a sufferer from dropsy died this month in this Ward, and two others had died here, one of whom was only a few hours an inmate of the Hospital. There were no fever patients.

In the Surgical Ward we found three suffering from recent accidents. One had been stabbed but was improving. Another had, a few days before, while pursuing his trade as a tinsmith, fallen thirty-five feet from the roof of a house. He landed on his feet, and his ancles were fearfully swollen and discolored, but he seemed very grateful that his life had been spared. A young man from East Rush had had one of his lower limbs mangled, or, to use his own expression, "*chewed up*" by a threshing machine, and amputation had been necessary. He seemed very comfortable and appreciated his good quarters and nursing. There were ten other patients receiving treatment in this Ward, but some of them were taking exercise out of doors or lounging on the north lawn.

The Lying-In-Ward was empty; four little ones, who had first seen light within its walls and had been placed out at board by their friends, had recently died of cholera infantum, that disease that at this season of the year seizes with such powerful grasp the babes who are separated from their mothers.

Some of our charitable institutions have been censured for refusing to receive children under one year of age when their mothers are living, but this course has been adopted as a protection to the little ones, whose lives are often forfeited if they are deprived of the food. Nature has provided for them, and the managers

of our charitable organizations favor sending the mothers and babes to the Alms House rather than separating them.

In the Lower Female Ward we missed two patients who have long been within its walls. The one, Mrs. P., was varying the monotony of her many years' residence at the Hospital, by spending a week with friends, and the other, Mrs. B., was availing herself of her new rolling chair and taking an airing on the Hospital lawn. By means of the elevator she could be taken down stairs in her chair, and then rolled out the window, and this enlarged liberty was to her a great blessing. Louisa, the young German girl, afflicted with asthma and dropsy had gone home. Her cot was occupied by a young girl of fourteen, in whom we recognized one of our Industrial School children, who had weakness from being overtaxed with work; she was improving and amusing herself with fancy work. The colored paralytic was better, up and dressed. The aged woman from Webster with fractured hip was growing more feeble, but she expressed the kindest sympathy as we spoke to her of one bound to us by the tenderest ties, who, at ninety, during a visit to the seashore, had recently slipped and fractured her hip, and was then suffering from its effects. A young girl was under treatment for spine complaint.

In the Upper Female Ward a very large woman had just been taken from her bed and for the first time in many weeks was sitting in her rocking chair. She was suffering from an old fracture and a complication of diseases; near by was a case of chronic dyspepsia. In the same Ward we were greatly pleased to listen to the gratitude expressed by one suffering from sciatic rheumatism. She had been three weeks at the Hospital, was confined to her bed, at times had cramps, but said she had much to be thankful and grateful for, that Sarah C., her nurse, was so patient and untiring in her efforts by night and day, she was a most perfect nurse and she seemed fully to appreciate the efforts of nurse and physician in her behalf.

Our Empty Mansard.

We must repeat our appeal for furniture for the new rooms in the Mansard. Some of these have been appropriated to the use of the servants of the Hospital, and the three rooms they have vacated, in the first story of the west wing of the Hospital, have been devoted to other purposes, and will be of great benefit as used in connection with the Lower Female Ward. They have been greatly needed for the uses to which they are now appropriated. One of them is a sun bath room, another is designed for very sick Ward patients who, before their death, can be removed from the Ward, and thus be more retired as their friends visit them, and the other patients can be spared the pain of witnessing the death scenes. The third room was occupied by a patient whose disease was such as to render the air about her impure, and make her an unfit roommate for other invalids.

Our Children's Cot.

The summer vacation has taken from the city many little ones who have been wont to contribute to our Children's Cot Fund, and we hope as they return to the city they will send us some thank offerings for their pleasant summer. While they have been wandering at the seashore, the lake or among the mountains, little Annie has been an inmate of the Hospital and slept each night upon the Children's Cot. She is constantly improving, the humor that disfigured her has disappeared, her eyes are stronger and she is in every way better. We have several other young people receiving treatment in the Hospital. One girl has nervous debility from overwork; another has spine complaint. Annie's brother has a troublesome eruption, and a little boy in the same Ward with him has a diseased hip.

A Young Hero.

"Three! four! five! How funny!" cried the girls. "Hurrah!" shouted the boys. What were they counting? Yes, the patches on poor little Constance's dress. She heard every word and the boys' loud laugh. Poor little heart! At first she looked down, then the tears came with a great rush, and she tried to run home.

"Cry-baby!" said the boys.

"Don't want her to sit next to me!" said Ella Gray.

"What right has she to come to our school?" whispered proud Lily Gross.

"There! don't mind a word they say!" exclaimed Douglas Stewart, leaving the group of rude boys and trying to comfort Constance. "Let me carry your books," he continued. "Cheer up! It is only a little way to your home, is it?"

Constance looked up through her tears to see the bravest boy in the school at her side.

"I live in the little house under the hill," said Constance. "It isn't like your grand house."

"No matter for that. It has pretty vines, and climbing roses, and it's a very nice house to live in," said Douglas. "I dare say you are happy there?"

"Yes; I don't want to come to this school again," said Constance, softly.

"Oh, things will be all right in a day or two," said the boy, kindly. "Never mind them just now."

They had been talking of heroes a little while before; they had been wishing to be like Alexander and Caesar and Napoleon. There was not a hero among them except this same Douglas Stewart, who dared to stand out before all his schoolmates and befriend this poor, forlorn little girl.

The preceding story we copy from one of our exchanges, and we think we can record one that will match it. The heroine, whose name we may not mention, is well known to many of our readers and a pupil in our Institute for Deaf Mutes. Surrounded by all the comforts and luxuries that lavish parents can bestow, she is not unmindful of the happiness of her playmates, and the past summer she invited one of her fellow pupils of about the same age to visit her in her own home. The little guest received constant favors from her young friend who, by the most delicate attention, sought to make her visit pleasant. She was very fearful lest the child should contrast her own simple clothing with that of her little hostess, and was careful to make her satisfied with her own wardrobe. In sign language she indicated to her own mother she wished

her to praise the little guest's dress, and say, "How pretty it is," that the child might feel comfortable. One day the children were to visit a friend, and the little heroine went to her drawer and selected two aprons to be worn on the occasion, a nice *white* one for the guest, and a more common colored one for herself, that thus the little guest might feel as well dressed as her richer friend. Was not this a beautiful illustration of that charity that is *kind*?

Our Wants.

There is great need of old cotton. Please send us a supply. Fruit and vegetables are also very acceptable.

The Treasurer of the "Hospital Review" is absent from the city, and next month will report the receipts in August and September for the Hospital Review and the Children's Cot Fund.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 5, 1879, of apoplexy, Patrick Logan, aged 75 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 8, 1879, of phthisis pulmonalis, J. G. Crittenden, aged 33 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 15, 1879, of cirrhosis of the liver, M. B. Oviatt, aged 70 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 26, 1879, of railroad injuries, George W. Moynihan.

Donations.

Mrs. F. Gorton—Graphics and Harper's Weekly.

Mrs. Dr. M. M. Mathews—Old Cotton.

Mrs. Howard Osgood—Reading Matter.

Master George Weldon—Reading Matter.

Unknown—Apples and Flowers.

Monthly Report.

1879. Aug. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital,	75
Received during month,...	22
Births.....	0— 97
Deaths,...	4
Discharged,.....	28— 32
—	—
Remaining, Sep. 1st 1879,	65

Children's Department.

"Good-Bye! Vacation is Over!"

Oh, so much to say good-bye to, when the summer goes away!

The sweet, glad days of summer that cannot longer stay!

Good-bye to fair green meadows all starred with daisies white,

And the graceful nodding ferns, and grasses tall and light,

And buttercups so golden, beneath the summer sky,

Round which the yellow butterflies so lazily would fly;

And oh! the clover blossom, sweet as the new-made hay,

Where bees would gather honey the livelong happy day.

Good-bye to shady woodland, and little mountain rill,

In shadow or in sunshine its own song singing still;

And to the stately trees where the birdies build their nest,

And the leaves so softly rustle to lull them to their rest;

And all the sweet, wild roses that in the hedges grow,

And the fragrant blossom hiding in cool, green grass below;

To meadow brooks and mill ponds, to orchard and to lane,

We sadly bid good-bye till the summer comes again.

But the barns, the fragrant barns, with doors set open wide

To welcome summer's harvest, and the boys and girls beside.

Oh! the childish shouts and laughter, the gleeful calls which rang

Through every stout old rafter, as from beam to beam they sprang!

But alas! Good-bye, old barn, for vacation time is o'er,

Good-bye to beam and rafter, and old grain-sprinkled floor!

To all the dear sweet hours beneath the summer's sky,

To birds and fields and blossoms, we sadly bid good-bye!—[*Youth's Companion*.]

'Just Comfortable.'

'Where's mamma?' cried blue-eyed Bessie, running breathlessly into the room the other morning. Never mind, you'll do, aunty; I only want to know something. Is my pa rich?'

'Not very. Why?'

'O,' cause Bennie Bend and May Monk and Kate Kinsley are out here, telling about their pas, and I didn't know about mine.'

'Well, Bessie, I'll tell you. Your pa is not too rich, and not too poor; he is just comfortable.'

The child stood for a moment, looking thoughtfully, then repeated over and over to herself, 'Not weddy rich, not weddy poor, jest comferable,' and went out.

Presently her mother came in, Bessie following her.

'Well, Bessie,' said she, 'have you been a good girl to day?'

'No, mamma.'

'Why, Bessie, I hope you have not been a bad girl.'

'No, mamma,' said the little thing. 'Not weddy bad, not weddy good, jest comferable.'

The sick children in the London Homes and Hospitals will be the recipients of a new charity. A "Sea-Shell-Mission" has been established, to be supported by boys and girls who visit the seashore during the Summer, and who have been asked to collect shells and send them to the city for the amusement of the little sufferers. Each shell will be put in a box bearing the invalid's name, and accompanied by a pretty card.

He who spends all his life in sport is like one who wears nothing but fringes and eats nothing but sauces.—[*Richard Fuller*.]

An individual who called his first daughter Kate, when his wife surprised him with another girl, promptly christened her Duplicate.

He who climbs above the cares of the world and turns his face to his God, has found the sunny side of life. The world's side of the hill is chill and freezing to a spiritual mind, but the Lord's presence gives a warmth of joy which turns winter into summer.—[*Spurgeon*.]

A Willing Spirit.

The benefit of a willing mind is thus set forth by a writer:

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He who pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me.

"A cheerful spirit gets on quick;
A grumbler in the mire will stick."

Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 S. Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 44 Spring Street; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 60 S. Fitzhugh Street.

Notice.

Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder.

Notice.

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Treasurer for their discontinuance and until payment of all arrearages is made as required by law.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS
" N. T. ROCHESTER, " Dr. MATHEWS.

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Subscriptions for *The Review*, and all Letters containing Money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer, No. 28 Spring Street.

Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. Dr. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 28 Spring Street.

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One Year,..... 5 00	One Column, 1 Year, 26 00

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1879.

1838.

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CASE & MANN,

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WILDER & GORTON,

BRITTIN, WILDER & CO.

BRITTIN & WILDER.

1838.

1879.

JEF FREYS

UNDERTAKER,

125 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

ERASTUS DARROW,
OSBURN HOUSE BLOCK.

1846.



1879.

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Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Sts.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,
AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1879.

No. 3.

"No More Sea."

Summer ocean, idly washing
This gray rock on which I lean ;
Summer ocean, broadly flashing
With thy hues of gold and green ;
Gently swelling, wildly dashing
O'er yon island-studded scene ;
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,
Miss the thunder of thy roar,
Miss the music of thy ripple,
Miss thy sorrow-soothing shore.
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,
When "the sea shall be no more."
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,
As along thy strand I range ;
Or, as here I sit and watch thee
In thy moods of endless change.
Mirthful moods of morning gladness,
Musing moods of sunset sadness ;
When the dying winds caress thee,
And the sinking sunbeams kiss thee,
And the crimson cloudlets press thee,
And all nature seems to bless thee !
Summer ocean, how I'll miss thee,
Miss the wonders of thy shore,
Miss the magic of thy grandeur,
When "the sea shall be no more !"
And yet sometimes in my musings,
When I think of what shall be,
In the day of earth's new glory,
Still I seem to roam by thee.
As if all had not departed,
But the glory lingered still ;
As if that which made thee lovely
Had remained unchangeable.
Only that which marred thy beauty,
Only that had passed away ;
Sullen wilds of ocean moorland,
Bloated features of decay.
Only that dark waste of waters

Line ne'er fathomed, eye ne'er scanned :
Only that shall shrink and vanish,
Yielding back the imprisoned land ;
Yielding back earth's fertile hollows,
Long submerged and hidden plains ;
Giving up a thousand valleys
Of the ancient world's domains.
Leaving still bright azure ranges,
Winding round this rocky tower ;
Leaving still yon gem-bright island,
Sparkling like an ocean flower.
Leaving still some placid sketches,
Where the sunbeams bathe at noon ;
Leaving still some lake-like reaches,
Mirrors for the silver moon.
Only all of gloom and horror,
Idle wastes of endless brine,
Haunts of darkness, storm, and danger ;
These shall be no longer thine.
Backward ebbing, wave and ripple,
Wondrous scenes shall then disclose ;
And, like earth's, the wastes of ocean
Then shall blossom as the rose.

For the Hospital Review.

A Voice from the Sea-Side.

A desire for sea air and bathing drew us during the latter days of August to that "Paradise for children," Sea Cottage, kept by Mr. Chas. Grant, of York, Maine.

The harbor, where York river enters, or leaves the sea, (for it is largely formed by the inflowing tide,) and the village, with its historic associations, are two or three miles away. Here truly we found a place where our "loads of custom," "like drift-wood," were thrown down upon the "sand-

slopes." A stage ride of twelve miles over a hilly road from Portsmouth has a sifting effect, and the fashionables are left on the other side. So lovers of nature and of real comfort, divorced from show, gather together, under this homelike roof-tree, where "Uncle Charlie," as some of the young folks call him, and his kindly wife receive their guests with true, unselfish hospitality. The grandmother, past fourscore years, still, with deft hands, prepares the pastry, and Joseph, the famous biscuit maker, and the young waitresses come from neighboring farm houses and village homes to assist during the busy summer weeks, when seventy strangers often occupy the open house. This stands just above the beach, which extends one mile in length and 700 feet in breadth at low tide.

From the piazza one looks off on an almost unbroken waste of waters. Just in the centre of the view we descry the lighthouse on Boone Island. This isle is not much more than a dangerous pile of rocks. In 1710 occurred there a fearful shipwreck; the survivors at first prayerful and hopeful, at last were driven to the sad necessity of devouring the raw flesh of their wrecked companions. Then, says the historian, came a change in their disposition, and they stopped praying. After twenty-three days the living skeletons, some of them unable to walk, were discovered and rescued. The island has been ceded to the U. S. government, and three keepers are employed there. The family, occupying the house near by, are often driven by heavy storms from their dwelling to the second story of the light house. Over this light house the evening star was wont to linger, so that I at first mistook it for a lesser star below.

To the left stretches out the Nubble—a narrow headland with its extreme point separated, except at dead low tide, from the main land—adorned with a lighthouse also. As no theft has ever been perpetrated at the "Cottage," we ventur-

ed to sleep with open windows, though a piazza passed directly under them; and from our bed could watch the day dawn.

One morning the whole eastern sky was full of soft mackerel clouds. Soon a rosy tint touched the lower side of the clouds and the sea below, and through this narrow parting, near the Nubble, point came up the sun like an immense fiery bead upon the neck of the headland. To the right a shorter headland shuts in the beach, and a little beyond it nightfall showed us the revolving light on one of the isles of Shoals. So these three lights apparently from the end of each arm of the bay, and from the centre of the sea-view, with the evening star above the central one, were quite picturesque.

One evening as the low, western light was shining fully on the waves, and we were watching them from the piazza, a lady wearing a bright crimson shawl stood for a moment just at the end of the central walk from the house to the beach. I never could have conceived such an effect from that bit of color in the centre of the white foam. It seemed to brighten sea and sky. I could understand why artists like to introduce a touch of gay paint into their views, and for the moment it seemed almost a duty to provide rich, gorgeous colors for one's sea-side dress. Had I seen it before, I wonder if I should have made my bathing suit of red instead of dark, dull gray. If I had been younger, surely yes.

One breezy morning a party of young city ladies invited me to join them in an excursion to the Nubble. A steep path from the eastern end of the Long Beach brought us to a cluster of summer cottages. Calling at one of the prettiest, occupied by a lawyer's family, we heard how easy and how pleasant summer housekeeping is made for the Nubble^{ers} by all kinds of provisions being brought to the door. Home like bread baked daily, and even fresh candy for the children, made daily,

also, in the neighborhood. Only meat, fish and vegetables need to be cooked at home.

A walk of two and a half miles by beach and up hill and through green fields, decked with wild flowers, brought us to the boulder—guarded jumping-off point—where the narrow sea comes in. The boat used at high tide was off duty that day. Sitting on the boulders we waited awhile for the tide to be dead-low. But a strong wind and a full sea evidently intended not to leave us a dry passage. One lawyer escort baring his feet and tucking up his pants, with staff in hand, gallantly guided our feminine feet across the sea, amid many slips from the smooth round stones and seaweed, celebrated by merry peals of laughter from those looking on, and equally merry screams from the unlucky possessors of the soaked feet.

We mounted to the light-house; the keeper very daintily drew aside a bit of the cover of the brilliant lantern, so brilliant in the sunlight that at first I thought it surrounded by highly polished metallic rings, but a second look showed they were all of glass. He seemed afraid lest profane hands should presume to touch and so mar its delicate surface. We passed around the high gallery outside, to which he said he had to lash himself to prevent being blown away in a severe gale.

After visiting the fog-bell, arranged so as to be struck by a kind of clock-work, and taking a seaward gaze, we descended again, peeping into a cave among the huge rocks, lined with shells. Then some of the ladies bared their feet for the second crossing. Others, to the lasting sorrow of their boots, did not stop for this precaution. Some one way and some another, we all came safe to land, and thanks to our escorts, mounted the rocks, sometimes on hands and knees, baby fashion. Long after the dinner hour we made our appearance at Sea Cottage laden with five fingers and other treasures. But we found

the chowder hot and nice and our appetites none the less keen for five miles' exercise in the bracing air.

Then came an hour or two for rest and a sea-bath, and in the evening, a seat on the high rocks upon the beach, only a few rods from the house. As the light faded the sea changed from blue to a deep, rich green, contrasting finely with the silvery foam springing up into the air as it struck the rocks. Then the moon came out with her yellow gleam upon the waters. Blue and green and pale gold and snowy white; what could we ask for more?

I arrived fortunately after an unusually severe summer storm of several days' continuance. The waves rose very high, rolling in strongly from the sea, and the sun shone brightly. A land breeze sprang up to meet the waves, tossing them as they broke into a high, feathery spray along the whole line. It was a rare treat for summer guests to feast upon.

Circumstances prevented my visiting Roaring Rock and the Cliff, the garrison houses and other objects of interest. But one morning we filled the three seats of a large wagon, and Mr. Grant, after packing in sandwiches, doughnuts and apples, served us as driver. Passing through a village, (Cape Neddock, I believe, the word being corrupted from Haddock,) through fine woodlands, by lonely farms, and mounting rough, stony roads, which needed skilful driving, more especially on the return route, we reached the foot of the principal peak of Mount Agamenticus. An easy climb, where mountain cranberries spread out a shining carpet, and huckleberries tempted our ready fingers, brought us to the summit, giving us a fine view of the sea with the neighboring beaches and villages, and westward, the hills of Ossipee and the Blue Mountain Range in New Hampshire. Others joined us at the foot, and we dined "from the basket" by the wayside, cracking jokes and propounding conundrums over the doughnuts. One

thoughtful member of the party proposed passing round the hat for the dwellers in a most desolate looking home hard by, and Mr. Grant was made the agent to bear the gathered *quarters* to the aged matron, who expressed much pleasure on receiving the slight gift.

Agamenticus signifies On the other side of the river. Its highest point rises 680 feet above sea level, and it is the first land sighted far out at sea in a wide circuit. It is supposed to have been observed by Gosnold in 1602. There lived and died St. Aspinquid, for fifty years the traditional preacher to the native tribes from the Atlantic to the California seas. At his death, 6511 wild beasts were sacrificed to his departed spirit. He is supposed to have been buried on one of the peaks of the mountain.

A large company of strangers gathered in the Congregational Church in York village on the Sabbath. The service was pleasant, the organ quite good. The weather vane is still surmounted by the weather-cock. The church is modern, but is supposed to contain some timbers from the ancient one on the same spot, so long the seat of Father Moody's labors. Across the way, in the old cemetery, rest the good man's remains. We had only time to find the stone and, half reading it, hurry away. His son, Handkerchief Moody, is buried in another parish.

We were told that the widow of the second Governor of Maine, Gov. Williams, at more than ninety years of age, is still residing near the church at York village.

We noticed many private cemeteries on the farms of the vicinity. Some were in good order, but others looked sadly neglected. They recall the old days when New England communities were so excited over rumors of "body-snatching" that sometimes in winter, water was poured over the new made grave, or even wood was piled over it.

A few leisure hours were agreeably

passed in looking over books having reference to York and its neighborhood. But, lest I may become wearisome, I will give you the benefit of my copious notes therefrom in another letter. As one heart answereth to another, so in some respects is the history of one New England town the history of many.

As we filled the stage and sorrowfully took our last look at the beach, "Uncle Charlie" called the little folks to him and filled their pockets with candy. Long may fashion and ceremony leave unmolested by their presence this charming retreat by the sea!

C. L. S.

Gustave Dore at Home.

Dore's method of working up his pictures is characteristic of the man. One stands aghast at the sight of so many canvases, all on so large a scale. What! one man fill all these gigantic outlines! And then what a contrast of subjects! Evidently this man has the courage of genius. Here is a battle scene, furious, immense in its riotous carnage; there, further on, a peaceful landscape, with tranquil skies and silent meadows; beyond, some Spanish scenes; at the right unfinished drawings; on the left, one or two completed works, just finished, works of inspiration and patience. These different subjects are worked up only when the mood is on.

Then, too, this Rue Bayard studio is devoted to but one part of the artist's work. Here his paintings, landscapes, etc., are found. But another studio, in the Rue St. Dominique, is devoted to his drawings, sketches, illustrations, etc. There is no living artist who can be compared with Dore in productions. It has been estimated that were all his drawings, sketches, pictures, and portraits to be placed end to end, they would extend in from Paris to Lyons.

He is unceasingly active. His hands run with feverish rapidity over wood or canvas. He never studies but is incessantly creating. He seems to be the concentration of nervous energy. Watch him as he runs, skips, darts from one end of the room to the other. One moment he is drawing, painting, touching up a nose on

this personage, dashing a shadow there; the next he sits down and talks rapidly of the vaudeville he saw yesterday, gossips over the latest scandal, and repeats the *bonmot* of the morning. His conversation runs on all topics with equal freedom, touching each one with a spice of wit and vivacious audacity all his own.

In person he is small, thin and wiry, almost delicate, in fact. There is nothing in this slender body to indicate the amazing sustaining power which permits its owner to be what he is in his work. There are no evidences, either, of the labor in lines written on his face. His complexion is rosy like a child's; his eyes are brilliant and undimmed, full of life, of expression, of thought. He has a habit of throwing back his head to get rid of his hair, which he wears long, falling upon his shoulders. The garments, too, betray the man. A witty brother artist has said of Dore's working-coat that it gives the wearer the aspect of a walking palette, so covered is it with patches of color. Originally it was a brown velvet smoking-jacket, but by dint of constant wear and the many coats of paint it has received, it was long ago transformed into something very different.—[*New York Evening Post*.]

Success by Hard Work.

Young people often imagine that they can get on in life by genius, or a stroke of good luck, or by help of friends. It is fortunate for them when they come to know that success can be won only by patient and hard work. An exchange says: "When Charles Dickens said that all that he had accomplished had been achieved by diligent, patient, persevering application, he only stated what had been the experience of every successful man. Nothing is more important to young men than that they should early learn and fully comprehend this great truth. It is step by step, by toilsome effort, that all great achievements are made. As has been well remarked, there is no royal road to anything else of great value in this life. Work—steady, long-continued and regular application—is the only price for which anything worth the having can be bought. There is no great success of any kind without great labor.

Small things make base men proud.

Witches' Night.

From the earliest times men have been trying to look ahead. The ancient Egyptians had oracles where their gods were supposed to answer the questions of men by dreams and other ways; the ancient Greeks also had famous oracles, which people came from far-off lands to consult; the Romans killed certain fowls or animals, and guessed at the future by the looks of their internal organs; the Hebrews and the Babylonians had their own peculiar ways of finding out what was to happen. The world has not yet outgrown the longing to look ahead. The Hindu to-day sets a lamp afloat on his sacred river, and judges of the future by the length of time it burns; the Chinaman consults his "wise men," who pretend to understand signs; the ignorant African takes notice of the cries of birds and animals; the English—not long ago—tried to learn by help of what they call "witches;" and Spiritualists even now, believe the predictions of a "medium."

No serious attempt to look into the future has been made for a long time by intelligent people, and the old customs have become a frolicsome trying of "charms," especially on one night of the year. It is curious enough that the night selected is the eve of the festival of All Saints, which was established in the seventh century by a pope of Rome, in honor of all the saints who had no particular day assigned to them. The Romans brought this festival to England; there it became All Hallows, and the evening before it. Hollow-even or Halloween, and that was the night sacred to charms and games. In the seventeenth century, England gave up the night to feasting and frolicking. Nuts and apples were plenty from one end of the island to the other, and "Nut-crack Night" was the name given to it.

In England, the revels were for fun, such as diving for apples floating in a tub of water, and, of course, getting very wet; or trying to snatch in the teeth an apple on one end of a stick, which had a lighted candle at the other end, and, being hung by a string, could be spun around very fast, so that the players often seized the candle instead of the fruit; or a playful fortune-telling by naming nuts, roasting them before the fire, and watching their conduct when heated, — whether they

burned steadily, or bounced away, or burst with a noise, each movement of the charmed nut being of great importance.

One nut test was tried by grinding and mixing together a walnut, a hazel-nut, and nutmeg, making into pills, with butter and sugar, and swallowing them on going to bed. Wonderful dreams would follow, (which was not surprising.)

In superstitious Scotland, the night was given entirely to serious and sometimes frightful attempts to peer into the future by means of charms. One way of trying fortune was to throw a ball of blue yarn out of a window, and wind it into a ball again from the other end. Near the last something would hold it fast, when the winder must ask: "Who holds?" The answer would name one who was to have importance in the questioner's future.

Another Scotch custom was "pulling kale stalks." A young person went blindfolded into the garden, pulled up the first kale or cabbage stalk he touched, and carried it into the house. The whole future was read from that stalk: the size indicated the stature of the future partner in life; the quantity of earth at the roots showed the amount of his, or her, fortune; the taste of the pith told what the temper would be; and when the stalk was placed over the door, the first name of the person entering was the fated name.

The island of Lewes, on the coast of Scotland, had some curious customs.—Young women made a "dumb cake," and baked it before the fire with certain ceremonies and in perfect silence, expecting to see wonders; and the people also sacrificed to a sea-god called Shong, throwing a cup of ale into the sea, and calling on him to give them plenty of sea-weed to enrich their grounds.

In another Scotch trial, a girl would go into a barn, holding a winnowing sieve, and stand alone, with both doors open, to see her fate.

The fashion of trying charms is now nearly outgrown among English-speaking people. It survives in America as a pleasant frolic for a social gathering. In our own day, young people "sow hemp-seed," "eat apples before the glass," "go down the cellar stairs backward," holding a candle and a mirror. They also "pop chestnuts," "launch walnut-shells" holding tapers, and try the "three-saucer" test of the future.

In some of our cities, the boys on Halloween collect old tea-kettles, boots, large stones, etc., and deposit them in clean vestibules, ringing the door-bell and running away.

Thus the 31st of October—set apart by a pope as a religious festival—became, in superstitious times, "The Witches' Night;" crossed the ocean as a season for frolics, and ends with a street-boy's joke.

[*Olive Thorne, in St. Nicholas for Oct.*]

Moving Armies.

We think there is peace in the world just now, but in this month of October, great armies are marching to and fro, compared with which the forces of Russia and Turkey, so lately in arms with each other, were mere corporal's guards. The associated press says nothing about them. No pomp, no martial strains, no imposing array of uniform, draws attention to their movements. Who and what are they? Let us see.

Already legions of porpoises have begun to move steadily down from the Arctic seas to our coast. They will call a halt for a month, and December resume their journey further south. The whales will follow them later.

Since September 1st, all the bays and inlets have been filled with finned travellers outward-bound. They went up the rivers in May, each fish, strangley enough, going to its own birth-place to spawn, and now in accumulated myriads they are off for a winter's frolic.

They go in orderly ranks, too. The herring chase lesser nations, and are chased in turn by hake, and mackerel and blue-fish. Then come the great schools of barb, bass, etc. Last of all the piratical sword-fish, and shark. During October these myriads move under the water which is so blue and smooth on the surface, legion on legion of them, silent as death.

Under ground half of the insect world is busy in October, digging out their winter homes. The tigerish blind mole is blocking up his outside passages; the snake wraps other snakes about him and lies down to pleasant dreams; countless millions of butterflies, moths and beetles are spinning their grave-clothes. There is hardly a square inch of earth where, in October, some live thing does not go to hide.

In this month the vast armies of gnats, flies and their congeners look to the support of their families and then die. Up in the air go other mighty hosts southward. The wild geese lead the van. The lordly fish-hawks will bring up the rear leaving their solitary trees which stand like sentries on the coast. On their way they will meet the snow-birds coming up from the high Southern peaks, where they summer, and the traveler from Brazilian forests meet another who knows all about the northwest passage.

The Princess of Wales.

Widely different stories are told of the Prince of Wales. Some correspondents speak of him as occupied by pleasure-seeking, and therefore unfit for responsible public duties; while others give him credit both for uprightness of character and good business abilities. But every one speaks well of the Princess, as a woman of charming manners and noble character. All who enter the circle of her personal acquaintance learn to love her warmly, and she is also a great favorite with the public.

A lady correspondent tells an incident illustrating her tenderness of feeling. She came in full dress to a bazaar, where a sale of articles was in progress for some notable charity. A large company of distinguished ladies were present. After the Princess had greeted them with her usual cordiality, she crossed the room to a paralyzed child in a carriage, and began to play with it. The child, ignorant of the rank of the lady, began to prattle merrily, and put a flower into her hands. As the Princess left the bazaar, cheer upon cheer rent the air as the people recognized her. Because of her thoughtfulness and good judgment she deserves to be a queen.

Bow-Legs.

Mothers who desire to see their children physically upright should attend to this suggestion:

Bow-legs and knock-knees are among the commonest deformities of humanity, and a Manchester (England) physician, Dr. Compton, attributes the first-mentioned distortion to a habit some youngsters delight in, of rubbing the sole of one foot against that of the other; some will go to sleep with the soles together.

They appear to enjoy the contact only when the feet are naked; they don't attempt to make it when they are socked or slippers. So the remedy is obvious: keep the baby's soles covered. Knock-knees the doctor ascribes to a different childish habit, that of sleeping on the side, with one knee tucked under the hollow behind the other.

He has found that when one leg has been bowed inward more than the other, the patient has always slept on one side, and the uppermost member has been the most deformed. Here the preventive is to pad the inside of the knees, so as to keep them apart and let the limbs grow freely their own way.

The Countryman's Trunk.

Really good men, however famous and eminent, are generally the most approachable, and the readiest to do you service. A Western paper tells this little anecdote:

The other night, a modest stranger from the country arrived in Chicago with a heavy chest of valuables, which he did not know where to deposit while he should attend the meeting at the tabernacle, which was just about to begin. While he sat on his box in an anxious frame of mind, a stout, jolly-looking man came along and asked him what he wanted.

The countryman explained his difficulty, and asked if he thought that they would let him put his chest in one of the small rooms at the tabernacle.

"Oh, yes!" said the good-natured man. "Here, give me hold one end of your box, and I will help you carry it. I am going there myself."

The stranger was very much delighted, and not a little surprised, at the kindness of his new acquaintance, who insisted on carrying his full share of the load.

But when they reached the building, and he found himself and his chest taken into the preacher's private room, he gave a great stare, opened his mouth, and with stammering tongue exclaimed,—

"What, you be Mr. Moody himself?"

Generosity during life is a very different thing from generosity in the hour of death; the one proceeds from liberality and benevolence, and the other from pride or fear.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1879.

A Sabbath Visit to the Hospital.

The withering leaves of the elm and maple thickly strewn our pathway as, on the first Sabbath of October, we wended our way to the City Hospital, but the soft, balmy air was grateful to the invalids, and many of them found the north lawn an attractive lounging spot, and settees and hammocks wooed some of these to rest and refreshment.

Our Matron had returned from her visit to the country, and was uniting with the worshippers in the chapel, where religious exercises, so highly prized by the inmates, were being conducted by members of our Theological Seminary. Messrs. Latham and Conkling have kindly consented for the present to minister to the spiritual welfare of some of our inmates, and those who feel interested in their exercises are welcomed by them to the chapel service on Sabbath afternoon, and when this is over they often, with young musical friends, visit the Wards and engage in song and prayer.

Our visit was not to the chapel, though the voice of song and thanksgiving that came from it sounded very sweetly to us, but to the private Wards, and to the couches of those too ill to mingle in the public worship.

Our first visit was to the Lower Female Ward where Mrs. E. welcomed us and spoke of her regret that for some weeks there had been no religious service in the Ward. Before we left it, and at the close of the chapel service, her face brightened as she saw the theological students and some singers enter. She listened to the selections from the scriptures and to the prayer, but the feeble condition of one of the patients prevented any singing.

Mrs. E. looked brighter than we had seen her for some time. In the opposite corner of the Ward we found Mrs. P. who had returned to the Hospital and who seemed very happy in the memory of several weeks' visit to friends in the city. She was reading to a new patient who was reclining on her couch with her sister beside her, and who seemed interested in some selections from *The Changed Cross*. Some of the verses of "Father, take my hand," embodied the burden of her spirit, and there came the inward approval as we read :

"The way is long, my Father! and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet of the goal;
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, take my hand;
Quickly and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
Thy child!"

How beautiful is "The Gracious Answer" written by one in the far distant Oroomiah, but meet for the needs of weary, languishing mortals in every clime :

"The way is long, my child! But it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know, at last, when thou shalt
stand
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand,
And quick and straight
Lead to heaven's gate
My child!"

Across the Ward we found a young girl of the Hebrew faith, a sufferer from scrofula, too unwell to go out, but enjoying the view from the north window through which she gazed upon the lawn where the long shadows were resting. The aged woman with broken hip, known throughout the Ward as Grandma, seemed much more feeble than we had ever seen her; we felt sure she was failing. A young woman who had a tumor removed from near her eye was doing well.

In the Upper Female Ward were fifteen patients, the one apparently suffering the most was a woman past the prime of life who had for a long time been afflicted.

Both of her lower limbs were bandaged; the one had been broken and badly set and the other injured by a fall; other ailments increased her pain, but the cheerful resignation evinced by her was beautiful to witness, and at her bedside we learned a lesson of submission to God's will. In this Ward were several epileptic patients. We saw a young woman who had had a frog felon on her hand and was improving; there were also paralytic and rheumatic patients; one woman was suffering acutely from rheumatism in the joints—and near by was one who had chronic dyspepsia.

There were no little folks in the Lying-in-Ward and only one waiting patient.

The Surgical Ward was not crowded, but there were several new inmates who had been injured by rail-road accidents. An aged colored man had been knocked down by the cars and his left arm so injured that amputation near the shoulder was necessary. Another man, a resident of Albany, employed on the Central Rail Road, in passing under a bridge at Lyons, had had his head cut and his shoulder injured. The man of whom we spoke last month who had been hurt by falling from a building was improving. The deaf, blind, aged man was growing much more feeble. Night and day were almost alike to him; as soon as dinner was over he thought it was bed time. He seemed inclined to sleep most of the time. Our good Scotch friend, Mr. K., spoke gratefully of his comfortable days, and said his nights were his times of suffering.

In the Upper Male Ward we found a young colored man from the Opera House, who was quite sick but we did not learn what was his disease. The little boy with hip disease was improving. There was one man quite sick with typhoid fever.

Tranquil pleasures last the longest. We are not fitted long to bear our burden of great joys.

Our Empty Mansard.

The summer is ended, and our friends and patrons who have been drinking in health and pleasure in summer resorts are now most of them home again, and we hope as they resume their wonted avocations they will kindly remember the invalids, who when sickness comes have no pleasant home to resort to, but who seek care and shelter beneath the Hospital roof.

Six new rooms in the Mansard are asking for furniture and adornments. Who will fill them? Here is ample room for the display of taste and charity, and we trust ere long we may report these rooms as ready for occupants.

Some who may be ready to aid us have not seen our previous appeals, so we will say there has been an enlargement of the Hospital; the roof of the east wing has been lately removed, a new story with mansard roof has been added and the Hospital thus provided with nine new rooms. Three of these have been furnished and are used by those employed in the Institution; six rooms are now ready for furniture; they are bright, pleasant rooms, most of them basking in the south sunshine, and if appropriately furnished will make most attractive and comfortable rooms for private patients. One individual has announced her intention of furnishing one. Are there not churches, societies, or private individuals who will send in furniture for the others?

Our Children's Cot.

Little Annie who has so long occupied the Children's Cot, recently left it and returned home quite well. As we write it is empty, but perhaps before our paper is issued it may have another occupant.

We hope our little folks are preparing articles for the Children's Cot table on Donation Day.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

The Misses Hill, Brooklyn, L. I.	\$1 00
A Friend, Brooklyn, L. I.—by Mrs. C. E. Mathews,	4 00
Receipts since August,	\$ 5 00
Previously acknowledged,	625 02
Total receipts,	\$630 02

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

At the monthly meeting of the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, October 6th, 1879, Mrs. M. E. Gilman was unanimously chosen to take charge of the Hospital books. Mrs. Gilman will be at the Hospital to attend to business transactions in connection with Hospital work.

By order of the Board.

MRS. C. E. MATHEWS,
Cor. Sec'y.

Miss Clara Eason.

As there has been some misapprehension in regard to the age and history of the colored woman, Clara Eason, who recently died at the City Hospital, we make by request the following extract from a letter, written by one familiar with her early life, Mrs. J. B. Benjamin, dated Northampton, October 7th, 1879:

"I hasten to give you a more correct account of our dear, good Clara, than the one published. She was born in 1802 in Hatfield, Mass. Her father, I have always been told, was born in Africa, and so probably was at some time a slave, but never after Clara was born. Her mother was partly Indian. I have heard my mother say that wanting a little girl to look after a baby, she went to Hatfield for one who had been recommended to her; failing to get her, she took Clara home, though she was then but nine years old, and she proved a treasure. For eighteen years she was a devoted, affectionate servant, beloved by all the family. I being born some years after she came here, and a good deal younger than the other children, was her especial care and pet, and I loved her dearly. When my sister, Mrs. Hoyt, married and went to Middletown, Ct., she went with her, but returned the next year and was with us through my father's last sickness of many months' duration. She then re-

turned to my sister, and went soon after to Rochester. It has been a great comfort to us to know she had such kind friends who did so much for her comfort. May God reward them."

After Clara came to Rochester she lived as cook in some of our hotels and also in private families, but the greater portion of her Rochester life was spent in the family of Mr. Mortimer F. Reynolds, where, when the infirmities of age prevented her from the discharge of her duties as cook, she found a pleasant home where she was tenderly cared for, and by a singular coincidence, the room at the City Hospital known as Mrs. M. F. Reynolds' room, that was refitted by her directions shortly before her death, was the one in which her aged servant breathed her last.

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 16th, 1879, of mitral insufficiency, Mrs. Nudaker, aged 68 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 16th, 1879, of cerebral hyperaemia, Joseph Garber, aged 58 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 29th, 1879, Clara Eason, aged 77 years.

Donations.

Mrs. Munn—Apples, twice.

Mr. C. G. Houston—Four barrels Apples.

Mr. E. Brewster—Basket of Peaches.

Mrs. Beach—Old Linen.

Mr. Gorsline—Three baskets of Peaches.

Mr. Herrmann—Fourteen Cabbages.

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—, Pickles, 16 lbs. Raisins, Tomatoes.

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Mrs. R. H. Furman—Harpers' Magazines.

Mrs. N. T. Rochester—Five copies "Parish Visitor" every month.

Mr. Page, of Perry—One barrel of Apples.

Monthly Report.

1879. Sept. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 65	
Received during month, ..	26
Births,	1— 92
Deaths,	3
Discharged,	20— 23
Remaining, Oct. 1st 1879,	69

Receipts for the Review,

To SEPTEMBER 1st, 1879.

Mrs. Peter V. Stoothoff, 62 cents; Mr. D. Gordon, *advertisement*, \$15.00,—by Wm. S. Falls, \$15 62
 J. T. Andrews, 63 cents; Mrs. Dr. Collins, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Eastwood, 62 cts.; Mrs. L. Kaufman, 62 cents; Mrs. Henry Lampert, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Nash, 62 cents; Mrs. N. P. Osborn, 62 cents; Mrs. Israel Smith, \$1.24; H. D. Scrantom, 62 cents; R. D. Van De Carr, \$1.24; —By Seth S. Terry, 7 45
 Mrs. C. E. Mathews—By Mrs. Robert Mathews, 62

RECEIPTS FOR THE REVIEW TO OCT. 1, 1879.

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Children's Department.

Work for the Children.

LEAF-BOXES.

One of the prettiest uses to which your pressed leaves can be put, is in adorning boxes.

You can imitate Chinese work by using small bright leaves, yellow, red and green, for green pressed leaves always work in prettily, and are best for this purpose.

Round wooden boxes, such as strawberries come in, and which you can buy in sets, quite new, for a trifle, makes very pretty leaf-boxes.

For a glove-box, a work-box, or a handkerchief-case, an oblong one is better.

First, have a box, which should be quite smooth (and neatly lined with fancy paper), painted with two coats of black paint, without varnishing.

When perfectly dry, which may be in two or three days after the last coat of paint (or less, if the painter puts in something he knows of which will cause it to dry very soon), put on your leaves with good common flour paste and a soft brush.

This is better than mucilage, as it avoids the clear look and the daubing, which it is almost impossible to avoid with gum.

Put the leaves on in every direction, without regard to order, having them about of one size, but as varied in shape as possible.

You might make a close, careless group of leaves of a deep red color, about the centre of the cover; then take care that all the rest on the cover are yellow and green.

This has a very pretty effect.

Nothing of this color is handsomer than the changed leaves of many rose-bushes in the fall, and also some of the smallest of the wild strawberry and rasp-

berry leaves after the frost has crimsoned them.

If you are looking with a purpose when gathering your leaves in the summer, you will find plenty of tiny bright ones.

The thinner the leaf after it is pressed, the more beautiful your work will be.

Cover the under side of the leaf wholly, but as evenly and thinly as possible, with your paste, (I have found that this could be best done with a pen-knife), and lay it on the box, pressing it down firmly.

If you take a bit of black silk, about as large as the palm of your hand, and make a sort of rubber of it (by drawing it over a little bunch of cotton-wool, like a cushion), you will find it just the thing with which to press down your leaves upon the box.

After it is all covered, have the box varnished (with a white varnish, which you can get at any good paint-shop.)

Let it stand two days, where it will be free from dust, and then give it a second coat of varnish, and your work is done.

—[*Youth's Companion.*]

A Child's Heart.

The other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand, and walking with a painful effort, sat down on a curbstone, up Woodward avenue, to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the eldest about nine. They stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying not a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then suddenly faded away, and a corner of her old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest child stepped forward and asked—

"Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once; but they are all d—dead!" whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

"I'm awful sorry," said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but you see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you for-

ever!" sobbed the old woman, and for a full minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously contended the child, "you may kiss us all once, and if little Ben is not afraid you may kiss him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy!"

Pedestrians who saw three well-dressed children put their arms around that strange old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They didn't know the hearts of children, and they didn't hear the old woman's words as she rose to go—

"O children! I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for, but you've given me a lighter heart than I've had for ten long years!"—[*Detroit Free Press.*]

Be in Time.

Never linger ere you start.

Set out with a willing heart,—

Be in time.

In the morning up and on,

First to work, and soonest done;

This is how the goal's attained,

This is how the prize is gained,

Be in time.

Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 S. Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 44 Spring Street; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 60 S. Fitzhugh Street.

Notice.

Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder.

Notice.

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Treasurer for their discontinuance and until payment of all arrearages is made as required by law.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS.
" N. T. ROCHESTER, " DR. MATHEWS.

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By Mail, 50 "

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1846.



1879.

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The Hospital Review.

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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,
AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1879.

No. 4.

"He who Died at Azan."

The beautiful poem, which was read at the memorial service of the late Mr. Bowles, attracted wide attention, and its publication was followed by inquiry and discussion as to its authorship. This was finally rightly attributed to Edwin Arnold, an English barrister (we believe) who has written but little, but that little of singular beauty and perfectness. Mr. Arnold describes the lines as a paraphrase from certain Arabic verses quoted in Palgrave's travels in Arabia. Mr. Arnold is an authority in Sanskrit literature, and has made occasional essays in other oriental fields. A lady of this city sojourning in London, Mrs. Louisa Andrews, has recently sent us a corrected copy of the poem obtained from the author himself, accompanying it with these words:

"In a note to me, Mr. Arnold says of these lines and of those very striking and touching verses, 'She is dead,' they said to him, 'come away'—both are reproduced in American publications generally with some other name attached, and, what is worse, with gross misprints and mistakes. For examples, Azim' in the line you quote should be Azan, the hour of afternoon prayers in Moslem communities. This I think is the only mistake of importance in the lines as they appeared in the *Republican*, but I feel that you will perhaps be pleased to have every word of this beautiful poem as it came from the brain and hand of the author, and therefore send you this perfectly accurate copy."

After Death in Arabia.

*He who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends.*

Faithful friends! *It* lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this—
"I am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It was mine, it is not 'I' "

Sweet friends! what the women lave,
For its last bed of the grave,
Is but a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which at last,
Like a hawk, my soul hath passed,
Love the inmate, not the room—
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars!

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry
Straitway every weeping eye;
What ye lift upon the bier
Its not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
Out of which the pearl has gone:
The shell is broken—it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here,
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in His store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;

Now the long, long wonder ends!
 Yet ye weep, my erring friends.
 While the man whom ye call dead,
 In unspoken bliss, instead,
 Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
 By such light as shines for you;
 But in the light ye cannot see
 Of unfulfilled felicity—
 In enlarging paradise,
 Lives a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
 Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
 I am gone before your face,
 A moment's time, a little space:
 When ye come where I have stepped,
 Ye will wonder why ye wept;
 Ye will know, by wise love taught,
 That here is all and there is naught.
 Weep a while if ye are fain—
 Shunshine still must follow rain;
 Only not at death—for death,
 Now I know, is that first breath
 Which our souls draw when we enter
 Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
 Viewed from Allah's throne above;
 Be ye stout of heart, and come
 Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
 Thou Love divine! Thou Love alway!

*He that died at Azan gave
 This to those who made his grave,
 —[From the Springfield Republican.*

For the Hospital Review.

A Quaint Summer Resort.

I promised in a former letter some facts about York, Maine, and its vicinity, gathered from a short "History of York," by G. A. Emery; and a chapter from Mary Thacher's "Seashore and Prairie." I read, also, with great enjoyment, Tenney's "Agamenticus." This introduces one to the home and parish life of Father Moody and his family, and to the peculiar history of one of the sons, supposed by many to have suggested the story of the "Minister's Black Veil" in the series of "Twice Told Tales," by Hawthorne. But, as it is scarcely safe to search for exact truth in a historical novel, I hardly know just

where to separate fact from fiction in his case. Accidentally killing the play-mate of his childhood, a melancholy attacked him, and in later life his face was constantly, when in the presence of others, if not always, covered by a handkerchief. He was a man of talent and of learning. In preaching, he is said to have turned his back to the congregation. He went by the sobriquet of "Handkerchief Moody."

York disputes with St. Augustine the honor of being the oldest city in America. It was included in the royal grant to Fernando Gorges. His nephew Thomas came over to select a site for the centre of his operations, and in 1610 his seat of government, by an English charter, received the name of the city of Gorgeana. After the execution of the King, Massachusetts assumed the control. Then complains a local orator, "They gave us the short, snappish name of York, by which we are to this day known, and the liquid, euphonious name of Gorgeana, after an existence of ten short years was forever wiped out." "We were sold out," says another townsman to a rival company as it were, "for thirty pieces of silver, and crucified on the altar of the ambition of the Massachusetts Bay Company; and, after enjoying our city charter for a brief period, became a town of much note, this place being the seat of jurisprudence for the Province of Maine for a long period. But we commenced to dwindle by degrees until now we are completely isolated from the rest of mankind." Two years before Thomas Jefferson drafted the Declaration of Independence, the people of York drew up a similar document. The oldest inhabitant believes that some of Jefferson's famous sentences were borrowed from it.

Many Scotch people settled in York. It became a place of refuge for many who had offended the strict rules of Massachusetts, and even the laws of the mother country. At one time the colored inhabit-

ants were so numerous that a fine of \$20 was required for every Negro imported. Not one could be manumitted unless security was first given for his maintenance. By law it was strictly forbidden to bring into the Province Indians or Negroes as slaves or servants; yet the town was completely overrun with them.

In 1692 the people were furiously assaulted by Indians, and one-half the population either slain or taken captives. The animosity was probably awakened by French missionaries. The government offered a bounty for every scalp. Every Indian scalped, killed or taken, is said to have cost the Province one thousand pounds.

In 1874 an apple tree, brought from England in a tub more than 240 years before, (though its trunk had become a mere hollow log,) had still one branch retaining sufficient vitality to bear fruit on Cider Hill. Of its later history we cannot speak.

In 1665 the court in Wells, an adjoining town, ordered every town to take care that there be in it a pair of stocks and a couching (ducking) stool to be erected between this and the next court. It consisted of a long beam, moving like a well-sweep upon a fulcrum one end of which could be extended over a pond and let down into it at the will of the operator; on this a seat was fixed upon which the culprit was placed and then immersed in the water. I believe this punishment was rendered to sharp-tongued scolds.

In 1711 the town voted to build the schoolmaster a house twenty-two by eighteen feet with a *brick chimney*. In 1717 voted to employ a *grand* schoolmaster one year to instruct the children in *learned* things. In 1761 the first *pier* bridge in New England, perhaps in the United States, was built in York.

The famous "Father (Samuel) Moody" graduated at Harvard College in 1697. He came to York in May, 1698, and

preached as candidate till his ordination December, 1700. As long a period as some pastorates now. He declined a salary, preferring to live by faith and voluntary contributions of his charge. At one time, however, his people were so poor that he applied to government for aid, and was granted \$60.00. In 1732 the society voted to purchase a slave for Rev. M. Moody; at the same time voted to hire a man to live with him till a slave could be purchased. In 1734 it was again voted to hire a man or boy as slave, and \$600.00 ordered to be raised for the purpose. The parish assessors were instructed to buy the slave and deliver him into the hands of Mr. M. to be employed in his service during the pleasure of the parish. In 1735 the assessors were ordered to take charge of the Negro till the next parish meeting. In 1736 they were empowered to sell him, thus, probably, ending the dealing of the parish with slaves.

Many characteristic anecdotes are related of this kind but eccentric pastor of many years. One Edward Bellingham having entered the church during prayer time, Father Moody paused and then began again in these words, "And O, good Lord, among Thy other kind dispensations cure Thy servant who has just entered Thy house of that ungodly strut."

Some members of the Harmon family having been insulted by the Indians, a large number of the savages were invited to an apparently friendly powow and massacred while drunk. This happened on a Saturday night. The following Sabbath Father Moody alluded to it in scathing terms of rebuke, and prophesied that the name of Harmon would be cut off and the time come when not one would be found there. The prophecy has been fulfilled.

At the death of the beloved pastor the society voted to pay the physician's bills and funeral expenses, to give forty pounds

to the widow to enable her to go into mourning, also ten pounds in addition to his daughter, Mrs. Emerson, of Malden, to put herself into mourning at her discretion.

On his tombstone after a list of his virtues, one finds these words, "For his further character, you may read 2 Cor. 3: 1-6." This has been called an ingenious way of putting a long inscription into a small space.

It seems to have been customary to *squat* on the parsonage lands, and thus much of them passed into the possession of others, or were leased after possession had been taken, for a very paltry sum. A house lot, for instance, was leased for \$2.67 per acre, the lease to run 999 years.

Lorenzo Dow once preached in the Congregational Church. Contrary to the prevailing fashion of the times he wore a long and full beard. After completing his sermon, he is said in this instance to have followed his usual custom of disappearing from the congregation by jumping out of the pulpit window.

The original charter of the Eastern Rail Road gave a right of passage through York. The indignant people protested that the road would "poison the land for a mile on each side of it, and destroy the value of the rest of the property in town."

The E. R. R. was compelled to obtain a new charter, and the leading great men exclaimed when their representative returned from the Legislature, "We have driven them into the woods."

We copy items from a bill of the expenses of an ordination in 1750. It is well their pastors were settled for life.

1 bbl. flour,	\$71 87
3 bushels apples,	12 00
2 bbls. cider,	45 00
2 gallons brandy,	25 00
29 lbs. of sugar,	43 50
1 tea pot, 1 l.b. tea,	10 00
4 gallons rum,	26 00
2 bushels cran berries,	10 00

The following incidents are related of Rev. John Brock, a graduate of Harvard in 1656, and for twelve years pastor at the neighboring isles of Shoals. A fisherman of generous disposition, who had been of great use in helping the people from other islands to his church in his boat, on the Sabbath, had the misfortune to lose it in a storm. Elder Brock said to him, "Go home contented, good sir; I'll mention the matter to the Lord; to-morrow you may expect to find your boat." Considering its particular service to the poor, he made it a subject of earnest prayer; and, sure enough, the next day it was brought up from the bottom of the sea by the flukes of an anchor and restored to its owner.

One Arnold's child, six years old, lay extremely sick, if not really dead. Mr. Brock, thinking he perceived some possible signs of life arose, and with his usual faith and fervor prayed for its restoration, using these remarkable words towards the close, "O Lord, be pleased to give some token before we leave prayer that Thou wilt spare the child's life. Until it be granted, we cannot leave Thee." Immediately the child sneezed and afterwards recovered.

C. L. S.

The Fifty-seventh Annual Report of the Rochester Female Charitable Society for the Relief of the SICK POOR.

LADIES :

The present day is fruitful in fine theories about "the survival of the fittest" and the best methods to be pursued to abolish poverty and its attendant evils from the world, but the fact remains that poverty and sickness still exist, and those who by fortune or industry are the most favored, must help to strengthen the weak and exercise the spirit of benevolence toward the poor and sick; for we were told long before the advent of our blessed Master on earth who confirmed the truth

that "the poor shall never cease out of the land."

It is with gratitude that we come at the close of another year of quiet, unobtrusive work, to recount the mercies that have been granted us, although some of our number have fallen by the way. In the beginning of winter Mr. Geo. J. Whitney, a trustee for several years, was cut down in the fullness of life and strength, and borne to his last home. In the summer Mrs. M. F. Reynolds who was directress for a short time, was released from care and pain; and during recent weeks Mrs. D. P. Westcott, for nearly twenty years a faithful, unwearying visitor, has passed away. These providences that each year remove one and another of our number should incite us to do with our might what our hands find to do as the night cometh.

As usual the Board of Managers have met on the first Tuesday of each month to listen to and act upon the various cases brought before them, which they have endeavored to do impartially, with economy and the charity that preserves self-respect in the recipient. The work is always the same, with little variation or incident to interest the outside world; the visitation of the sick and ministering to their necessities, trying to carry some little cheer and comfort to homes often destitute of either.

All the visitors in their respective districts so far as reported, have been faithful in the discharge of their duties, often being obliged to continue help for weeks and months, frequently providing nurses and requisite nourishment until recovery.

A visitor in one of the most populous districts has had under her care in the past year thirty-seven persons; some of them sick for a long time requiring constant visitation; other visitors have not been called upon throughout the year. Several beneficiaries have died. From many of the stricken ones the expressions of gratitude for attention and comforts

bestowed has been sufficient compensation for all service.

About the usual number have been assisted—from 250 to 300 families comprising the aged, widows with large families dependent upon their meagre earnings, laboring men out of work and smitten by sickness, single women and young children; in fact every condition of poverty and suffering has come to the notice of visitors, and relief given to the sick. As we listen to the recital of many of these cases that are presented at the monthly meetings, we are impressed with the fact that sickness among the poor not only brings suffering but often absolute want.

With the constant demands upon our bounty we gladly welcome every aid in the prosecution of this work. As we make no public demonstration in the way of festivals or donations, the annual appeals that have been necessary for a number of years, have been generously responded to. The munificent bequests to the Society by the late Mr. Joseph Field and Mr. Edward Brewster, will make them the almoners of good now and in the future to those whose only relief is through this charity.

As the treasury cannot be supplied entirely by occasional legacies, without the continued gifts of those whose hearts have always responded to the needs of the worthy poor, we know that the cause is commended to their consideration.

Our thanks are here given to all who have in any way aided us; to individuals, to churches, to the Second Ward Aid Society, to the Daily Press of the city, especially to the "Union & Advertiser" and the "Democrat & Chronicle," for large receipted bills, and to Mr. Andrews for printing, and to the Board of Education for the use of a room in which to hold our meetings.

Respectfully submitted,

H. M. CRAIG,
Secretary.

Annual Report of the Treasurer of the Rochester Female Charitable Society.

NOVEMBER 1st, 1879.

To Cash on hand, Nov. 1, 1878	\$1041 63
" Individual Donations.....	1067 00
" Interest on Investments	828 44
" Interest on Pancost Fund.....	100 62
" returned by Visitors.....	21 28
" Membership Fees or Ward Collections	358 91
" Church Collections:	
First Baptist.....	15 79
Central (Thanksgiving, 1878) ..	57 33
" (April Collection).....	29 32
" (October ") ..	26 81
Brick	30 00
St. Peter's and Thrid Presbyteri- an (Thanksgiving)	17 60
"	65 40
Third Presbyterian (Oct. Coll.)	24 33
Plymouth	35 54
St. Luke's	68 19

Total receipts.....\$3788 19

By Directresses' orders paid.....	\$2,654 91
" Bills for Dry Goods and Blankets,	64 56
" Paper, Envelopes and Stamps....	12 50
" Printing Circulars,	8 00
" Secretary's Book,	2 50
" Counterfeit Money.....	5 00

\$2,747 47
Balance on hand Nov. 1st, 1879,..... 1,040 72
3,788 19

SARAH E. HOLLISTER,
Treasurer.

Fifteenth Annual Report of the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hos- pital to the Female Charitable Society.

LADIES :

The committee appointed by this So-
ciety by the request of the Trustees, to
place in working order and take the over-
sight of the Rochester City Hospital, as
has been their wont in years ago, to-day
present their fifteenth annual report.

Of the original committee appointed in
1863, four only remain. Six, faithful ones,
have laid down their armor, and " rest
from their labors;" six, by removal or re-
signation, are no longer with us; but
these vacancies have been filled by earnest,
sympathizing workers—a band of Christ-
ian women, to whom our citizens owe a
debt of gratitude for their unwearying de-

votion to their work, making this a model
institution for the care of the sick and suf-
fering.

The Hospital has been called to mourn
the past year the loss of one of its best
physicians. Dr. Ely died March 17th, 1879.
His record is written on high. He needs
not the praise we can offer; but in the
words of another we may truly say, " we
cannot do sufficient reverence to one so
true, so self-sustained, so harmonious in
his developement, and whose loss shadow-
ed so many households."

Death comes again; and another, and
still another of the firm friends and gener-
ous donors of the Hospital have passed
from earth—Mr. George J. Whitney—to
whom, with his loved ones, we have been
deeply indebted for many, very many, sub-
stantial tokens of their abiding interest
and generous thoughtfulness for this insti-
tution.

The Hon. Joseph Field, left a bequest
of \$5,000, well invested, for the Hospital,
the interest only to be used. Thus, year
by year, are we reminded not only of our
mortality but of the privilege of imitating
all who thus follow Christ's commands.
" Let your light so shine before men, that
they may see your good works, and glorify
your Father which is in heaven."

The Medical Staff still remains the same.
How justly due them are our heartfelt
thanks for their labor and skill, in the dis-
charge of their unrewarded services.

The record shows the following statis-
tics for the year :

Remaining in the Hospital, Nov.	
1st, 1878,.....	80
Received during the year,	248
Total under treatment.....	328

Discharged,	266
Remaining, Nov. 1st, 1879,	62

There have been 17 births and 31 deaths
during the year.

Six were entirely charity patients and

their support amounted to 1008 days—while the city and county and surrounding towns sent 130, for whom we receive small compensation.

Of this number 152 were natives of the United States; Germany, 27; Ireland, 34; England, 19; Scotland, 8; while France, Russia, Prussia, Holland and Bavaria were also represented.

Miss Hibbard as Matron, still occupies the position which she has had for many years. To her continued watchfulness may well be attributed the cleanliness and order which makes it so acceptable to those who need its care.

The ladies have lately engaged the services of Mrs. M. E. Gilman, to take the charge of the Hospital records and to make the financial arrangements with those who seek its benefits.

The "Hospital Review" is still published and sends its monthly reports of Hospital work to about 800 families. It deserves and should receive more generous patronage—it being the medium of communication of our necessities and donations to the public.

The managers feel grateful to the citizens and trustees for the liberal assistance given during the year, relieving them from the anxiety which they have had in past years as to the payment of the monthly expenses; also for the enlargement of the east wing by a mansard, giving us seven more rooms, which as yet, remain unfinished. Are there not some individuals or churches, who have the ability and will undertake this work. We are reminded of the warm interest of the late Mrs. Mortimer F. Reynolds. When the west wing was completed, she furnished a room, and among her last charitable works, she had this room refitted.

Our treasury is now empty, and we look with hope and trust to our appeal which will be made at our Annual Donation Festival to be held through the kindness and courtesy of Mr. D. W. Powers, in Mr.

Cobleigh's Hall, on Thursday, December 4th, 1879; at which time we earnestly solicit our usual donations of money, fancy articles and provisions.

To the Editors of our several city papers we return our thanks. How could we succeed if the press did not so very generously aid us each year. It reaches those we could not otherwise reach. And they will please accept our grateful acknowledgments. And to all who contribute to this charitable work we would extend the same grateful thanks.

C. E. MATHEWS,
Cor. Sec'y.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1879.

Donation Reception.

The lady managers of the Rochester City Hospital extend to all citizens and others interested, a cordial and earnest invitation to their Annual Thanksgiving Party, to be held in Powers' Block, (Cobleigh's Hall and other rooms,) on Thursday, December 4th, 1879, during the day and evening.

Dinner will be served, and supper also, and the bill of fare will combine the most palatable viands as well as the dainties and luxuries of this Thanksgiving season.

Our wants are the same as in other years, and just as pressing as our treasury is now exhausted.

For the benefit of new residents of the city, we would especially solicit donations of money, fancy and useful articles and refreshments of all kinds for the day, while everything that can comfort and refresh the invalid in our own homes, will be as acceptable and grateful for the sick in our Hospital.

Donations may be sent to the Hall by the rear elevator, through Williamson & Higbie's store on West Main Street.

Donations may be sent to any of the following managers.

Mrs. M. Strong,	Mrs. W. H. Perkins,
Mrs. M. M. Mathews,	Mrs. N. T. Rochester,
Mrs. Geo. F. Danforth,	Mrs. W. B. Williams,
Mrs. J. H. Brewster,	Mrs. G. J. Whitney,
Mrs. G. E. Mumford,	Mrs. A. D. Smith,
Mrs. D. B. Beach,	Mrs. Clark Johnston,
Mrs. Freeman Clarke,	Mrs. Henry H. Morse,
Mrs. S. W. Updike,	Mrs. James Brackett,
Miss A. Mumford,	Mrs. Myron Adams.

Our Annual Festival.

The time has come for the City Hospital to make its annual appeal to its patrons, and this year it stretches out empty, supplicating hands for its treasury is exhausted and unpaid bills are waiting for the avails of Donation Day. Remember us generously, kind friends, for we rely largely on your bounty to defray the current expenses of the on coming year.

The managers have been wont to ask you to meet them at Corinthian Hall, but through the generosity of our friend Mr. D. W. Powers, they are able to extend to you an invitation to give them the pleasure of your company on

Thursday, December Fourth, at

POWERS' BUILDING.

The refreshment tables will be spread in Cobleigh's Dancing Hall and the rear elevator will take our guests there. The fancy and Children's Cot and other tables will be in contiguous apartments, seats will be provided, and for the evening there will be a band of music, and arrangements have been made that promise to make this one of the most delightful gatherings to which we have ever summonsed you. Come then one and all, and by your presence, your gifts, and your sympathy, lend a helping hand to a noble charity.

Articles designed for the General Fancy Table may be sent before Donation Day to Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford, 37 Troup

Street; and those designed for the Children's Cot Table, to Mrs. Charles H. Angel, 3 Gibbs Street.

Notice.

Donations of fuel, flour, apples, potatoes or of bulky articles designed for the use of the Hospital, may be sent with the names of the donors to the City Hospital. Articles for the refreshment tables may be sent, on the morning of Donation Day, to Powers' Building, and the conductor of the rear elevator will receive and convey such donations to a room designed for their reception.

The Mite Boxes.

Persons holding Mite Boxes are requested to return them on Donation Day to Miss Mary Perkins. Should any fail to do this, they will oblige the treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, 48 Spring Street, if they will at once send them to her.

The Hospital Review.

The treasurer of the *Review* trusts that the old subscribers to this monthly will renew their subscriptions on Donation Day, and that many others will become subscribers.

To Subscribers.

Non-resident subscribers, remitting for the *Hospital Review*, in the absence of paper currency, can send postage stamps in payment.

Our Needs.

We have at present quite a number of persons in the Hospital who use crutches and if there are any useless ones in the city they could be appropriated by our patients. Please send us a child's Rocking Chair for the Children's Cot.

A November Morning at the Hospital.

The leaden sky, chilling blasts and falling snow-flakes that greeted us on our way to the City Hospital, early in November, assured us that but few of the patients would be absent from the Wards, and we rejoiced that in such inclement weather so comfortable a refuge opened its doors for the invalid.

We first visited the Lower Female Ward and sat for awhile beside one suffering from extreme nausea, a blister had just been applied and she hoped for relief, life seemed a burden to her and she longed for the hour of her release. On the next couch was one who a few days before had been operated upon for cataract. The eyes were bandaged, but the Doctor thought the patient was doing well. She was just taking a bowl of beef tea that the nurse had brought her, and said, "This is nice. It tastes good." The next patient was afflicted with internal cancer but said she was more comfortable than she had been. She spoke very gratefully of the attention of Dr. Little, said he was very kind and skillful, and had greatly relieved her. She also was taking beef tea. On the next couch lay a young woman who had in addition to other weaknesses a lame limb; she enjoyed some of the comforting selections that we read to her from "The Changed Cross." Mrs. P. sat beside her, not quite so well as when last we saw her. An infirm, aged woman who had long been afflicted with lameness, but more recently had been palsied, had been brought into the Ward, and seemed very grateful for her good quarters. The aged woman from Webster with broken hip was very feeble. A colored woman, a paralytic, was sitting by the register and near by a patient with swollen limbs. Mrs. C. was suffering from rheumatism and a diseased heart. A young woman whose lungs were troubling her was amusing herself with a hymn

book. "I used to sing," said she, "but I have lost my voice, and can only sing to myself but I love these hymns."

There were no infants in the Lying-In Ward and but one waiting patient.

In the Upper Female Ward only two patients were in their cots; one of these had chronic dyspepsia, the other paralysis. The latter was a young woman who when she came to the Hospital could not use her hands; now she can feed herself. Mrs. H. was much better than she had been for a long time, she looked very comfortable, was busy embroidering, and hoped to go home before Christmas. Two epileptic patients were amusing themselves with fancy patch work; they said bits of velvet and silk would be very acceptable, they would reach them if directed to C. and J. Upper Female Ward, City Hospital. One patient was in her rocking chair with warm wrappings about her as chronic rheumatism made her very sensitive to the cold. Mrs. M. was still afflicted with erysipelas.

There were twelve patients in the Male Medical Ward and one in the Fever Ward. Mr. M. the nurse, was sick, and for a time resting from his labors. In this Ward we found persons afflicted with consumption, diseased heart, rheumatism, sore hip, epilepsy, blindness and paralysis. One man was expecting to be operated upon for cataract. He seemed greatly pleased with his surroundings and said, "Nothing can surpass the management of this Hospital, and if I regain my sight as I hope to do, I will be able as I am willing to publish what it has done for me. I have been in other institutions but in none so well conducted as this; the officials are kind and attentive and the Medical Staff doing their duty."

In the Male Surgical Ward were thirteen patients. The sickest of these were a man whose arm had been amputated and one who had an abscess in the throat. A little boy nine years old, with abscess on

the leg, was bolstered up in bed and was playing checkers, and near by was a youth on crutches whose limb had been amputated. The man who was injured by a rail road accident had returned home, and also the man who fell from the roof of a building. A man who was stabbed in the arm had recovered.

Our Children's Cot.

The little cot has another occupant, a German child, eight years old. She has brothers and a sister at home who are healthy but little Mary Kern has never been well. She has a fearful eruption on her neck, hands and feet. She has been in the Hospital since the twenty-seventh of October and can now walk a little on her feet. When we saw her she had on large cloth shoes or moccasins and the nurse said there were blisters on the bottom of her feet. She has never been at school but she sings sweetly. She sang for us "The Evergreen Shore." Mary is a generous hearted little girl. The other day she sang for a lady and pleased her so much that she gave her five cents. What do you think Mary did with it? She put it in the little bank box that stands by the Children's Cot, so that this month among the contributions to the Children's Cot we must acknowledge five cents from Mary Kern, the present occupant of the Cot. There are several other children in the Hospital. Most of these are in the Male Wards. One little boy has an abscess on the leg, one has trouble with the hip, another has a skin disease.

We need a small rocking chair for the use of the little ones who sleep in the Children's Cot. Is there not some low rocking chair that can be spared for the Children's Cot? We hope there are many who will send in donations for our Children's Cot table and fund on Donation Day.

Children's Cot.

Articles for the Children's Cot table may be sent to Mrs. Charles H. Angel, No. 3 Gibbs St. This fund we are particularly anxious should be increased as fast as possible. It now amounts to \$632.02.

Apples.

We are purchasing apples for the use of the Hospital. Can not some of country friends supply us?

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 11th, 1879, from internal injuries, Morris Huntington, aged 56 years.

Donations.

Mrs. J. H. Martindale—One and one-half bushels of Pears.
 Mrs. Wm. Corning—One bushels of Pears.
 Mr. Isaac Butts—Six bushels of Pears.
 Mrs. Aaron Erickson—Two bushels of Pears.
 Mrs. A. D. Smith—Old Cotton.
 Mrs. Franklin Hinchy—Old Cotton.
 Mrs. C. E. Mathews—Old Cotton.
 Mrs. Arnold—Bandages.
 Mrs. Freeman Clarke—Second-hand Clothing.
 Mrs. G. E. Mumford—Second-hand Clothing.
 Miss Pixley—Flowers, Pickles, Old Cotton.
 Mrs. Wm. S. Little—Flowers, Papers.
 Mrs. R. Mathews—Pickles.
 Mrs. F. Gorton—Daily Graphics.
 Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. G. C. Buell—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Mc Arthur—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Lloyd—Reading Matter.
 Mr. Robert Fenn—Air Cushion.

Receipts for the Review.

TO NOVEMBER 1, 1879.

Miss F. H. Bryan, Philadelphia, Penn.—by	
Mrs. N. T. Rochester.....	\$ 50
Miss E. C. Adams, Quincy, Mass.—by Mrs.	
S. H. Terry	1 00
Mrs. A. G. Bradstreet, Melrose Highlands,	
Mass., 50 cents; Miss A. McLean, Mel-	
rose Highlands, Mass., 50 cents—by	
Mrs. H. Frost	1 00
Mrs. W. C. Barry, 63 cents; Mrs. P. Bar-	
ry, 62 cts; Mrs. H. Dagge, \$1.25; Mrs.	
George Ellwanger, 62 cents; Mrs. H. S.	
Southworth, 62 cents; Miss M. J. Wat-	
son, 62 cents—by Miss M. J. Watson,..	4 36

Mrs. E. R. Andrews, 63 cents; Mrs. C. P. Boswell, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Bennett, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. M. Backus, 62 cents; Miss M. I. Bliss, 62 cents; Mrs. G. C. Buell, 62 cents; Mrs. D. L. Coville, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Erickson, \$1.24; Mrs. Henry L. Fish, 62 cents; Mrs. E. P. Gould, 62c.; Mrs. G. D. Hale, 62 cents; Miss Wealtha Hill, 62 cents; Mrs. W. R. Hallowell, 67 cts; Mrs. C. J. Hayden, \$1.25; Mrs. M. D. L. Hayes, 62 cents; Mrs. A. L. Mabbett, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. Samuel Millman, 62 cents; Mrs. Henry Michaels, \$1.25; Mrs. I. F. Quinby, 62 cents; Mrs. G. E. Ripsom, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Winn, \$1.25; Mrs. E. W. Williams, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Moore, 62 cents—by Mrs. S. W. Urdike, \$15 74

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Monthly Report.

1879. Oct. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 69	
Received during month... 23	
Births, 1—	93
Deaths,.... 1	
Discharged, 30—	31
Remaining, Nov. 1st 1879	62

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John Greenleaf Whittier, the most child-hearted as he is among the foremost of American Authors, writer of St. Nicholas: "It is little to say of this magazine that it is the best child's periodical in the world." Prof. Proctor, the astronomer, wrote from London: "What a wonderful magazine it is for young folks, and ours are quite as much delighted, with it as American children can be!" That it is calculated to delight the little folks everywhere is indicated by the fact that it is to be issued in French by Delagrave of Paris and that even the far-away little Moslems are now to have a volume made up of translations from St. Nicholas into Arabic by the Rev. H. H. Jessup.

Beginning with the November number (ready Oct. 25th) the magazine is to be printed on heavier paper with wider margins, and is to be so much enlarged that the new volume will contain nearly two hundred more pages than any former volume, while the price will remain the same. The publishers announce many brilliant novelties, including a new serial by Miss Louisa M. Alcott, entitled "Jack and Jill;" "The Treasure-Box of English Literature," in which will be given gems from standard English and American authors; an Acting-Play for Sunday Schools, by Rev. Edward Eggleston which will be printed in time for the holidays, with full directions for its representation in school exhibitions; and a beautiful Fairy Operetta for children entitled "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood."

The November number has two beautiful frontispieces and a red-line title-page, and contains over sixty illustrations. In it, begins a new serial story for boys, "Among the Lakes," by the author of "Dab Kinzer."

Another splendid serial for boys has been secured for this volume,—"The Fairport Nine,"

a story of a base-ball club, by Noah Brooks. In short, St. Nicholas, which has no rival on either continent, is to be better than ever.

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There are two fine portraits of Bayard Taylor, one engraved by Cole, from the best photograph, and the other a reproduction by Juengling, of O'Donovan's bronze bass-relief. These portraits accompany a discriminating critique of Taylor, by Stedman. Clarence Cook has a paper on "Morris Moore's Old Masters," with a reproduction, by Cole, of Raphael's "Apollo and Marsyas." There are Poems, Stories and Sketches; "Extracts from the Journal of Henry J. Raymond," with interesting reminiscences of Daniel Webster; a beautiful story, by Boyesen; an ingenious story, "A Sigh"; the fourth part of "Confidence," by Henry James, Jr., begun in August; and the first part of a new American novel of Creole life, "The Grandissimes," by George W. Cable of New Orleans, the author of "Old Creole Days," which has created such an excellent impression in the literary world. "The Reign of Peter the Great," by Eugene Schuyler, is noted editorially. This splendid series of illustrated Historical Papers, the greatest work of the sort yet undertaken by any popular magazine, will begin in the January issue, and will continue for two years.

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Notice.

Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder.

Children's Department.

Preaching With the Top of his Head.

A familiar hymn, commencing, "I asked the Lord that I might grow in faith, and love, and every grace," was once read under circumstances which provoked a smile. A theological student, who was always known as "Little Jacob," went, one Sunday, to preach in a village pulpit. He had not outgrown his boy stature, and the amused regard of his *petite* figure, which began when he rose from the invocation, broadened to laughter when he, just after, gave out the hymn, "I asked the Lord that I might *grow*." The incident was called to mind by the following little story:

Rev. Dr.— is responsible for the following: "In the early part of his ministry, a very eminent clergyman of his own denomination visited him and spent the Sabbath with him. Of course he invited him to preach for him, and to his great satisfaction, he consented."

Rev. Dr.— is tall, and his pulpit was rather high, to accommodate his manuscript to his sight. His visitor was short, rather stout, and had a shining bald head.

Rev. Dr.— proposed to lower the pulpit a little, but his friend declined, and on the contrary, desired that it should be raised higher. It seemed that he was near-sighted, but for some reason preferred not to wear spectacles.

The desk being raised he proceeded to pile upon the closed pulpit Bible two hymn-books, and finally his manuscript, and then his bald head just glimmering over the top of his extempore fortification, he announced his text: "Thou shalt see greater things than these." — [*Harper's Magazine*.]

O, blessed Night! that comes to rich and poor
Alike; bringing us dreams that lure
Our hearts to One above!

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DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1879.

No. 5.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1879.

Donation Reception.

Had not our faith in our Hospital friends been strong, our ardor as to the success of the Festival would have been somewhat abated by the drizzling showers that visited us on the morning of Donation Day; but we have learned, by blessed experience, that the patrons of this charity are not merely fair weather friends, who come to us in sunshine and forsake us in storms.

Corinthian Hall, our old trysting place, is so transformed that we can never again, as in days ago, there welcome our friends to our annual gatherings; but that Prince of Entertainers, Daniel W. Powers, whose name is almost a synonyme for generosity and hospitality, kindly threw open to us his commodious rooms and marble halls, and cheered us by his genial presence, as, on December fourth, we greeted our patrons in Powers' Building.

Cobleigh's Hall was the place towards which the basket brigade bent its course, and through the day and a portion of the evening it kept up a pretty lively march and countermarch. The rear elevator almost groaned under its weight of good things, and its appetizing odors must have

been rather tantalizing to the unfortunates who stopped short of the dining hall.

It was a great relief to those who had charge of the entertainment, as well as to their guests, to be spared the ascending and descending of stairs always so wearisome at Corinthian Hall.

Cobleigh's Hall, as most of our readers know, is the large dancing hall at the north end of the sixth floor of Powers' Building, and the rear elevator lands its passengers in the Hall on its south side. Near this entrance the Reception Committee, a band of matrons, veterans in Charity's service, greeted the coming guests and extended to them the right hand of welcome. The Treasurer sat not far off on the south side of the Hall, and gracefully and gratefully received the cash offerings to the City Hospital. A little to her left, her daughter received and distributed the Mite Boxes; there too was the Ice Cream and Candy Table, and Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney's Flower Table decorated and perfumed the south west corner of the room. On the elevated platform at the east end of the Hall, the Treasurer of the *Hospital Review* renewed old and received new subscriptions to her monthly.

The main portion of the Hall was devoted to the Refreshment Tables that were spread parallel to each other in the following order. Just west of the platform was the Hebrew Table, then came Christ

Church and St. Peter's, then the First Presbyterian, the Brick Church, the Oyster and Coffee Table, the Baptist, St. Luke's, and last of all, Mrs. John H. Brewster's Table.

These tables were tastefully decorated with flowers and fruit and bountifully supplied with substantial, tempting viands, the delicacies of the season, and all that the most fastidious taste could crave, and from midday till about eight in the evening they were surrounded by appreciative patrons, whose cheerful faces and merry converse indicated they were not suffering martyrdom at Charity's banquet. The tables were never empty and the ladies who had charge of them think they never welcomed so many guests.

In one of the ante-rooms south of the dining hall, Messrs. Curtis Clark, S. W. Updike, H. P. Brewster and M. Dolanty officiated as carvers.

Seats were placed on the platform and in the halls where the weary could rest themselves, as they held pleasant converse with old friends, and among these we recognized quite a number who were not citizens of Rochester, but were interested in the City Hospital.

A room south of Cobleigh's Hall was devoted to the Children's Cot Tables, under the supervision of Mrs. C. H. Angel. Here a five, ten and fifteen cents' counter was presided over by Laurance Angel, who, to the delight of his youthful patrons, gracefully dispensed rattles, picture cards, toys, watches, chains, pencils, perforated cardboard boots and hair pin cases, cages of birds, babies in cradles, dolls' traveling shawls in straps, and many other fancy articles, the avails of which amounted to \$20.00. On the Cot Table we saw some very pretty useful and fancy articles contributed by the "Willing Workers" of Brighton; also, some paintings and worsted work, and dolls' hats; but the great attraction on this table, especially to the juveniles, was Miss Flora McFlimsey

and her Saratoga trunk filled with a famous wardrobe. This was prepared by Mrs. Charles H. Angel and Mrs. William W. Webb, and added twenty-five dollars to the Cot Fund.

The Fancy Tables of Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney and Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford occupied the halls contiguous to the south west stair-case of the building. These were so filled and surrounded by tasteful, useful articles, as well as those of artistic value, that it is hard to select what to describe. An exquisite table spread, the work of Mrs. Arthur D. Fiske of New York, was made of plush, with an India red centre, and old gold border trimmed with Japanese fans of every hue, embroidered on satin. A very handsome willow scrap basket was trimmed with plush and ornamented with painted silk birds. Mrs. Horace F. Bush had painted for a screen a bunch of red hollyhocks on an old gold satin; near this was a tidy, with a neutral tint ground on which yellow coreopses and brown cat-tails were embroidered. Mr. C. C. Burns decorated two plaques, the one with a dog's head, and the other with "The Hunter's Refreshment;" on the latter, a blue background set off the dusky figure of the hunter, who, half concealed by a tree, was encircling with his arm a golden haired lassie as he stole from her a kiss. We were proud to point out to strangers, as the work of one of Rochester's daughters, Miss Lois Whitney's showcase of artistically decorated china. There were cups, saucers and plates decorated with original designs, tiles mounted and unmounted; we were particularly pleased with some plaques ornamented with apple blossoms, a cobweb and spider, and one with a heron. On the Fancy Tables there were large dolls and small dolls. One cloth baby was shown us, bigger than the live baby who made her appearance in the Hall and donated five dollars to our Cot Fund; another was sleeping in a dainty cot, canopied by white drapery. There

were pretty paintings on sea shells, worsted work in every form and shape, choice candy, Mother Goose bags of satin embroidered and painted, willow baskets in great variety, and choice silver jewelry. Great taste was displayed, at these tables, and for some of the beautiful work on Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney's Fancy Table we are indebted to Madame Bessie LaPaix of New York, who kindly assisted in designs for the fancy articles, and New York friends manifested their interest in this charity by purchasing many articles prepared for our Donation Festival.

In the evening, the Fancy and Children's Cot Tables were removed to the south side of Cobleigh's Hall, the Treasurer took her place near the platform, and some of Schaich's band discoursed enlivening music and a portion of the young folks enjoyed an informal dance.

Donation Day, December 4th, 1879, must be written down in our Hospital calendar as a red-letter day. Our receipts tell us it was one of the most successful Receptions we have held for this charity, and we are under countless obligations to our bountiful benefactor, Daniel W. Powers, whose generous hospitality and ubiquitous presence did so much to render it a success.

Donation Festivals are the outgrowth of charity; the blossoming and fruitage of that love that "seeketh not her own," and one of their charming graces is the unity of interest that binds together the whole household—the young and old; the tiny boy, the young mother, and the silver haired matron—to co-operate as laborers in such blessed ministries. The vestal Virgins of old Rome made a votive offering of themselves for thirty years to guard the sacred fires; but we had among us, on our Reception Committee, some of Charity's priestesses, who in youth consecrated themselves at her shrine, whose locks had been whitened by more than 30 years' service in her temple, who had brought

their children and their children's children to bow at her altars, and who on Donation Day worked lovingly together to provide for the sick in our City Hospital.

Our festive boards were graced by family gatherings. We noticed at St. Luke's table, an aged pair with their daughter and three grandchildren partaking of their evening meal, and at the same table we saw another group, but we missed one who was wont to be with them, whose venerable form and hoary locks will never again honor as they have done in by-gone days our Annual Festival, but whose "works do follow" him, and whose noble endowment gift to our City Hospital will yield us an annual harvest and seem to echo, each year, the last words of the Sage of Marshfield, "*I still live.*"

Thanks.

The Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital would return their grateful acknowledgments to all who by their donations, their presence, or their services, contributed to the success of the late Festival. They would especially thank Mr. Daniel W. Powers, for the gratuitous use of Cobleigh's Hall, and the adjacent halls and apartments, and for the services of his employees on Donation Day; and the latter, for their faithful labors cheerfully rendered; the editors and proprietors of the city papers, for notices and advertisements; Messrs. Trotter & Geddes for the use and cartage of stoves, the assistance of a man and personal services; Mr. C. J. Hayden, for the use of tables; Messrs. Curtis Clark, S. W. Updike, H. P. Brewster and M. Dolanty, for carving; Mrs. S. S. Avery, for arduous personal services; Mr. William S. Falls, for printing bills of fare; Mr. H. C. Wisner, for loaning crockery; Citizens Gas Co., for use of three gas stoves, and Mr. C. A. White for taking charge of them; Mr. and Mrs. James B. Jenkins, Caterers at 29 Powers' Building, for the use of their premises, and invaluable services in the culinary department.

The Boys Heard From.

It gives us great pleasure to find our little friends rallying around us, and using their talents to swell the endowment fund for the Children's Cot. We wish there were a dozen clubs in the city that would follow the example of these boys, and send us as generous a donation as the "*Sans Souci*" club has done.

The following communication indicates the methods and results of our young friends' labors:

We, the undersigned, members of the "*Sans Souci*" club, wish to donate the enclosed amount of \$20.00, being the proceeds of a Dramatic Entertainment and Fair held at the house of Mrs. R. B. Ashley, Nov. 28th, for the benefit of the Children's Cot, of the Rochester City Hospital.

GEO. H. ASHLEY, Prest.
EDDIE A. WILKIE, Sec.
CHESTER C. ASHLEY, Tr.
BERTIE REYNOLDS,
ALLIE H. WILKIE,
FRANK STEELE,
FRANK G. SMITH,
JOHN S. WRIGHT,
WILLIE ROBERTS.

Mrs. Mathews:

This note will probably explain itself. These 9 young lads whose ages vary from 10 to 13 years, having formed themselves into a literary club, it was suggested to them some 3 weeks since that they have an entertainment and fair for the benefit of the Children's Cot. The young hearts and hands eagerly seized upon the suggestion: saw and hammer set to work, and after several rehearsals they were ready to present the charade of "*Cinderella*" in 3 acts; also, "*Boys of '76*."

Thanks are due Miss Georgie Wilkie, who kindly took the part of Cinderella; also to Miss Freeland, who drilled them in their parts; and to the Misses Lathrop and Morrison, who favored us with some excellent music.

The Fair consisted of several tables covered with boats, bracket sawing, worsted work, perfumery, &c., the whole netting the enclosed amount, which they cheerfully donate for the benefit of little ones not so happily favored in homes as themselves.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. R. B. ASHLEY.

A Touching Incident.

Last year as the Treasurer of our *Review* was collecting subscriptions, she received a donation from little Lillie Oliver who brought her a centennial pail containing fifty cents, mostly in pennies, that the

sweet child had saved for the Children's Cot fund. Since then she has died. December 4th, our Dotation Day, was Lillie's birth day, and had she lived till then, she would have been five years old. On that day her mother and sister visited the Hospital and donated to the Children's Cot a beautifully made bed quilt, their own work, as a memorial gift.

Furniture for the New Mansard.

We are happy to say that one of the rooms in the new mansard will soon be ready for an occupant, as a kind friend of the Hospital has recently donated for it a handsome, dark wood bedstead, with springs and hair mattress, a marble top black walnut bureau, with mirror, a wash stand, two upholstered chairs, and three pictures. We hope this good example will be followed and that all our now empty rooms will soon be furnished.

LIST OF CROCKERY

LEFT AT COBLEIGH HALL, DEC. 4, 1879.

One China platter,
Three oval stone China platters,
One square " " platter.
Two stone China dinner plates,
Nine large white pie plates,
Three small yellow pie plates,
Three soup plates,
One large yellow pie plate,
One white deep dish,
One yellow deep dish,
Two fluted white dishes,
One low white dish,
One China plate with gilt band,
One China plate,
One jelly mould,
One small tin pail,
One oval-shaped basket.

There were also left in the hall a new pair of boy's woolen under drawers, a ladies' white worsted half-shawl, and a towel with a red border.

The dishes and these articles are at the house of the Treasurer, 48 Spring Street, and will be there for one month and if not claimed will be sent to the City Hospital.

There are also missing a glass bowl, one of a set, and one large yellow chicken pie dish. Any person having such dishes will please return them to the Treasurer.

Receipts at Donation Festival,

HELD AT

COBLEIGH HALL, DEC. 4, 1879.

Cash Donations.

John C. Barnard,.....	\$ 5 00
Mrs. Chester Dewey,.....	20 00
" M. Strong,.....	15 00
Julius T. Andrews,.....	20 00
William Loop,.....	10 00
Hamilton & Mathews,.....	100 00
Samuel Wilder,.....	50 00
George Ellwanger,.....	25 00
Edward Brewster,.....	5 00
Miss Newell,.....	5 00
Joseph Beir,.....	5 00
Freeman Clarke,.....	100 00
John Mogridge,.....	3 00
W. B. Douglas,.....	20 00
D. A. Watson,.....	100 00
William N. Sage,.....	10 00
Mrs. Dr. Little,.....	5 00
" Alfred Ely,.....	25 00
D. A. Woodbury,.....	10 00
Estate of J. Woodbury,.....	25 00
C. J. Hayden,.....	25 00
Martin W. Cooke,.....	5 00
A. S. Mann,.....	20 00
Erickson, Jennings & Co.,.....	100 00
F. L. Durand,.....	5 00
N. Osborne,.....	10 00
H. Hermann,.....	10 00
Charles Pond,.....	10 00
Mrs. M. B. Anderson,.....	5 00
Mrs. Carter Wilder,.....	15 00
Gilman H. Perkins,.....	25 00
John Adams,.....	5 00
Mrs. Howard Osgood,.....	10 00
George C. Buell,.....	50 00
Dr. W. S. Ely,.....	5 00
Mrs. David Little,.....	5 00
" A. Mosely,.....	10 00
James L. Stewart,.....	5 00
E. S. Ettenheimer,.....	3 00
James S. Andrews,.....	25 00
Mrs. E. Pancost,.....	5 00
" Abelard Reynolds,.....	50 00
Supervisor Edmunds,.....	1 00
Supervisor Church,.....	1 00
Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent So- ciety,.....	10 00
Mrs. Curtiss,.....	5 00
Miss Dunlap,.....	15 00
Mrs. H. Benton,.....	1 00
" Clark Johnston,.....	5 00
" J. Nichols,.....	1 00
K. P. Shedd,.....	10 00
A Friend,.....	1 00
Mrs. James Hart,.....	5 00
Jacob Anderson,.....	5 00
S. D. Walbridge,.....	20 00
H. S. Potter,.....	25 00
Mrs. Wm. Corning,.....	15 00
Mr. Macy,.....	10 00
A Friend of the Hospital.....	50 00
Mrs. Myron Adams,.....	3 00
" C. B. Smith,.....	3 00
" C. H. Babcock,.....	5 00

Mrs. Amon Bronson,.....	\$ 5 00
A Friend,.....	10 00
Cash,.....	1 00
Howe & Rogers,.....	20 00
A Friend,.....	1 00
D. W. Powers,.....	100 00
ALady at Mrs. Whitney's table	5 00
Dr. Walter,.....	2 00
John H. Brewster,.....	50 00
Dr. E. H. Davis,.....	5 00
—————\$1,351 00	

Cash Received from Refreshment Tables.

Hebrew Ladies' table,.....	\$215 61
St. Peter's and Christ church table,.....	109 90
First Presbyterian Church table	70 05
Brick Church table, including the following donations:	
Mrs. Chloe Wilcox, \$10: S. J. Arnold, \$10; C. Arnold, \$5: C. J. Burke, \$5: D. W. Pow- ers, \$5: P. V. Crittenden, \$5: Mrs. L. G. Wetmore, \$1,.....	99 60
First Baptist Church Table.....	71 50
St. Luke's Church Table.....	112 11
Mrs. John H. Brewster, includ- ing donation from Frederick De Lano of \$10,.....	144 00 822 77
Miss Perkins' Ice Cream and Candy Table,.....	130 57 130 57

Cash Receipts from the Fancy Articles.

Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney's Fancy and Flower Table,.....	600 00
Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford's Fancy Table,.....	227 51 827 51
Children's Cot Table,.....	130 00
Baby Hart's donation,.....	5 00 135 00
—————\$3,266 53	

Receipts from the Mite Boxes, 232 87 232 87

Donated Bills.

H. C. Wisner, for loan of Crockery,.....	\$16 50
C. J. Hayden, loan of Tables,.....	12 00
Democrat & Chronicle, on Printing,.....	31 20
Union & Advertiser, " ".....	36 00
Evening Express, " ".....	35 00
Mrs. Buckley, 500 Shell Oysters.	

Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS, Tr.

DONATIONS to REFRESHMENT and FANCY TABLES.

The General Receiving Table of Mrs. Mary A' Gilman.

Mrs. K. Clinton—Two loaves of Bread, 8 cans Fruit.	
Mrs. H. Sibley—Two doz. Oranges, 2 lbs. Crackers, 6 Celery, 6 cans Oysters.	

Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Two Turkeys, 1 jar Pickles, 1 bowl Jelly.
 Mrs. F. Clarke—Two gallons Vinegar, 2 Turkeys, 1 glass Jelly, 2 cans Fruit.
 Mrs. S. W. Updike—Celery.
 J. H. Wickham—Eighteen heads Celery.
 Mrs. Israel Smith—One Cherry Pie, 2 bottles Pickles, 1 Tomato Catsup, 1 can Peaches, Loaf Cake.
 Mrs. W. C. Rowley—Two gallons Oysters.
 Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Roast Beef, Boned Turkeys, Flowers.
 Mrs. J. S. Davis—Four lbs. dried Apples, 1 lb. Hops, Old Linen, 1 bottle Pickles, 1 can Raspberry Jam.
 Mrs. Hannah Herman—One Turkey, 2 Tongues.
 Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford—One Turkey.
 Miss Minnie Noble—One Turkey.
 Miss Underhill—Three glasses Jelly.
 Mrs. J. M. Hatch—One Squash Pie, 2 pans Biscuit.
 Mrs. Nelson, Brightou—Milk and Cream.
 Mrs. Daniel S. Beach—One Turkey.
 Mrs. Morey—One Cake.
 Mrs. T. A. Newton—One Jar, 1 box Flowers.
 Mrs. G. W. Aldridge—Loaf Sugar.
 Mrs. M. L. Ramsdall—Tea.
 Mrs. Dr. Whitbeck—One Turkey, 2 bowls Jelly.
 Mrs. Gaylord—Toilet Soap.
 Mrs. W. W. Webb—One loaf Cake.

The Table of Mrs. M. Michaels, Mrs. H. Leiter and Mrs. S. M. Benjamin.

Mrs. S. Hays—Malaga Grapes, Oranges. •
 " E. Stearns—One Dollar.
 James Vick—Flowers.
 J. Brittenstool—Three bottles Olives.
 Mrs. I. M. Stoman—Turkey.
 " M. VanBergh—Wine Jelly.
 " L. Block—Charlotte Russe.
 " M. Mock—Turkey.
 " T. Meyers—Fruit.
 " F. Mock—One Dollar.
 " L. Adler—Two Dollars.
 A. Aldrich—Oranges.
 Café Lieders—Chicken and Lobster Salads.
 Osburn House—Chicken and Lobster Salads.
 Lippman & Meyers—Turkey.
 Mrs. N. Stein—Four Chickens.
 Mr. Hastings—Olives and Pickles.
 Mr. Wisner—Seventy-five Rolls.
 E. Fleming—One Cake.
 Brackett House—Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. M. Greentree—One Dollar.
 " M. Schwartz—Two Ducks.
 " J. & A. Wile—Dollar and Fifty Cents.
 " Joseph Michaels—Cake and Two Dollars.
 " M. Michaels—Fruit and Two Dollars.
 " H. Michaels—Lobster Salad, Two Dollars.
 " H. Leiter—Ducks and Two Dollars.
 " M. A. Stern—Cranberry Jelly.
 " S. Guggenheimer—One Dollar.
 " S. Meyers—One Dollar.
 " Wm. Miller—One Dollar.
 " S. Rosenblatt—Five Dollars.
 " B. Rothschild—Grapes.
 " S. Stein—One Dollar.
 " J. Shatz—Two Dollars.
 " L. Ettenheimer—Cake.

Mat Dolanty—Lobster Salad.
 Mrs. Isaac Wile—Dollar and Fifty Cents.
 " A. Adler—One Dollar.
 " S. Wile—One Dollar.
 " Bachman—Three Dollars.
 " I. Rice—One Dollars.
 " D. Rosenberg—Charlotte Russe.
 " J. W. Rosenthal—Wine Jelly.
 " N. Levi—Two Dollars.
 " B. Rosenthal—One Dollar.
 " Richman—Fifty Cents.
 " A. Stern—Turkey.
 " Kerngood—Fifty Cents.
 " Brittenstool—One Dollar.
 " A. Hays—One Dollar.
 " E. Wolf—Two Dollars.
 " J. Ettenheimer—Two Dollars.
 " L. Garson—Two Ducks.
 " M. Garson—Turkey.
 Alfred Cork—Oranges.
 Mrs. M. Lowenthal—One Dollar.
 Mr. Ballou—Pickles.
 Mrs. F. Hays—Dollar and Fifty Cents.
 " M. Hays—Two Chickens.
 " H. Rosenberg—One Dollar.
 " J. M. Wile—Two Dollars.
 " Hochstetter—Pies.
 " Manheimer—Fifty Cents.
 " H. Rice—Fifty-five Cents.
 " A. Siechel—Two Cakes.
 " Talheimer—One Dollar.
 " Pinow—One Dollar.
 " J. Cauffman—Three Dollars.
 " E. Strauss—Three Dollars.
 " Dr. Landsberg—Two Dollars.
 " A. Beir—One Dollar.
 " L. Stern—One Dollar.
 " S. Rice—Confectionery.
 " J. Goodman—Seventy-five Cents.
 " D. Abeles—One Dollar.
 " E. Steinfield—Turkey and Grapes.
 " Hechinger—Pies.
 " C. M. Strauss—Fifty Cents.
 " L. Stein—Two Ducks.
 M. Brickner—Dollar and Fifty Cents.
 Mrs. A. Mock—Two Ducks.
 " S. Abeles—Fifty Cents.
 " E. Moore—One Dollar.
 " A. Dinkelspiel—One Dollar.
 " M. Dinkelspiel—One Dollar.
 " E. S. Eutenheimer—Fruit.
 " H. Schwartz—Two Ducks.
 " J. Meyers—Celery.
 Mr. Higgins—Fruit.
 Mr. Backus—Chow-Chow.
 Mrs. S. Cohn—One Dollar.
 " Henry Rosenberg—Three Dollars.
 " Solomon—One Dollar.
 " L. Moore—One Dollar.
 John Burgelin—Two Ducks.
 Mrs. M. Hirschfield—One Dollar.
 " Wald—Cake.
 " S. M. Benjamin—Pickles, Fruit, One Dollar.
 " M. L. Gutmann—One Dollar.
 " G. Hays—One Dollar.
 " Kirstein—One Dollar.
 " Pickard—Two Ducks.
 " S. Beir—One Dollar.
 " Bloom—Dollar and Fifty Cents.
 " S. Stern—Two Dollars.

Mrs. Goldsmith—Fifty Cents.
D. Palmer—Lobsters.
Mr. Teall—Cake.

Table of Mrs. Curtis Clark, Mrs. Samuel Wilder, Mrs. B. W. Powers, Mrs. Frank Ward, Mrs. C. C. Merriman, Mrs. J. W. Stebbins.

Mrs. L. A. Ward—Chicken Pie, Saratoga Potatoes.
Mrs. Freeman Clarke—Two Turkeys, Chicken Salad, Pickles, Jelly.
Mrs. A. D. Smith—Two Turkeys, 200 Rolls.
Mrs. David Little—Chicken Pie.
Mrs. Samuel Wilder—Roast Beef, 2 pairs Ducks, 155 Rolls, 3 doz. small Cakes, Loaf Cake, Parsley, Celery.
Mrs. D. W. Powers—Chicken Salad, Flowers, Cocoanut Cake.
Mrs. J. B. Ward—Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. Emory Osburn—Chicken Salad, Jersey Cream, Rolls.
Mrs. J. M. Babcock, Brighton—Turkey, Apples, Cream, Cake, &c.
Mrs. C. C. Merriman—Two large Cakes, Flowers.
Mrs. Charles Vickery—Cranberry Jelly.
Mrs. William Ashley—Chocolate Cake.
Mrs. J. Howe—Mince Pies.
Mrs. J. Moreau Smith—Turkey.
Mrs. J. Killip—Biscuit, Turkey.
Mrs. Frank Glen—Rolls.
Miss Fanny Whittlesey—Rolls, Mince Pies.
Mrs. Griffith—Rolls, Pickles.
Mrs. Carter Wilder—Pair Ducks, Baked Potatoes, Pies.
Miss Fannie Ashley—Cranberry Jelly, Rolls.
Miss Oothout—Turkey.
Mrs. Martin Breck—Rolls.
Mrs. Frank W. Little—Turkey.
Mrs. John H. Rochester—Turkey.
Mrs. Ellwanger—Partridges.
Miss Ella Winn—Mashed Potatoes, Biscuit, Jelly.
Miss Fanny Montgomery—Grapes.
Mrs. F. D. W. Clarke—Lobster Salad.
Mrs. L. F. Ward—Scalloped Oysters.
Mrs. Samuel G. Andrews—Three loaves Bread.
Mrs. L. D. Ely—Cream.
Mrs. Geo. D. Williams—Chicken Salad.
Mrs. J. E. Hayden—Ham.
Mrs. E. B. Parsons—Ducks.
Mrs. David Hoyt—Two loaves sponge Cake.
Mrs. F. A. Macomber—Chicken Salad.
Mrs. A. S. Mann—Turkey, Ham.
Mrs. Ella Tompkins—Chicken Salad, Pies.
Mrs. M. K. Woodbury—Rolls.
Mrs. J. E. Whitbeck—Ducks.
Mrs. Isaac Hills—Pears.
Mrs. Hiram Sibley—Oranges.
Mrs. Curtis Clark—Plum Pudding, Turkey, Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. J. G. Cutler—Olives.
Mrs. J. W. Stebbins—Saratoga Potatoes.
Mrs. Nellie—Scalloped Oysters.
Mrs. E. K. Warren—Saratoga Potatoes.
Mrs. William S. Little—Ham.
Mrs. Frank Ward—Turkey.
Harvey Brown—Malaga Grapes.
Mr. Teall—Charlotte Russe.
White Bros.—Large box of Flowers.

Buck & Sauger, Osburn House—Ornamented Cake.
Peter Schleyer—Two Turkeys.
Monsieur F. D. Bailly—One Meat Pie.

The Table of Mrs. John T. Fox, Mrs. Chas. H. Chapin, Mrs. John W. Canfield, Mrs. A. M. Bennett and Mrs. Edward P. Gould.

Mrs. J. W. Canfield—Jelly, Pickles,
Mrs. E. Furman—Ducks, Cranberries.
Mrs. S. H. Terry—Marlborough Pies, Piccolilly, and Canned Peaches.
Mrs. G. Gould—Two Mince Pies.
Mrs. S. S. Avery—Turkey.
Mrs. Wm. Mudgett—Nut Cake.
Mrs. J. E. Jennings—Cake.
Mrs. W. Seward—Plum Pudding.
Mrs. L. Farrar—Chicken Pie.
Mrs. C. J. Hayden—Two dishes Chicken Salad.
Mrs. J. H. Kent—Hot Tomatoes.
Mrs. J. Nichols—Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. C. H. Chapin—Champagne Ham, Oysters, Pies and Oranges.
Mrs. E. P. Gould—Parker House Rolls, Wine Jelly, Pickles, Peaches, Mince Pies.
Mrs. J. T. Fox—Chicken Salad.
Mrs. Oscar Craig—Charlotte Russe and Chicken Pie.
Mrs. A. M. Bennett—Chicken Salad, and large quantity of Saratoga Potatoes.
Mrs. L. H. Morgan—Charlotte Russe.
Mr. I. Teall—Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. Weldon—Two Chickens, Biscuit, Jelly, Mince Pies.
Mrs. Crouch—Two Ducks.
Mrs. Donald Gordon—Large quantity of White Grapes.

The Table of Mrs. T. A. Newton, and Mrs. D. T. Hunt.

S. J. Arnold—Ten Dollars.
Mrs. C. Wilcox—Ten Dollars.
Charles Arnold—Five Dollars.
D. W. Powers—Five Dollars.
C. J. Burke—Five Dollars.
Mrs. P. V. Crittenden—Five Dollars.
Mrs. L. G. Wetmore—One Dollar.
Mrs. R. Little—Chicken Salad.
Mrs. H. S. Mackie—One Turkey.
Mrs. C. M. St John—One Turkey.
Mrs. J. H. Graves—Cake.
Mrs. A. Judson—Lemon Jelly.
Mrs. J. G. Maurer—Two Cocoanut Pies.
Mrs. J. Sprague—Two lbs. Coffee.
Mrs. Thomas Parsons—Cake.
Mrs. W. H. Gorsline—Two Ducks, 6 Bunches Celery.
Mrs. Ira L. Otis—Two Ducks and Pickles.
Mrs. F. L. King—Scalloped Oysters.
Dr. B. F. Watkins—One Dollar for Flowers.
Mrs. G. T. Frost—Three Mince Pies.
Mrs. C. F. Weaver—Two Mince Pies.
Mrs. J. C. Miller—Fifty Cents for Flowers.
Mrs. H. E. Shaffer—Saratoga Potatoes and Wine Jelly.
Mrs. E. P. Reed—Chocolate Cake.

Mrs. A. G. Whitcomb—Two dishes Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. P. M. Bromley—Lobster Salad and Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. T. A. Newton—Charlotte Russe, Pickles, Chocolate, &c.
 Mrs. D. T. Hunt—Chicken Salad, Cheese, Wine Jelly.
 Mrs. G. N. Storms—Two Ducks.
 Mrs. A. D. McBride—Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. C. A. Cleveland—Fifty Biscuit.
 Mrs. C. C. Woodworth—Chicken Salad, Biscuit and Wine Jelly.
 Mrs. H. C. Brewster—Two Cakes and Wine Jelly.
 Miss Mary Shaw—Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. H. Lampert—Brown Bread and Lemon Jelly.
 Mrs. J. W. Hatch—Biscuit.
 Mrs. Frank W. Embry—Scalloped Oysters.
 Mrs. P. V. Crittenden—Brown Bread, Tongue, and Kisses.
 Mrs. Dr. B. L. Hovey—Two Pumpkin Pies and Mashed Potatoes.
 Mrs. M. Briggs—Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. G. W. Aldridge—Five lbs. Loaf Sugar.
 T. F. Aldridge—Two large baskets of Oranges, 4 gallons Oysters and box Malaga Grapes.
 F. D. Hotchkiss & Co.—Oranges and Figs.
 Mrs. Geo. Motley—Two Mince Pies.
 Mrs. Charles F. Angle—Two Moulds Jelly.
 Mrs. D. Upton—Chicken Salad and Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. Henry M. Strong—One Dollar for Flowers.
 Mrs. Phineas Ford—One Turkey.
 Mrs. A. V. Smith—Seventy-five Biscuit and Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. S. J. Arnold—Chicken Pie and Cranberry Sauce.
 Mrs. S. C. Steel—Mashed Potatoes.
 Mrs. Louis Chapin—Chicken Pie and Biscuit.
 Mrs. J. C. Mason—Two quarts Cream and 2 Pies.
 Mrs. E. Leavenworth—Cranberry Sauce.
 Mrs. F. S. Upton—One Cake.
 Mrs. Wm. Carson—Two Mince Pies.
 Joseph Schleyer—One Tongue.
 Mrs. C. F. Spencer—One Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. I. S. Disbrow—One Chicken Pie.
 Mrs. L. M. Newton—Scalloped Oysters.
 Mrs. C. G. Wetmore—Two lbs. Coffee.
 Mrs. Edward Webster—Mashed Potatoes.
 Mrs. W. H. H. Rogers—One layer Cake.
 Mrs. A. W. Rogers—One Turkey.
 Mrs. Stutard—One lb. Coffee.
 Mrs. G. W. Luce—Three Pies.
 Miss Mary Hunter—Fifty Biscuit.
 G. W. Percy—One jar Pickles.
 Mrs. Moses King—Three lbs. Butter.
 Mrs. J. C. Miller—Fifty Cents for Flowers.
 Mrs. H. S. Briggs—One Cake.
 Mrs. P. B. Bradley—Pickles and Jelly.
 Mrs. H. H. Babcock—One Cake.
 Mrs. J. A. Ranney—Brown Bread.
 Mrs. D. Leary—Mashed Potatoes.
 Mrs. L. H. Hovey—Boiled Ham.

The Table of Mrs. W. Lincoln Sage.

Mrs. L. H. Sunderlin—Turkey, 2 dishes Charlotte Russe, Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mrs. E. O. Sage—Turkey.

Mrs. Adelbert Mudge—Two dishes Chicken Salad, Biscuit.
 Miss Clara Huntington—One loaf Cream Cake, Biscuit.
 Mrs. John L. Sage—Two dishes Charlotte Russe, Saratoga Potatoes.
 Mrs. E. Harkness—Two Apple Pies and Biscuit.
 Mrs. Alfred Mudge—Potatoes, Squash, Turnip.
 Mrs. Henry Munn—One dish Scalloped Oysters.
 Mr. E. F. Smith—Four Squash Pies.
 Mrs. H. N. Peck—Two dishes Charlotte Russe, 1 dish Chicken Salad.
 Miss O. Howard—Two Ducks, 1 loaf of Cake.
 Mrs. Edwin Pancost—One dish Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. F. B. Bishop—Two dishes Scalloped Oysters.
 Mrs. H. Ried—Squash and Turnip.
 Mrs. E. Satterlee—One dish Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. E. Andrews—Turkey and Pickles.
 Mrs. Alfred Lane—Three Mince Pies.
 Mrs. Charles Mathews—Four boxes Sponge Cake.
 Mrs. C. Pomeroy—Turkey, Potatoes, Squash and Turnip.
 Mrs. E. Sugru—Four Lemon Pies.
 Mrs. A. S. Lane—One dozen Oranges, Pickles.
 Mrs. G. Ellison—Ham.
 Mrs. Dr. Whitbeck—Three bowls Currant Jelly, Turkey.
 Mrs. W. N. Sage—Chicken Pie, 3 moulds Cranberry Jelly, Mince Pies.
 Mrs. G. Rogers—Turkey.
 Mrs. H. Wilkins—Four Cocomut Pies.
 Mrs. A. H. Cole—Twelve lbs. of Grapes.
 Mrs. Charles Baldwin—Potatoes and Squash.
 Mrs. Booth—Turkey.
 Mr. W. W. Carr—English Plum Pudding and Wine Sauce.
 Mrs. W. Lincoln Sage—Potatoes, Squash, Turnip, Currant Jelly, Pickles, Fruit and Flowers.
 Money taken in at table, \$70.50.

The Table of Mrs. W. C. Rowley and Mrs. H. Anstice.

Mrs. C. H. Babcock—Large form of Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. J. Brackett—Large form of Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. Geo. D. Williams—Large form of Charlotte Russe.
 Mr. Liddle—Large form of Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. S. G. Andrews—Three loaves Bread.
 Mrs. E. M. Moore—Two dishes Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. W. C. Rowley—Three loaves Cake, Mince Pies.
 Mr. DeWitt Butts—Grapes.
 Mrs. E. V. Stoddard—Three dishes Charlotte Russe and Saratoga Potatoes.
 Hotchkiss & Gibbons—Select Oysters.
 Miss C. L. Rochester—Select Oysters.
 Miss A. M. Wild—Malaga Grapes.
 Mrs. J. K. Chappell—Charlotte Russe and Lobster Salad.
 Mrs. A. Erickson—Two Turkeys and Pickles.
 Mrs. H. M. Montgomery—Malaga Grapes and Oranges.
 Mrs. W. B. Williams—Boned Turkey.
 Mrs. H. Osgood—Five Dollars.
 Mrs. C. F. Smith—Two dishes Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. J. C. Moore—Pair of Ducks.
 Mrs. G. H. Humphrey—Lemon Jelly.

Mrs. M. M. Mathews—Pickles.
J. Mogridge—Fruit.
Mrs. Amon Bronson—Chicken Salad.
Mrs. E. D. Smith—Half bu. Saratoga Potatoes, 2 loaves of Cake.
Mrs. H. Anstice—Rolls and Pumpkin Pies.
Mrs. E. W. Williams—Two loaves Nut Cake.
Miss P. S. Ely—Chicken Pie.
Mrs. J. W. Macy—Shrimp Salad.
Mrs. R. Hart—Cream and Saratoga Potatoes.
Mrs. C. Rogers—Pair of Ducks.
Mrs. J. A. Eastman—Chicken Pie and Saratoga Potatoes.
Mrs. F. Gorton—Four dishes Chicken Salad and 6 Cream Pies.
Miss S. Frost—Box of Flowers.
Mrs. J. R. Chamberlin—Cinnamon Buns.
Mrs. D. A. Watson—Chicken Salad, Bread, Biscuit, Jelly, Pickles.
Mrs. R. Mathews—Pair of Ducks.
Mrs. G. H. Perkins—Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. Ellwanger—Pears and Grapes.

The Table of Mrs. J. H. Brewster, Mrs. Jas. C. Hart, Mrs. Henry H. Morse and Mrs. Charles F. Pond.

Mrs. John H. Hill—Loaf of Cake.
Mrs. S. F. Rew—Oranges.
Mrs. H. H. Morse—Ducks, Pickles, Jelly.
Mrs. S. Brewster—Turkey and Biscuit.
Mrs. J. C. Hart—Celery, Cream, Olives.
Mrs. J. H. Brewster—Chicken Pie, Pies, Pickles, Jelly.
Mr. James Backus—White Grapes.
Ellwanger & Barry—Flowers.
Mrs. David Cory—Celery.
Mrs. Sloan—Cranberries and Rolls.
Mrs. Henry F. Smith—Mince Pies and Rolls.
Mrs. David Gordon—Cake.
Mrs. S. B. Roby—Chicken Salad.
Mrs. Edward Harris—Chicken Salad, Wine Jelly.
Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Currant Jam.
Mrs. W. G. Watson Biscuit, Butter and Saratoga Potatoes.
Mrs. Horace Brewster—Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. S. G. Andrews—Six loaves of Bread.
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Boned Turkey, Cake.
R. T. Blossom—Pie, Turkey.
Mrs. Wm. Northrop—Two Lemon Pies.
Mrs. C. F. Pond—Five dishes Charlotte Russe.
Miss Priscilla Ely—Celery.
Mrs. Storrs Haywood—One Turkey.
Mrs. Wm. H. Ward—Turkey, Celery.
Mrs. H. Austin Brewster—Cranberries.
Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford—Chicken Pie, Jelly.
Mrs. J. W. Whitney—Biscuit.
Mrs. James Killip—Biscuit.
Mr. Henry Frost—Elegant basket Flowers.
Mr. E. Frank Brewster—Grapes.
Mrs. W. F. Cogswell—Turkey.
Mrs. S. D. Bentley—Cake.

The Ice Cream Table of Miss Perkins and Miss Hall.

Mrs. Fred Cook—Two loaves Cake.
Mrs. McVean—Two loaves Cake.
Mrs. Eugene Glen—Two loaves Cake.

Mrs. E. C. Smith—One loaf Cake.
Mrs. Dewey Walbridge—One loaf Cake.
Mrs. W. W. Webb—One loaf Cake.
Mrs. E. V. Stoddard—One loaf Cake.
Mrs. A. D. Smith—One loaf Cake.
Mrs. Samuel Wilder—One loaf Cake.
Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—One loaf Cake.
Mrs. H. F. Montgomery—One loaf Cake.
Miss Butts—Fruit and Flowers.
Mrs. Wm. Burke—Fruit.
Henry C. Frost—Two extra baskets of Flowers.
Mr. Teall—Loan of Flower Stand.
Hamilton & Mathews—Loan of Scales.
Mr. Wisner—Loan of two Glass Dishes.
Mr. Charles Bromley—Five Dollars.

The Flower and Fancy Table of Mrs. George J. Whitney.

Ellwanger & Barry—Two large boxes of Cut Flowers.
Messrs. Frost—Twelve baskets of Flowers and 50 Button-hole Bouquets.
Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—Twenty Button-hole Bouquets and Bouquet Holders.
Miss Butts—Cut Flowers.
Mrs. Alex. Thompson—Two boxes of Cut Flowers.
Mrs. Hiram Sibley—Cut Flowers.
Mrs. C. C. Merriman—Cut Flowers.
Miss Hooker—Cut Flowers.
Miss Carrie Brewster—Cut Flowers.
Miss Durand—Cut Flowers.
Mrs. Alex. McVean—Milk-weed Balls.
Mrs. L. D. Ely—One pair Baby's Leggings and 6 pairs Mittens.
Miss Whitney—Fancy Articles.
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Fifty pounds Candy and Fancy Articles.
Mrs. Silas Frink—Making of numerous Articles.
Miss Durand—Painting on Wooden Fans and Shaving Case.
Mrs. James M. Whitney—One pair Embroidered Slippers, making Table Spread, embroidering Tidies and other articles.
Miss Kate Jeffrey—Four pairs Doll's Mittens.
Miss Agnes Jeffrey—One Decorated Wooden Plate, 1 Decorated Shell on Easel.
Miss Clarice Jeffrey—Three Decorated Shells on Easels, painting numerous Fancy Articles.
Miss Mamie Jeffrey—One dozen Dinner Cards, 1 Christmas Card, painting numerous Fancy Articles.
Mrs. Wm. H. Ward—Making Crocheted Purse.
Mr. Lycett of New York—One pair Decorated Vases and decorating 1 dozen Salad Plates.
Miss E. K. Gordon—Dressing 12 Dolls.
Mrs. George W. Smith—One Afghan, 1 Hand Screen, 4 Aprons, 1 Lace Scarf.
Mrs. A. D. Fiske—Embroidered Table Spread, making numerous Fancy Articles.
Mrs. Andrews—3 Baby's Hoods.
Miss Danforth—One Baby's Sack.
Miss Espy—One pair of Reins, 1 Worsted Hood.
William Mains—Two Fish-pond Games.
Mrs. Wm. E. Fiske—Embroidering Tidies.
Miss Mary Lee—One pair Mittens.
Mr. Burns—Two Decorated Plaques.
Miss Saxton—Four pairs Mittens.

Mrs. Chester Dewey—One Hood.
Mr. Fred Turpin—Making of Window Box.
Miss Leemuller—One Baby's Hood.
Mrs. Alex. Thompson—One Worsted Hood.
Miss F. A. Smith—One pair Bed-room Slippers, embroidering Fancy Articles.
Miss Julia Whitney—Three Baby's Sacks, making numerous articles.

The General Fancy Table of Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford.

Rochester Orphan Asylum—Child's Work Basket, Silk Handkerchief Case, 2 Scrap Bags, 1 Toilet Case, 2 Aprons, 2 Covers.
Miss Farrar—One Silk Bag.
Miss Harriet Backus—Set Collars and Cuffs.
Mrs. L. A. Ward—Sofa Pillow.
Mrs. L. F. Ward—Two Aprons, 1 Baby's Sacque, 1 Lamp Shade.
Mrs. M. W. Cooke—Doll.
Mrs. John Oothout—One Fancy Basket.
Mrs. C. P. Bissell—One Hat Work-basket.
Mrs. N. T. Rochester—Collar and Reins for boy, 1 Tidy.
Mrs. David Little—One Baby's Afghan, 1 Doll's Afghan, 1 pair Doll's Mittens.
Mrs. A. D. Fiske—Two Mice.
Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Two Silk Work Bags, 3 Long Worsted Hoods.
Mrs. S. Hamilton and Miss Julia Hamilton—Four Painted Satin Pin Balls, 4 Painted Satin Eye-glass Cases, 4 Painted Satin Fans.
Miss Whitney—One Painted Vase, 1 pair Embroidered Silk Bottles.
Mrs. T. Chester—One Knit Shawl.
Miss Lily Griffith—One dressed Doll, dressing of two Dolls and Bascinet.
Mrs. Freeman Clarke—Two Broom Cases.
Mrs. Chester Dewey—One Worsted Hood.
Mrs. W. Seward Whittlesey—One Baby's Worsted Hood.
Miss Whiting—Painting of two Card Cases.
Mrs. L. D. Ely—One pair Drawer Leggings.
Mrs. George C. Buell—Three Baby's Hoods, 1 Work Bag.
Mrs. Maltby Strong—Two Shells from York Beach, painted.
Miss Wilkinson—One Painted Horse-shoe, Pen Rack.
Mrs. Babcock—One Sewing Apron.
Misses Cozens—Baby's Blanket, 4 pairs Mittens, 3 Pin Balls, 4 Court Plaster Cases, 1 Work Bag.
Mrs. C. Brockway—Painting of 2 Court Plaster Cases.
Miss Jennie Chappell—Painting of 2 Court Plaster Cases.
Mrs. Horace F. Bush—Painted Satin Screen, Painting of 4 Purses and 3 Pin Balls.
Miss Millie Alling—Painting of 2 Hand Screens.
Mrs. S. B. Roby—Three Buffet Covers.
Mrs. Edward Harris—One Handkerchief Case, 1 Sachet.
Mrs. Henry Morse—One White Apron.
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—One Tidy.
Miss Fanny Whittlesey—One Knitting Bag, 1 pair Baby's Socks.
Mrs. Bulger—One pair Mittens.
Miss Bessie Ives—One Toilet Set and Pincushion

Mrs. Arthur Robinson: Two Baby's Shirts, 1 pair Child's Slippers.
Mrs. James C. Hart: One Apron, 1 Baby's Jacket, loan of Rag Baby.
Mrs. J. G. Cutler: One Purse.
Mrs. E. V. Stoddard: One dozen Painted Fans, 1 dozen Mice, 1 Fancy Pincushion, 1 Picture Frame, 1 Brass Inkstand and Standard, 1 Work Box, 1 Shell Picture on Easel.
Mrs. Fred Cooke: One Handkerchief Case.
Mrs. Oscar Craig: Four pairs Mittens.
Mrs. Alex. McVean: Two Mending Bags.
Mrs. J. F. Sherman: Two Painted Tablets.
Mrs. George Weldon: Handkerchief Case.
Miss Whittlesey: One pair Child's Leggings.
Miss Mary Ward: One Scrap Bag.
Mrs. John H. Brewster: One Painted Satin Hand Screen, 4 Ties.
Mrs. Amon Bronson: Two Baskets Candy, one Fancy Basket, 1 Knit Skirt.
Miss Lulu Hooker: Sixty boxes Candy.
Miss Louise Williams of Dansville: One Knit Sacque.
Mrs. J. L. Booth: One Knit Shawl.
Miss Carrie Brewster: One Toilet Set.
Mrs. Hatch Gould: One Scarf.
Miss Annis: Four Painted Shells.
Mrs. Starr: Two pairs Garters.
Miss Frost: One pair Wristlets.
Mrs. George E. Mumford: Fancy Articles, Aprons
Mrs. E. D. Smith: Two Mops.
Mrs. E. Glen—Knit Shawl.

The "Childrens' Col" Table of Mrs. C. H. Angel, assisted by Mrs. W. W. Webb, Misses Alice and Louise Upton, Laura Page Ward and Laurance Angel.

Mrs. J. A. Collier: Two Nubias, 2 pairs crocheted Slippers, 1 pair Mittens.
Mrs. Joseph Craig: 1 pair Mittens, 1 Silk Quilt.
Mrs. Charles Jones: Two pairs Mittens.
Mrs. Freeman Clarke: Two Embroidered Broom Holders and 2 Brooms.
Miss Barbara Epstein: One Satin Toilet-cushion.
Mrs. James Cutler: Three Holders.
Mrs. Clark Johnston: Two Knitted Shirts, one Breakfast-cap.
Mrs. G. D. Smith: Child's Skirt.
Mrs. M. Strong: Painted Shell; cash Five Dollars
Mrs. John H. Brewster: Five Neck Ties.
Mrs. James H. Brackett: Two China Dogs, two Skirts, 2 Wash-cloths, 3 Jap. Parasols.
Mrs. L. Ward Clarke: Four pairs Slippers.
Mrs. George C. Buell: Two pairs Mittens, 1 pair Bed Shoes.
Mrs. Dr. Mathews: Two Balls, Fancy Basket, 3 Emery Cushions.
Mrs. E. W. Williams: Jap. Tidy.
Mrs. Charles C. Morse: Baby's Hood.
Miss Backus: Eight Doll's Hats, 7 Jap. Parasols.
Miss Clara Guernsey: a Book.
Miss Lucy E. Guernsey: Two Turtles, 2 pairs Infant's Socks.
Miss Mamie Osburn: One pair Vases.
Miss Louise Williams: Wooden Plaque.
Miss Mamy Davis: Painted Panel.
Miss Tompkins: Two pairs Mittens; 3 pairs Doll's Socks.
Miss Nellie Frost: Four pairs Doll's Socks.

Miss Helen Hooker; Two Painted Broom-cases, 2 Court-plaster cases.
 Miss Eliza Wright; Picture, (Oil Painting.)
 Mrs. M. A. Phelan; Four Pin-cushions, six Doll's Caps.
 Miss Ehrgood; 2 fancy Slippers, 4 Hair-pin Boots.
 Mrs. Geo. Seiden; 2 pairs Child's Leggings, 2 prs. Mittens, 2 Eating Aprons, Painted Taper-box.
 Mrs. E. B. Parsons; . Satin Work-bag, Pen-rest, Pocket Hd'kf, 2 Dolls, cash \$5. [ket.
 Minnie Bell Tracy; Dress Brush-broom, Card-Bas-
 Julia Robinson; Two Baby's Shirts.
 Louise Little; Child's Reins.
 Julia Little; 2 pairs Slippers.
 Katherine Cook; Toy Tea Set.
 Jessie and Harry Bacon; Shawl-case, corner Basket, Doll's Hat.
 Alice and Louise Upton; two Toy Bird-cages, Scrap Bag, 2 Porte-monnaies, Painted Panel, Fancy cards, Trimmed Basket.
 The Misses Green; 2 Pin Balls, 1 pair Mittens, 2 Guard-chains.
 Eliza Little; Toy Archery.
 Fanny Wilder; Painted Plate.
 Mamie Nellis and Harry Brown; 4 Shell Necklaces, 2 Picture Frames.
 Mrs. W. W. Webb; 10 Doll's Shawls & Straps.
 H. Likly & Co.; Doll's Trunk.
 Laura Page Ward; Child's Apron, 3 Doll's Hoods, Doll's Afghan, Lace Bow, a Doll.
 Miss Lattimore; Dressed Doll.
 Mrs. D. M. Childs; Cash, Five Dollars.
 Grace B. Terry; Cash, Two Dollars.
 Cash; Four Dollars.
 Mrs. C. H. Angel; Set Bureau Covers, 1 Baby's Sacque, 2 Aprons, &c. &c.
 Laurance Angel; Toys.
 Mrs. C. H. Angel and Mrs. W. W. Webb; Doll's Wardrobe.

DONATIONS RECEIVED AT THE HOSPITAL.

Mrs. Benjamin—One barrel Vinegar.
 Mrs. Thomas Oliver—Bed-spread for Children's Cot.
 Mr. C. Otis—Loaf Cake.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Proceeds of a Dramatic Entertainment and Fair given by Geo. H. Ashley, Eddie A. Wilkie, Chester C. Ashley, Bertie Reynolds, Allie H. Wilkie, Frank Steele, Frank G. Smith, John S. Wright, Willie Roberts \$20 00
 A Friend, Geneseo, 5 00
 Baby Hart, 5 00
 Mrs. C. H. Angel's Children's Cot Table,
 Donation Day, 130 00

Receipts for the month, \$168 00
 Previously acknowledged, 630 02

Total receipts, \$790 02

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

Receipts for the Review.

TO DECEMBER 6, 1879.

Mrs. Geo. W. Pratt—by Mrs. S. H. Terry, \$ 62
 Miss Anna Barton—by Mrs. C. E. Mathews, 62
 Mrs. J. Cleary—by Mrs. S. W. Updike 65
 Mrs. C. P. Achilles—by Mrs. Oscar Craig, Mrs. Stalham Williams, Chicago, \$1.00; Mrs. W. B. Williams, 62 cents—by Mrs. M. E. Gilman, 1 62
 A. S. Mann & Co., advertisement—by Mrs. Dr. Strong, 10 00
 Fred S. Benedict, Brockport, \$1.25; Mrs. E. Bates, New York 50 cents; Mrs. A. R. Conant, Fairport, 90 cts.; Mr. Thos. Daily, Avon, \$1 00; Mrs. S. Gould, Brighton, \$1; Mrs. J. Gauson, Buffalo, \$2; Mr. M. Gregory, Millville, 50 cts.; Miss A. Granger, Canandaigua, 50 cts.; Miss S. T. Hewes, Newton, Mass., 50 cents; Mr. E. S. Jeffrey, Canton, Miss., \$1.00; Mrs. S. Miller, New Haven, Conn., 50 cents; Mrs. E. M. Price, Avon, \$1.00; Mrs. E. J. Raymond, 62 cents; Mrs. H. R. Smith, Canton, Miss., \$1.50; Mrs. F. DeW. Ward, Geneseo, two subscriptions, \$2.00; Mrs. J. M. Whitney, \$1.86; Miss C. York, 62 cents, sale of papers 55 cents—by Mrs. Robert Mathews, 17 80
 Mrs. F. P. Allen, 63 cts.; Mrs. Dr. M. B. Anderson, 62 c.; Mrs. W. Alling, 62c.; Mrs. L. Adler, \$1.00; Mr. J. Auderson, 62 cents; Mrs. James Brackett, 62 cts.; Mr. James H. Boucher, 62 cents; Mr. W. H. Benjamin, \$1.00; Mrs. H. Austin Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. M. B. Breck, 62 cents; Mrs. M. G. Bristol, Canandaigua, 50 cents; Mrs. Wm. Burke, 62 Mrs. J. H. Brewster, 65 cents; Mrs. M. Bellows, 62 cents; Mrs. Horace Bush, 65 cents; Miss J. Barton, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. H. Chapin, 62 cents; Mrs. Freeman Clarke, 63 cents; Miss Bessie Clarke, 62 cents; Freeman Clarke, 62 cents; Mr. J. Craighead, 62 cents; Mrs. J. A. Collier, 62 cents; Mrs. W. F. Cogswell, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Churchill, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. M. Curtis, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Collins, 62 cts.; Mrs. M. W. Cook, \$1.27; Mrs. L. G. Corning, \$1.24; Mrs. G. F. Danforth, 62 cts; Miss M. Dunlap, 62 cents; Mrs. R. K. Dryer, 62 cents; Mr. E. Darrow, 62 cents; Mrs. E. M. Day, 62 cents; Mrs. L. D. Ely, 62 cents; Mrs. Alfred Ely, 62 cents; Mrs. D. B. Eells, Cleveland, 50 cents; Mrs. Jos. Farley, \$1.25; Mrs. H. Frost, 62 cents; Miss S. Frost, 62 cents; Mrs. A. D. Fiske, New York, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Glen, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Gorton, 75c.; Mrs. J. W. Goss, 62 cents; Miss M. E. Hayward, 62 cts.; Mrs. E. S. Hayward, 62 cts.; Mr. H. Hermann, \$1.00; Mrs. J. H. Hill, 63 cts.; Miss E. P. Hall, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. O. Howard, 75 cts.; Miss Agnes Jeffrey, \$1.24; Mrs. J. H. Kelly, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kent, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Lattimore, 62 cents; Miss A.

S. Mumford, New York, \$1.00; Prof. W. C. Morey, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. C. Meriman, 62 cts.; Mrs. U. Meyer, 62 cts.; Mrs. Dr. Montgomery, 62 cts.; Mrs. Chas. Merrell, 62 cents; Mrs. C. C. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. S. J. Macy, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Newman, 62 cents; Mrs. E. W. Osborn, 62 cents; Miss H. Oothout, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Oothout, Brockport, \$1.86; Mrs. Thos. Oliver, 62 cents; Mrs. C. F. Pond, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Pancost, 62 cents; Mrs. E. M. Parsons, 62 cents; Mrs. C. R. Pierson, Ramapo, 50 cts.; Mrs. N. T. Rochester, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Rosenblatt, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Rochester, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Rogers, 62 cents; Mrs. W. M. Rebasz, 62 cents; Dr. J. O. Roe, 62 cts.; Mrs. R. J. Sibley, Buffalo, 50 cents; Mrs. S. Sloan, 62 cents; Matie L. Steele, 62c.; Mrs. E. D. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva, 50 cts.; Miss L. Townsend, Niagara Falls, 50 cents; Mrs. N. Tamblingson, 62c.; Mrs. Alex. Thompson, \$1.24; Mrs. L. A. Ward, 65 cts.; Mrs. C. Waite, 62 cents; Mrs. D. A. Watson, 62c.; Mrs. L. F. Ward, 62c.; Mrs. S. D. Walbridge, \$1.32 onion
Day, 61 44

Donations

FOR NOVEMBER, 1879.

Miss Carrie Smith—Old Cotton.
Miss Dean. Vick Park—Old Cotton.
Mrs. McMaster—Old Cotton.
Clarendon Morse—Men's Clothing.
Mrs. Miller—Second-hand Clothing.
Mrs. E. D. Smith—Reading Matter.
Mr. Geo. N. Mitchell—Reading Matter.
Miss Libbie Falls—Reading Matter.
Mrs. Alfred Ely—Two barrels Apples.
Mrs. Maltby Strong—One barrel of Apples.
Master W. H. Gorsline, Jr., aged 18 months—Two small Rockers for Child's Cot.
Lottie Augusta Houston—One small Rocker for Child's Cot.
Gertrude Casey—One small Rocker for Child's Cot.
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Four Turkeys and twelve glasses of Jelly.
Mr. Herman—Six Turkeys.
Mrs. John E. Durand—Choice Fruit.
Book Club—Twenty-three Books.
Sill Foundry Co. and Trotter & Geddes—St. James' Range.
Deavenport & Hale—Three Turkeys.
Mrs. F. Gorton—"Graphics" every week.

Monthly Report.

1879. Nov. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 62
Received during month, .. 17
Births, 1— 80
Deaths, 0
Discharged, 14— 14
Remaining, Dec. 1st 1879, .. 66

The Children's Cot.

On our last visit to the Hospital we found several little folks among the patients; one boy had a diseased hip, another, was recovering from an abscess on the leg; one girl had a curvature of the spine; the lungs of another were diseased; but as only one child at a time could occupy the Cot, that was appropriated to the little girl of whom we wrote last month. She is slowly improving, but her hands and feet are still quite sore, and she can't walk about much, but she showed us a rocking chair that pleased her very much. A little girl saw by the *Review* that we needed a child's chair, and brought a little rocking horse that could be changed into a chair, and when she found this would not be suitable for the sick child, she said, "She shall have my chair." So the kind hearted child went home, brought her own chair and gave it to the Children's Cot. Several other persons read our request for a child's rocking chair and four chairs were donated to us, so we are well supplied and shall not have to ask for any more children's chairs at present.

"Unto the Desired Haven."

In our visits at the City Hospital, we have found no collections of poems so comforting and strengthening to the sick, the weary and the suffering, as those published by Randolph, and contained in "The Changed Cross," and "The Shadow of the Rock." Beside the couch of those nearing the dark valley, we have read such poems as "Father, Take My Hand," and "The Gracious Answer," and they have been as cordial to the fainting spirit. Anson D. F. Randolph, of New York, has just published another volume of religious poems, "Unto the Desired Haven," collected by the same compiler, and we commend it as a choice Christmas gift to the afflicted. For sale by C. E. Darrow; price 75 cents.

Notice.

Persons who have not returned their Mite Boxes will please send them to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, 48 Spring Street.

Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 S. Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 44 Spring Street; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 60 S. Fitzhugh Street.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS.
" N. T. ROCHESTER, " Dr. MATHEWS.

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Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. Dr. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 28 Spring Street.

Wm. S. Falls, Book & Job Printer,
Butts' Block, south entrance, over 6 State Street.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr. Sq., 1 insertion	\$1 00	Quarter Column,	\$10 00
Three Months,	2 00	One Third Column, . . .	12 00
Six Months,	3 00	Half Column, 1 Year, . .	15 00
One Year,	5 00	One Column, 1 Year, . .	26 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1880.

No. 6.

For the Hospital Review.

Roses.

BY BERTHA SCRANTON POOL.

I.

Sweet and creamy, and pink at the heart,
Swaying through all of the sun-bright days,
Dreaming in odorous nights of June,
Lying half shut, 'neath a silver moon,
These are some of your ways!

II.

Red, deep red like the smoldering light
Of a wintry sunset's dying haze,
Worn for a crown on a festal night,
Trampled, forgot—in the morrow's light—
These are some of your ways!

III.

Lovers give you in token of vows
That fade as swift as your petals do;
And hands grown hard in the wage of sin
Gather some pure old memory in,
Better, for sight of you.

IV.

And some, who are dying, hold you fast
In fingers weary of all beside.
And just as willingly sweet you bloom,
Whether you deck a feast, or a tomb,
For mourner, as for bride.

V.

Patient, unselfish, your short lives pass,
How they rebuke our frivolous days!
Teaching us lessons of great content,
Of talents wasted, and blessings lent,
These are some of your ways.

What do we live for, if it is not to
make life less difficult to each other?

MIDDLEMARCH.

For the Hospital Review.

Haviland's Faience.

A taste for decorated faience has so rapidly developed in our city, that many, who a few years ago were insensible to its charms, in selecting their Christmas gifts flocked to the well known establishment of Henry C. Wisner, 33 State Street, where a well selected assortment of foreign porcelains is always sure to be found. We, among the crowd, were greatly pleased with some specimens of Haviland's Limoges ware that were arranged in the centre of the store just facing the door. The exquisite form and coloring of some of the vases made us almost covet them.

Since then we have learned some facts in relation to Haviland and his operations that may interest our readers.

David Haviland, who died last month, was a native of this State, and the founder of the Limoges factory. In 1836, he resided in this country and imported English earthenware. Conscious of its inferiority to the French porcelain, he in 1840 visited Paris and Forcey, seeking to find out the cause of the superiority of the French wares. In 1842 he settled in Limoges, because he could there find better kaoline, clay for the making of porcelain, than any where else in France.

At Limoges he built his factory, but he had to contend with great obstacles, but

his perseverance was at last crowned with abundant success.

At first he made shapes but he did not attempt the manufacture of porcelain, but employed professors to train two hundred pupils for decorative work, and from this grew the modern system of making and ornamenting this ware.

The Scientific American says :

The faience, called the Limoges, would more properly be called the Haviland, since it is all produced at their Auteuil factory, it being impossible, it is said, to secure at any distance from Paris artists of sufficient reputation to paint this ware.

The Limoges factory is in the centre of the city and covers three acres of ground. There are nine double kilns for porcelains, twenty-one mufles for fixing the decorations, and about twelve hundred persons are constantly employed.

Those who are not familiar with this faience will do well to visit Wisner's China Hall, where fine specimens may be seen and interesting information regarding it obtained. A fresh importation by recent steamers is announced, and all who are in quest of artistic ornaments for mantel or table should not fail to secure some of Haviland's faience.

H. S. T.

A Charming Incident.

In the City of Brotherly Love, some kindly souls built, years ago, a hospital for little children. There the sick and deformed little ones are taken out of their wretched homes, and nursed with the tenderest and most skilful care. There is a great shady yard about the building, and wide porches, to which, in warm days, the little cots are moved, that the poor babies may feel the sun and breathe the pure air.

One winter's day, a year ago, there was a meeting of the directors,—grave, middle-aged men,—who inspected the wards, etc., in a grave and middle-aged way. But as they were passing out through the garden,—covered then with snow,—one of them looked up and saw a row of pale-faced little convalescents, in their check bibs, peering down through the porch railing.

How solemn and woe-begone the little men looked! One grave old director

stopped, deliberately made a snow-ball, and threw it at them.

There was a gasp of astonishment, and then a little pipe of a cheer; and at it they went, pelting down scraps of snow and icicles, while the visitors, one and all joined in the fun. Such shouts and screams of laughter, have never been heard there before. The nurses carried sick babies to the windows, and they, too, laughed and clapped their hands.

It was a pretty sight, and a passer-by, touched by it, told the little incident in a paper which travels all over the country.

In a week or two came a letter from a lady in New England, who "had money to give away, and would like to give it to so worthy a charity;" and another from a poor mother in the far West, whose one little child was just dead, and who wished, instead of building to her memory a memorial window or stately monument, to endow a bed in this hospital.

So the managers found themselves aided in their good work; and there is a bed marked, "In memory of little Mary," where there will always be some poor child, saved from want, and possibly from death.

But they will never know that they owe it to the snow-ball which the genial-hearted director threw, following his momentary kindly impulse.

"The echo of the little word I speak," says the Jewish proverb, "goes faster than I to heaven or to hell."

How to Catch the Horse.

BY AUNT EMILY.

"Oh Papa," cried Willie Leigh, as he and his little brother Edward rushed into their father's study, "do you know that Farmer Brown's young horse is caught at last? James Brown caught him, and all by himself; he did it so cleverly! three men could not catch it yesterday, though they tried for more than an hour."

"Well, suppose you tell me all about it Willie; but take off your caps and try to stand still; I think you look a little like two wild young horses yourselves." The boys laughed, but did as desired, though they were so excited that standing still seemed to be difficult.

"Well, papa, when we were out yesterday, we met John Doyle, and he told us

that he and Dick and Ned Brown were going to catch the horse, and that we could see them do it if we got up on the bank, where we should be quite safe; so we got up, and the men went into the field, and they each had a rope with a noose to throw over the horse's head, and they ran after it and shouted and tried to drive it into a corner of the field, but it was all useless; the horse got frightened and galloped about, and never gave them a chance to put a rope over him; and John said he did not think any one could ever catch the horse, he was so wild; but old Mr. Brown said he was sure James would catch him to-morrow. The others all laughed, because you know, papa, James is a little lame, and Dick said he was sure the horse would knock him down if he went near it." "So I asked Mr. Brown how James would catch it," said Edward, "but he only smiled, and said, 'In the right way, my lad.' So we went there to-day," continued Willie, "and James got a close sieve and put some oats in it. He had a halter in one hand, but when he came to the field he held it behind him so the horse could not see it; and then walked quietly towards the horse, holding out the oats to him and calling him by his name, 'Snow;' wasn't it queer to call him that when he has not a white hair on him? When he saw the oats he looked for a minute first, and then when James stood still he walked nearer, and at last put his mouth right down and began to eat; then in a moment James threw his halter over his head and had him prisoner; he did it so quickly Snow had not time to stir: wasn't it very cleverly done, papa?"

"Yes, indeed, dear, and I think you may learn two very important lessons from it; first, how much better wisdom is than mere strength of body. You see James, even though he is lame, accomplished what foiled the others, because he went about it wisely, or, as Farmer Brown said, 'in the right way.' The other lesson is, to resist temptation in whatever shape the devil holds it out to us. He often catches little children as the horse was caught, by means of something they would like to eat; he points out to them the beautiful pears hanging so low on the tree they have been forbidden to touch; and whispers that no one sees them, and at last the child yields to the temptation and pulls and eats the fruit; then the devil has thrown a chain

round his neck made of the sins of disobedience and theft, and the chain gets stronger and stronger; for when he is asked about the fruit, Satan tempts him to lie; by saying he did not take it; and so on from one sin to another, as he grows up, until at last, unless some one stronger than Satan breaks the chain, the devil will drag him down to hell by it. Do you know who is the only person who can break the chain, Willie?"

"Yes, papa, it is Jesus; he can save us from our sin."

"Yes, my boy, He can and will, if we ask Him."

"We will, papa," answered both boys; "and," added Edward, "whenever I see a horse with a rope round his neck, I shall think of the chain Satan tries to put round us, and ask God to keep him from catching us."

"Do so, my child; and then you will have reason all your life to bless God for the lesson you have learned to-day, by seeing the way in which Farmer Brown's horse was caught."—[*Early Days.*]

True Self-respect.

John Jay, the first chief-justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, had a sublime sense of justice. He would far rather suffer wrong than do wrong, and was reluctant to plead for clients when he knew that law and right were against them.

On one occasion, in a great political struggle, he thought a member of the committee had acted in an underhanded way. Though it was designed for the good of the party to which Mr. Jay belonged, yet such was his sense of justice that he procured a vote of censure against the man. He angrily, vindicated himself, and called Mr. Jay some hard names.

On further inquiry, Mr. Jay found that, judging too hastily, he had misapprehended the man's action. He went to him promptly, and said, "You were right, and I was wrong. I ask your pardon." He felt that true self-respect demanded such an apology. The man, overwhelmed with surprise at this unexpected humility, said, "I have often heard that John Jay was a great man, now I know it."

So sweet it is when evening brings us light.

—Mrs. Sangster.

A friend sends us the following beautiful lines which were used by a city clergyman, at the close of a sermon preached in a little country church, from the text, "And Enoch walked with God; and he was not; for God took him.—Gen. v. 24." The first verse was quoted, the others were original:

"God is upon the sea,
The purple fold
Of His mantle moveth there
Deep edged with gold."

God is upon the hills.
The sunset hour
Flings His cloud banners over rock, and
crag,
And lofty tower.

God is among the stars.
The vesper bell
Brings down the voices of the Host on
high,
He doeth all things well.

God is in city streets.
One earnest prayer
Sent arrow like, from out those surging
crowds,
Proves, God is there!

God is within thy heart,
Oh bend the knee,
For He is asking, whom the angels serve,
To walk with thee.

A Significant Incident.

In one of the battles of the late war, young Doctor D—, then a volunteer captain in the Union Army, led his men up to a hand-to-hand fight with a Confederate regiment.

"I never," said the captain, "had killed a man before. It was a mass of men I fought—an idea, the whole South—not the individual.

"When I found myself, therefore, slashing away at a stout, blue-eyed fellow, who might be some woman's husband, and some child's father, I confess my courage gave way. I actually shut my eyes as I hacked desperately at him with my sword. His arm fell helpless, and he dropped from his horse.

"An hour after I saw him in the surgeon's tent. The arm had been amputa-

ted, and lay on the floor. As the man was carried away I saw on one of the fingers a ring carved out of cannel coal. It looked to me like a child's work, and I drew it off and followed the wounded soldier, determined to restore it. But in the confusion of the battle-field, I lost sight of him."

The sequel of this story is as follows. In the summer of 1878, when the yellow fever was raging in the South, Dr. D— was one of the Northern physicians who answered the call for aid.

He went to Memphis and labored for weeks among the sick and dying. Among the patients brought to the hospital was a Colonel C—, a man with but one arm.

Something familiar in the man's honest face troubled our doctor. He gave his constant care to him, both nursed and prescribed for him, and finally saw him recover. The two men became warmly attached.

One evening when the colonel was able to leave his bed, they took supper together. Dr. D— suddenly drew from his pocket a black ring and laid it on the table.

"Why, this is mine!" exclaimed the colonel. "My boy Dick cut that for me thirteen years ago."

"Then it was I who cut off your arm," said D—.

The men rose and faced each other silently a moment, and then their hands met in a hearty clasp. The strife was over, and the true men were brothers again.

A Successful Life.

"I think, my friends, we may call our lives truly successful if we patiently perform every duty no matter how humble, looking to Christ for help and guidance."

This was but part of what a young stranger said at the prayer-meeting yet it cheered several individuals who were feeling that their lot was hard and life proved a failure.

"Well," thought Letty, "it won't seem quite so hard to-morrow morning to drive the cow to pasture if it does rain, and the umbrella is broken; and no matter if the work at Mrs. Sharp's does make me tired. It's got to be done, and I'm the one to do it—that's plain enough. And Letty walked briskly home, full of courage for the duties of the morrow.

"It has sometimes seemed a mistake," thought Will, "that I should have to spend my time in that stone-shed hammering from morning till night with hardly a chance to open a book, when most all the boys are fitting for college; but who would take care of mother and the children if I didn't?"

"Things would have been different if father were living, but God lives, and will help me in the work He has given me to do."

Will assisted his mother down the chapel steps more tenderly, if possible, than ever, causing more than one person to say: "That young man's life will not be a failure if he keeps on as he has begun."

"It's a mystery to me how I'm to have what you call a successful life—a poor lame creature like me," said Miss Flynn the next morning, as she walked slowly into her neighbor's house with the aid of two crutches, to have a little friendly chat with the invalid girl, Maggie. "It's precious little good I can do to help anybody, with my hands all drawn out of shape with rheumatism, and—"

"O, Miss Flynn," interrupted Maggie, "please don't say so when you have been such a comfort to me. Think of the hours you have spent reading to me, and how you go every day to Mrs. Neil's and take care of her baby, while she has a chance to rest, poor woman! But what do you think of my life as a success, Miss Flynn, if you are of the opinion that yours is useless? I, you know, am absolutely helpless; can only lie here and try to be patient."

"That's just it, Maggie," said Miss Flynn; "your patience all these years have helped us all, and it won't make you proud to know what Mr. Frost said to me when I asked him if he didn't believe that there was such a thing as genuine piety?"

"Yes, Miss Flynn, Maggie Kent's cheerful, uncomplaining life convinces me there is such a thing."

So, Maggie dear, we can see that the feeblest can do something, and though we may sometimes forget, as I did this morning still we know that if our hearts are willing to do, our light will shine, and God be glorified through our lives, and that will certainly be success. M. H.

It is always more difficult to regain than it is to keep.

Cost of the "Know How."

Certain "specialists" are, doubtless, in the habit of charging high prices for their services. But it should be remembered that they have not the benefit of a general practice, and that it has cost much time and expense to make them experts in their speciality. The colored man of the following anecdote from Harper's Magazine puts the case in a clear light:

There was much gumption evinced by that particular darkey, whose master was a surgeon, who had performed on another darkey an operation requiring a high degree of skill. This latter darkey was well to do, and the surgeon charged him twenty-five dollars for the operation. Meeting the doctor's servant afterwards, this dialogue occurred:

"Dat was a mighty steep charge of de doctor's for cuttin' on me tudder day."

"How much did de boss charge?"

"Well, Julius, he charge me twenty-five dollar."

"Go 'long, niggah, dat aint much charge."

"Well, he wasn't more dan three or four minutes doin' it, and I think five dollars was all he oughter took."

"Look a-hear, Sam; you don't un'stan' 'bont dat t'ing. You see de boss have to spend a great many year learnin' how to use dat knife, an' it cost him heaps o' money. Now de fact am dat he only charged you five dollars for de operation; de tudder twenty he charge for de know how."

That's it—the time and money to learn the *know how*.

An Incident in the Cars.

A writer in the *American Messenger* gives the following true incident of the late war: One morning, at one of the depots in Boston, a band of recruits mounted the platform, shouting back to their friends the various slang phrases they could command, interspersed with an oath now and then. As the train moved off they pushed each other into the car, where many ladies were seated, including a Mrs. B—— and her two boys.

Then the oaths came out thick and fast, each one evidently trying to outdo the others in profanity. Mrs. B—— shuddered for herself and for the boys, for she could

not bear to have their young minds contaminated by such language.

If the train had not been so crowded, she would have looked for seats elsewhere, but under the circumstances she was compelled to remain where she was.

Finally, after this coarse jesture had continued for nearly half an hour, a little girl, who with her mother sat in front of the party, stepped out timidly from her seat, and going up to the ringleader of the group, a young man whose countenance indicated considerable intelligence, she presented him with a small Bible.

She was a little, delicate-looking creature, only seven or eight years old, and as she laid the book in his hand, she raised her eyes appealingly to his, but without saying a word went back to her seat.

The party could not have been more completely hushed if an angel had silenced them. Not another oath was heard, and scarcely a word was spoken by any one of them during the remainder of the journey.

The young man who had received the book seemed impressed. He got out of the car at the next station and purchased a paper of candy for his little friend, which he presented to her. He stooped down and kissed her, and said he should always keep the little Bible for her sake.

The little girl's mother afterwards told Mrs. B—— that her child had been so troubled by the wickedness of those young men that she could not rest until she had given her little Bible which she valued so highly herself.

Trip Lightly.

Trip lightly over trouble,
 Trip lightly over wrong;
 We only make grief double
 By dwelling on it long.
 Why clasp Woe's hand so tightly?
 Why sigh o'er blossom dead?
 Why cling to forms unsightly?
 Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
 Though all the days be dark,
 The sun may shine to-morrow
 And gaily sing the lark;
 Whilst stars are nightly shining,
 And heaven is overhead,
 Encourage not repining,
 But look for joy instead.

A Son's Testimony.

Dr. Fraser, the able bishop of Manchester, England, testified, in a recent address, that he owes all that he was and had been able to do to the self-sacrificing devotion of his mother.

His father, a man of some fortune, lost everything in iron mining, leaving a family of seven, the bishop at that time being fourteen years old.

His mother was a woman of sound sense and great unselfishness. She said:

"I cannot give these lads of mine a large fortune; but, by denying myself a bit, and living quietly, I can give them all a good education."

She did so, but he did not understand how she managed it. By God's providence, he had that mother still spared to him. She was now paralyzed, speechless and helpless, but every day when he went into her room and looked on her sweet face, he thought gratefully of all he owed to her, of what he was, and what he had been enabled to do.

Household Hints.

To keep lemons fresh place them in a jar filled with water, to be renewed every day or two.

Dry paint can be softened and removed by an application, with a swab, of a strong solution of oxalic acid.

To take ink out of linen, dip the ink spot in pure melted tallow, then wash out with the tallow and the ink will come out with out. This is said to be unfailing.

Britannia ware should be first rubbed gently with a woollen cloth and sweet oil; then wash in warm water suds and rubbed with soft leather and whiting. Thus treated it will retain its beauty to the last.

To remove mildew, soak the parts of the cloth that are mildewed in two parts of chloride of lime to four parts of water for about two hours, or till the mildew has disappeared; then thoroughly rinse it in cold water.

A boy fills his pipe, and he sees only the tobacco; and I see going into that pipe brains, books, time, health, money, prospects. The pipe is filled at last, and a light is struck; and things which are priceless are puffed away in smoke.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1880.

The Gift Bringers.

Santa Claus is a wise old fellow. He knew where to go to find messengers to bear his Christmas greetings to our invalids. The jolly old saint, in his furry robes and tinkling bells, did not like to come in person into our Hospital Wards, so selected as bearers of his gifts, some who had labored most efficiently in preparing articles for our Fancy Tables at the last Donation Festival, and the zeal with which they co-operated with him indicates that they were not weary in well-doing.

It was no small undertaking to provide Christmas wreaths for all the Wards, and some useful and appropriate gift for each of the more than three score patients in the public Wards of the City Hospital; but this was done, and cardigan jackets, knitted shawls, handkerchiefs, neckties, ruches, hosiery, and other articles, testified to the invalids that though absent from home they were not without friends.

A generous donation of tobacco, from Mr. William S. Kimball, was duly appreciated and welcomed by some of the inmates of the Male Wards.

At noontide on Christmas day Mrs. George J. Whitney, her daughters and Mrs. Wm. H. Ward arrived laden with Japanese trays, fancy plates, baskets and mugs, that they filled with fruit and flowers and distributed among the patients.

One poor man was too sick to receive anything but flowers; his nurse did not dare offer him an orange or grapes, but the other invalids had each an orange, an apple, a bunch of Malaga grapes and a bouquet.

We went through the Wards with the gift bringers and it was pleasant to see how they were welcomed. The tempting

fruit was a luxury to many, and the flowers were welcomed by all; even the deaf, blind man, who could not hear the kindly Christmas greeting nor see the beautiful colors, could inhale the fragrance, and the pretty receptacles that held fruit and flowers will long be treasured as tokens of Christmastide. To some these gifts wakened pleasant memories of bright by-gone days in their own homes, and others spoke of the next Christmas which they hoped to spend in Heaven. One poor girl, recovering from fever, seemed almost bereft of reason, and would not touch even a tempting grape. The physicians had decided that the Lunatic Asylum and not the City Hospital was the home for her, and on the morrow they expected to remove her from the latter. She constantly fancied she heard her father calling her. At the sight of the flowers she burst into tears, and we placed them on a stand beside her cot, hoping in some happier mood she might enjoy them and the inviting fruit.

The visit of the gift bringers will long be remembered by the grateful recipients of their kindness, and we hope while the City Hospital opens its doors for the sick and the suffering, there will always be some to bring to them joy at Christmas tide.

One who for many years has been wont at this season to remember the Hospital inmates, was this year in a distant city ministering to her orphan charge, but there were many who recounted her past loving deeds, and missed her kindly Christmas greeting.

As we said good bye to the patients most of them were enjoying a Christmas dinner of fricasseed chicken, with plum pudding for dessert.

We rejoice to learn that the venerable President of the Board of Trustees of the City Hospital, Mr. Aaron Erickson, is gaining in health and strength. May he long be spared to bless our charity.

The Hospital Patients.

Our last visit to the Hospital was on the morning of January seventh, and in the Female Wards we found an unusual amount of suffering.

In the Lower Female Ward the sickest patient was one recently arrived, very low with consumption; she was longing for the hour of her release and did not look as if she would have to wait a great while for it. Another, with diseased lungs, was a Hebrew woman whose fearful cough greatly disturbed her. Mrs. E. was in bed troubled with nausea and unable to retain food; near her was a cancer patient also in bed. Mrs. C. was suffering acutely from neuralgia; Mrs. B. had a sort of croupy attack; the old lady from Webster with broken hip does not sit up at all and has failed much during the year; rheumatic and paralytic patients were sitting by the registers, and one with inflammatory disease was improving though still confined to her bed. The consumptive patient, of whom we have often spoken, had been removed to a room in the south-west corner of the building, and looked better and more free from pain than when last we saw her. She feels she is drawing near the end but is peaceful, trusting, and ready for her summons. Mrs. B. was up and making an effort to sew.

In the Lying-In-Ward was one patient and an infant seven weeks old.

There were thirteen patients in the Upper Female Ward. Among the diseases here were erysipelas, paralysis, dyspepsia, rheumatism and epilepsy. The epileptic patients were more unwell than usual; one had had a fearful attack and was suffering still from the effects of it. A great many of the patients were in bed, and some of the paralytic and rheumatic ones were confined to their chairs. One woman was having her limbs rubbed and moved causing her great pain. Mrs. H. was more unwell and was in bed as was little Mary M.

who is only fifteen years old and whose lungs trouble her.

Most of the patients in the Surgical Ward were up and dressed. Five were playing dominoes; one of those had had an arm amputated at the shoulder; another had been injured while driving cattle, one was partially paralysed, a fourth was waiting for a surgical operation, and the fifth, a little boy, was recovering from an abscess on one of the lower limbs. Near these was a man in bed who for the second time had broken his hip. Three of the patients in this Ward were new.

We here noticed one cot with a board upon it, and found that this method was resorted to for the purpose of preventing a blind man from taking possession of it by day. He could not tell day from night, and if allowed to do so would undress himself as soon as dinner and go to bed, and then get up and disturb the inmates of the Ward by night.

In the Upper Male Ward we found fourteen patients and during our visit two others arrived; one of these had fits and the other was one of Dr. Rider's eye patients.

In the corner of this Ward we found a very intelligent man, totally blind, who had been operated upon for cataract. Inflammation had taken place, and he was waiting for another operation. He seemed to like his quarters and was instructing a bright little boy who sat beside him, who had a diseased hip. The man had once been a school teacher.

Mr. S., whose lungs and heart are diseased, looked very feeble but seemed to be sleeping quietly, and we did not disturb him.

Another man was in his cot and appeared quite comfortable but was unable to take any nourishment except milk, and the nurse told us he suffered a great deal at night and could not retain food.

The Children's Cot.

We visited the Children's Cot several times last month, but we think the little folks would rather hear about our Christmas visit than any other. We then found little Mary Kern sitting beside it, in the new rocking chair, that is a great comfort to her. She asked her nurse to show us the pretty quilt that Mrs. Oliver brought in memory of her little daughter. We wish we could say that Mary is a great deal better; we hope the time will come when we can do so, but she improves very slowly. She has never been well or able to go to school at all, either on the Sabbath or week day, but she has learned lessons in patience that endear her to all about her. Her feet are still very sore and they keep her awake a great deal at night. She has a very kind and attentive nurse who does all she can for Mary's comfort. Santa Claus did not forget Mary, but he brought her a dressed doll, a sugar man, a toy pitcher, a lace stocking filled with nuts, candy and corn, all of which pleased the little invalid. Then at noon on Christmas day she had a pretty Japanese tray, with an orange, an apple, Malaga grapes and flowers. She took a great deal of pleasure in showing us her presents, and then we looked over with her a beautiful scrap book which we had never seen before, but which was given some time ago to the Cot by the infant class of the First Presbyterian Church Sabbath School. This was so pretty we must tell you about it. It was made of white cloth, button-holed around the edges with blue worsted. It had a black cover and was mounted so that it could be hung up like the "Silent Comforters." On the first page were the names of twenty-four girls and twenty-nine boys who had brought pictures or helped in some way to make the book. Two pages formed an illuminated alphabet; almost every letter had a bird, the first letter of whose name commenced

with the letter, thus, C for Crane, D for Duck, E for Eagle; and there were other beautiful pictures of birds so prettily painted that they looked like real birds, then there was a set of "Young Targeters," and "Little Bo Peep," and a great many other pictures. When we laid aside the scrap book Mary sang a German Christmas song, and then one in English, the words of which we will give you:

"Brightly beams our Father's mercy

From His lighthouse evermore;

But to us He gives the keeping

Of the lights along the shore.

"Let the lower lights be burning!

Send the gleam across the wave!

Some poor fainting, struggling seaman

You may rescue, you may save."

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Frankie Clafin,	\$ 10
Allie Clafin,	10
Primary Department Central Presbyterian Sunday School,	5 00
Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, Brockport,	3 50

Receipts for the month,\$ 8 70

Previously acknowledged, 790 02

Total Receipts,\$798 72

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

Omissions.

Last month, in acknowledging donations to the Refreshment and Fancy Tables of the Donation Festival, the following articles were omitted: Mrs. Charles Hart, a chicken pie; Mrs. Mann, a ham; Mrs. John Howe, a loaf of cake; Mrs. C. E. Mathews, oranges; Mrs. N. T. Rochester, a turkey; Mrs. J. Frost, Charlotte Russe; Miss Nellie Frost, flowers; Mrs. J. A. Eastman, two pairs fancy mittens; Miss Wilkin, a painted horse shoe, pen rack, painting three shells.

The Girls Heard From.

Last month we reported a generous donation for the Cot fund from some of our city boys. This month we report a Christmas offering from the girls of Geneseo. The following letter was preceded by a package of new underclothing, beautifully made, much of it done by hand, the work of the Mission Band of Geneseo. There were a night dress, five chemises, all prettily trimmed, and three handkerchiefs and two pillow cases. These were very acceptable, and we thank our little friends who have labored so kindly for the Children's Cot.

GENESEO, N. Y., Dec. 26, 1879.

MRS. MATHEWS :

Dear Madam,—You have perhaps wondered that nothing more was heard from the work commenced by our "Mission Band" for the Children's Cot. We lately decided we would finish it and send it to you. We hope you received the package in good order the first of the week. My holiday had so occupied my time and thoughts that I had entirely forgotten this letter until the present time. Hoping that each article though trifling may find a useful place, I am,

Respectfully yours,

LUCY E. BOND, Sec'y.

Albert Wilson.

The city papers have chronicled the sad accident, at the Canal Street rail-road crossing that last month resulted in the death of Albert Wilson.

It is not often that so much interest centres in any patient at the Hospital as was felt for this youth, whose untimely end so many have mourned. He would have been sixteen years old had he lived through this month.

Eight months since he left his home in Ontario, LaGrange County, Indiana, and came east to visit his friends and relatives. Most of the time he spent in the country in this vicinity, but about three weeks before the accident he came to Rochester, and seemed perfectly fascinated with the motion of the rail-road trains. He loved to watch them, and taking his stand on the Canal Street bridge he was attracted

by one train, and did not know that another was advancing from the opposite direction. A signal was given but the poor little fellow was none the wiser for it, and was thrown from the track, and soon after taken a mangled wreck to the City Hospital. One limb was amputated; the other had been fearfully injured. Every effort was made by physicians, nurses and kind relatives to save him, but he survived only about one week. His manly bearing and patient spirit endeared him to all around him, and the whole Hospital seemed to feel the tenderest interest in him. The city papers daily reported his condition and the Lady Managers felt almost a motherly tenderness for him.

One of the Hospital nurses told us that through all his sickness,—even when only partially conscious,—not an impure or profane word escaped him.

We visited the Hospital the day preceding his death, and saw in the Female Ward his little sister and his afflicted mother, who had made a weary journey of more than four hundred miles from their western home to reach the dying boy. The little child was too young to realize the brother's condition, and the mother knew where to go for comfort in her deep sorrow. We went from her to the couch of the poor boy, who seemed nearing the dark valley but past consciousness of suffering. The house physicians, Drs. E. E. Barnum and F. H. Potter, the nurse and friends were about him, all seeming anxious to minister to his least want. It was a sad picture, but it was not without some brightness, for we had learned that the Great Physician had healed Albert, and that in the days of his youth he had remembered his Creator, and professed his faith in his Savior.

We left him and passing through the Hall met again the mother; two nephews had joined her and her aged father. Poor, broken-hearted man! Our heart ached for him. We tried to comfort him, but

our words seemed powerless. "O!" said he, "I ought not to murmur, when his mother bears it so, but I've been so proud of my children and grand-children, fifty-six of them I number, but this—" and he burst into tears. In our interview with the mother she expressed much gratitude for the skilful and faithful treatment her poor boy had received.

The day passed and soon after midnight his spirit left its shattered tenement. A few days later, relatives, friends and Hospital inmates, gathered in the chapel, to pay their last tribute of respect, as the Rev. Mr. Newman and Rev. Mr. Foote conducted the funeral services. The remains were then borne to Mt. Hope.

Our Needs.

Our Matron tells us that there are several men who are in great need of pantaloons; coats and vests have been sent in but now pants are quite in demand.

Old bed quilts, *no matter how old*, will also be very acceptable.

Vick's Floral Guide.

While we are dreading wintry blasts and blinding snow storms, the spring number of Vick's Illustrated Guide comes to us filled with beautiful pictures of summer flowers and vegetables, with a list of the prices of plants and seeds, and directions for their culture. The colored plate is a bouquet of sweet peas, so natural we almost long for a summer breeze to waft us their delicate odors. The book contains a hundred pages and costs five cents. Send for a copy to James Vick and make your plans for summer flowers and vegetables.

We omitted to acknowledge last month the Fancy Candy Boxes, kindly donated by Miss Butts, to the Ice Cream Table.

Cash Donations received since the Festival,

DECEMBER 4th, 1879.

Miss A. C. Kieth,.....	\$ 2 00
Sherlock & Sloan,.....	10 00
Additional received from Mrs. Mumford's table,	13 00
H. C. Wisner donated on loss and breakage of Crockery,	7 22

RECAPITULATION.

Cash Donations,	\$1,363 00
Cash from Refreshment Tables, ...	822 77
Miss Perkins' Ice Cream and Candy Table	130 57
Received from Fancy Articles,	840 51

\$3,156 85

Expenses

195 24

Nett,

\$2,961 61

Children's Cot Table,	135 00
Receipts from Mite Boxes to Jan. 10,...	283 26

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS, Tr.

Donations.

Mrs. Geo. C. Buell—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. C. H. Babcock—Three numbers of Scribners, Harpers' Weekly.
 Miss Dunlap—Two Pictures.
 Mrs. H. E. Hooker—Agricultural Paper.
 Mrs. S. H. Terry—Scientific American, Reading Matter.
 Unknown—Crutches.
 Mrs. Gorton—Graphics.
 From Geneseo, by Express, on Christmas—One child's Night Dress, 5 child's Chemises, 3 Handkerchiefs, 2 Pillow Cases.
 Mr. A. M. Bristol—Reading Matter.
 Wm. S. Kimball & Co.—Tobacco.
 Charles Salmon & Co.—One Turkey.
 Mr. Herman—Two Turkeys.
 Mrs. M. Strong—Articles of Clothing.

Receipts for the Review.

FROM DECEMBER 8, 1879, TO JANUARY 1, 1880.

Miss E. Tompkins—by Mrs. S. H. Terry, \$	62
J. McGraw, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Sproat, 62 cents—by Miss M. J. Watson,	1 24
Mrs. H. Benton, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. F. Claf- lin, \$1.24; Miss M. J. Daniell, 62 cts.; Mrs. Wm. Foster, Clifton Springs, \$1.00; Miss N. Hartfeld, East Brighton, \$1.00; Mrs. M. J. Holmes, Brockport, \$1.50; D. McNaughton, Mumford, 50c.; Mrs. J. Z. Newcomb, 65 cents; Miss M. E. Porter, 63 cents; Mr. George T. Palmer, East Avon, (two subscriptions,) \$1.50; Mrs. H. F. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Roderick, East Pembroke, \$1.00—by Mrs. Robert Mathews,	10 88

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Treasurer for their discontinuance and until payment of all arrearages is made as required by law.

Monthly Report.

1879. Dec. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 66	
Received during month, . . . 20	
Births, 0—	86
Deaths, 1	
Discharged, 18—	19
Remaining, Jan. 1st, 1880, 67	

Children's Department.

New Year's Greeting.

A Happy New Year to all of you, dear children! The merry Christmas holidays are over, but we trust, the new Year has yet many joys in store for you, and we are sure it has, if you only know how to catch and hold fast all the good things it would bring you.

What made you so happy Christmas morning? Santa Claus filled some of your stockings very full, and you were delighted with his gifts, but we trust you helped fill many other stockings, and shared some of your goodies with brothers and sisters or those less favored than yourselves. It made you happy to *give* as well as to *receive* tokens of affection. We offer gifts at Christmas, in memory of Him who has God's best gift to man, and no more appropriate lesson can we draw from the joyous holiday season, than that of being generous to others and of doing all we can to make them truly happy.

We have wished you a happy new year, and now we would show you how you may make it so. Did Santa Claus put into any of your stockings a trap to catch happiness? Perhaps if he did not you would like to know how to make one. You must ask your mothers or sisters to buy you some perforated card board and some bright scarlet worsted; then work, in pretty letters from the pattern books that they keep at all the fancy stores, a motto like this to adorn your chamber wall:

Try to make Everybody

Happy

This New Year.

You must work a border around it, and twist a string for it, and then hang it where your bright little peepers will rest upon it when they first open in the morning. When you say your morning prayer you must ask God to help you to make Him, your parents, brothers and sisters, schoolmates and all your little friends happy, and then watch for chances to do this, and you will be sure to catch a large share of happiness for yourselves. Try this, dear children.

Benny's Prayer.

BY KATE LAWRENCE.

Little Benny, in his chamber,
Kneels to say his evening prayer,
While the gentle breeze of evening,
Lightly stirs his golden hair.

Sweetly fall his words of blessing,
"God bless father, mother, May,
Kate and Benny, Tray and Clover,
Make us loving every day."

"Go on, darling—everybody"—
Here a pause—the red lip curled—
Quivered—shut—'tis hard to say it—
"Everybody in the world."

"All but Pat"—he faintly murmurs,
"Pat Malloy—he came to-day,
Stoned my darling little Bunny—
Stole my marble-bag away."

"Ah my Benny!" thought I sadly,
While beside his bed I sat,
Older hearts to-day are praying—
"Everybody—all but Pat."

The Japanese, who are a wise people, and fond of expression themselves by symbols, present to each other on every New Year's Day a piece of the commonest and coarsest dried fish done up in a rough scrap of paper. This is to remind, them of the frugality and temperance of their ancestors, and in this way to exhort each other to form and keep good resolutions for the next twelvemonth.

Notice.

Persons who have not returned their Mite Boxes will please send them to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, 48 Spring Street.

Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 S. Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 44 Spring Street; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 60 S. Fitzhugh Street.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

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" N. T. ROCHESTER, " Dr. MATHEWS.

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NEW SPRING GOODS.

We have for the past two weeks been receiving our Spring Stock of MILLINERY, and it is now complete in every branch—Hats, Bonnets, Flowers, Ribbons, Laces, Silks and a fine display in Trimmed Goods. Elegant PATTERNS BONNETS. Also, a full line of Fancy Goods. All at bottom prices. Call early, before the wholesale rush begins and the choicest patterns are sold. Remember the place.

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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,
AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVI. ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 14, 1880.

No. 7

An Ancient Dirge.

FROM THE SPANISH.

O let the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened and awake;
Awake to see
How soon this life is past and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs;
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not, but the past,—the past,
More highly prize.

This world is but the rugged road
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above;
So let us choose that narrow way
Which leads no traveler's foot astray
From realms of love.

Our cradle is the starting place,
Life is the running of the race,
We reach the goal
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Did we but use it as we ought, [thought
This world would school each wandering
To its high state.
Faith wings the soul beyond the sky,
Up to that better world on high,
For which we wait.

Yes, the glad messenger of love,
To guide us to our home above,
The Savior came,
And born mid mortal cares and fears,
He suffered in this vale of tears
A death of shame.

Memorial Tributes

FROM THE

OFFICERS OF THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL,

TO THE LATE

AARON ERICKSON,

PRESIDENT OF ITS BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

The Board of Trustees.

At a special meeting of the Trustees of the Rochester City Hospital, Mr. Samuel D. Porter presented the following tribute to the memory of its late President:

A painful event has summoned this Board at this hour. The honored President of the Rochester City Hospital, Aaron Erickson, has departed this life, and we are assembled to give such utterance to our emotions as this solemn event suggests; and first, as to his relations to this Institution and his associates in this Board, Mr. Erickson has served this public charity long and well, and for the last eight years has been its presiding officer, the President of this Institution. It is not an overstatement to say that his personal labors as President have been more earnest, efficient and untiring than those of any of his worthy predecessors; and his frequent and most generous contributions to its treasury have been coupled with many successful efforts on his part to create

a kindred liberality in the hearts of other wealthy citizens. As our presiding officer he was uniformly cordial, stimulating and urbane, and he inspired in no small degree among the Board that interest in the Hospital which has contributed so much to its successful progress.

Mr. Erickson was no common man. He was a typical specimen of that characteristic class of energetic Americans which has given name and fame to our country. Born poor, and with the limited opportunities for learning that our common schools afforded, he early went forth to the battle of life, a workman, equipped for his work. Active, sagacious, persevering, indomitable, he rose from labor at the forge, through various stages of trade, commerce and finance, to all that a business ambition could desire—wealth, social station and the respect of the community with which he dwelt.

With a wide experience of the busy world in which he moved, and with recourse to books, reading and study, which he by no means neglected, his natural gifts were enlarged and dignified by literature and society, and thus he well became his station in life.

His traits of character may be summed up in a few words: He had a strong, self-asserting, personal individuality, was a sound and intellectual thinker, an upright and honorable merchant, a bold and successful operator, a useful and liberal citizen and a steadfast friend. Beloved by his family, respected by society, and always filling his position in a becoming manner wherever circumstances placed him, he will be missed among his compeers, and the public will have lost a valuable citizen.

This Board fully appreciates the services rendered by him to this public charity. We know of no one who will fill his place, and as friends and fellow associates we unite in the common regret.

The Medical Staff.

At a meeting of the Staff of the Rochester City Hospital, held Feb. 6th, 1880, it was resolved that the following be incorporated in the minutes:

"The Staff desire to express their sense of the loss, which the Hospital has sustained, in the death of Mr. Aaron Erickson, late President of the Board of Trustees. One of the earliest friends of the institution, Mr. Erickson has been closely identified with its every interest. In the successive years of its development and growth, it has been largely indebted for increasing prosperity, to the wisdom and sagacity of his counsels, as well as to the substantial pecuniary aid which has ever been generously and unostentatiously bestowed."

"In his death, we feel that the Hospital has lost a wise counselor and friend."

E. V. STODDARD,

Sec'y of Staff.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 6, 1880.

The Lady Managers.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, held on Monday, February 2d, 1880, Mrs. Maltby Strong, President of the Board, thus alluded to their departed friend:

LADIES:—At our last meeting, on the fifth of January, we were informed that the respected President of our Board of Trustees, Mr. Aaron Erickson, who had been very sick for two weeks, was much better, and that hopes were entertained of his speedy recovery, and acting upon this information, we requested our Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. E. Mathews, to send to him a note expressing the congratulations of the ladies of this Hospital Board for his convalescence.

When that note reached him, he was too ill to hear it read, and had it laid

aside, but referred to it afterwards, and during all his sickness manifested great interest in the City Hospital.

Our hopes were doomed to disappointment; medical skill, faithful nursing, and the gentle ministries of loving friends could not prolong the useful life, and just before midnight on the 27th of January, Mr. Erickson breathed his last.

The city press has fully portrayed his character and beautiful home life, and we know he was ready when the summons came, but by his death we have lost one of our best friends, ever ready to aid us by his counsels, personal efforts and generous contributions.

For many years he has been closely associated with some of us, and gratefully do we recall the repeated proofs he has given us of his deep interest in this charity. He greatly desired to see the *Mansard* finished, *the Hospital completed*, as he said, *before his death*, and he was permitted to realize that wish.

I am sure we all desire to express to Mrs. Erickson and her afflicted family our sympathy in this great bereavement, and also our gratitude for the confidence Mr. Erickson reposed in the Lady Managers of this Institution, ever indicating to them his willingness to do whatever *they thought* best for the Hospital.

In compliance with the foregoing suggestion, by order of the Board, the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. E. Mathews, prepared a note expressive of the sentiments of the Lady Managers, from which we make the following extract:

"The ladies cannot refrain from an expression also of the great loss which has befallen our Hospital in the death of Mr. Erickson, our honored President.

"We feel it most keenly, as we bear our testimony to the interest which he has ever manifested in giving his counsel, his

thoughts, his time, and his money, to advance its best interests.

"May God raise up as firm a friend for the Hospital upon whom his mantle may fall. That our Father's blessing may sustain, comfort and abide with the bereaved in their heavy affliction, is the fervent prayer of the ladies of the Hospital, many of whom have passed through the same deep waters, upheld only by His everlasting arms.

"By order of the Board.

"Mrs. C. E. MATHEWS,

"Cor. Sec'y."

Tributes from the City Press.

The following extract we copy from the *Union and Advertiser*, of January 28th, 1880:

Death of Aaron Erickson.

The early pioneers of Rochester, the men who aided materially in building up the city until it reached a position second to but few in the State, are rapidly being numbered with the dead, and but few of them remain to witness the result of their handiwork. Among the most prominent of the early settlers stands the name of Aaron Erickson, a name that has been a familiar word in Rochester for a period of half a century.

Mr. Erickson was born on the 28th of February, 1806, in Freehold, New Jersey, directly in sight of the historic battle field of Monmouth. He was the youngest of a large family, and like a great many other young men, left a comfortable home to carve out a fortune for himself, in what was then looked upon as the West, and in 1823 arrived in the new settlement of Rochester. In 1827, he married Miss Hannah Bockoven, a resident of Lyons.

For some weeks past he has been suffering from an affection of the heart, and on various occasions has been given over by the physicians in attendance. His strong constitution, however, enabled him to defy the doctors' prognostications for a long time, although death at the end was the victor, and at 12 o'clock last night he

breathed his last. During his sickness his sufferings have been very severe, but the pain was borne by him with a heroic fortitude and patience that showed the strength of his will and determination. He leaves behind him to mourn his loss, besides his long-life partner, three children — Mrs. William S. Nichols of New York, Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins of this city, and Mrs. William D. Powell of New York, and a large number of grandchildren.

The following tribute, from Prof. S. A. Lattimore, we copy from the *Democrat and Chronicle*:

Aaron Erickson.

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle:

SIR:—Your very complete biographical sketch of Mr. Erickson, in your issue of this morning, presents him as he was known to the great majority of our citizens. He had been closely and largely identified with the financial and commercial interests of this city for half a century. He had seen the little and unattractive village grow into a populous and beautiful city, and had himself grown with it from a poor and friendless boy to the man of wealth and influence, whom we are henceforth to miss from his office and from the street forever.

But Mr. Erickson had also a home to which he never carried the business of his office, and as it has been my privilege for many years to know him in his home rather than in his office, I beg a little space in your columns for an imperfect sketch of his home life.

The multitude knew him as a man of inflexible integrity, of earnest, even resolute purpose, and of dignified and courteous bearing. Fewer knew him in the unrestrained privacy of his own beautiful and hospitable home. It was in that genial atmosphere that the more rugged features of his character bloomed into personal and social graces of the rarest quality. Who that has seen him thus surrounded by his family and friends has not looked upon him with admiration? Patriarchal in figure and in age, his perfect happiness in having his friends about him, his gentleness, gayety and kindness of manner, were as fresh as if the blood of youth still throbbed in his veins. His

love for children was instinctive. His house was the home of his grandchildren where they were always welcome and always happy. One day last summer, as we were strolling about his lawn, he excited the surprise of my little daughter by the lavish way in which he was plucking the rarest flowers by handfuls, until her surprise culminated in astonishment as he filled her arms with the treasures, and bade her carry them home, with his compliments, to her mother.

Passing beyond the line of three score years, Mr. Erickson began to regard himself as an old man, and set about the relinquishment of the cares of his long and active business life, and the preparation for its closing scenes. In him, the conviction that he was an old man, always seemed to me to be drawn from a logical process rather than from the consciousness of failing intellectual powers. The same vigorous will and clear preception, which had been the main factors of his success, lasted in unabated vigor to the end. The calmness and deliberation with which he applied himself to the acceptance of the infirmities of advancing age was the combined result of his natural courage, of a deep philosophy and a devout religious faith. He often spoke of his own death in a way which showed how familiar the thought was to his mind—a long contemplated and inevitable event. I have never known any man grow old more wisely. As the relegation of a part of his business cares to younger hands gave him leisure, he felt the necessity of finding occupation for the sake of preserving his intellectual health. He had never known idleness, and dreaded it even when enforced. Always a keen observer of nature as well as of men, he welcomed the opportunity of a wider acquaintance with books and the achievements of modern science. A journey to Europe and the East fulfilled many a long-cherished wish and supplied materials for many delightful reflections in later years. With deep reverence he studied the topography and archæology of Palestine, as illustrating the records of sacred history. He furnished a series of letters from Egypt for the *Chronicle*, which were wonderfully interesting, because they described so graphically what other travelers had failed to observe, but what every reader wishes to know.

In later years he found great delight in

studying the phenomena of nature, and to this end he made his house a cabinet of rare and costly apparatus and specimens illustrative of the various departments of science. To the use of these treasures he made his friends generously welcome, and was never more happy than when they were made to minister to the instruction of a parlor full of guests.

The pursuit of such studies always seemed to produce in his mind the most devout feelings and the most reverent recognition of the Great Power of whom they were but dim foreshadowings and premonitions.

Such is but a dim outline of the home life of Mr. Erickson as it appeared to his friends. Where business cares never intruded, death has at last entered, but not unexpectedly or unwelcome. L.

Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 29, 1880.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Is that a death-bed where the Christian lies?
Yes, but not his: 'Tis death itself there dies.

When our souls shall leave this dwelling,
The glory of one fair and virtuous action
Is above all the scutcheons on our tomb,
Or silken banners over us.

Shirley.

If for Ill my life has been
Sculptor's toil were vainly spent;
If for Good—the hearts of men
Build the noblest monument.

Hoppin.

The soul of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

Montgomery.

To live in hearts we leave behind
Is not to die.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 14, 1880.

In Memoriam.

MR. AARON ERICKSON.

St. Luke's still wore her Christmas garlands, but mingled with them were the ivy wreath and cross, the garnered grain and palm fronds. The sacred emblems harmonized and each told its part of "the old, old story." Meet it was, that the song of the angels should prelude the chant of victory, "I am the resurrection and the life," that fell solemnly on the listening ear, as, heralded by venerable forms and hoary heads, loving arms reverently bore towards the chancel one whose feet had often trod these courts of the Lord.

The earthly life was ended; mourning friends had gathered to pay a last tribute of respect to the departed, and the large concourse there assembled indicated how widely and how well Aaron Erickson was honored in this community.

He had selected his own pall-bearers, and among them were some whose lives for long years had run parallel with his own, who could testify to the unswerving integrity and faithfulness to high trusts that had ever characterized their friend. There were also in that assembly men who now hold positions of trust and usefulness in the midst of us, who gratefully recalled the time when Mr. Erickson extended to them a helping hand; there were young men too, just starting in life's conflicts, who felt they had lost in him a firm friend and benefactor.

The city papers have chronicled the leading events in Mr. Erickson's successful business life; our charitable institutions have, some of them, offered grateful tributes to his valuable services and pecuniary aid; and one who knew him well in

private has lifted the veil, and given us a glowing picture of the sunshine that irradiated his beautiful home, emanating from him. There are many in the humbler walks of life, and some on whom fortune had frowned, who now tearfully remember the departed, who so thoughtfully and substantially expressed his sympathy for them. He delighted to use his means for the benefit of others; to help the young, to defray the expenses of their education, to give a friendly start to those just entering business life, or to supply some early friend with needed garments, and all this in so delicate a way that the most sensitive was not wounded.

In the later years of Mr. Erickson's life he took great pleasure in the culture of the grape; this was almost a passion with him; and he was successful in it as in almost everything else he undertook. He enjoyed pruning the vines, and day by day watching the growth of the beautiful fruit, and when in its perfection he was wont to pluck the most tempting clusters and send them to some sick friend. He was also very fond of flowers, and last year he planted some of the choicest roses outside his hedge, between it and the fence that separated it from the avenue, that the beautiful blossoms might be where the passers-by could enjoy and gather them.

Mr. Erickson acquired money rapidly and spent it freely. He valued it not for hoarding, but for what it would do for himself and others. He believed it wiser to dispense his charities while living than to make bequests to do good after his death. The following extract from an old will, made some years since, indicates his views on this subject:

I have heretofore intended to make some bequests to the chief charity institutions of the city, and did so in a former will, but a life further prolonged has enabled me to anticipate much that I had contemplated, and from further observation, I have become convinced that charities are better and more safely administered by living minds to *living objects*.

I shall seek, therefore, in the future, as I have endeavored in the past, to meet freely the demands of practical charities, as they shall be presented, not doubting the humanity or benevolence of the future.

The *Hospital Review* to-day pays its tribute of respect to the memory of our departed benefactor.

Many of our benevolent organizations, by the death of Mr. Erickson, have lost a generous and sympathetic friend, but none of them has so much cause to mourn as the Rochester City Hospital, his favorite charity. For eight years as President of its Board of Trustees, he has efficiently and judiciously labored to promote its interests. His office has been no sinecure, and the Trustees and Lady Managers of this charity bear honorable testimony to his faithful personal services, his untiring zeal, his wise counsels and generous contributions to advance its usefulness.

He was large hearted and liberal in all his views. He knew that the Hospital was crippled by the lack of more rooms for its patients, and he therefore advocated the addition of a new story to the East Wing, and expressed the wish that before his death he might see the Mansard completed. So strenuously did he urge the recent improvements, and so much interest did he manifest in their prospective benefits, that many who have been connected with him in Hospital work will long associate the new Mansard with his memory.

Mr. Erickson was one of the Corporators, earliest friends and patrons of the Industrial School, and the Charitable Society bears upon its records the history of some of his generous deeds. The following letter, addressed by him to Mrs. Eliza B. Strong, President of the Rochester Female Charitable Society, illustrates better than any words of ours can do his sympathy for the afflicted and his eagerness to help those who were struggling in life's battles.

ROCHESTER, October 23d, 1869.

Dear Madam:

Contemplating the possibility of my absence during a portion or the whole of the approaching winter, and knowing the poor are always with us, I have given an order to Messrs. Charles J. Hill & Son, for two hundred and fifty barrels of their best quality red winter wheat flour, to be distributed as follows:

First—Twenty barrels to be given and delivered to the Rochester City Hospital. *Second*—To the Rochester Orphan Asylum, the Industrial School, and the Home for the Friendless, each ten barrels. In all fifty barrels directly assigned by me. The remaining two hundred barrels I have directed to be given and delivered by the Messrs. Hill, upon the order of the Rochester Female Charitable Society, acting through their duly constituted officers or committee, as the case may be.

In the distribution of the two hundred barrels of flour of which you are to be the dispensers, I wish to make the following general observations, leaving the further details with you. This is a private charity, and I do not wish it extended to families or persons who are habitually or occasionally the recipients of public alms, or who are in whole or in part supported by the various churches; for all such persons I suppose I am taxed my due proportion.

There is another class, and one certainly not less worthy, for whose benefit this gift is chiefly intended, those living a life of frugality and industry, who yet gain only a scanty subsistence. Deserted and neglected mothers charged with the burdens of infancy, the aged, the sick, and the infirm. With all such you can hardly err in being charitable with your charities. Beyond this, I leave all to your own good judgment.

In conclusion, I hope the flour may be generally distributed in time to make the children "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year," and wishing the same to you and your associates,

I am very truly yours,

AARON ERICKSON.

Our space will not permit us to give in detail the blessings that flowed from this monumental act, but fifteen hundred dollars' worth of flour, judiciously distributed in our city brought gladness to many a burdened one, and from many a grateful heart ascended an earnest prayer as he journeyed in foreign lands, for blessings

on the absent friend, who thus thoughtfully cared for their needs.

The officers of the Rochester City Hospital, who have long been associated with the departed in works of charity and love, will ever cherish a grateful memory of his useful life, and to those who were bound to him by tenderer ties, those of blood and kindred, they would extend their heartfelt sympathy in this time of their bereavement. His history beautifully illustrates a thought of his own, thus expressed in his own lines:

LIFE IS BUT PROMISE, WHEN LIFE IS BEGUN,
 ITS FRUITS ARE GATHERED WHEN LIFE'S WORK
 IS DONE.

The Invalids.

On our last visit to the City Hospital we found nineteen patients in the Lower Female Ward. Many of these were much interested in the case of a young girl, a consumptive, whose happy death seemed to have impressed them greatly. She had been removed to one of the small rooms in the Cross Ward, and the patients felt it a privilege to sit beside her, and listen to her cheerful expressions of faith and love. Her nurse told us that her last days and nights were so bright and joyous, that it seemed as if her presence had made the room she occupied hallowed ground. She said that at night Ella would lie awake and watch the stars and often sing verses of her favorite hymns. Her funeral services were very interesting, conducted in the chapel by Dr. Brown of the Second Baptist Church.

A new patient in the Lower Ward was suffering from a very sore hand and arm caused by poison from broken glass.

In the Upper Female Ward we found sixteen patients; three very helpless from paralysis, two suffering acutely from rheumatism, three were epileptic, one had erysipelas, and some had diseased lungs.

In the Medical Ward were sixteen patients, the happiest of whom was a man who was formerly a teacher. He had had a second operation for cataract by Dr. Rider which promises to be successful, and he seemed jubilant in the prospect of recovering his sight. He expressed himself as highly pleased with his Hospital quarters. He is instructing a boy of fifteen who is in this Ward under treatment for diseased hip. We found a little boy here six years old recovering from inflammation of the lungs. Our Scotch friend, Mr. K., was very happy, he said that it seemed last night as if "The opening heavens around him shone with beams of sacred bliss." Mr. S., the consumptive patient, was very feeble. A man with a broken rib was doing well.

The Surgical Ward had sixteen inmates. A new comer had erysipelas. A man whose hip had been fractured, one whose leg had been amputated, and one who had lost his arm, were all improving.

Our Private Patients.

An unusual interest the past month has centered in our private patients. One well known in our community died a few days after his removal to the Hospital; a young man occupying a room in the West Mansard, who for more than a year has been confined to his bed, has so far recovered as to be able to leave his room; and a lady, a stranger in the midst of us who, while passing through our city, fell from the cars and had her foot so crushed that amputation was necessary, is now an inmate of Grace Church room. Dr. Whitbeck performed the operation and the patient is doing well, and expresses great gratitude for the kindness bestowed upon her by strangers.

Wants.

We greatly need more pantaloons and old bed quilts.

The Children's Cot.

We are becoming more and more interested in the dear little girl who occupies our Cot, she is so patient and pleasant. She looks a great deal better than she did, her cheeks are a brighter color and she has two pretty dimples when she smiles, and she is grateful for the smallest favors, but her feet are still very sore. Mary has no father now, but once she had a good, industrious father, who supported his family by weaving, and he was so kind hearted that every year he sent a present of money to Mr. Geo. Muller for his orphan houses at Bristol, England.

We have seen Mary quite often lately. Once she sang to us the hymn commencing,

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me."

It had been taught her by a kind young lady, Miss W., whose father had died in the Hospital, and who had become interested in Mary. One day she had received a letter which Miss W. had printed for her because Mary could not read writing. Another day she had as a visitor little Hattie Slocum who once was in the Hospital, under treatment for weak eyes.

The last time we saw her, she had a regular party around her. Miss Lissie Greenwood and forty of the little folks who had taken part in the entertainment at Cowley Hall, of which we give elsewhere an account, had come up to see the little Cot and its occupant, and to amuse the sick girl with a Calisthenic exercise, some songs and recitations that they had learned for public entertainment. There were little bits of children that sang and spoke. Mary was very happy, and many of the Hospital patients and some of the Lady Managers came to listen, and Mary had a grand time, and she sang some of her little hymns and a German Christmas song to please her young visitors.

A Benefit for the Children's Cot.

A pleasant entertainment for the benefit of the Children's Cot came off at Cowley's Hall on the evening of January 22d. Miss Lissie M. Greenwood of this city has for three years been attending school at Albany, at the Corning Foundation, under charge of Bishop Doane. In connection with this Foundation is a Child's Hospital, in which Miss Greenwood became much interested, visiting it frequently, and becoming attached to many of the little sufferers. On her return to this city, when the busy holidays were over, she thought much of the sick children in the Albany Hospital and longed to visit them. As she was too far away for that, her thoughts were directed to the City Hospital and the Children's Cot. She loves the little folks, and wanted to do something for them, and as she is quite a musician she decided to use her own talents and obtain the assistance of some of her musical friends, and get up an entertainment for the benefit of the Children's Cot. A large number of little folks, many of them from the eleventh ward, took part in this. The children spoke pieces, had a Calisthenic exercise, and all passed off finely and we are greatly indebted to the kind friends who did so much to make it a success.

Miss Greenwood would thank the parents of the children, who aided her in preparing them for their parts, and also those who by the purchase of tickets or otherwise added to the success of the evening.

The profits of the evening amounted to fifty-five dollars, and Mr. John Greenwood added fifteen more, making the handsome sum of seventy dollars.

It gratifies us exceedingly to find our young friends rallying round the little Cot. We wish success to all who seek to aid us.

The following report of the entertainment appeared in one of our city papers:

Entertainment.

On the evening of Thursday, the 22d, an entertainment was given in Cowley's Hall for the benefit of the "Children's Cot," City Hospital. The programme was a varied one—as a reference to it will show—most of the performers being children. Their efforts, upon the whole, were extremely creditable, and, judging from appearances, gave entire satisfaction. Where all were good it would be invidious to particularize, but the selection from Danc-la (piano and violin,) by Messrs. J. Creelman and R. Lyle is worthy of special mention.

Toward the close of the entertainment votes of thanks were called for and heartily responded to by the audience. First, to the parents of the children present for the pains-taking preparation of the little ones for the occasion; second, to the management, notably Miss Greenwood and Mr. R. Lyle, who must have devoted great attention to the "get up;" third, to Mr. Creelman and his excellent orchestra, who contributed largely to the evening's success.

The room was crowded in every part, and as a result we understood that a handsome sum will be handed to the charity in question. The following was the

PROGRAMME.

Calisthenic Drill.....Children.

PART I.

Instrumental.....Orchestra.
Rose of Lucerne.....Emily Thomas.
Sue's Thanksgiving.....Lizzie Baker.
Yankee Doodle.....Willie Hanson.
Little Willie.....Minnie Attridge.
Grandma's Advice.....Birdie Naylor.
Dialogue—Eight O'clock.....
Tillie Draude, and Lulu Hanson.
Susan's Story.....Meddie Weed.
Sonata by Voss, Op. 269.....
John Creelman and Robert Lyle.
Matrimonial Sweets.....
Birdie Naylor and Willie Hanson.

PART II.

Instrumental.....Orchestra.
Instrumental Duett, Miss Brower and Miss Yanie.
The Minute Gun at Sea.....Messrs. J. and R. Lyle.
Instrumental Duett.....
Miss Greenwood and L. Lyle.
Cousin Jedediah.....Florence Thorne.
Baby Mine.....Ada Greenwood.
Selections from Danc-la.....
Messrs. J. Creelman and R. Lyle.
Child's Prayer.....Carrie Hanson.
Mr. John Creelman, Leader of Orchestra; Mr. Robert Lyle, Director; Miss Lizzie Greenwood, accompanist.

Thank Offering.

Dear children, do you remember reading in the 17th chapter of St. Luke about the *ten* lepers that were cleansed by Jesus, and only one of them returned to give thanks? Jesus said, "Were there not *ten* cleansed? But where are the *nine*?" We were reminded of this by something a mother told us a few days since about her three little children that had been sick with scarlet fever. She read to them from the *Hospital Review* about Mary Kearn who now sleeps in the Children's Cot, that her feet were very sore, and kept her awake a good deal at night. Her little boy could not sleep very well, and he felt it was hard to be sick and lie awake at night, as the little Hospital child did, and he pitied Mary, and wanted to do something for her. He had received money for taking medicine and some other things, and when he got well he sent this to Mrs. Mathews for the Children's Cot as a *thank offering* because he had recovered from the scarlet fever, and his two little sisters did the same. Was not that nice? You see we have three thank offerings of a dollar each from the three little children who have recovered from scarlet fever. We dare say there are a good many other little children who, when they are reminded of it, will like to do just what Charlie, Julia and Cornelia did. Perhaps there are some mothers too rejoicing in the returning health of little ones for whom their hearts have been burdened, who will add something to our Children's Cot fund.

In our list of donations to the refreshment tables on Donation Day, we omitted to credit Mrs. C. M. Curtis with some very nice select oysters; we also should have thanked Mr. H. T. King for 6,675 pounds of ice, worth ten dollars.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Walter B. Brown, New York,	\$ 50
Thank offering from Charlie, Julia and Cornelia Robinson—their third offering, ..	3 00
Interest on deposit,	2 81
Interest on mortgage,	17 50
Avails of Entertainment given by Miss Lizzie Greenwood, \$55.00 : additional from Mr. John Greenwood, \$15.00,	70 00
Receipts for the month,	\$ 93 81
Previously acknowledged,	798 72
Total Receipts,	\$892 53

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

Notice.

There are still at the house of the Treasurer, 48 Spring St., two table cloths and several dishes that were used on Donation Day that have not been called for. Several dishes also are missing. Please see if there has not been by mistake some exchange. A valuable glass dish belonging to a set is still missing. Articles that are not claimed by the first of March will be sent to the Hospital.

The following communication is from the daughter of the late Mrs. T. C. Arner, our former Editress.

Dear Mrs. Mathews :

Enclosed are two P. O. orders to the amount of ten dollars each. One is for the Hospital the other for the Home, and though tardy, please consider them as New Year gifts.

Yours sincerely,

LOUISE ARNER.

San Rafael, Cal., Dec. 30, 1879.

Monthly Report.

1880. Jan. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 67	
Received during month, ..	21—88
Deaths,	3
Discharged,	13— 26
Remaining, Feb. 1st, 1880,	62

Died.

At Rochester, Tuesday, January 27th, 1880, of Rheumatic Inflammation of the Heart, Aaron Erickson, aged 73 years and 11 months.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 16, 1880, of Hypertrophy of the Heart, David Freeman Worcester, aged 65 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 17, 1880, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, Mrs. Maggie Hartman of Philadelphia, aged 26 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 19, 1880, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, Ella Daskam, aged 19 years.

Donations.

Mrs. H. C. Roberts—Papers.
Mrs. H. S. Terry—Reading Matter.
Mrs. W. S. Little—Reading Matter.
Mrs. Arthur Hamilton—Reading Matter.
Miss Carrie Brewster—Little's Living Age and Newspapers.
Mrs. Gorton—Graphics every week.
Mrs. Charles Bissell—Graphics and History of Cuba.
Miss E. Littles—Child's Paper for Cot.
Mrs. Geo. Wanzer—Children's Book and Old Cotton.
Willie Cleveland—Children's Papers.
Carrie Maurer—Children's Papers.
Mrs. M. Strong—Barrel of Apples.
Mrs. M. Phelan—Pieces of Silk.
Mrs. Eugene Glen—Two pairs Pantaloon.
Mrs. E. B. Williams—Old Cotton.
Mrs. C. C. Beaman—Old Cotton.
Mrs. G. B. Sperry—Old Cotton.
Mrs. A. D. Smith—Old Cotton, Scrap Basket, and Wash-stand for private room.
Mrs. L. F. Ward—Overcoat and 2 Suits Clothes for Boy.
Mrs. I. Teall—Delicacies for Sick, Roman Punch.

Receipts for the Review.

TO FEBRUARY 1, 1880.

Mrs. H. B. Tracy—by Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford.....\$ 65
Miss S. Moody, New York—by Mrs. N. T. Rochester..... 1 00
Mrs. S. Homer, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Strong, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. Smith, Andover, Mass., 50 cents—By Mrs. Dr. Strong..... 1 74
Mrs. H. Briar, Coldwater, 50 cents; Mrs. C. C. Beaman, 62 cents; Miss D. Cossett, 63 cents; Mrs. C. Field, 62 cents; Miss Mary Hotta, Gates, 50 cents; Mrs. F. Hinchey, 62 cents; Miss K. Patton, 62 cents; Mrs. J. L. Pixley, 62 cents; Miss C. Smalley, 62 cents; Mrs. Clarke Woodworth, 62 cents—By Miss Nellie Pixley..... 5 97
S. Dunn, adv. \$5.00; L. P. Ross, adv't., \$5.00—By Mrs. Clark Johnston..... 10 00
C. V. Jeffreys, adv. \$5.00; D. Leary, adv. \$10.00—By Mrs. C. E. Mathews..... 15 00

W. C. Dickinson, adv., \$10 00; A. W. Mudge, adv., \$5.00; Dwight Palmer, adv., \$5.00—By Mrs. S. W. Updike ..\$20 00
Mrs. G. H. Allen, Brockport, \$1.00; Mrs. N. Ayrault, 70 cts.; Mrs. L. H. Alling, 62 cents; Walter B. Brown, New York City, 60 cents; Mrs. Harvey W. Brown, 62 cents; Miss Butts, \$1.25; Mrs. C. H. Babcock (2 subs.) \$1.25; Mrs. Theodore Bacon, 63 cents; Mrs. Geo. Cummings, 62 cents; Mrs. John M. Davy, 62 cents; Mrs. D. M. Dewey, 63 cents; Mrs. B. F. Enos, \$1.24; Mrs. N. H. Galusha, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Gorsline, 75 cents; Mrs. H. H. Gilbert, 62 cts.; Miss Hunter, 63 cents; Miss O. C. Howard, 65c.; Mrs. A. J. Johnson, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Jeffres, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Keener, 62 cents; Mrs. W. P. Latz, \$1.24; Mrs. G. McAllaster, 62 cents; Mr. Geo. McConnell, 62 cents; Mrs. H. McQuatters, 75 cents; Mrs. J. W. Oothout, \$1.25; Mrs. W. H. Perkins, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford, 65 cents; L. A. Pratt, adv't., \$5.00; Mrs. G. W. Parsons, 60 cents; Mrs. Geo. Raines, \$1.86; Mrs. J. Shatz, 62 cents; Mrs. O. S. Stull, 62 cts.; Mrs. H. R. Selden, 62c.; Rochester Savings Bank, advertisement, \$15.00; Mrs. Arthur Robinson, 62 cents; Mrs. C. B. Smith, \$1.25; Mrs. W. N. Sage, 62c.; Mrs. E. O. Sage, 68 cents; Mrs. E. Peabody Smith, 63 cents; Trotter & Geddes, advertisement, \$5; Mrs. A. Trzeciak, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Wakelee, 62c.; Mrs. C. F. Weaver, 62 cents—By Mrs. Robert Mathews.....\$55 54
Mrs. W. D. Powell, New York—By Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins..... 2 00

Notice.

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Treasurer for their discontinuance and until payment of all arrearages is made as required by law.

The Ivy's Lesson.

"Over my window the ivy climbs,
Its roots are in homely jars;
But all the day it looks at the sun,
And at night looks out at the stars.

"The dust of the room may dim its green,
But I call the breezy air;
'Come in, come in, good friend of mine,
And make my window fair.'

"So the ivy thrives from morn to morn,
Its leaves all turned to the light;
And it gladdens my soul with its tender green
And teaches me day and night.

"What though my lot is in lowly place,
And my spirit behind the bars?
All the day long I may look at the sun
And at night look out at the stars.

"What though the dust of earth would dim,
There's a glorious outer air
That will sweep through my soul if I let it in,
And make it fresh and fair.

"Dear God! let me grow from day to day,
Clinging, and sunny and bright,
Though planted in shade, Thy window is near
And my leaves may turn to the light."

A Famous Beauty.

One of Stuart's famous portraits is that of "Matty Hatch," a famous beauty of Boston. The following reminiscences of her are given in the life of Stuart:

She was a great beauty, and her appearance on the street is said to have created a sensation. "In her prime," says one who knew her,—Mr. J. Ingersoll Bowditch, the present owner of her portrait,— "she was the observed of all observers" as she gracefully moved down Washington Street."

One of the old Boston merchants of that day laughingly said that all business was suspended when it was reported that Miss Hatch was coming down the street, and every one in the shop, boys and all, rushed to the door to see her.

In her later days she kept a boarding-house, in order to support herself and her aged mother.

Dr. Bowditch boarded with her, when in Boston, as one of the governor's council. He, like all others who knew her, was fascinated by her dignified deportment, her lady-like manners, her intelligence, and queenly form and features.

At the time that Dr. Bowditch removed to Boston she had retired from her occupation with a small sum, barely enough to support her in old age. Until her death he was a friend and counselor.

A few days before he died he told his son, J. Ingersoll Bowditch, to go to her after he had passed away, and say that his father had told him to take care of her, as he had done.

The son was faithful to the trust, and she, in gratitude, gave him the choice between her portrait by Stuart and her miniature by Malbone. He chose the portrait, and it is now at his house.

Value of Soup.

There are hundreds of families who are ignorant of the nutritious value of soup, and of the ease and cheapness with which it may be prepared.

It can be made of almost anything, and a pot of water placed on the stove may be the recipient of divers odds and ends of meat and vegetables to excellent advantage. After these have been boiled a few hours, there will be found in the pot a very good soup, wholesome, nourishing, appetizing, and its cost will be nominal.

If the experiment were tried, many families would be surprised and pleased at the result. They would have a much better dinner for almost nothing than they have hitherto had any idea of, and once accustomed to soup, they could not be persuaded to relinquish it. A simple soup benefits at once health, appetite and the purse.

Careless as to Dress.

An anecdote is told of Victor Emmanuel, which illustrates the late King's carelessness as to dress:

When about to visit Berlin, his chamberlain reminded him that he must have some new clothes. "Order them," said the King.

"But Your Majesty must give your measure, because they are very elegant at the Court of Berlin."

"What a nuisance!" said sturdy royalty. "Count B—— is just my size. Ask him to do me the pleasure to give his measure."

SWEET WORDS.—Five of the sweetest words in the English language begin with H, which is only a breath: Heart, Hope, Home, Happiness and Heaven. Heart is a home-place, and home is a heart-place: and that man sadly mistaketh who would exchange the happiness of home for anything less than heaven.

To fill the sphere which Providence appoints is true wisdom; to discharge trusts faithfully and live exalted ideas, that is the mission of good men.

Scandal is fed by as many streams as the Nile, and there is often as much difficulty in tracing its source.

Notice.

Persons who have not returned their Mite Boxes will please send them to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, 48 Spring Street.

Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 S. Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 44 Spring Street; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 26 S. Fitzhugh Street.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS.
" N. T. ROCHESTER, " Dr. MATHEWS.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,
AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1880.

No. 9.

Reward.

[BY MRS. HERRICK JOHNSON.]

All joyously down through the golden field
The reapers had come with a shout;
They had cheered each other with word and song,
As their sickles flashed in and out.

And tenderly now fell the day asleep,
As they heard the Master call
Through the starlit silence—"Enter ye in,
My reward is waiting for all."

The palace shone out on the happy night
With its windows all aflame,
Its radiant portals swinging wide,
With welcome for all who came.

With bannered sheaves, with the trumpet's voice,
With the marching of eager feet,
The train swept in through the golden gates,
And up to the royal seat.

But lo, far off in the harvest field,
Weary and sad and so late,
With a single sheaf there lingered one
Still striving to reach the gate.

He had caught the echo of that sweet call
That fell through the holy night;
He had seen the throng from the darkened field
Sweep into the palace light.

And a cry went up from his sorrowful soul,
"O Master, tarry for me,
O shut not the gates whence the glory streams,
My weary heart breaketh for thee."

At last to the banqueting hall he came,
So ragged and old and worn,
His only treasure, the one bright sheaf,
On his poor, bent shoulders borne.

Then the face of the King was tender and grave
As of one who was hiding a tear,
As he gently questioned, "What wouldest thou,
And what dost thou bring me here?"

Most eager and loving the answer that came,—
"I had gone with the reapers at morn,
With longing to bring thee such glorious sheaves
I, might even, thy palace adorn.

"But scarcely one hour I wrought with the rest,
Ere I fell by the wayside alone;
With fevered brow and pain-racked frame
I lay till the morning was done.

"Sweet children passed with their sickles small—
They would reap for the King, they said—
I showed them whither the reapers had gone,
And blessed them as they sped.

"But when in the noontide's sultry hour
The fever and pain were done,
The rust, alas, my sickle had spoiled
And the strength of my youth was gone.

"Far off I could see the victorious ones
With the flash of their blades so keen,
But no words could reach them, and there alone,
I knew I could only glean.

"The few bright stalks they had left in their
haste.
I gathered in weakness for thee,
And this poor, bare entrance within thy gates
Is all that is left for me."

Then the King rose up from his throned seat,
With a face most sweet to see,
"They also serve, who suffer," he said,
"Their reward is still with me."

"Thy sheaf may be small, but thy love was
great—
I crown the victor with this,"

And lo, in the silence, bending he pressed
On that brow his signet kiss.

And the sorrowful gleaner stood a prince,
Transformed by that wondrous sign,
While a shout rang down through the palace hall,
"O Love, the guerdon is thine!"

For the Hospital Review.

"Excelsior."

We remember that in the days of our girlhood some wise head told us we must be careful what company we kept, that our own characters would be moulded by those with whom we associated, that consciously or unconsciously we would copy the virtues and defects of those with whom we came into daily contact, and that if we could not surround ourselves with those who would elevate us, we could always by memoirs and autobiographies enjoy communion with those who would refine and enoble.

We have lately been dipping into memoirs, and we must confess that Madame de Rémusat, in introducing us to high social life in France, does not unveil to us homes in which we love to linger, where those graces that are lovely and of good report are nurtured, but reveals to us the evil fruits of worldly, selfish ambition, envy, jealousy and the lower, debasing passions that degrade humanity. It is refreshing to turn from such company to the pure and holy home life of Baroness Bunsen, as depicted by Augustus J. C. Hare, the adopted son of Maria Hare, whose saintly life is portrayed in his "Memorials of a Quiet Life."

In the life of Baroness Bunsen we come into the presence of one who united good, practical common sense with high intellectual culture and devoted piety; who, as daughter, sister, wife, mother and grandmother, nobly discharged her duties, made others better and happier for associating with her; who, mingling in court circles, was not dazzled by the tinsel, but a true lover of nature she found

delight in all that was beautiful, accepted life's trials as from a loving Father's hand, stimulated those that were dear to her to rise to higher planes, and honored and beloved, in a good old age quietly fell asleep in Jesus. We commend this life of Baroness Bunsen to all our readers, and it seems to us that wives and mothers will here find one, the record of whose contact with the trials and joys of daily life will be more strengthening and inspiring than any ideal their imaginations may conjure up for them.

Our sisters are now with laudable efforts striving to encourage art, and the managers of the new Art Exchange and Bureau of Instruction are affording opportunities for our young people to follow a portion of the advice, given in the following suggestive letter, written by the Baroness Bunsen to her youngest daughter Augusta Matilda, who was born in Rome, January 5, 1837, and for whom Dr. Arnold of Rugby was god-father.

WINDSOR CASTLE, 13th Jan., 1853.

I have just been indulging myself with a walk in the Park, returning to the *slopes*, which are gravel walks on the steep declivity of the hill, turf and evergreens at the sides, and a prospect of avenues of high trees below standing in a lake, which in summer would be a meadow. At a distance I saw the Queen and Prince Albert and various groups of the Royal Family enjoying themselves like myself in the fresh breeze and sunshine. I brought back some sprigs of evergreen to my cheerful warm room in the Lancaster tower, proposing to draw them.

I do wish my children would believe with me, how well worth while it is to acquire the dexterity of hand, and accuracy of perception requisite for drawing, in those early years when they have leisure, and also capability, as far as strength of body and eyes go. The power of drawing has been such a source of pleasure to me through life, such a refreshment, such a diversion of thought from care or anxiety, that I wish I could persuade those I love, to provide themselves therewith, as a help on life's journey.

* * * I hope you take pains with your reading aloud. * * * Will you try, my own child, to perfect and polish yourself? "Let our daughters be as polished

corners of the temple," is a verse of a psalm that always gives me an image equally just and pleasing. The corners of the temple are of good firm stone or marble; the finer the substance the finer is the polish they bear; but the polish which renders them beautiful to look upon, lessens nothing of their power of supporting the edifice, and connecting its parts into a solid structure.

"Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, and of good report, wherein there is virtue, wherein there is praise—think on these things and do these things." The words of the wisest of the Apostles. H. S. T.

As many of our readers have been much interested in one of the female patients of the City Hospital, Miss Bartholomew, who occupied St. Paul's church room in the West Mansard, and whose sad accident at the Central Rail Road depot has been duly chronicled in our city papers, we copy from the *Rochester Democrat*, of March 30th, the following:

Card of Thanks.

To the Editor of the Democrat and Chronicle:

SIR: Amelia Bartholomew, leaving the Rochester City Hospital, where she has been confined since the night of Jan. 12th, last, when she met with that sad accident at the Central depot by which she lost a foot, desires through your columns to express her heartfelt thanks to those who have been so kind to her in her affliction. She would specify, all those who so kindly cared for her on the night when she was overtaken in the midst of strangers by such a terrible calamity. To the surgeon, Dr. Whitbeck, who has been so kind and careful to save her all unnecessary pain, and in every way shown his solicitude for her welfare. To the Hospital physicians, Messrs. Barnum and Potter, also so kind and ever ready to do all in their power to relieve her sufferings. Her nurse, Mrs. Sarah Fosdick, with her kindly pleasant face, and unremitting attention to all her wants, tempting her appetite with delicacies and doing every thing possible to make her comfortable. Mrs. Gilman, Hospital book-keeper, calling on her every day to cheer and comfort her. Miss Rumser, to whom she is indebted for many kindnesses. "Grandma" McIntee,

who came every evening to sit with her, and offer her words of comfort and to inspire her with hope. Kitty Robinson and Delia Dwyer, with their pleasant faces and mirth-provoking wit, which was often to her better than medicine. Lastly to the many citizens of Rochester, who have shown their interest in her, a stranger, by many tokens of kindness, thus obeying the golden precept of "do unto others as they would that others should do to them," acting the part of brothers and sisters to one cast among them under such unfortunate circumstances. They all have her heartfelt gratitude and warmest thanks for their kindness to her, the remembrance of which will ever remain fresh in her heart while life shall last. BY REQUEST.

Fairport, N. Y., March 27, 1880.

The aboriginal Japanese surgery was very rude, and had no anatomical knowledge as a basis. They use the moxa; and our word is simply a modification of a Chinese-Japanese word for the same thing, viz.: "Mo-husa." They bleed and use a style of lancet supposed to be derived from the old Dutch traders 200 years ago. Their peculiarly tough and porous paper is very valuable in surgery. It is used for bandages, wrappings, compresses and absorbents, as well as for holding antiseptic applications and also for sponges and towels. The utter ignorance of anatomy shown in Japanese medical works is due to the horror of taking animal life inculcated by the Buddhist religion, by which investigators were prevented from even dissecting inferior animals to obtain light on human structure. On the whole, the Japanese do not seem likely to furnish any valuable new ideas in medicine or surgery; but the flora of their country is very rich and varied, and it is probable that a thorough and skillful examination of their native plants would furnish useful additions to our *materi-medica*.

Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock you may hold her, but if suffered to escape not Jupiter himself can catch her again.—[*From the Latin.*]

We should have purposes and adhere to them.

The Song Bird.

The song bird singeth on the bough—

His song is never sad :

The bough is frail, the wind is high,

And yet his song is glad—

He knoweth he hath wings.

That carol riseth higher yet,

When morning turneth night to day,—

And still some notes, when passing clouds

Obscure the heavenly ray.

He knoweth he hath wings.

O Thou whose voice the spirits hear,

Speed to our souls, in doubt or fear—

And tell us, we have wings.

Bid every dark misgiving cease,

And all be confidence and peace ;

Oh ; tell us, we have wings.

Home of Tom Thumb.

The world-renowned dwarfs, General and Mrs. Tom Thumb, live near Middleboro', Mass. A clergyman having recently visited them, thus describes the home and its inmates :

The house is a three-story wooden mansion, tastefully painted, with piazzas and bay-windows commanding an extensive view of variegated scenery, with the dome and spires of Middleboro' in the distance, and having the air of luxury.

A scotch maid announced us, who subsequently told one of the ladies that they could not help loving Mr. and Mrs. Stratton, who were always kind, and seeking to make them happy. The General gave us a hearty welcome, and ushered us into an elegant drawing-room adorned with Italian and Chinese paintings, and a portrait of his father, who died some years since at Bridgeport, Conn., where the family still reside.

On the marble centre-table lay a large family Bible alone. Chairs and sofas were all adapted to persons of ordinary size, and nothing in this story of the mansion suggested its owners' wee-ness, save in the library, replete with a brac-a-brac, and articles of *virtu* from all the world, souvenirs of travel, were a child's rocking-chair of black walnut received the little madam, while her guests occupied ordinary seats.

The General kindly exhibited article after article, from a Masonic apron a hun-

dred years old, to an elephant carved from a tusk, but whose tusks alone, of the whole animal, were not of ivory, but of brass.

To a curiously-carved walking stick surmounted by a long bearded head with great glass eyes, they have given the name of 'David' from a fancied resemblance to the sweet psalmist of Israel.

Mrs. Stratton, pointed to an elegantly carved set of East India chessman, remarked her fondness for the game, and (archly and with the General's good-natured response) her husband's dislike because, "modestly I say it, I always beat him."

We could well appreciate her assertion that "the General and she had always got along well together."

He was forty years old, and four years her senior. He now weighs seventy-five pounds, having weighed fifty pounds at fifteen years of age. "But," said he, "I began life a good big boy of six pounds."

Going up stairs we felt inclined to be so unmannerly as to take two steps at a time, for the stairs of both flights seemed but four or five inches each in height ; but we were not so exalted above measure as thus to indicate our own pedal superiority.

At the head of the first flight, in the sewing-room, stood the diminutive Wheeler & Wilson sewing-machine, a wedding present, fifteen years ago, from that firm, who at their own expense caused this exquisitely pearl-inlaid plaything to precede the little travelers in every land they visited around the globe.

It is a plaything in size alone, Mrs. Stratton making it do good service to the present day.

In the front entry over the entrance was the General's grand piano, about two feet high, one of his pastor's fingers striking three of the keys at once, and with difficulty covering only one.

It was made in England, and cost five hundred dollars, being inlaid with pearl and richly gilded and enamelled. But the General was "out of practice," indeed, "had given up playing altogether."

Perhaps our greatest treat was the inspection of their own apartments. Here were the Penates.

Admitted into the penetralia, we may be permitted to write that here everything is adapted to themselves alone. Bureau,

cabinet, dressing-table, sofa, chairs, and bed were all diminutive; the last elaborately carved from ebony, and richly canopied in damask and lace, a gift from his father.

Many years ago, Colonel Lehmanousky, who had been twenty-three years in the army of Napoleon Bonaparte, arose in a temperance meeting, tall, vigorous, and with a glow of health on his face, and made the following speech:

"You see a man of seventy years. I have fought two hundred battles; have fourteen wounds on my body; have lived thirty days on horse-flesh, with the bark of trees for bread, snow and ice for drink, the canopy of heaven for my covering, without shoes or stockings on my feet, and only a few rags on. In the desert of Egypt I have marched for days with the burning sun upon my naked head, feet blistered in the scorching sand, and with eyes, nostrils, and mouth filled with dust, and with a thirst so tormenting that I have opened the veins on my arms and sucked my own blood. How did I survive all these horrors? I answer that, under the providence of God, I owe my preservation, my health and vigor, to this fact, that I never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in my life; and Barron Larrey, chief surgeon of the French army, has stated as a fact, that of the six thousand survivors who safely returned from Egypt, all of them were men who abstained from ardent drink."

Married Life.

An "old mother" thus writes in the *Hartford Times* about married life:

Preserve sacredly the privacies of your own house, your married state and your hearts. Let no third person come in between you two. With God's help build your own quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once; never speak of it outside, but to each other confess, and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun find you at variance. Review and renew your vows; it will do you good, and thereby your souls will grow together, and you will become truly one.

Russian Eggs and Kisses.

In the city of St. Petersburg more than *ten millions* of fancy eggs are used during the Easter holidays.

The markets and stalls are filled with them, and the variety of patterns, figures, and inscriptions on them are truly astonishing.

The favorite motto is "*Christohs Voskress.*"—Christ is Risen.

Some of the most expensive and beautiful are the *crystal* eggs. A friend who visited the Imperial Glass Cutting Manufactory, a little while before Easter, saw two large halls filled with workmen who were all employed in cutting flowers, figures, and mottoes on these lovely glass or crystal eggs.

Many of these were made expressly for the Emperor and Empress to give away as presents to their courtiers.

In the wax-frit maker's and confectioner's stalls you will see boxes, elegant in design and finish, filled with eggs of all sizes, from the great ostrich egg down to the nightingale's; and all looking truly natural, though made of wax or sugar.

Some eggs are transparent, and in place of the yolk you may see, through a magnifying glass fitted in, houses and trees and flowers; or a fairy bouquet; or tiny angels lying on roses; and enclosed within some of these crystal shells are very costly gifts.

The "Easter Kiss" is quite as popular as the "Easter Egg," and many millions of these must be given and received on Easter day.

Not only the members of the family, but friends, and even slight acquaintances, meeting in the street, men and women, boys and girls, salute each other with the "Easter Kiss."

All through the great standing army the generals embrace the officers below them in rank; the colonels embrace the captains, and the captains the soldiers of their company.

I doubt whether the present Emperor gives or receives the Easter salutation beyond his own family; but the Czar of thirty years ago saluted with a kiss on Easter morning all his officers on parade, and even some of the soldiers and sentinels on duty were honored with an imperial kiss!—[*Youth's Companion*.]

Let the Sunshine In.

Alone in a hut lived a cross old man,
He was little and pale and thin,
And his house was shut up like a patent can,
Lest the sunshine should get in.
It was always musty and dark in there,
And darker and mustier grew;
And he shut up his heart,—this cross old
bear—
From the human sunshine too.

If you want your house to be sweet and
bright,
You must open blind and door,
So that, warm and cheering, the blessed
light
Into every part may pour;
And unless you want your heart to be
All buried in selfish sin,
Just open it wide to humanity,
And let the sunshine in.

KATE CLARK.

The Heroic Young Sailor.

Says the apostle: "In everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be known unto God."

Among many instances of boy heroism on the sea we have found none more beautiful and impressive than the following, which we abridge from the account given by a West India chaplain of the Seaman's Friend Society:

I must tell you of a feat performed by a sailor boy in the height of the storm. He was literally a boy, and far better adapted to the duties of the school-room than furling a sail in a storm. But his mother was a widow; he must earn his living, and where better than at sea?

The ship was rolling fearfully. Some of the rigging got foul the mainmast head, and it was necessary that some one should go up and fix it aright. It was a perilous undertaking.

I was standing near by the mate, when I heard him order the boy to do it.

The lad lifted his cap, and glanced at the swinging mast, at the boiling, wrathful sea, and at the stately determined countenance of the mate. He hesitated a moment in silence, then, rushing across the deck, he pitched down into the forecabin.

Perhaps he was gone two minutes; when he returned he laid his hand on the ratlines, and went up with a will. My

eyes followed him till my head was dizzy, when I turned and remonstrated with the mate for sending a boy aloft:

"Why did you send him? He cannot come down alive."

"I did it," replied the mate, "to save life. We've sometimes lost a man overboard, but never a boy. See, how he holds like a squirrel. He is more careful. He will come down safe, I hope."

Again I looked, till tears dimmed my eyes, and I was compelled to turn away, expecting every moment to catch a glimpse of his last fall.

In about fifteen or twenty minutes, he came down, and straightened himself up and with the conscious pride of having performed a manly act he walked aft with a smile on his countenance.

In the course of the day, I took occasion to speak to him.

"Why did you hesitate when ordered aloft?"

"I went sir," said the boy, "to pray."

"Do you pray?"

"Yes, sir. I thought that I might not come down alive, and I went to commit my soul to God."

"Where did you learn to pray?"

"At home. My mother wanted me to go to Sabbath-school, and my teacher urged me to pray to God to keep me, and I do."

"What was that you had in your jacket?"

"My Testament, which my teacher gave me. I thought if I did perish, I would have the word of God close to my heart."

We read of the heroism of the Spartan youth, of the fiery valor displayed at Plataea, at Salamis and Thermopylae, but where in the annals of heroism do we find anything more noble than this?

MUCH THE WAY.—"The way it is," said little Johnny, describing a raffle at a church fair, "you see somethin' and you give a half a dollar for a chance to win it; another fellow always gets it, and they never offer you your money back."

Be faithful over interests confined to your keeping, and in all good time your responsibilities will be increased.

It is always safe to obey God's law.

Gestures of Great Orators.

A writer in the *San Francisco Bulletin* takes his position that gestures to be effective must conform not only to the matter of the speech, but to the nature of the orator. He illustrates his position by the following reminiscences :

Thirty years ago, when a student at Amherst College, I remember going over with several of my classmates to Northampton, where Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate were the opposing lawyers in the great Oliver Smith Will case.

I shall never forget the impression made by the great contrast between the manner and gesticulation of those two distinguished pleaders in their closing arguments.

Webster's gestures, as well as his words, were comparatively few, but weighty, massive, the very embodiment of dignity and conscious strength.

Most of the time during his half-hour argument he stood perfectly motionless, his body slightly bent forward and his hands behind his back.

Choate spoke for nearly two hours in a manner the very counterpart of Webster's, and yet equally appropriate to the speaker's individuality.

He was all alert, every vein swelled to fullness, every muscle at its utmost tension.

He advanced toward the jury and retreated. He rose on tiptoe, and several times in his excitement seemed to spring up entirely off his feet.

He ran his long, nervous fingers through his dark curls, and anon shook them in the air above his head with so swift a motion that they seemed to run into each other like the spokes on a spinning-wheel.

The day was hot, and when he had concluded he sank into the arms of attendants in a state of perfect exhaustion, and was borne out into the lobby like a corpse.

The excitement in the court-room was intense, but Webster's calm, stern logic carried the day over Choate's brilliant and fiery rhetoric. The verdict was for Webster and the Will.

One word concerning the gesticulation of Charles Sumner.

He was always dignified and self-possessed, and, in his movements, as well as words, always conveyed the idea of deliberation and scholarly culture rather than of that spontaneous warmth and impulsive

feeling which is most apt to stir emotion in a hearer.

But he had one gesture which he used not often, but always once or twice in his great speeches, one which never failed to send the blood thrilling to my temples; and I noticed that it had a similar effect on many others.

He raised his hand higher and higher, with appropriate gesticulation, while building a climax, and when he came to cap it, he rose on tiptoe and thrust his hand up into the air with great force and with a look of exultant triumph. It was magnificent. It fitted the subject and the man.

Energy of Fashionable Girls.

Our girls of the period have an amount of energy and ambition, that would ensure a brilliant future to male relatives possessed of as much. For instance, the foremost society girls of Washington, the Everts, for example, "no matter how late their engagements may have detained them the previous night," get up early in the morning to study art, music, languages or whatever branch their tastes may lead them to cultivate—and the same is equally true of young ladies of whose daily lives our readers have a more accurate information than that promulgated by the Washington correspondent. The word "society" girl is, in this latter half of the nineteenth century, a title honorable to the holder.

Hours of Marriage.

The legal hours for marriage in England are from 8 o'clock A. M. to 12 M. Unless by special license it is illegal to perform the ceremony at any other time in the day. The Rev. Mr. Bickersteth is trying to get Parliament to extend the number of hours, so that from 8 o'clock A. M. until 6 P. M. persons about to marry can be married. He wants to make it more convenient for laboring and professional men to attend weddings. The present restriction had its origin in a desire to prevent Englishmen from entering the connubial state while in a state of drunkenness.

It was thought that such a person is most likely to be sober between the hours of 8 A. M. and 12 M. according to the Jewish doctrine that they who are drunken are drunken in the night.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 16, 1880.

Our Beloved Physicians.

A pleasant surprise awaits those who have not recently visited our City Hospital, for, during the past month, the Medical Staff have placed on the north wall of the office, the pictures of two friends who have now ceased from their labors, but the memory of whose works will ever abide in the City Hospital, where their loving, healing ministries have long blessed the afflicted.

If the spirits of the departed as ministering angels ever hover around this mundane sphere, we are sure that our Hospital must be a trysting place for those whose interests have so long been identified with it; and meet it is that the faces of Dr. Henry W. Dean and Dr. William W. Ely should adorn walls that, could they speak, might rehearse the multitudinous blessings that, through the departed, have flowed in upon the sick and suffering that have sought health and healing in the City Hospital.

We lingered near the pictures and long gazed upon the faces of our friends, for pleasant memories were awakened, and we hope the day may come when the names of Ely and Dean may be given to endowed Wards or Cots in our Hospital as memorial tributes to our departed benefactors.

Our Sick Friends.

April's first morning found us at an early hour at the City Hospital, and as for a few moments we lingered in the office, the nurse of the Male Medical Ward entered, and as he did so, from several lips came the earnest inquiry: "How is Fred today?" Five friends of the sick youth, members of the church with which last year he

united, eagerly listened for the reply, for they knew that that fearful disease, pneumonia, had greatly prostrated their young friend and that the crisis was near, and his condition very critical. The heart of the faithful nurse was so burdened that he could hardly speak, and as we entered with him his own private room, adjoining the Cross Ward, we found he had given up his own bed to the sick youth, for six nights had kept his vigils beside him, and loss of sleep and a burdened heart had almost prostrated him. Several years since he had nursed Fred through typhoid fever, and since then had been to him as a father, and now he was almost broken hearted, fearing he might soon lose his boy as he always called Fred.

Rarely have we known one so rapidly make friends as this youth has done. His pastor, Sabbath school teacher, employers, the officers of the City Hospital, and his young associates loved the bright, manly boy, and earnest prayers were offered in private and public that his life might be spared. Drs. Whitbeck, Montgomery, Little and Stoddard held a consultation as we lingered in the Medical Ward; and we know that if human care and skill can avail he will be spared, but we must leave him with the Great Physician who has revealed himself to him as a sin pardoning God.

In the Cross Ward, we found the youth whose limb had been opened to remove pieces of decayed bone, somewhat better, but he was still confined to his bed. The boy with diseased hip was improving; and the little fellow who came to the Hospital with inflamed lungs was so well that he was soon to return home. In the Medical Ward was one patient, a consumptive, very low, waiting for the summons; we cheered him as we told him of the good condition of his youngest child in the Industrial School. Near him was a rheumatic patient. Our Scotch friend Mr. K. was reclining on his couch, weak from the ef-

fects of a restless night, but very happy and grateful for God's gifts to him, not the least of which we thought was his thankful spirit. Opposite him was a young Canadian, whose lungs were diseased. He told us this was his eighteenth birthday. He had no mother, but had sisters in the city, and we hoped they would cheer him by a visit and some gift to assure him they remembered his natal day.

The Male Surgical Ward numbered eighteen patients. An Irishman who had been injured by jumping or falling from cars three weeks before was partially unconscious. He had broken both his wrists, dislocated one shoulder and broken an arm near the shoulder and seemed helpless indeed. He was groaning as if conscious of suffering. A new patient, aged and feeble, was occupying a rolling chair; there were several rheumatic and paralytic patients, two patients had each lost a leg, one had an internal abscess, the blind man was slowly failing and had to be watched like a child, and the colored man whose arm was amputated was improving.

In the Upper Female Ward we found sixteen patients but four of whom were confined to their beds. The little girl fifteen years old with weak lungs had a plaster on her side and had been in bed for a week. Two Germans, members of the Hebrew church, had gone home to keep the passover. Two eye patients were comparing notes, one had had a cataract removed and expressed great satisfaction with the manner in which Dr. Rider had performed the operation; the other was awaiting Dr. Rider's return from Vermont to undergo a similar operation. A German woman three weeks before while partially paralyzed had fallen from her bed and broken her arm, and the surgeons were removing the bandages and splints and examining it while we were in the Ward. She was very brave and said she was willing to suffer much if she could recover the use of it. The paraly-

tic and epileptic patients were about as usual.

There were seventeen patients in the Lower Female Ward. Mrs. E. was not so well as on our last visit but was amusing herself with fancy work. Mrs. P. was more unwell than she had been. The young girl with diseased spine was more comfortable. The aged woman from Webster who for several years has been an inmate of the Hospital, suffering from a broken hip, had entered her rest, and we rejoiced to feel her days of pain and weariness were ended. An aged woman who had fallen and broken her leg was doing well and seemed very patient. Mrs. C. had gone out to spend a week with her friends.

In the Lying-In-Ward we found one baby and one waiting patient. Mrs. W. the faithful nurse of this and the Lower Female Ward was not well and was resting for a while from her labors.

In the Cross Ward we found two patients who were quite feeble and one of whom expressed great gratitude for the faithful and sympathetic services of Dr. Little.

Two Easter lilies, the gift of Mrs. Dr. Shaw, cheered the patients in the Mansard.

The Children's Cot.

When last we visited the cot the surgeons were going through the Ward and we saw one of little Mary's feet. It was better than it had been but still the sole and side of it had blisters and sores upon them. They were covered with some white powder and the doctors prescribed something for them. Little Mary told us she missed the kind lady who had brought the little folks to see her, that she came to bid her good bye before she started for a six weeks' absence on a wedding journey. Her old friend will return but will come with a new name, but we know the same warm, sympathetic heart will be hers.

Mary expected to go home and spend

Easter with her mother, but her brother, seven years old, had the measles, so Mary had to content herself at the Hospital, but she was very happy, for an aunt, sixty-four years old, had made a beautiful scrap book for her, filled with gay pictures of fruits, birds and flowers, and had sent her a yellow Easter egg and a brown one.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva,	\$ 50
Miss Catharine York,	40 00
Previously acknowledged,	894 53

Total Receipts,\$935 03

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

Old Bed Quilts.

We wish as our friends are clearing up their garrets they would find some *old quilts* for the Hospital.

Receipts for the Review.

TO APRIL 1, 1880.

Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva—By Mrs. W. H. Perkins,	\$ 50
Miss E. L. Athearn, 50c.; Mrs. J. S. Bacon, 50 cents; Mrs. H. N. Griffith, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Isbister, 50 cents; Mrs. A. H. Porter, 50 cents; Mrs. A. Aug. Porter, 50 cents; Mrs. H. S. Ware, 50 cents; Mrs. Mark Wells, 50 cts.; Miss E. Spencer, New York city, 50 cents—By Miss Athearn, Niagara Falls,	4 50
Mrs. W. Y. Andrews, 62 cents; J. T. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. H. F. Atkinson, \$1.25; Mrs. W. J. Ashley, \$1.25; Mrs. S. J. Arnold, \$1.24; Mrs. F. D. Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Bly, 62 cents; Mrs. W. T. Bassett, 63 cents; Mrs. S. L. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. E. B. Chace, 62 cents; Mrs. Curtis Clark, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Canfield, 62 cts.; Mrs. Geo. G. Clarkson, 60 cents; Mrs. T. Chester, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Curtis, 62 cts.; Miss L. O. Caldwell, 62 cts.; W. H. Cheney, 62 cents; Mrs. Fred Cook, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. R. Campbell, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. F. W. Dewey, \$1.25; Mrs. A. Devos, \$1.24; Mrs. W. Eastwood, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. A. Eastman, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Fitch, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Finkle, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. H. Frick, 62 cts.; Mrs. I. F. Force, 62 cts.; Mrs. M. Garson, 62 cents; Mr. M. Greentree,	

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Mrs. S. B. Roby—Several pairs Crutches, Old Cotton.
Mrs. J. H. Stedman—Old Cotton.
Mrs. Dean, Vick's Park—Second-hand Coats and Pants.
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Mrs. W. S. Little—Reading Matter.
Mortimer Wilkie—Reading Matter.
Mr. and Miss Butts—Periodicals.
Mrs. F. J. Reynolds—Papers and 1 year Scribner.
Horace F. Bush—A Load Kindling.

Monthly Report.

1880. March 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 79	
Received during month, . . . 36	
Births, 2—117	
Deaths, 6	
Discharged, 32— 38	
Remaining, Apr. 1st, 1880, . . . 79	

Children's Department.

Gone to See Papa.

If he who wrote "We are Seven" were alive and should happen to see this pathetic incident, told in the *Detroit Free Press*, what a touching ballad he would write!

I was walking down one of Detroit's beautiful avenues on a lovely afternoon last week. In front of an ivy-wreathed doorway sat an old lady knitting.

A sunny-haired little girl ran through the hall and down the steps into the street carrying her doll. Her curls had fallen over her eyes, and she stumbled and fell.

I had her in my arms in an instant. The smile that revealed her pretty dimples and snow-white teeth told me that she was neither hurt nor frightened.

"What is your name, little one?"

"Aint dot any."

"Haven't any name? Is that aunty on the porch?"

"No, 'at's dan'ma."

"Well, what does grandma call you?"

"S'e talls me Puss, but s'e talls 'e tat puss, too."

"But what does mamma call you?"

"S'e does't call me nuffin'—s'e done 'ay off."

"Gone away off where?"

"To see papa."

"And where is papa?"

"Up dere."

And she pointed to the sky rosy with the sunset's glow.

"When did mamma go?"

"'E snow was on 'e dround, and s'e went in a sleigh wivout any bells on 'e horses, and danma c'ied."

I am not ashamed to own that tears filled my eyes as I kissed the child and turned away, for I, too, had my graves in childhood.

A friend of mine, seeking for objects of charity, got into the upper room of a tenement house. It was vacant. He saw a ladder pushed through the ceiling. Thinking that perhaps some poor creature had crept up there, he climbed the ladder, drew himself through the hole, and found himself under the rafters. There was no light but that which came through a bull's-eye in place of a tile. Soon he saw a heap of chips and shavings, and on them a boy about ten years old.

"Boy, what are you doing here?"

"Hush! don't tell anybody,—please, sir."

"What are you doing here?"

"Don't tell anybody, sir,—I'm a hiding."

"What are you hiding from?"

"Don't tell anybody, if you please, sir."

"Where's your mother?"

"Mother's dead."

"Where's your father?"

"Hush! don't tell him, don't tell him! but look here!" He turned himself on his face, and through the rags of his jacket and shirt, my friend saw that the boy's flesh was bruised, and his skin was broken.

"Why, my boy, who beat you like that?"

"Father did, sir!"

"What did he beat you like that for?"

"Father got drunk, sir, and beat me 'cos I wouldn't steal!"

"Did you ever steal?"

"Yes, sir. I was a street thief once!"

"And why don't you steal any more?"

"Please, sir, I went to the mission school, and they told me there of God, and of Heaven, and of Jesus; and they taught me 'Thou shalt not steal,' and I'll never steal again if my father kills me for it. But please, sir, don't tell him."

"My boy, you must not stay here, you'll die. Now, you wait patiently here for a little time, I'm going away to see a lady. We will get a better place for you than this."

"Thank you, sir; but please, sir, would you like to hear me sing a hymn."

Bruised, battered, forlorn, friendless, motherless, hiding away from an infuriated father, he had a little hymn to sing!

"Yes, I will hear you sing your little hymn." He raised himself on his elbow and then sang,

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child;
Pity my simplicity,
Suffer me to come to Thee."

"Fain I would to Thee be brought,
Gracious Lord, forbid it not,
In the kingdom of Thy grace
Give a little child a place."

"That's the little hymn, sir. Good-bye."

The gentleman went away, came back again in less than two hours, and climbed the ladder. There were the chips, and there were the shavings, and there was the boy, with one hand by his side, and the other tucked in his bosom underneath the little ragged shirt—dead.

—[John B. Gough.

The Moon.

The naked eye will show the freckled appearance of the Moon, and the smallest telescopes the numerous irregularities upon her surface. The observer must not think to make out the details at first; the eye must be practiced for the work. Neither should you expect to find a prototype of the earth, for our neighbor has no atmosphere. Hence, the denuding action of air and water are not at work there, and we see the lunar peaks in all of their primitive shapeness and ugliness, and as one gazes upon the scene, with a high power, the thought that we are gazing upon the scenes of gigantic convulsions, which must have shook that small body to its centre, cannot be repressed.

The following is the nomenclature of the Geography of the Moon: Mountains, Hills and Ridges; Gray Plains or Seas; Crater Mountains, composed of three classes—Walled or Bulwark, Plains, Ring Mountains and Craters; Valleys and Canals, or Rills.

Fairy folk a-listening,
Hear the seed sprout in the spring,
And for music to their dance
Hear the hedge-rose wake from trance
Sap that trembles into buds
Sending little rhythmic floods
Of fairy sound in fairy ears.
Thus all beauty that appears
Has birth as sound to finer sense
And lighter-clad intelligence.

Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 S. Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 44 Spring Street; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 26 South Washington Street.

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The April number just issued ends the XIXth volume, which is exceptionally brilliant. The New-York Evening Post, Hartford Courant, and other papers, speak of the series by Eugene Schuyler on "Peter the Great," as "the most notable event in modern magazine literature." The style is so simple and yet so graphic that it interests not only men of letters but the young, and is read as a text-book in the schools. It is understood that the causes and beginnings of Nihilism in Russia will be traced by Mr. Schuyler in the course of his narrative.

Rev. Dr. Eggleston writes of Mr. George W. Cable and his story, "The Grandissimes," in Scribner, "If Cable can hold that gait, the rest of us who write American stories must surrender to him. What a superb piece of work it is!"

Scribner's is the only American periodical that has as yet established a large circulation abroad; the edition in England being 10,500. It now enters upon its second decade, and the work of winning a second hundred thousand at home. Its readers to-day are estimated at more than half a million.

The publishers of Scribner announce that all new subscribers after this date who take the back numbers, beginning November last, will receive instead of the six unbound numbers the bound volume, November, '79, to April, '80 (containing all of "Success with Small Fruits," and the opening chapters of "Peter the Great," "The Grandissimes," and "Louisiana"), without extra charge. The subscription price is \$4.00 a year.

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"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1880.

No. 10.

The March Pansy.

November, and the dreary sound
Of rustling leaves upon the ground
Had come. The twitter of the bird,
Piping his farewell note was heard ;
The grass was sere, the trees were bare ;
Dull clouds were drifting through the air ;
The forest moaned and seemed to tell
Of shipwreck, storm, disaster fell.
One little bit of shivering green
Watched for the storm with patient mien,
Thrilled to its roots with fear and pain
When the first snow-flake falling came,
It quivered, trembled, clung to earth,
And prayed the sun that gave it birth
To send it courage, strength to bear.
No answer came ; the snow fell fast
And covered the poor plant at last
With heavy drifts that on it lay
Like weary sorrows day by day ;
For this wee struggler did not know
Its prayer was answered by the snow
Sent by the sun in love, to keep
Away the cold through winter bleak.

But it said : " I will hold my leaflets green,
And patiently waited for one bright gleam ;
So it meekly, trustingly, silently weaves
Its slender stems and its graceful leaves,
And while it strives 'mid dark'ning doubt,
A tiny bud comes peeping out.
And as the leaves their wealth unfold
The sun dispels the dark and cold.
Then a glorious pansy rears its head
From the icy heart of its wintry bed,
And smiles with its almost human face,
Thanking the sun for its tender grace.

Beautiful pansy, so faithful and true
To the measure of life that was given to you,

Teach me to follow thy patient way
Of working in silence, though dark the day,
That when at last is taken away
The pain that ceaselessly, heavily lay,
Green leaves of patience and flowers of faith
May greet the Father's loving face.
And looking back I shall understand
How the snow was sent by a loving hand,
Shall see from the many mansions bright,
How out of the darkness cometh light.

March, 1877.

For the Hospital Review.

The Prodigal Son and His Mother.

In a recent article in *Scribner's Magazine* describing a visit to a rough mining town, and a Sabbath sermon that the writer heard, he tells us of a new idea in the old, sweet story of the Prodigal Son. For, after the clergyman had closed the Bible, he leaned toward the assembly of rude men and worse women, and began his remarks thus :

" We all of us have had a mother."
And then he went on to picture the delight and relief of that mother's heart to which the erring prodigal had returned. We have become so used to remembering the father in that story, that we deserve to beg the mother's pardon for forgetting her. And yet what patience, what loving, what an endless forgiveness is there in a mother's love for a wayward child !

A gentleman said to a friend, not long ago, of an only son, wild and wandering, " I should have lost hope of him long ago

but for his mother! She always can coax me into a plan for making him better after all."

Here is the faith, the wonderful, persistent faith of a woman for her child. The faith that is next to God's own inviolable patience; the love that never falters, that never forgets!

Perhaps you read this idly. Secure in the warm love of a home, and of tender parents. Perhaps for you the story of wandering and sin is like the wind at night, adding to your sense of safety and of snugness. Or perhaps—ah, well, God knows! If you *are* a wanderer, and there is anywhere a waiting, patient, grey-haired woman living who calls you "child," and who held you in her arms when you were little and pure, go back and begin it all over again. If your mother can keep her faith in you, be very certain God can.

And for those who read this to whom the names of "father," "mother," bring no response, we can only tell them that the first sharp shock comes back through life now and then, to make us long for Heaven more. To be alone, to feel the sense of protecting home love that a child has, *gone* to look in the pitiful empty spaces where they were once, and not to find them, ah, it is hard! But for us, as well, there is a way to return. A way to live so that we may come back to that tender love again by and by. Not here. No, for God has made that impossible. But away from all these partings, and pains, and sin. Where we can come as we used to at the close of a tired day, and lean on their loving hearts and be safe.

We may say it again then, as we begun, "we all of us have had a mother!"

BERTHA SCRANTOM POOL.

In service which thy love appoints,
There are no bonds for me,
For my secret heart's been taught the truth
Which makes thy children free;
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

A Sister of Charity.

"Sister Dora" is the biography of a remarkable Sister of Charity, Dorothy Pattison. She was born in a small village of Yorkshire in 1832, and was the tenth daughter of her parents. The oldest and youngest of the twelve children were boys, all the rest were girls. It was a delightful family. Mr. Pattison was the rector of the village church, his wife was beautiful and attractive, the family had abundant means, were sunny and happy, hospitable and generous to an extreme. Dorothy was the pet of the household, and grew up very large and finely formed, with great beauty, fascinating manners, overflowing spirits, a keen and active mind, and an ardent religious nature. All the daughters were accustomed to real charity work, and went among the village poor, helping them in all possible ways. Dorothy, or Dora, as she was called, had immense strength and energy, for which it seemed necessary for her to find some use, and her generosity and self-sacrifice, added to her desire to serve God and man, led, or drove her rather, into a Protestant sisterhood when she was about thirty years old; and for fourteen years she gave her magnificent life to the service of the sick. She became not the head only, but the hands and feet of different hospitals at Walsall, where her work seems to have been superhuman. She did everything, going for many days and nights in succession without sleep, doing the most painful surgical nursing, and becoming a skilful surgeon herself; passing weeks in a small-pox hospital, and visiting freely in the worst parts of the town where the terrible disease was to be found; doing the most heroic things; counting her own life and safety as nothing; carrying sick men up and down stairs in her arms; carrying the dead in her arms; and if servants failed, as they often did, adding to her other labors the cooking and heavy drudgery of the hospital.

With all this her gaiety never ceased; she laughed and joked with her patients, told them stories, and *made* them live by keeping them happy and courageous. Her patients simply adored her; she had immense personal influence, not only over them, but over everybody who knew her: and while nursing their bodies, she cared also for their souls, always acting as the

chaplain of whatever hospital she was in, and holding missionary and prayer-meetings in the worst part of the town, to which she would compel people to come in. Her courage was absolute; she would walk into the crowd when she saw a fight and separate the men who were fighting; she would go anywhere at any time of night if she were called on the plea of sickness; she would indignantly reprove the worst rowdies wherever she heard them use profane language. Once or twice she was attacked personally, but never harmed, for her assailants shrank before the blaze of her splendid beauty, her indignation and her truthfulness, and some of them became her devoted friends. She separated from the sisterhood after a little while, for she was too powerful a creature to be held in any society; but she retained the name "sister" and did more than the most devoted of them ever dreamed of doing. So mighty a life could not flow smoothly; its very force was overwhelming, and Dora suffered from the tyranny of her own will, the passion of her own righteous indignation and the subduing greatness of her own ideal life. Doing more than any other women, she could never do enough. She wanted infinite power and strength, and she rebelled against finite limits. She died of cancer, from which she suffered for a long time in secret, telling no one but the physician whom she was obliged to consult. She was heroic in her endurance, working to the last, and keeping on the outside all her old gayety and sunshine.

She seems in her last months to have been very much like Charlotte Cushman. Different as their circumstances were, they bore the same disease and the same sufferings in the same grand spirit; and no one who knew Miss Cushman, can read the last chapters of Dora's life without being constantly reminded of her. Among the Sisters of Charity many must have left homes as attractive as Dorothy Pattison's; many must have had beauty and wealth and worldly advantages, and many must have worked in a spirit of true devotion; but there are few women in the world on whom so many gifts are lavished by nature as were poured out upon the subject of this biography, while her gigantic power of work and endurance, and the great scale upon which she was made and

lived, make her life a wonderful and fascinating one.

Sister Dora. A biography. By Margaret Lonsdale. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1880.

Laura Bridgman.

BY M. ANAGNOS,

*Superintendent Perkins Institute for the Blind,
South Boston.*

The most interesting woman, the silent guest,—now, with one exception, the eldest inhabitant of the institution,—continues to reside with us, and to awaken never failing interest in the minds of all who visit the establishment. Her pathetic history encircles her with a halo which no worldly success or brilliancy could give; and she appeals mutely to the tenderest feelings of the human heart. The story of her life is indissolubly bound up with that of him who was more to her than a father, the friend and teacher who struck the rock of silence that the fountain of knowledge might gush forth, infusing with Promethean fire the mind which must otherwise have remained dormant forever. Round him her earliest memories entwine. His loving care and watchfulness were the gate through which she entered into intelligent and conscious life. It is not my purpose here to trace the details of her rescue from the hopeless barriers which hemmed her in on every side to an existence of intelligence, activity and happiness. Enough is known to you of the the wonderful way in which that isolated mind was liberated from its dark tomb. The story of Laura Bridgman is engraved in the memory of all who were then living, and has been handed down as one of the greatest monuments of human benevolence and wisdom. I would merely give a brief account of her present condition, in which I am certain that all who have known her will feel interested.

Laura's health is more delicate than of old; but her mental activity and sprightliness continue to distinguish her as vividly to-day as they did in her earliest youth. She is decidedly a living and feeling person; and there prevail more liveliness and animation in the room where she is than in a group of five or six people of phlegmatic temperament. If I may be

permitted to use a simile, Laura, with her warm, excitable feelings, keen and quick perception, rapid intellectual processes, and vivid emotional nature, surrounded as she is by an impenetrable wall of silence, is like the snow-covered Hecla, whose icy barriers enshroud the burning fire within.

Her life is necessarily a quiet one; but she welcomes every little variety with the enthusiasm of a child. One must be with Laura in order to learn how great may be the value of little pleasures. She is extremely fond of the institution, preferring it as a residence to any other place. Every new book which she reads with her delicate fingers is an era in her life; every piece of work accomplished a little triumph to rejoice over. The loss of her best earthly friend has cast a shadow over her life, and she treasures his memory with an orphan's fidelity. Her religious nature is very active; and her remarks on such subjects are often original and striking. She also puts a great deal of warmth and vivacity into all her friendships and acquaintanceships. It is usually a fancy of hers to bestow the title of "brother" or "sister," upon a dear friend. Last spring she said to a young clergyman who renewed his acquaintance with her, "I love to meet the saints." She is never so happy as when making herself useful, and is much interested in the sewing-room for the girls, where she assists.

A kind and noble friend of Laura's in Edinburg, Dr. David Brodie, conceived some time ago the idea of making up a present in money for her among people who were interested in her case in England and Scotland. His efforts met with a prompt and generous response. It was touching to find that, after the lapse of so many years since her misfortune first occupied the public mind, there were so many yet living who entertained the same warm and friendly interest that was called forth so long ago. Indeed, it may most truly be said, that, although afflicted, Laura has always been very rich in friends. Though born to the greatest of all calamities, that of being cut off from all communication with her kind, she was deeply blest in her redemption from that grievous misfortune. The noble act which rescued her from a doom too terrible for the mind to dwell upon drew the hearts of all men to her, and crowned her young life with joy and

affections which must blossom and bear fruit to all eternity. Even the hardest heart must be softened in contemplating her afflictions. She has never awakened any but the tenderest feelings in all who have come in contact with her; and the path where so many thorns were strewn has been spread with the fairest flowers that love and friendship and unselfish benevolence could scatter; and thus may it be to the end!—[*N. E. Journal of Education.*]

Cross-Examined.

A lawyer finds it useful to know something of everything. General Butler, when a member of the Board to examine the cadets at West Point, surprised his colleagues by asking questions which implied a knowledge of bridge-building. In answer to their inquiries, he said that being engaged once in an important bridge-case, he was compelled to familiarize himself with the subject.

The father of the late Professor Greenleaf, of the Cambridge Law School, was an excellent ship-carpenter. Under his instructions, his son became proficient in the art of building a ship. And this knowledge, gained in youth, was very useful to him when he became one of the leading lawyers of Maine.

On one occasion, he was trying in Portland an insurance case, before Judge Story. The vessel had been injured by pounding upon the bottom or side, while lying at the wharf.

The insurance company defended the action on the ground that the vessel was injured in her side through carelessness in not properly securing her to the wharf.

A master-builder, having testified that the injury was on the bottom, was thus cross-examined by Mr. Greenleaf, the company's counsel.

"You are a ship carpenter, and master of your trade?"

"Yes."

"In building a vessel, after laying your keel, you place a row of crooked timbers side-ways, securing them to the keel with iron bolts?"

"Yes."

"These you call floor-timbers?"

"Yes."

"Between these floor-timbers the end

of another crooked timber is inserted, as you would insert the fingers of one hand between those of another, and these you call foot-hook (buttuck) timbers?"

"Yes."

"And so you proceed, filling in rows of crooked timbers, until you reach the top, calling the third the rising timber, then the naval timber, and then the top timber?"

"Yes."

"Now, sir, state to the jury, on your oath, what kind of a timber you furnished for the repairing of that vessel. Was it a floor-timber, a foot-hook, a rising, or a naval timber?"

"It was a naval timber," replied the witness.

The jury saw that the injury had been done to the side of the vessel, and not to the bottom. It was from carelessness, and not from accident, and the defence, therefore, received the verdict.

The Memory of the Heart.

If stores of dry and learned lore we gain,
 We keep them in the memory of the brain;
 Names, things and facts—whatever we know—
 Edge call—

There is the common ledger for them all;
 And images on this cold surface traced
 Make slight impression, and are soon effaced.

But we've a page, more glowing and more bright,
 On which our friendship and our love to write;
 That these may never from the soul depart,
 We trust them to the memory of the heart.
 There is no dimming, no effacement there;
 Each new pulsation keeps the record clear:
 Warm, golden letters all the tablet fill,
 Nor lose their lustre till the heart stands still.

—[Daniel Webster.

Success is full of promise till men get it;
 and then it is a last year's nest from which the bird has flown.—[H. W. Beecher.

Life, as we call it, is nothing but the edge of the boundless ocean of existence where it comes upon soundings.—[O. W. Holmes.

Modesty is the appendage of sobriety, and is to chastity, to temperance, and to humility, as the fringes are to a garment.

—[Jeremy Taylor.

Watering the Hills.

BY MARY ROWLES.

"He watered the hills from his chambers."—
 Psalms civ. 13.

Oh the rippling and the foaming,
 Failing nor from dawn till gloaming,
 Where the rapids are descending, as for ages
 they have done;

On each downward platform taking
 Just a moment's rest, then breaking
 Into sweet enchanting laughter at the gleeful
 triumph won;

All the latent echos waking
 With the fun!

Sweeping from their rocky portal,
 Robed at once in light immortal,
 Bringing infinite revealings from the silence
 profound;
 How the little eddies whiten,
 And the longer reaches brighten,
 As the showers of brilliant dewdrops on their
 silvery slopes rebound;
 Falling into gems that lighten
 All around.

When the sunbeams come unbidden
 To behold the marvel hidden,
 All the waters take them captive, to adorn their
 raiment white;
 But the rainbow tells the wonder,
 Of the radiance lying under,
 And the sun in regal beauty stoops to claim his
 own by right,
 Till the ripples fall asunder—
 Lost in light!

On the brink the mosses glisten,
 And the grasses stoop to listen
 To the never ending music of the waters flash-
 ing by;
 Overhead the elm-trees stately,
 In their hearts rejoicing greatly
 At the springs of welcome coolness that beneath
 their strongholds lie,
 Spread their myraid leaves sedately
 To the sky.

When at night the stars assemble,
 In the far blue heavens, and tremble
 At their own reflected splendor, on the torrent
 borne away,
 Then the laughing waves discover
 How the moon—earth's timid lover—

Watches for the perfect mirror they have broken
in their play ;

Watches—with the stars above her—
Till the day.

Through all seasons' varied phases,
Still the waters speak their praises
Of the power that sweeps them onward, in their
fulness to the deep ;
All their rush and tumult guiding,
For each drop a path dividing,
Till in far-off breadths of ocean, each its destined
place shall keep ;
And at last, in calm subsiding,
Fall asleep. —[*Sunday Magazine*.

Tobacco and Health.

An English physician of high repute made, last autumn, an examination into the effect of the use of tobacco upon boys.

He took thirty-eight lads of average strength and health, between the ages of nine and fifteen, who were in the habit of smoking moderately. In twenty-two there were severe disorders of the digestion and circulation, and palpitation of the heart ; twelve were troubled with bleeding of the nose ; ten had disturbed sleep ; twelve had ulceration of the mucous membrane of the month ; and worst of all, in twenty-seven a taste for liquor had been developed.

The doctor treated many of them for the individual ailments, but to no purpose ; then he induced his patients to give up tobacco, and after the lapse of a month or two the symptoms all disappeared.

We give the statement on the authority of the *British Medical Monthly*, and it adds to its force to know that it is not offered there with any moral or dissuasive purpose, but simply as a pathological fact, of interest to physicians.

Instances are not rare in this country in which the excessive use of tobacco has caused *mani-a-portu*, precisely as liquor would have done. Our climate adds to the injurious effect of both liquor and nicotine.

Many a middle-aged, overworked man who uses tobacco as a sedative, but is old and wise enough to understand the injury it is working to his brain, heart and digestive organs, struggles manfully against it, but finds it well-nigh impossible to escape from its merciless hold.

But a fresh, healthy boy does not need it as a sedative ; he is not overworked ; the use of it is, if he would tell the truth, positively disagreeable to him. He smokes and chews simply from the snobbish wish to be thought manly in the eyes of lads as ignorant as himself.

Arguments based on its injurious effect, cost, &c., are not likely to move him, because he has not yet learned the value of health and money.

Much would be gained if parents would obtain from intelligent and truthful boys a simple promise not to touch liquor or tobacco until they were of age. Their own good sense and reason would then probably keep them out of danger for the rest of their lives.

At a dinner given by Webster at the Astor House, to a few of his New York friends, when he was Secretary of State in Fillmore's cabinet a friend asked him the following question :

"Mr. Webster, I want you to tell me what was the most important thought that ever occupied your mind."

Mr. Webster slowly passed his hand over his forehead, and in a low tone said to a friend near him :

"Is there any one here that does not know me?"

"No, sir ; they all know you—are all your friends."

Then he looked over the table, and you may well imagine how the tones of his voice would sound upon such an occasion, giving answer to such a question.

"The most important thought that ever occupied my mind," said he, "was that of my individual responsibility to God." Upon which, for twenty minutes, he spoke to them, and when he had finished he rose from the table and retired to his room. The rest of the company, without a word, went into an adjoining parlor, and when they had gathered there some one of them exclaimed, "Who ever heard any thing like that?"—[*Harvey's Reminiscences of Daniel Webster*.

A Stranger in the Supreme Court.

"The apparel oft proclaims the man," said Polonius. He was judicious in not substituting *always* for "oft." For, not unfrequently, it has been found that the finest bird is not the one that wears the finest feathers.

Years ago, the staid citizens of Washington were astonished one morning at the appearance of a strange figure in their streets. He was dressed in an old pair of corduroys, ripped at the ankle for convenience in rolling up, a drab overcoat, much the worse for wear, and furnished with several capes, hung at his heels. Worn-out, untied, unbuckled shoes, and a "shocking hat" completed his costume.

Solemnly he stalked through the streets, six feet in height, leading a little black, rough-haired filly, her tail matted with burrs. A pair of small saddle-bags hung over the saddle, on which were stuffed papers, and gingerbread and cheese. Stopping at an obscure tavern, he put up his mare and relieved himself of his great coat. Into one of the pockets of a short gray linsey roundabout, he stuffed some bread and cheese, and into the other a bundle of law papers, tied with a yarn string.

Inquiring the way to the supreme court, he walked forth, the wonder of the negroes and idle boys. Arriving at the court-house, he sauntered within the bar, took a seat, and began munching bread and cheese. The lawyers and spectators smiled at the awkward countryman on his first visit to the capital.

Soon a case was called which seemed to interest the countryman. It involved the title to a large tract of land lying in the "Green River country" of Kentucky.

A Mr. Taylor of Virginia, a leading lawyer, began his argument by a statement of the facts. All at once the countryman stopped munching, and tapping the counsel on the back, corrected one of his "facts."

The lawyer paused, frowned at the busybody, and went on. The countryman resumed his munching, and in a few minutes again corrected the counsel. "I beg the court to protect me from the impertinence of that person," said Taylor, showing much irritation.

Taylor finished his powerful argument, and then to the amazement of spectators,

the bar, and the judges, the stranger rose to reply. His manner was wholly changed. He stood as if he had practised in that court all his professional life. His argument was so clear and forcible, and his reply to the opposing counsel so masterly, that the bar and court looked as if they doubted their eyes and ears.

Mr. Taylor seemed paralyzed. The sweat dropped from his face. The rustic he had sneered at seemed a legal giant. Every one asked, "Who is he?"

It was Joe Daviess, one of the best lawyers and most eloquent orators of Kentucky, as eccentric as he was gifted. Scarcely one present knew him personally, but all had heard of his brilliant reputation.

The characteristics of the "Younger Painters of America," who are to be the subject of a series of papers in *Scribner* by Mr. W. C. Brownell, are thought by that writer to be, broadly, 1. Strength of technique; 2. A genuine impulse to paint; and 3. A sense of Picturesqueness. Over against these, as defects, are noted 1. A lack of poetry; and 2. A lack of style. To these generalizations there are, of course, exceptions, and in referring to the "new men" treated in the first paper (in the May number), Mr. Brownell does not fail to modify his classification. The other papers will follow before long.

The Metric System in Coins.

It may not be generally known that we have, in the nickel five-cent piece of our coinage, a key to the tables of the linear measures and weights of the metric system. The diameter of this coin is 2 centimetres, and its weight is 5 grams. Five of them placed in a row will, of course, give the length of the decimetre; and two of them will weigh a dekagram. As the litre is a cubic decimetre, the key to the measure of length is also the key to measures of capacity. Any person, therefore, who is fortunate enough to own a five-cent nickel may be said to carry in his pocket the entire metric system of weights and measures.

The fullest and best ears of corn hang lowest towards the ground.—[*Bishop Reynolds.*]

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1880.

An Afternoon With the Patients.

Our last visit to the Hospital was on the afternoon of the first Monday in May. As we wended our way thither all nature seemed joyous. The maples and horse-chestnuts were unfolding their tender buds and the willows gracefully waving their green branches, but within the Hospital there were sad hearts, mothers burdened for their absent little ones and motherless children refusing to be comforted.

As we entered the office we found the Lady Managers of the Hospital Board gathering for their regular monthly meeting, and soon the Superintendent of the Poor drove to the door and indicated his intention of removing one of the youngest of the patients to the Orphan Asylum. The sad history of this little one interested us deeply, and we went at once to the Upper Female Ward where we found her, a crippled, helpless child of nine years old. She was sitting in a small rocking chair with an attendant near her seeking to prepare her for removal, but the little thing evidently liked her quarters, and the promise of a ride did not reconcile her to leaving them. She came to the Hospital two weeks before with a sick mother who had since died there. The father had deserted his family and three little ones, one older and one younger than Mary, the cripple, were left motherless, and one of these three years since was run over by the cars and lost one of his legs. Mary had the use of one hand, the other hung helpless, and her feet and ankles were misshapen, painful and useless; she had to be carried like an infant, had never walked. She had fits and her mind was weak. At the thought of leaving

the Hospital she cried bitterly but after a little coaxing was quiet and allowed her nurse to take her down stairs.

In the same Ward we found a mother whose delicate health caused her to leave her little ones in the care of another, and her motherly heart was heavy because she could not go to her child who was sick with measles. While we lingered in the Hospital a postal card was given her informing her that her husband had just removed the child from the home she had provided for it, while its health was such from the recent attack of measles as to render exposure very imprudent. We tried to comfort the poor creature who seemed almost frantic with this new sorrow.

There were only nine patients in the Upper Female Ward. Two of the epileptic patients who had long been inmates of this Ward had left; two eye patients operated upon by Dr. Rider for cataract had gone home greatly benefited by treatment; Mary, the child of fifteen with lung disease, had gone home somewhat better; Mrs. D., the rheumatic patient, had gone to friends in New York, and the woman with a broken arm had gone home; the paralytic patients had changed but little; one inmate was suffering from erysipelas and one had had a troublesome toe removed.

In the Lying-In-Ward were one baby and one waiting patient.

In the Lower Female Ward were sixteen under treatment. A new patient, an aged woman from Webster, had had a cataract removed and was doing well; one had suffered greatly from neuralgia; a number of patients were in their beds but none very sick.

In the Medical Male Ward there were twenty-two invalids; two of these were Dr. Rider's patients, five were suffering from rheumatism, some had consumption, others were aged and infirm. There were no fever patients. The youth with hip

disease was more unwell than he had been; the one from whose limb diseased bones had been removed was better and had been sitting up; the young man so sick last month with pneumonia had recovered and left. An aged man, on his eightieth birthday, had fallen, injured himself and been brought to the Hospital and died there. Beautiful potted plants had been sent him by Mr. Frost, and they still were blooming, cheering the inmates of the Ward.

There were thirteen patients in the Male Surgical Ward, none of whom were very ill. Mr. W., who has long occupied his rolling chair in this Ward, was suffering from an abscess in the ear that had affected his hearing; the man who broke both his arms and dislocated his shoulder by jumping or being thrown from the cars in Chili, was better, up, dressed, and walking about the Ward; the man with abscess in the hip had gone home.

Improvements.

The sound of the saw and hammer, and the presence of lumber and shavings in many parts of the Hospital, indicated that improvements and changes were being made in it.

The western end of the West Mansard had been partitioned off from the rooms of the private patients, and three rooms in this were occupied by some of the female employes of the Hospital.

Arrangements were being made for the occupancy of the new Mansard; three of these rooms have been beautifully fitted up by ladies of the city, and some of the furniture formerly used in the West Mansard had been transferred to the East. There are several rooms yet that are empty. Who will furnish them?

Cannot some of our friends in the country make for us some cheap quilts? We have several times asked for old bed quilts but have received no response.

Bequest to the City Hospital.

Another name is added to the honored list of those whose memorial gifts have contributed to the endowment fund for the City Hospital. Our trustees have recently received \$1,577.07, from the estate of the late Miss Laura Baldwin, who was so well and so favorably known in our city. Her sympathy for the sick and suffering generously expressed itself by this substantial remembrance, and her name will long be cherished as a true friend of this Institution.

Memorial to Rev. Albert Bushnell.

Mrs. Throop Martin of Auburn, has prepared a small pamphlet, "A Consecrated Life," as a Memorial to the late Rev. Albert Bushnell, the African Missionary, who recently died on shipboard, off Sierra Leone, on his way back to his mission station.

The pamphlet contains an introductory sketch of Mr. B. by Mrs. Martin, letters from Miss Cameron describing the last days of the devoted missionary, his death and burial, and the lonely journey of his widow to her African home; also a tribute by Rev. Dr. Bushnell to his mother, a poem by Mrs. Herrick Johnson, a biographical sketch of him by Graham C. Campbell, and the action of the presbytery of Corisco on his death. This is a very touching description of the faithful missionary and every friend of missions should read it. It is for sale for twenty-five cents and the profits are for the benefit of Mrs. Bushnell.

Monthly Report.

1880. April 1st, No. Patients in Hospital,	79
Received during month,...	36
Births,	2—117
Deaths,	2
Discharged,	37— 39
Remaining, May 1st, 1880,	78

Donations.

Miss M. A. Hunter—"Scribner" for 1879.
 Miss K. Wheeler—Periodicals.
 Mrs. W. H. Mathews—Miscellaneous reading.
 Mrs. C. E. Mathews—Papers.
 Mrs. S. H. Terry—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. G. H. Perkins—Periodicals.
 Miss Eliza Littles—Periodicals.
 Mrs. F. Gorton—"Graphics."
 Mrs. Abelard Reynolds—Reading Matter, Old Cotton.
 Mrs. Fenner—Old Cotton.
 Mrs. H. G. Sanborn—Shirt.
 Mrs. George J. Whitney—Two pairs Babies' Socks.
 A Friend—One pair of Spectacles.
 Mrs. E. D. Smith—Pickles, Soy, Fruit, &c.
 Mrs. G. E. Mumford—Nine quarts canned Soup, 7 cans Strawberries.
 Miss Minnie Reynolds—Two Second-hand Carpets.

Receipts for the Review.

TO MAY 1st, 1880.

Mrs. E. I. Clarke—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester,	\$ 62
Deavenport & Hale, for advertisement—By Mrs. A. D. Smith,	5 00
M. V. Beemer, advertisement \$10.00; E. Darrow, advertisement, \$5.00—By Mrs. C. Johnston,	15 00
Mrs. J. Consler, 63 cents; G. C. Buell & Co., advertisement, \$5.00; Mrs. H. F. Hart, \$3.00; Hamilton & Mathews, \$5; Mrs. H. H. Morse, 63 cents—By Mrs. Robert Mathews,	14 26

Children's Department.

The Conductor's Story.

It was the summer of 1873. I was running extras on the ——— Railroad. A circus, traveling about the country, came into the towns on our line. An order was issued for an extra train for Sunday morning. I received notice early on Tuesday morning previous. I read the notice carefully. It gave the time of arrival in our city at 9 A. M. I looked again to see if it was not 9 P. M. I was a teacher in the Sabbath school. I had a bright class of boys about sixteen years of age, just the right age to be interested in circuses, and to be wide awake when one arrived in town. My heart sank. I, a professing Christian, and, withal, a *Sabbath school teacher*, detailed to run a *circus train on the Sabbath*, and to arrive, too,

in my own city, where everybody knew me, just as Christians were ready for church.

What should I do? I had worked hard nearly nine years as a brakeman, and had recently been promoted to be a conductor. Could I afford to lose all, by refusal to do as ordered? Then I thought of my family dependent upon me, and I said, I cannot throw away all these years of hard toil, to satisfy conscience. For I expected to be discharged if I refused to do as ordered. Then I thought of the boys in the Sabbath school. What if some of them should happen to be at the depot to see the train, or if they were just on their way to church as we arrived, and should see me, as they doubtless would? I thought of the church and the prayer meeting. What should I do! I thought of my own influence as lost for good, and there was a desperate struggle between the evil and good.

I had yet four days in which to decide. How strange it was! Notices did not usually reach us until the day previous. What long, dreary days they seemed! And "the boys" heard of the order, and were guessing what I would do. They knew what I had said in prayer meeting about desecrating the Sabbath, for some of them were there. "Would he go, or would he quit?" "No, he would not quit, for he would not dare refuse to go," they said.

Saturday morning came. I must notify the officer that day what I do. Sleepless nights and weary days had passed, and I had thought and prayed, but I was decided. *Duty seemed clear, very clear*, and it was that a *Christian could not run excursion trains on the Sabbath*.

My father was a deacon in the Orthodox church, and, just before going to my work, I went to him and told him the story, reserving my decision to myself, and asking his advice what to do. I knew well what he would say. What a look went over his face as he spoke.

"But," I said, "father, will you help me to get something to do? I shall lose my place. I have devoted nearly my whole life to this business, and now I must turn to something else."

"Trust God, my boy," he answered promptly, "and I will help you, too."

I returned to the office and walked up to the manager, and said in a respectful

tone: "I have been detailed to run the circus train Sunday morning, and I cannot do it on the Sabbath."

Imagine my astonishment, as he looked me full in the face and said: "*You!* been detailed to run *Sunday trains!* I am surprised! You go right home, and don't you worry about Sunday trains."

I have never been detailed for Sunday work since. But the men who *offered* to do *work for extra pay upon the Sabbath have long since been discharged.*—[*The Congregationalist.*]

Signal Lights.

I once knew a sweet little girl called Mary. Her papa was the captain of a big ship, and sometimes she went with him to sea; and it was on one of these trips that the incident of which I am going to tell you happened.

One day she sat on a coil of rope watching old Jim clean the signal lamps. "What are you doing?" she asked.

"I am trimming the signal lamps, Miss," said old Jim.

"What are they for?" asked Mary.

"To keep other ships from running into us, Miss; if we do not hang out our lights, we might be wrecked."

Mary watched him for some time, and then she ran away and seemed to forget all about the signal lights; but she did not, as was afterwards shown.

The next day she came to watch old Jim trim the lamps, and after he had seated her on the coil of rope he turned to do his work. Just then the wind carried away one of his cloths, and old Jim began to swear awfully.

Mary slipped from her place and ran into the cabin; but she soon came back and put a folded paper into his hand.

Old Jim opened it, and there, printed in large letters—for Mary was too young to write—were these words, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain."

The old man looked into her face, and asked, "What is this, Miss Mary?"

"It is a signal light, please. I saw that a bad ship was running against you, because you did not have your signal light hung out, so I thought you had forgotten it," said Mary.

Old Jim bowed his head and wept like a little child. At last he said, "You are right, Missy. I had forgotten it. My mother taught me that very commandment when I was no bigger than you; and for the future I will hang out my signal lights, for I might be quite wrecked by that bad ship, as you call those oaths."

Old Jim has a large Bible now which Mary gave him, and on the cover he has printed, "*Signal Lights for Souls bound for Heaven.*"

The Three Sieves.

"Oh, mamma," cried little Blanche Philpott, "I heard such a tale about Edith Howard. I did not think she could be so naughty. One—"

"My dear, before you continue," interrupted Mrs. Philpott, "we will see if your story will pass through three sieves."

"What does that mean, mamma?" said Blanche.

"I will explain it: In the first place, is it true?"

"I suppose so; I got it from Miss White, and she is a great friend of Edith's."

"And does she show her friendship by telling tales of her? In the next place, though you can prove it to be so, is it kind?"

"I did not mean to be unkind, but I am afraid it was. I would not like to have Edith speak of me as I have of her."

"And in the third place, is it necessary?"

"No, of course not, mamma; there was no need for me to mention it at all?"

"Then put a bridle on your tongue. If we can't speak well, speak not at all."

Courting in China.

Ar Showe, an intelligent Chinese merchant, doing business in Boston, was recently interviewed, and gave to the reporter the following account of the way marriages are brought about in China:

There is no such thing as courting among young people in China. The bride and bridegroom never see each other until they are about to become man and wife.

Their courting is all done by their parents.

Let us suppose that you have a son and I a daughter of marriageable age, and we are friends.

You tell me you want to get your son married, and ask if I am willing to give my daughter to him.

I say yes. I have seen your son and like him, but you have not seen my daughter.

But you hire a female broker to go and inspect my daughter, which she does for a consideration.

Indeed, this is a regular business, and many make a good living out of it.

She visits my house, sees and talks with my daughter, finds that her feet are so small that she can hardly walk,—that absurd custom of deforming the feet is still very prevalent in China,—and returns and makes a most flattering report.

Then you and I come together, and I give you a written paper embodying my consent to the union while you, in like manner, signify your approval, and give me a paper signed by you, and the engagement is completed.

You then cause a great number of sweet cakes to be sent to my daughter from your son, and these are given around to our friends as an announcement of the betrothal of our daughter.

The marriage itself may not take place for a month, six months or a year after the engagement according to agreement.

There is no religious ceremony of marriage in China.

A friend of the bridegroom's family—usually a man of respectability and position—is chosen who reads the marriage ceremony from a book, which binds the couple, who, before that time, had been strangers to one another, to live together during life.

"Are there not frequent instances of unhappy marriages in this way?"

"No, indeed. On the contrary, such marriages are nearly always happy. The young couple soon learn to love one another, and live in harmony together."

"Do men give dowries to their daughters in marriage?"

"Quite often; but if a parent dies without giving anything to his daughters, his property all goes to the sons. The daughters get nothing."

"The father of the newly-wedded young man furnishes his house, though if he be poor, the father of the bride does

so secretly, so as not to expose his poverty. The bride, however, is expected to furnish her chamber and bedding."

Women's Slaughter of Birds.

If another Burns should arise he might find congenial work in teaching this generation of women to become more sympathetic with nature. He who could be so moved as to address a mouse, whose nest his plow had demolished,

"I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal!"

would find a song to express his indignation at such inhumanity to the birds as the following facts, taken from a London letter, disclose:

The other day I came upon a new store in the city. The windows were fairly dazzling with color. A stray sunbeam falling upon them, the shop flashed back a rainbow of blue and green and red and yellow, indigo and vermilion, amber and black and white. I paused to gaze.

It was a store devoted to the modern fashion of adorning ladies' hats, bonnets, and dresses with birds and butterflies. All the corners of the earth had been ransacked to satisfy this new craze. Whole birds, birds' wings, tails, breasts, were here by the thousand. Butterflies and humming-birds vied with each other in wealth of color and beauty of arrangement.

Travelers and others tell me that bird slaughter as a trade has now reached proportions which threaten the very extinguishment of some of the rarest as well as gayest species.

One can understand this when it is stated on authority that a German dealer in this city recently received a consignment of 32,000 dead humming-birds, 80,000 aquatic birds of several varieties, and 800,000 pairs of wings. This to one dealer alone; while at the same time all the other traders are increasing their orders to foreign shippers. There is something very sad in these figures. Surely our women can not think about the subject or they would never promote this sacrifice of bird-life for a mere freak of fashion.

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Jobbers & Dealers in **WATCHES, DIA-**
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Wholesale Dealers in
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,
AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1880.

No. 11.

Cleon and I.

Cleon hath a million acres—ne'er a one have I ;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace—in a cottage, I ;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—not a penny, I ;
But the poorer of the twain is Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres—but the landscape,
I ;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth, money cannot
buy ;
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness—freshening
vigor, I ;
He in velvet, I in fustian : richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur—free as thought am
I ;
Cleon fees a score of doctors—need of none have
I ;
Wealth-surrounded, care-enviored, Cleon fears
to die ;
Death may come—he'll find me ready—happier
man am I.

Cleon sees no charm in Nature—in a daisy, I ;
Cleon hears no anthem ringing in the sea and
sky.

Nature sings to me forever—earnest listener, I ;
State for state, with all attendants, who would
change ? Not I.

—[Charles Mackay.

God never gives us a treasure that we may selfishly hoard it. That treasure, like the bread that was broken on the hillside of Galilee, multiplies in the hand that takes it to divide and distribute.

Let us remember that Jesus, the Divine assuager of the thirst of human hearts, imparts the blessing to each who comes to him, that he may go and impart the blessing to others.—[Hanna.

For the Hospital Review.

One Hour in the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

The removal in New York of the Art Museum, from Fourteenth Street to Central Park, secures it an unsurpassed location. Admission is free, except on Mondays and Tuesdays, when a small tax is levied ; these days afford the visitor the best opportunity for a leisurely examination of whatever may be especially interesting.

The interior of the building is spacious and well lighted and draped with numerous ancient tapestries. The main floor is occupied principally with cabinets ranged around the wall, containing the Censola potteries ; these, indeed, form the leading feature. They are in a bewildering variety of shapes. In color, many are of a dingy reddish yellow, as though stained with the mould of centuries. In the antique sculptures, the life-size and larger figures on their lofty pedestals, even where badly mutilated, have great repose of expression.

Through the centre of the hall are placed tables, surmounted with glass cases filled with the wonderful productions of art that have been gathered from the many nations of the earth. There are old Sevres and Dresden wares, and repoussé-work in brass of plates and sconces, illustrative of historical events. Among the marvels of ingenious carvings in ivory, is

one of an oriental design, displaying great fertility of invention. It is in shape of a column, about a foot in height and composed of dragons, serpents and mythological monsters, enwreathed together in an inextricable blending. On the wall, near the entrance, the eye is arrested by a very striking *alto rilievo* in white marble. An athletic figure is leading three magnificent horses and controlling with difficulty their sportive violence. So high is the relief that one of the horses leaps out into the air, attached to the main base only by his powerful haunches.

In the galleries above are collections of pictures, both old and new. Among those loaned to the Museum till October, many eminent artists are represented, such as Meissonier, Zamacois, Schreyer, Diaz, Kaemmerer, Bouguereau and VanMarcke. The liberality that throws open to the public these works of genius cannot be too highly commended. In Rochester, the private collection of Mr. D. W. Powers forms what may be styled a permanent loan-collection for the benefit of citizens and strangers—a generosity on his part that his friends thoroughly appreciate.

The paintings by the late W. M. Hunt, in the East Gallery, are quite a feature of the exhibition in the Metropolitan Museum. His frescoes in the Assembly Chamber at Albany, have made him famous in his own country. In Paris he studied under Couture and Millet, and was much influenced by Barye, the animal sculptor, in his study of art. His biographer says of him that "in his earliest childhood he loved music and play; whittled and carved images; was fond of sewing and color, and happy in the out-door pleasures of flower and field. He drew pictures of objects before him upon everything that came in his way; chalk and charcoal were kept busy."

The oriental porcelains in the north gallery would rouse enthusiasm in the

most placid lover of the ceramic art. These fadeless gems of curious workmanship are arranged in velvet-lined cabinets, so as to display their charms to the best advantage. The most ancient Chinese porcelain is thought by some to be the white; small statuettes and sacred animals illustrate this phase of the art. Next come the old Céladon wares, older, possibly, than the white. The paste is as heavy as stoneware, and the glaze thick and semi-opaque. Here are the old sea-green, the "starch blue," the Céladon fleuré and Céladon crackle. Then there is a sort of *pate sur pate*, and the lovely enamels in which the Chinese excel; various colors in crackle, reticulated pieces and relief and rice-grain decorations; lastly, the blue-and-white, with honorific marks, the *gros bleu*, the rose, ruby, green and yellow, and all of the polychrome decorations on white. Many of your readers are no doubt familiar with these wonders of ceramic art.

C. H.

Mrs. Briggs' Clerk.

He was a tall, thin, starved-looking boy, with a little jacket, the sleeves of which crept half-way up his arms, and a hat that was nothing but a brim; and when she first saw him he was eating a crust out of a gutter. She was only a poor old woman who kept a little shop for candy and trimmings, and poor enough herself, heaven knew; but, she said, he looked a little like what her Tom might if he had grown up and been neglected, and she couldn't stand it. She called to him:

"Come here, sonny," said she; and the boy came.

Before she could speak again, he said:

"I didn't do it. I'll take my oath on anything I didn't do it. I aint so mean."

"Didn't do what?" said the pleasant old woman.

"Break your winder," said the boy, nodding his head toward a shattered pane.

"Why, I broke that myself with my shutter last night," said the old woman. "I'm not strong enough to lift 'em, that's the fact. I'm getting old."

"If I'm round here when you shut up, I'll come and do it for you," said the boy; "I'd just as soon. What was that you wanted me for?"

"I wanted to know what you was eating that dry crust out of the gutter for," was the reply.

"Hungry," said he. "I've tried to get a job all day. I'm going to sleep in the area over there after it gets too dark for the policeman to see, and you can't have a good night's sleep without some supper, if it is a little dirty."

"I'll give you some that's cleaner," said the old woman.

"That will be begging," said he.

"No," said she, "you can sweep the shop and the pavement, and put up the shutters for it."

"Very well," said he. "Thankee then. If I sweep up first I'll feel better."

Accordingly she brought him a broom, and he did his work well. Afterward he ate his supper with a relish. That night he slept, not in the area, but under the old woman's counter.

He had told her his story. His name was Dick; he was twelve years old, and his father, whom he had never seen sober, was in prison for life.

The antecedents were not elevating, but the boy seemed good. The next morning the old woman engaged a clerk for her small establishment. The terms were simple—his "living and a bed under the counter."

When the neighbors heard of it they were shocked. A street boy—whom no one knew! Did Mrs. Briggs really wish to be murdered in her bed? But Mrs. Briggs felt quite safe. She had so much time now that she was going to take in sewing. Dick attended to the shop altogether. He kept it in fine order, and increased the business by introducing candies, dates on sticks, and chewing gum. Pennies came in as they never came before, since he had painted signs in red and blue ink to the effect that the real old-fashioned candy was to be got there, and that this was the place for peanuts.

And in the evening, after her shop was shut up, she began to take him into her confidence. Her great dream was to buy herself into a certain Home for the Aged. It would cost her a hundred dollars. She was saving for it. She had saved three years, and had fifteen of it. But it cost

so much to live, with tea twenty-five cent a quarter, and loaves so small, and she had been sick, and there was the doctor, and Mrs. Jones' Martha Jane to be paid for minding her and the shop. After this Dick took the greatest interest in the savings, and the winter months increased them as though he had brought a blessing.

One night in spring they took the bag from under her pillow and counted what it held. It was thirty dollars.

"And I'll begin to make kites to-morrow, Mrs. Briggs," said the boy, "and you'll see the custom that it will bring. If a little shaver sees the kites, he'll spend all he has for 'em, and then he'll coax his mother for more to buy the stick-dates and chewing gum. I know boys."

"Your a clever boy yourself," said the old woman, and patted his hand.

It was a plumper hand than it had been when it picked the crusts from the gutter, and he wore clean, whole garments, though they were very coarse.

"How wrong the neighbors were!" she said. "That boy is the comfort of my life."

So she went to bed with the treasure under her pillow and slept. Far on in the night she awakened. The room was utterly dark—there was not a ray of light—but she heard a step on the floor.

"Who is that?" she cried.

There was no answer, but she felt that some one was leaning over her bed. Then a hand clasped her throat and held her down, and dragged out the bag of money, and she was released. Half suffocated, she for a moment found herself motionless and bewildered, conscious only of a draught of air from an open door, and of some confused noises.

Then she sprang to the door and hurried into the shop.

"Dick! Dick!" she cried, "Dick! Dick! help! wake up! I'm robbed!"

But there was no answer; the door into the street was wide open, and by the moonlight that poured forth through it she saw, as she peered under the counter, that Dick's bed was empty. The boy was gone.

Gone! gone! Oh! that was worse to Granny Briggs than even the loss of the money; for she had trusted him and he had deceived her. She had loved him and he had abused her love. The neigh-

bors were right; she was a fool to trust a strange street boy, and had been served rightly when he robbed her.

When the dawn broke the wise neighbors came into poor Granny's shop to find her crying and rocking to and fro; and they told her they had told her so, and she only shook her head. The shop took care of itself that day. Life had lost its interest for her. Her "occupation was gone," but not with her savings. Money was but money, after all; he had come to be the only thing she loved, and Dick had robbed her.

It was ten o'clock. Granny sat moaning by the empty hearth. Good-natured Mrs. Jones from up stairs was "seeing to things," and trying to cheer her, when suddenly there came a rap on the door, and a policeman looked in.

"Mrs. Briggs?" he said.

"Here she is," said Mrs. Jones.

"Yes, I'm that wretched critter," said Mrs. Briggs.

"Some one wants to see you at headquarters," said the policeman. "There's a boy there an some money."

"Dick!" cried Mrs. Briggs. "Oh, I can't bear to look at him!"

But Mrs. Jones had already tied on her bonnet, and wrapped her in a shawl, and taken her on her arm.

"The wretch!" she said. "I'm so glad he is caught. You'll get your money back."

And she led Mrs. Briggs along—poor Mrs. Briggs, who cried all the way, and cared nothing for the money. And soon they were at their destination. Then, and not before, the policeman turned to the two women.

"He's pretty bad," he said. "They'll take him to the hospital in an hour. I suppose you are prepared for that. He's nearly beaten to death, you know."

"Did you beat him, you cruel wretch?" said Mrs. Briggs. "I wouldn't have had that done for twice the money. Let him go with it if its any comfort to him."

"I beat him!" said the man. "Well, women have the stupidest heads. If I hadn't got up when I did, he'd have been dead. He held the bag of money tight, and the thief was pummeling him with a loaded stick; and the pluck he had for a little shaver—I tell you, I never saw the like!"

"You shan't take granny's money

from her,' says he, and fought like a little tiger. If it's your money, old lady, he's given his life for it, for all I know."

"Oh, Dick! Dick! I knew you were good. I must have been crazy to doubt you," and then she wrung her hands and cried: "Oh, Dick, for just a paltry bit of money!"

And so she knelt beside the pale, still face upon, the pillow, and kissed it, and called it tender names.

And Dick, never guessing her suspicions of him, whispered:

"I was so afraid he'd get off with it if he killed me, granny, and you in such high hopes last night."

He did not know what was meant by begging him to forgive her. It would have killed him if he had, for he was very near death.

But Dick did not die. He got well at last, and came back to the little shop; and though Granny Briggs had her savings, she never went to the Old Ladies' Home; for long before she died Dick was one of the most prosperous merchants in the city, and his handsome home was hers, and she was very happy in it.—[*The Methodist*.

"By-and-By."

There's a little mischief-making

Elfin, who is ever nigh,

Thwarting every undertaking,

And his name is *By-and-By*.

What we ought to do this minute,

"Will be better done," he'll cry,

"If to-morrow we begin it:"

"Put it off!" says *By-and-By*.

Those who heed his treacherous wooing,

Will his faithless guidance rue;

What we always put off doing,

Clearly we shall never do.

We shall reach what we endeavor,

If on *Now* we more rely;

But unto the realms of *Never*,

Leads the pilot *By-and-By*.

Is there a word in the English language which contains all the vowels? Unquestionably.

Religion is the most gentlemanly thing in the world. It alone will gentelize if unmixed with cant.—[*Coleridge*.

The Mother's Gift.

Remember, Love, who gave thee this,
 When other days shall come,
 When she who had thy earliest kiss
 Sleeps in her narrow home ;
 Remember, 'twas a mother gave
 This gift to one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love
 The holiest, for her son ;
 And from the gift of God above,
 She chose a goodly one ;
 She chose for her beloved boy,
 The source of life and light and joy ;—

And bade him keep the gift—that when
 The parting hour should come,
 They might have hope to meet again,
 In her eternal home.

She said his faith in that would be
 Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
 Laugh that fond gift to scorn,
 And bid him cast that pledge aside
 That he from youth had borne,
 She bade him pause and ask his breast:
 If he, or she, had loved him best ?

A parent's blessing on her son
 Goes with this holy thing ;
 The love that would retain the one
 Must to the other cling ;
 Remember, 'tis no idle toy
 A MOTHER'S GIFT—REMEMBER, BOY.

The Idleness of Girls.

[From Rev. Washington Gladden's Paper in the
May St. Nicholas.]

Another great mistake that many of our girls are making, and that their mothers are either encouraging or allowing them to make, is that of spending their time out of school in idleness, or in frivolous amusements, doing no work to speak of, and learning nothing about the practical duties and the serious cares of life. It is not only in the wealthier families that the girls are growing up indolent and unpracticed in household work ; indeed, I think that more attention is paid to the industrial training of girls in the wealthiest families than in the families of mechanics and of people in moderate circumstances, where the mothers are compelled to work hard all the while.

"Within the last week," says one of my correspondents, "I have heard two mothers, worthy women in most respects say, the first, that her daughter never did any sweeping. Why, if she wants to say to her companions, 'I never swept a room in my life,' and takes any comfort in it, let her say it ; and yet that mother is sorrowing much over the short-comings of that very daughter. The other said she would not let her daughter do anything in the kitchen. Poor deluded woman ! She did it all herself instead !"

The habits of indolence and of helplessness that are thus formed are not the greatest evils resulting from this bad practice ; the selfishness that it fosters is the worst thing about it. How devoid of conscience, how lacking in all true sense of tenderness, or even of justice, a girl must be who will consent to devote all her time out of school to pleasuring, while her mother is bearing all the heavy burdens of the household ! And the foolish way in which mothers talk about this, even in the presence of their children, is mischievous in the extreme. "O, Hattie is so absorbed with her books, or her crayons, or her embroidery, that she takes no interest in household matters, and I do not like to call upon her." As if the daughter belonged to a superior order of beings, and must not soil her hands or ruffle her temper with necessary housework !

The mother is the drudge ; the daughter is the fine lady for whom she toils. No mother who suffers such a state of things as this can preserve the respect of her daughter ; and the respect of her daughter no mother can afford to lose.

The result of all this is to form in the minds of many girls not only a distaste for labor, but a contempt for it, and a purpose to avoid it as long as they live by some means or other.

There is scarcely one of these forty letters which does not mention this as one of the chief errors in the training of our girls at the present day. It is not universal, but it is altogether too prevalent. And I want to say to you, girls, that if you are allowing yourselves to grow up with such habits of indolence and such notions about work, you are preparing for yourselves a miserable future.

The vices we scoff at in others laugh at us within ourselves.—[*Sir Thomas Browne.*]

Finding "Girl" in the Bible.

An English town-missionary, a short time ago, related a remarkable incident. There was a lodging-house in his district which he had long desired to enter, but was deterred from so doing by his friend, who feared that his life would be thereby endangered. He became at length so uneasy that he determined to risk all consequences and try to gain admission. So one day he gave a somewhat timid knock at the door, in response to which a coarse voice roared out, "Who's there?" and at the same moment a vicious-looking woman opened the door and ordered the man of God away.

"Let him come in, and see who he is and what he wants," growled out the same voice. The missionary walked in, and bowing politely to the rough-looking man whom he had just heard speak, said,

"I have been visiting most of the houses in this neighborhood to read with and talk to the people about good things. I have passed your door as long as I feel I ought, for I wish also to talk with you and your lodgers."

"Are you what is called a town-missionary?"

"I am, sir," was the reply.

"Well then," said the fierce looking man, "sit down and hear what I am going to say. I will ask you a question out of the Bible. If you answer me right, you may call at this house and read and pray with us or our lodgers as often as you like; if you do not answer me right, we will tear your clothes off your back and tumble you neck and heels into the street. Now what do you say to that?—for I am a man of my word."

The missionary was perplexed, but at length quietly said,

"I will take you."

"Well then," said the man, "here goes. Is the word *girl* in any part of the Bible? If so, where is it to be found, and how often? That is my question."

"Well sir, the word *girl* is in the Bible, but only once, and may be found in the words of the Prophet Joel, iii. 3. The words are, 'And sold a girl for wine, that they might drink.'"

"Well," replied the man, "I am dead beat: I durst have bet five pounds you could not have told."

"And I could not have told yesterday,"

said the visitor. "For several days I have been praying that the Lord would open me a way into this house, and this very morning, when reading the Scriptures in my family, I was surprised to find the word *girl*, and got the Concordance to see if it occurred again, and found it did not. And now, sir, I believe that God did know, and does know what will come to pass, and surely His hand is in this for my protection and your good."

The whole of the inmates were greatly surprised, and the incident has been over-ruled to the conversion of the man, his wife, and two of the lodgers.

The Boy Astronomer.

The first transit of Venus ever seen by a human eye was predicted by a boy, and was observed by that boy just as he reached the age of manhood. His name was Jeremiah Horrox. We have a somewhat wonderful story to tell you about this boy.

He lived in an obscure village near Liverpool, England. He was a lover of books of science, and before he reached the age of eighteen he had mastered the astronomical knowledge of the day. He studied the problems of Kepler, and he made the discovery that the tables of Kepler indicated the near approach of the period of the transit of Venus across the sun's center. This was about the year 1635.

Often on midsummer nights the boy Horrox might have been seen in the fields watching the planet Venus. The desire sprung up within him to see the transit of the beautiful planet across the disc of the sun, for it was a sight that no eye had ever seen, and one that would tend to solve some of the greatest problems ever presented to the eye of an astronomer. So the boy began to examine the astronomical tables of Kepler, and by their aid endeavored to demonstrate at what time the next transit would occur. He found an error in the tables, and then he, being the first of all astronomers to make the precise calculation, discovered the exact date when the next transit would take place.

He told his secret to one intimate friend, a boy who, like himself, loved science. The young astronomer then awaited the event which he had predicted

for a number of years, never seeing the loved planet in the shaded evening sky without dreaming of the day when the transit should fulfill the beautiful vision he carried continually in his mind.

The memorable year came at last—1639. The predicted day of the transit came, too, at the end of the year. It was Sunday. It found Horrox, the boy astronomer, now just past twenty years of age, intently watching a sheet of paper in a private room, on which lay the sun's reflected image. Over this reflection of the sun's disc on the paper he expected, moment by moment, to see the planet pass like a moving spot or a shadow.

Suddenly, the church bells rang. He was a very religious youth, and was accustomed to heed the church bells as a call from heaven. The paper still was spotless; no shadow broke the outer edge of the sun's luminous circle.

Still the church bells rang. Should he go? A cloud might hide the sun before his return, and the expected disclosure be lost for a century.

But Horrox said to himself: "I must not neglect the worship of the Creator to see the wonderful things the Creator has made."

So he left the reflected image of the sun on the paper, and went to the sanctuary.

When he returned from the service, he hurried to the room. The sun was still shining, and there, like a shadow on the bright circle on the paper, was the image of the planet Venus! It crept slowly along the bright center, like the finger of the Invisible. Then the boy astronomer knew that the great problems of astronomy were correct, and the thought filled his pure heart with religious joy.

Harrox died at the age of twenty-two. Nearly one hundred and thirty years afterward, Venus was again seen crossing the sun. The whole astronomical world was then interested in the event, and expeditions of observation were fitted out by the principal European Governments. It was observed in this country by David Rittenhouse who fainted when he saw the vision.—*Hezekiah Butterworth, in St. Nicholas.*

A sin without its punishment is as impossible, as complete a contradiction in terms, as a cause without an effect.—[*Greg.*]

Room at the Bottom.

A youthful aspirant for legal honors once lamented, in the hearing of Daniel Webster, the crowded state of the profession. "There's plenty of room at the top," was the significant reply, enforced by a meaning smile.

Old merchants often hear young men complaining of their hard struggle for commercial existence, made necessary by crowds which rush into the business. Some of these old men started as peddlers or porters and worked up slowly from obscurity. With as much aptness as Webster, though reversing his order, they might reply to these grumblers, "There's plenty of room at the bottom."

John Jacob Astor began his business career in this country by peddling cakes and bread. When he arrived in New York, at the age of twenty-one, he found an old baker, who had known him in Germany. Being anxious to work, he hired himself to the baker to peddle cakes, cookies, doughnuts and bread.

One of the places he supplied daily was the little shop where "Aunt Katy," wife of Abraham Beninger, sold candy, sugar, snuff, tobacco, cabbages, potatoes, cakes and bread. That shop was the foundation of the great Beninger grocery house of New York.

In after years Astor was disposed to ignore the baker boy episode. But he had a sister, the wife of a small distiller, who insisted on reminding folks of the fact. Jacob had spoken slightly of the distiller's business. "Yacob," said the resentful sister, "was noting put a paker-poy, and sold pread und cake."

For a long time Jacob served the baker faithfully. When he had earned a little money he set up for himself in a wooden shanty, where he sold toys and German knick-knacks. Jacob's notion of business, at that time, might be expressed in the rhyme:

"Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow."

Stories first heard at a mother's knee are never wholly forgotten—a little spring that never quite dries up in our journey through scorching years.—[*Ruffin.*]

Hardening in crime decays the heart like as rust decays iron.—[*Plutarch.*]

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1880.

The Hospital Inmates.

On the afternoon of June the second we visited the Hospital, approaching it from the West Avenue entrance. The grounds looked very attractive; the shadows of the fresh green foliage were playing on the newly mown lawn, the locust trees were laden with honied blossoms, and the birds were jubilant among the branches. The tent had been pitched and the settees placed under overhanging trees, and the glad June sunshine was brightening the picture. But where were the invalids? At the front of the lawn a soldier was chatting with a friend, and one patient was preparing for a siesta on a settee, but save these the grounds were deserted. We could not understand this, till we were reminded that a brisk walk and thick shawl had warmed our blood and made us comfortable, where the more quiet and less vigorous invalids would feel chilled and miserable.

As we entered the Surgical Ward we found a blind man was making strong efforts to go to bed. It was necessary to prevent this, otherwise he would be wandering about at night, disturbing those who should be sleeping. The man who had broken both his arms and dislocated his shoulder, by falling or being pushed from a car, was recovering from his wounds, but his nerves had been weakened and his mind shattered by the accident. A new patient had been brought in with dislocated instep but was better and was out exercising with his crutches. One of the rheumatic patients was quite feeble. Mr. W. was somewhat better, though he feared he had become permanently deaf in one ear. He was still

troubled with an abscess, but suffered less pain than he had done. A man injured on the railroad had improved and returned home. This Ward had fourteen inmates.

In the Medical Ward there were fifteen patients; two of these were new cases, one suffering much from rheumatism. A young man, with diseased lungs, was more feeble, confined most of the time to his bed. Mr. S. looked more comfortable and was reading the Bible and apparently enjoying it. Mr. Male, the faithful and efficient nurse of this Ward, was very ill and suffering acutely with pain in the head. He had been sick for nearly a fortnight and spoke of the faithful care and attention he had received in his hour of need. We hope he may speedily be restored to his wonted health, for he has been a great comfort to many suffering ones in his Ward.

As we passed the chapel we heard voices within, and on entering found some of the inmates had assembled for the weekly Wednesday afternoon service. A special attraction was afforded by the presence of two female missionaries from Utica, whose remarks and prayers were very acceptable to the listeners. When we meet in the chapel with the Hospital patients, we are always reminded of the gatherings at Bethesda, for the lame, the halt, the palsied, the epileptic and afflicted are always present waiting for healing. It was a touching scene this afternoon when one, who had been brought into the chapel in her rolling chair, thanked God for blessings received, and for strength that had been given her to bear her burdens. Her life at the Hospital is a beautiful illustration of patient endurance of great physical afflictions, and of quiet acquiescence in God's will. Helpless, unable even to feed herself, she delights to read cheerful stories to others and thus brighten the path of her fellow patients.

In the Lying-In-Ward were three mothers and three infants; one of the latter was a fortnight old and one of the plump-est, prettiest babies we have ever seen.

There were but nine patients in the Upper Female Ward; two of them were new comers, one of whom was suffering from diseased lungs and the other from general paralysis.

We spent some time in the Lower Female Ward with one of Dr. Rider's eye patients, who had been operated upon successfully for cataract. She came from North Rose, and was the wife of a Mr. VanBuren, a distant relative of Martin VanBuren. She had named a son for her distinguished kinsman but he had died. She gave us a pleasant picture of country life and longed to return to her rural home. She had a large fund of wit and humor and was evidently a true helpmeet to her husband. It really was refreshing to come in contact with one who seemed to enjoy work and country life as she did. She said after she was blind she could put her pail under her little cow, milk her, churn and make butter and bread, and that her husband was very ready to aid her in all her work. "Have you seen your husband since you came to the Hospital?" we said to her. She quickly responded, "Only in my dreams."

As we sat by Mrs. V. the supper bell sounded, and all who were able went to their meals, and we saw a goodly number gathered round the table; others had food sent them in the Ward. There were fourteen patients in this Ward.

There were no fever patients.

Omissions.

Last month we by mistake omitted to acknowledge a timely donation of ten tons of ice from Mrs. G. J. Whitney, and a very nice bundle of clothing, including a gentleman's travelling shawl and a lady's wrapper, from Mrs. A. L. Wetmore.

The Children's Cot.

Dear children, have you forgotten our little cot? It is now nearly two months since we have received any contributions to our endowment fund. In the April number of the *Review* Mrs. Mathews acknowledges the total receipts as nine hundred and thirty-five dollars and three cents. You surely are not going to give up the work you have begun so well? You see we only need sixty-five dollars to complete our first thousand, a third of the sum we had for a permanent endowment fund. If we can raise the three thousand dollars we started for, we shall have enough for the interest of the fund to support a poor child in the Hospital for all coming time. We hope some time we shall be able to have a children's ward in our Hospital and the little cot, endowed by the children, will be entitled to a place in it.

We know of a great many little children who have had the measles. A few have died of this disease, but many have recovered from it. Now cannot some of those who are rejoicing in returning health send us a thank offering?

Little Mary and her dollies still occupy the cot, and the patient little girl is slowly improving; she walks about the building more than she did. The little girl of whom we spoke last month as being motherless and as having been taken to the Orphan Asylum is still there, and finds a pleasant home at Hubbell Park.

Who next month will help us raise the sixty-five dollars needed to complete our first thousand?

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

Fruit and vegetables are very acceptable and can be disposed of in large quantities at the Hospital.

Tributes of Gratitude.

We think we never heard so many expressions of gratitude for medical services from the patients as during our last visit at the Hospital :

One said, "I feel Dr. — has done me a world of good, and I pray he may live long years. I feel if he should be taken away, I should mourn for him as much as I did for Dr. Dean."

Said another : "Dr. — is like a father to me. He understands just what I need."

These were the sentiments of many of the patients.

Others spoke of the pleasure derived from the visits of friends of the Hospital who came to see the patients, and cheered them with pleasant words, and comforting books, and fragrant flowers.

Said one : "The young ladies of St. Luke's Church are some of them coming to visit us every week. They sing and read and pray with us, and we greatly enjoy their visits."

Summer Pleasures.

This is the season of the year when many of our citizens who live in homes where every comfort abounds are seeking for the invigoration that comes from change of scene and air. Many are contemplating pleasant rambles in the old world, some are starting for the mountains and woodlands, others are selecting summer abodes at the seashore and lakeside. To all such we say, God speed you, but should we not provide some variety for those whose lives are dull and monotonous, because from their infirmities they are constantly confined to the Hospital premises? How delightful it would be, if, now and then, some careful driver with a comfortable carriage could take a few of the invalids outside the city, and give them a breath of country air and a sight of green meadows and daisied fields. Some of the

patients could take longer rides and catch some of Ontario's bracing breezes and bring home memories to brighten rainy days at the Hospital.

A Rare Treat.

On one of those warm days when such a treat would be peculiarly grateful, Mr. Isaac Teall supplied the Hospital patients with ice cream which was most acceptable to them and was fully appreciated by them. Mr. Teall has often sent delicacies such as jellies, macaroons, &c., to the invalids, for which we are greatly indebted to him.

Those Bed Quilts.

The Ladies of Spencerport have responded to our appeal for old *bed quilts* and have sent us *just what we need* for the protection of our mattresses. We still call for *more* and hope no person will refrain from sending because their old bed quilts are very poor. If they are ragged and nearly worn out, they will be quite good enough for the use to which we appropriate them. Please send us some more.

Empty Rooms in the Mansard.

There are still several rooms in the Mansard ready to be furnished as memorial rooms, by those who wish thus to associate departed friends with the Hospital.

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Treasurer for their discontinuance and until payment of all arrearages is made as required by law.

Monthly Report.

1880. May 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 78	
Received during month, . . . 24	
Births, 2—104	
Deaths, 4	
Discharged, 36— 40	
Remaining, June 1st, 1880, . . . 64	

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, March 4th, 1880, of apoplexy, Mrs. Elizabeth Young, of Albion, aged 53 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, March 9th, 1880, of chronic cerebritis, Hugh Mackintosh, of Hamilton, Ont., aged 56 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, March 18th, 1880, of ulcer of stomach, James Katon, aged 55 yrs.

At Rochester City Hospital, March 19th, 1880, of cancer of the stomach, David Perry, aged 66 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, March 20th, 1880, by rail-road accident, Matthew McCann, aged 53 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, April 20th, 1880, of phthisis pulmonalis, Irving H. Jordan, aged 33 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, April 28th, 1880, of phthisis pulmonalis, Mrs. Mary Tischer, aged 31 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, May 1st, 1880, of disease of the heart, Harvey Smith, aged 80 yrs.

At Rochester City Hospital, May 15th, 1880, of apoplexy, Letetia Lloyd, of Brockport, aged 56 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, May 22d, 1880, of fever, Maggie Bennett, aged 16 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, May 27th, 1880, of cancer of the bladder, John R. Phillips, of Dansville, N. Y., aged 63 years.

Donations.

Mrs. A. L. Wetmore—Very nice Second-hand Clothing.

Mrs. G. E. Mumford—"Harper's Young People."

Mrs. Carter Wilder—"Littell's Living Age."

Ladies' Literary Society, Brighton—Eighteen Volumes.

Rochester Club—Illustrated Papers.

Mrs. C. H. Babcock—Illustrated Papers, Periodicals.

Mrs. James Hart—Periodicals.

Mrs. F. Gorton—"Graphics."

Miss Sarah Frost—"Graphics."

Mrs. Geo. C. Buell—"Graphics" and Reading Matter.

Mrs. D. B. Beach—Reading Matter.

M. D. L. Hayes—Reading Matter.

Mrs. William Kidd—Reading Matter, &c.

Mrs. William S. Little—Reading Matter, Second-hand Clothing, Bouquets for patients.

Mrs. H. E. Hooker—Quince Jelly, Ganned Fruit, Pickles, Asparagus, Reading Matter, &c.

Mrs. D. W. Powers—Dressing Gown.

Mrs. Dr. M. Strong—Dressing Gown, quantity Vials and Bottles, Second-hand Clothing.

Mrs. George J. Whitney—Ten tons of Ice.

Mrs. Howard Osgood—Old Linen, Reading Matter.

Mrs. A. M. Badger—Old Linen, Reading Matter.

Mr. Isaac Teall—Ice Cream.

Mrs. Arthur Robinson—Second-hand Clothing.

Children's Department.

Mamma's Surprise.

Two little heads together met,

Two little faces sweet and fair

Pressed side by side, while softly twine

The curls of brown and golden hair.

Two pairs of busy whispering lips,

Which have so much to plan and say;

Two little hearts so full of joy

And sunshine through the happy day!

One secret shared between the two,

What can it be? Does mamma know?

Not she indeed! Then who can guess

The secret they are plotting so?

But see! they're off, the merry rogues,

With scampering feet and joyous shout,

And backward glances at mamma,

Who wonders what they are about.

So, ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling!

And in comes Bridget. "Sure and true

As 'tis yoursell', ma'am, some one's been

And left this vallytine for you!"

So mamma reads the printed words

(Misspelled and crooked though they are)

Which somebody has sent to her,—

"We luv yu, deer, deer, swete Mamma!"

Was ever nicer valentine

Than this, I wonder? Mamma's eyes

Hold two big tears. And maybe she

Can guess who sent it, if she tries.

But lest she should not *really* know,

Comes shyly forward little Lou;

While Gracie, following, helps her lisp,

"Mamma, *we* writed that for you!"

—[*Youths' Companion.*]

Anecdote of Gilbert Stuart.

Gilbert Stuart was the great portrait-painter of our Revolutionary period. His name is closely connected with that of Washington, for his portraits of the latter are quite numerous, and have won him renown as an artist.

He was not only a great artist, but his social qualities were such as to draw toward him all with whom he came in contact.

He had a large fund of mirthfulness in his composition, as the following anecdote, which I think has never found its way into print, will show:

After Stuart had become somewhat famous in this country, he went to England, where, upon a certain occasion, he found himself traveling in company with several Englishmen. There was something in the looks and manners of the American which excited their curiosity as to who he might be. At last one of the party put the question in a sort of round-about way; in reply to which, Stuart very gravely informed them that he sometimes dressed ladies' and gentlemen's hair.

"Oh, you're a barber, then?" said the gentleman, with a disappointed air.

"What! do you take me for a mere barber?" asked Stuart. "To be sure, I often brush a gentleman's coat, but"——

"I have it," interrupted the man, "you're a valet to some nobleman, perhaps?"

"Indeed, sir, I'm not! I sometimes make coats, waistcoats, and the like?"

"Then you are a tailor, of course."

"I assure you I never handled a goose in my life."

By this time, the curiosity of the party was excited to the highest pitch.

"What are you, then?" they asked in chorus.

"What I've told you, gentlemen, is literally true," said Stuart. "I dress hair, brush coats and vests, and also make boots and shoes, at your service."

"Oho, a boot and shoemaker, after all!"

"Guess again, gentlemen, for I never handled boot or shoe but for my own feet. But, indeed, I will play the fool with you no longer, for I will tell you, upon my honor as a gentleman, my *real* profession. I get my bread by making faces;" with which he twisted and contorted his features in so comical a manner that his companions were convulsed with laughter.

Having quieted down, they declared confidently that he must be a comedian by profession, when to their utter surprise, he assured them that he never was on the stage, and very rarely saw the inside of a theatre.

After some further questions on the part of his fellow-travelers, Stuart explained himself:

"Gentlemen, you will find all I have said of my various employments is comprised in these few words: I am a portrait-painter."

—[*Youth's Companion*.

Brilliant, But a Failure.

Macaulay's feats of memory, as recorded in his biography, have astonished readers. He could repeat the whole of *Paradise Lost* and several other long poems. But one of his school fellows, William Grant, an idle fellow, who preferred going about the country to getting his lessons, far excelled him in memorizing.

Lord Teignmouth, also Grant's school-fellow, says in his "Reminiscences," that he knew him, when but fifteen, to repeat the whole of the *Iliad*, the *Georgics*, three books of the *Ænid*, and the most of Horace's *Odes*.

Gifted as he was in this respect, he failed at Cambridge University, and in every thing he undertook. His constitutional indolence prevented his rise.

An incident which occurred while he was private secretary for his brother, Lord Glenelg, President of the Indian Board, shows an inveterate incapacity to attend to his work:

Macaulay was the public secretary of the India Board, and one day was attending the sitting. Some urgent affair was being discussed, when Grant entered the council chamber and whispered to Macaulay that he was particularly wanted outside.

Macaulay replied that he could not then leave his post. Grant, however, hovered about and renewed his request until Macaulay followed him out of the room.

Going to a door, the idle fellow threw it open, and pointing to a Yorkshire pie, ready to be eaten, said,—

"This is preferable to business."

Macaulay, who had a clearer appreciation of the importance of public business somewhat indignantly turned on his heel, and returned to the council chamber.

The career of this brilliant memorizer adds another illustration to the many which teach that no mental ability will compensate for the want of industry.

It is one of the physiological mysteries why a boy's hand will blister so much sooner on a hoe-handle than it will on a base-ball bat.

A poor young man remarks, that the only advice he gets from capitalists is "to live within your income," whereas the difficulty he experiences is to live without an income.

A Beautiful Parable.

A rich young man of Rome had been suffering from a severe illness, but at length he was cured, and recovered his health. Then he went for the first time into the garden, and felt as if he were newly born. Full of joy he praised God aloud. "O Thou Almighty Giver of all blessings, if a human being could in any way repay Thee, how willingly would I give up all my wealth!"

Hermas, the shepherd, listened to the rich young man. "All good gifts come from above; thou canst not send anything thither. Come, follow me." The youth followed the pious old man, and they came to a dark hovel, where there was nothing but misery and lamentation; for the father lay sick, and the mother wept, whilst the children stood round naked and crying for bread. Then the young man was shocked at the scene of distress.

But Hermas said, "Behold here an altar for thy sacrifice! Behold here the brethren and representatives of the Lord!" The rich young man then opened his hands and gave freely and richly to them of his wealth, and tended the sick man. Hermas said, "Even thus turn thy grateful looks toward heaven, and then to earth."

Grace kept Job's heart when he could not keep his gold.

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AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1880.

No. 12.

A Wonderful Gift.

Because in a day of my days to come

There waiteth a grief to be,

Shall my heart grow faint, and my lips be dumb,

In this day that is bright for me?

Because of a subtle sense of pain,

Like a pulse-beat, threaded through

The bliss of my thought, shall I dare refrain

From delight in the pure and true?

In the harvest field shall I cease to glean,

Since the bloom of the Spring has fled?

Shall I veil mine eyes to the noonday sheen,

Since the dew of the morn hath sped?

Nay, phantom ill, with the warning hand—

Nay, ghosts of the weary past;

Serene, as in armor of faith I stand—

Ye may not hold me fast.

Your shadows across my sun may fall,

But as bright the sun shall shine,

For I walk in a light ye cannot pall,

The light of the King Divine.

And whatever He sends from day to day,

I am sure that His name is Love:

And He never will let me lose my way

To my rest in His home above.

—[*Sunday Magazine*.]

It may serve as a comfort to us in all our calamities and afflictions that he that loses anything and gets wisdom by it is a gainer by the loss.—[*L'Estrange*.]

If you would be miserable, look with in. If you would be distracted' look around. If you would be happy, look up.

The Browning Room.

AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

The most marked addition to the embellishments of Wellesley College, made during the past few months, is the new room, which in honor of Mrs. Browning, has been named after her. It is located on the ground floor, at the right of the main entrance, and is pronounced the most beautiful work of art of its kind in the vicinity of Boston. The walls are covered with stamped Venetian leather, in dull red, the color of old Russia leather. The embossed figures are those of birds, flowers, and shrubs, in bronze and gold. The original was an exquisite piece of mediæval art in Venice, and was copied in London expressly for this College. It arrived only a week ago, and is said to be the only specimen of this school of art in the country. The frieze is already celebrated among artists, being the work of the distinguished flower painter, Ellen Robbins. It is pronounced the most original in its conception and execution of any work of decorative art yet designed for this purpose. It is not, as is usual, continuous, but is broken up into panels of unequal length, the average dimensions of which are twenty-seven by thirty inches. In these panels, Miss Robbins has executed in oil a most charming series of flower pieces, broadly and boldly painted, twenty-four in all. Among the most striking in form and color are alamanders, clerodendrons, new passion flowers, new Japanese clematis, rhododendrons, kalmias, and other more common flowers. This frieze is destined to become widely celebrated as a

work of art, and will add greatly to the artist's already distinguished reputation.

As this room has been dedicated to Mrs. Browning, the three large windows therein, elegantly designed in rich cathedral glass, by MacDonald, of Boston, represent well known subjects from the pen of this gifted authoress. On one is a portraiture of Lady Geraldine, on another Aurora Leigh, and on the third "The Romance of the Swan's Nest." They are all highly artistic and excite universal admiration by their delicacy of tint and beauty of execution. The ceiling is finished in heavy mouldings of ash, forming panels which are filled with another pattern of Venetian leather, the groundwork being of old gold, on which are embossed rosebuds and foliage. This paper as well as that upon the wall, is painted by hand. The furniture and decoration of this room are all artistic, and in harmony with the general design.

The furniture is mostly of carved teak wood, which has all the lustre and richness of ebony, and includes several most beautiful specimens of oriental carved work. The richest piece is an exquisitely carved Japanese cabinet, executed with delicate tracery in some unknown black wood resembling ebony. This is surmounted by a graceful Japanese stork in old bronze and a daimio's sword rack containing two swords. One of these is an ancient Japanese sword of state, with a sheath of beautifully tinted sea shells embossed in lacquer, and bearing on its handle the ancient family crest of its owner. The other is a *harikari* knife, a weapon of great antiquity, carried by ladies, and resting in a sheath of bronze inlaid with gold. Imbedded in the enamel of the rack are portions of two ancient sword hilts, evidently of historic value in the family of their owner. This cabinet also contains a rare collection of ancient Japanese ceramics and lacquer work. All of these are of great intrinsic value, and several are the only known specimens in this country. On either side of this cabinet are hung portraits of the Emperor and Empress of Japan, which were presented to the College by the Empress.

Two of the most remarkable objects of interest in this room are an ancient "marriage chest" and an upright cabinet, both being of old, carved oak, and of Japanese workmanship. They were accidentally

found in New York city, whence they had been received from Germany.

The marriage chest is more beautiful in its carving than any in the Boston Art Museum, and, according to a carved inscription, was executed in 1647. On the lid are two panels, one representing the resurrection of Christ from the opening tomb, surrounded by a group of soldiery, one of whom is starting up with wonder and awe depicted on his face. The other panel represents the ascension of the Saviour, about whom are clustered a group of adoring disciples. The sides and front of the chest are covered with carvings, those in front being in the boldest relief. One of the principal groups portrays the marriage ceremony, in which the groom is placing the ring on the bride's finger, in the midst of the bridal party; and another represents the meeting of Jacob and Rachel at the well, with camels, goats, sheep and attendants in the background. This design is no doubt in keeping with the benediction of the old marriage ceremony which says; "May your lives be as happy as those of Jacob and Rachel." At one end is a carving which undoubtedly is the name of the owner, but is as yet undeciphered.

Near the chest stands the upright cabinet, which is apparently of the same age as the chest, and is covered with grotesque carvings in high relief. In this room are several bronze busts—one of them an excellent study signed by Clodion. On stands and carved tables are also two fine pictures on easels and a beautiful St. Catherine by Girolamo Mazzuoli. Here may also be seen a choice flower piece, 200 years old, by Mario Nuzzi, the Roman artist, who was so celebrated for his flower-pieces as to be called by his countrymen Mario dei Fiori (Mario of the flowers). His works are to-day as rare as they are valuable. On the floor is a rich India carpet in tints which contrast favorably with the other decorative effects.—[*Boston Herald*.

If there be one thing on earth which is truly admirable, it is to see God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural powers, where they have been honestly, truly and zealously cultivated.—[*Dr. Arnold*.

The divine long-suffering has a limit, after which God leaves sinners to their fate.

A Much Needed Training School.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

There have long been training schools for the ministry and the bar, for the army and the navy. But one of the modern improvements is a "training-school for nurses." The position of nurse was made the target of coarse caricature by Dickens, and many people esteem it rather a menial service. Florence Nightingale raised nursing to the dignity of a fine art, as well as a Christian office. The same spirit which animated this noble heroine has dictated the establishment of the New York Training-school for Nurses, attached to the Bellevue Hospital.

The society was organized seven years ago. At first the applicants for admission were of a rather illiterate class—better fitted for domestics. But soon a superior class of young ladies presented themselves, and now none are received into the school except those who are competent to receive a thorough scientific instruction. Lectures are delivered to the classes on Digestion, the Nervous system, Contagious Diseases, and other branches taught in medical colleges. The nurses are thus equipped with an accurate knowledge of the diseases they encounter, and of the medicines which they administer. Such vulgar impostors of the "Sairy Gamp" order as have haunted sick-chambers are likely to be driven out by these accomplished and efficient ladies who are educated for the delicate and responsible office of nurse.

Since the establishment of the Bellevue Training-school (in 1873) about ninety young ladies have graduated. Twenty have become matrons of hospitals, and sixty are now acting as professional nurses. These are in such great demand that they are sent for from neighboring cities. The charge for their services is from sixty to seventy dollars a month—or three dollars a day if employed for less than a week. They are all under the direction of the Institution at Bellevue.

We have lately had occasion to employ one of these accomplished women under our own roof; and as we observed her moving about in her tasteful uniform, and with such rare skill and tact and tenderness, we appreciated the remark of a friend that "one might almost be willing

to be sick if it brought such refined and gracious services to one's bedside." Everybody else seemed clumsy and awkward in the comparison.

The annual expenses of the school are about \$20,000. This sum is made up by about \$6,000 in donations, and the remainder from payment for the services of the nurses. The managers of the Institution are among the foremost ladies of New York society. Now why should not all our cities establish and endow such training-schools of educated young women for the responsible post of ministering to the sick? There ought to be ten thousand of these successors of Florence Nightingale; and in these days of discussion about "woman's mission," we give our vote for woman's right to rule the realm of sickness and suffering, and to win there not only gratitude, but solid pecuniary emolument. Here is a profession for which God has endowed woman, and for which the highest education should be provided.

Honors Fairly Won.

HOW JOHN MARSHALL SHOT THE FLAG OFF
 LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

The Dayton Journal in a recent issue says: For gallantry in action at Shiloh, John Marshall was promoted to Lieutenant of Artillery. How he saved Battery M, Fifth Regiment, is a matter of record in the war archives at Washington. It is not that with which this article has to treat, but a subsequent and even greater exploit.

At various times and places one of the Journal's young men had heard of what John Marshall did at Lookout Mountain, and so one day he made up his mind to have the whole story from the veteran's lips.

Mr. Marshall is a veteran of the English army, having served thirteen years in the artillery. In those thirteen years he learned the duty of an enlisted man in this branch of the service thoroughly. But, to come to the story. In October and November, 1863, Hooker's army lay in the valley overlooked by Lookout Mountain, which in the latter month they so gallantly stormed. Right on the point of the promontory the rebel signal corps had a flag station established. From this point all of Hooker's manœuvres could be seen and intelligence immediately telegraphed

by means of the signal flag to Gen. Bragg. Thus it will be seen that it was desirable to shoot away that flag.

Across the Tennessee at Moccasin Point, the sixteen pound Rodmans and the Eighteenth Ohio Battery were planted. John Marshall was Lieutenant of the Eighteenth Ohio Battery. He could see that flaunting flag of the rebel signal station as it waved its intelligence day by day, and it taunted him. He knew he could cut it down with one of the Rodman guns, but his captain frowned on his presumption in pretending to know more than his superior officers, for had not General Brannan, Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Cumberland, said that it couldn't be done. What business had a lieutenant to boast himself being able to do what the chief of artillery had declared officially could not be done?

That flag had annoyed others besides Marshall. It annoyed those high in authority so much that, at the instance of General Hooker, General Brannan, Colonel Barnett and Major Mendenhall came over from Chattanooga with the express purpose of ascertaining if a gun could be trained from Moccasin Point so as to send a shot that would humble that taunting flag.

They came to the unanimous conclusion that it was impossible, on account of the great elevation.

John Marshall watched the estimating with interest, and when the conclusion was announced he stepped up, and, touching his hat in a military style, said to General Brannan :

"General!"

"Well, sir?"

"If you will give me permission to try, I think I can shoot the flag off there!"

The General looked at him sternly a moment and then said :

"Go to your quarters, sir, under arrest!"

But this was not the end. The Eighteenth Battery was attached to General Whittaker's brigade, and bluff General Whittaker took more stock in Marshall than did the austere Brannan. He had a fellow feeling with him, too, for the flag was a thorn in the flesh to him. Every morning he would take his glass and look to see if the flag was still there, and invariably as he took the glass from his eyes, a big, big, d——d epithet exploded wrathfully from his lips. He was wont to talk with Marshall about it.

"Marshall," he would say, "you are sure you can shoot down that d——d flag?"

"I can sir."

"But do you know what General Brannan says, Marshall?"

"I do sir. But with all respect to Gen. Brannan, I maintain that I can do it."

One night Whittaker sent for Marshall to come to his headquarters. When he got there, he said :

"Marshall, I've been to Chattanooga to-day, and I've signed my name to \$500 for you."

"Signed \$500 for me? Why what's that for, General?"

"Well, sir, I am going to have you try at that flag, and General Brannan says that you will burst a gun, and I have gone security to the amount of \$500 and to-morrow morning you shall make the trial."

John Marshall went back to his quarters that night a happy man. He was now to have an opportunity to show that he could do as much as he had said. He felt the hour of his triumph approaching.

In the morning after breakfast General Whittaker came down to the point. His gun squad was there in perfect drill, for he had shown them so often how he would do if he only could get permission, and they had taken so much interest that each man was proficient in his part.

The General took his place where he could watch the effect of the shot. He was a little anxious. "Now, Marshall," he said, "be careful! Don't you explode a gun and kill me, yourself, and half a dozen men."

"Never fear, General," responded Marshall, confidently. "I'll hurt no gun. Now watch where the first shot goes."

Everything in readiness, Marshall pulled the lanyard. General Whittaker took the glasses from his eyes and said :

"Too high, Marshall, too high! It went 100 yards above the flag."

"Yes, sir, I know that, and the next shot will be fifty yards above it."

And the next shot was fifty yards above it.

"Now, General, this time I'll fetch the flag."

The gun boomed. Gen. Whittaker looked for the flag. At last he burst out : "By ——, Marshall, she's gone!" In his delight he forgot the distinction of rank, and, handing his glass to a private of the gun squad, told him to take a look. The sol-

dier did so, and corroborated the General.

The glass passed around, and all saw that the flag was gone.

General Whittaker went to Marshall and said: "Marshall, my man, I congratulate you. I'm going right over to Chatanooga and tell Gen. Brannan that the Eighteenth Ohio Battery knows more than he does."

General Brannan was an honorable, if a strict officer, and when he heard that Marshall had succeeded in shooting the flag he sent him his congratulations and commended him for his skill. But Gen. Whittaker enjoyed Marshall's triumph even more than did Marshall himself, and he always afterwards treated him with great consideration and favor, and he would rub his hands and laugh with the interest of relish whenever he had occasion to relate how Lieut. Marshall, of the Eighteenth Ohio Battery, knew more of practical gunnery than the Chief of Ordnance of the Army of the Cumberland, and had forced him to take water on an opinion.

A Boy's Apprenticeship.

Every one has heard of the quaint old fishing town of Marblehead. Many of the customs of its inhabitants in the early days were curious in the extreme. The following extract from its history, lately published, may be interesting to our readers, as an evidence of the manner in which the little Marbleheaders were obliged to work a century ago:

When a boy had attained the age of eleven or twelve years he was sent to sea, and there were many instances where children of not more than nine years of age were taken to "the banks," to assist in the support of a large family.

During the first four years of a boy's life at sea he was termed a "cut-tail," from the fact that he received pay only for the fish actually caught by himself, and was obliged to cut a small piece from the tail of every fish he caught to distinguish them from the others when the fare was weighed and sold. A full crew consisted of eight persons, four of whom were "sharesmen," the others being boys in the various stages of apprenticeship.

When, after an experience of four years, a boy was considered competent to catch a full share of fish, he was promoted

to the important post of "header," and was admitted to the rights and privileges of a "sharesman." As he became qualified he could then assume the duties of "splitter" or "salter," if he chose; but it was necessary for him to pass through all the various grades of labor in order to obtain a thorough knowledge of the business before he could be permitted to take command of a vessel, and become a "skipper."

The fishermen lived on equal terms on board their vessels. Every man was personally interested in the result of the voyage, and all worked with untiring energy for a successful "trip" and as large a "fare" as possible. Dory and trawl fishing were then unknown. The fishing was done entirely from the vessels, and every man had his appointed station and was expected to occupy it when at the lines during the entire trip.

The boats usually went to the "banks" twice a year, in the spring and in the fall, and remained from three to five months, or until a full fare is obtained. On their return the salt was washed from the fish, and they were then cured, as at present, on flakes in the open air.

No Secrets from Mother.

The moment a girl has a secret from her mother, or has received a letter she dare not let her mother read, or has a friend of whom her mother does not know, she is in danger. A secret is not a good thing for a girl to have. The fewer secrets that lie in the heart of women the better. It is almost a test of purity. She who has none of her own is the best and happiest. In girlhood, hide nothing from your mother; do nothing that, if discovered by your father, would make you blush. Have no mysteries whatever. Tell those about you where you go and what you do. Those who have the right to know, we mean, of course. The girl who frankly says to her mother: "I have been there. I met so-and-so. Such and such remarks were made and this and that was done," will be certain of receiving good advice and sympathy. If the mother knows, out of great experience, that something was improper or unsuitable, she will, if she is a good mother, kindly advise against its repetition. It is when mothers discover that their girls are holding things from them,

that they rebuke and scold. Innocent faults are always pardoned by a kind parent. You may not know, girls, just what is right, just what is wrong yet. You cannot be blamed for making little mistakes; but you will not be likely to do anything very wrong if, from the first you have no secrets from your mother.

Sunstroke.

The Board of Health of New York issued the following advice last week during the very hot weather :

Sunstroke is caused by excessive heat and especially if the weather is "muggy."

It is more apt to occur on the second, third, or fourth, day of a heated term, than on the first. Loss of sleep, worry, excitement, close sleeping-rooms, debility, abuse of stimulants, predispose to it. It is more apt to attack those working in the sun, and especially between the hours of 11 o'clock in the morning and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. On hot days wear thin clothing. Have as cool sleeping-rooms as possible. Avoid loss of sleep and unnecessary fatigue. If working in-doors, and where there is artificial heat, laundries, see that the room is well ventilated.

If working in the sun, wear a light hat (not black, as it absorbs heat), straw, or that made of similar material, and put inside of it on the head a wet cloth on a large green leaf: frequently lift the hat from the head and see that the cloth is wet. Do not check perspiration, but drink what water you need to keep it up, as perspiration prevents the body from being overheated. Have, whenever possible, an additional shade, as a thin umbrella, when walking, a canvass or board cover when working in the sun. When much fatigued do not go to work, but be excused from work, especially after 11 o'clock in the morning on very hot days, if the work is in the sun. If a feeling of fatigue, dizziness, headache, or exhaustion occurs, cease work immediately, lie down in a shady and cool place; apply cold cloths to, and pour cold water over, head and neck. If anyone is overcome by the heat, send immediately for the nearest good physician. While waiting for the physician, give the person cool drinks of water or cold black tea, or cold coffee, if able to swallow. If the skin is hot and dry, sponge with, or pour cold water over the

body and limbs, and apply to the head pounded ice wrapped in a towel or other cloth. If there is no ice at hand, keep a cold cloth on the head, and pour cold water on it as well as on the body.

If the person is pale, very faint, and pulse feeble, let him inhale ammonia for a few seconds, or give him a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in two tablespoonfuls of water with a little sugar.

The Pin Machine.

There are few pieces of machinery more wonderful, or more human in their operation, than the machine that makes the pins. A coil of wire is put in at one end and comes out at the other a paper of polished pins. The operation is thus described by a correspondent of the *Evening Post* :

"A small machine, about the height and size of a lady's sewing-machine, only stronger, stands before you. On the back side a light belt descends from the long shaft at the ceiling, that drives all the machines, ranged in rows on the floor. On the left side of our machine hangs on a peg a small reel of wire that has been straightened by running through a compound system of small rollers. This wire descends, and the end of it enters the machine. It pulls it in and bites it off by inches, incessantly, one hundred and forty bites to a minute. Just as it seizes each bite, a little hammer, with a concave face, hits the end of the wire three taps, and 'upsets' it to a head, while it grips it in a countersunk hole between its teeth. With an outward thrust of its tongue, it then lays the pin sideways in a little groove across the rim of a small wheel that slowly revolves just under its nose. By the external pressure of a stationary hoop, these pins roll in their places, as they are carried under two series of small files, three in each. These files grow finer toward the end of the series. They lie at a slight inclination on the points of the pins, and by a series of cams, levers and springs, are made to play like lightning.' Thus the pins are pointed and dropped in a little shower into a box.

"Twenty-eight pounds of pins is a day's work for one of these jerking little automatons. Forty machines on this floor make five hundred and sixty pounds of pins daily. These are then polished. Two

very intelligent machines reject every crooked pin, even the slightest irregularity of form being detected. Another automaton assort's half a dozen lengths in as many different boxes, all at once and unerringly, when a careless operator has mixed the contents of boxes from various machines.

"Lastly, a perfect genius of a machine hangs the pin by the head, in an inclined platform, through as many 'slots' as there are pins in a row on the papers. These slots converge into the exact space, spanning the length of a row. Under them runs the strip of pin paper. A hand-like part of the machine catches one pin from each of the slots as it falls, and by one movement sticks them all through two corrugated ridges in the paper, from which they are to be picked by taper fingers in boudoirs, and all sorts of human fingers in all sorts of human circumstances."

An Independent Physician.

One of the most independent of men was the famous Dr. Radcliffe, court-physician. He was as free in his manner in the presence of royalty as he was while prescribing for a pauper:

On the return of King William, from Holland, in 1699, he sent for Radcliffe, and, showing him his swollen ankles, while the rest of his body was emaciated, said—

"What think you of these?" "Why, truly," replied Radcliffe, "I would not have your Majesty's two legs for your three kingdoms," which freedom cost him the king's favor, and no intercession could ever recover it.

When Anne came to the throne, the Earl of Godolphin endeavored in vain to reinstate Radcliffe as first physician, but the queen would not be prevailed on, alleging that Radcliffe would send her word, as he had done before, that "her ailments were nothing but the vapors."

The queen, however, sent for him in her last illness, when he answered, that "he had taken physic and could not come."

The queen died on the 1st of August, 1714, and Radcliffe on 1st of November following; his death having, it is said, been hastened by dread of the populace, who were incensed against him for his neglect of the queen.

Putting the Eyes to Use.

An amusing story was popular years ago, called "Eyes and no Eyes." It told a number of curious incidents where two persons saw precisely the same things. On the one no impression was made, and what was seen was soon forgotten. The other noticed carefully, was led to think and to act, and won either fame or fortune. Mr. Ruskin says genius is only a superior power of seeing. Great discoverers see a little farther than other people.

Columbus, when his men were in mutiny to return to Spain, saw weeds and plants drifting by his ships, and knew that land was near. Watt saw the steam lifting the lid of his mother's tea-kettle. But he saw beyond that fireplace the steam-engine propelling ships and drawing cars.

Newton saw an apple fall in an orchard. But looking beyond the orchard, he saw the wonderful law of gravitation, by which the sun and the earth and other planets are kept in their appointed places. Galvani saw a frog's leg twitch when two metals touched it, and he saw at the same time, the possibilities of the galvanic battery.

Sir Samuel Brown saw a spider's web floating across his path one summer's morn, and he saw also the possibility of a suspension bridge spanning a river. It is well to train the eyes to see all that may be seen.

Warm Shoes.

In the arctic regions, where the thermometer is frequently forty and fifty degrees below zero, the warmest clothing is too thin for the climate, and the daring navigators who tempt the frozen ocean have to use every precaution to protect the body, and especially the extremities. The following account is given of the shoes being made for Capt. Howgate's party in Philadelphia:

Each pair is said to weigh from four and one-half to five pounds. The thickness of the sole is three-fourths of an inch; and between the inner and outer sole a thick layer of cork is placed to prevent dampness penetrating. The shoes are made of beaver cloth, and lined all through with lamb's skin, with wool upon it. Between the cloth and lamb's skin, thin pieces of blad-

der are placed to insure dryness to the feet. The shoes are made extra large, in order to permit the wearing of several pairs of stockings.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1880.

Morning Hours with the Invalids.

At an early hour on the morning of July first, we visited the City Hospital. The sound of the pick and hammer indicated that workmen were busy. Piles of stones and rubbish, and iron tubes and apparatus for heating by steam and for ventilation were scattered over the south lawn.

Our first visit was to the basement, where, in the kitchen, eighteen nice loaves of bread had just been taken from the oven, in which from eighteen to twenty are daily baked. The cook was preparing a piece of meat for roasting, another for a stew, and beef soup was cooking on the range. One woman was washing dishes and still another cleaning the dining room. In the other parts of the basement everything was upturned. The nine furnaces had been removed, workmen were excavating earth, piles of brick were in readiness for use, carpenters were building a morgue, and confusion reigned supreme.

Leaving the basement we ascended to the Surgical Ward, where sixteen patients are under treatment, but many of these were on the lawn taking an airing. The nurse was suffering from chills and fever, and another man had taken his place. One patient was recovering from the effects of a fall off a wagon, another had been injured on the hip and knee by an accident at the North Street railroad crossing. He had before been unfortunate, having at one time nearly severed his leg with an axe, and having lost several fin-

gers while using a reaping machine. Mr. W. was better but still troubled with an abscess in his ear; there were several rheumatic and paralytic patients in this Ward.

The Male Medical and Cross Wards have eleven patients. Three with diseased lungs were very feeble; one was longing for the hour of his release; another was so weak he could hardly speak, and his cheeks were flushed with fever. A middle aged man was suffering from paralysis. Two men afflicted with chronic rheumatism had improved much and returned home. The boy, from whose limb diseased bone had been taken, had also gone home much better. The youth with hip complaint was out exercising. The epileptic patient had had more ill turns than usual. Mr. Male, the former nurse of this Ward, was much better and was out taking the air.

In the Lying-In-Ward were two nice babies; one gave evidence of strong lungs. There were no waiting patients.

In the Upper Female Ward we found three paralytics, all of whom were improving. One patient had sore foot and erysipelas, one new patient had chills and fever. Very few in this Ward were on their cots.

A woman in the Lower Cross Ward was suffering acutely from a tumor.

In the Lower Female Ward were twelve occupants. A new case was that of a woman who had scalded her feet; another person was suffering from an abscess in her side. The patient who had had a cataract removed was doing well and enjoying a foot bath given her by an aged lame woman, a member of the same church, to whom she said, "You are following the example of the Master." It is pleasant to see the readiness with which the patients minister to each other, the lame bathing the feet of the blind, the epileptic dressing the hair of the palsied.

The Hospital looked very pleasant and

attractive, and at this season of the year when the fervid beams of a July sun are so powerful, it is comforting to know that the sick and suffering can find shelter and care in these airy, well ventilated Wards.

Memorial Rooms.

In the June number of the *Sheltering Arms* we noticed an interesting description of a visit to the Hospital for Consumptives, Brompton, London, where there are small *Memorial Wards*, each bearing the name of "some patron who has either endowed it or largely contributes to its support. The name is placed in large letters over the door." "This feature seemed to us a good one," says the writer, "as such a custom would naturally lead to create direct interest, from the donor, in the inmates of the particular Ward bearing his name, and hence in the Institution itself."

We, on a smaller scale, have attempted something of this kind at the City Hospital, and hope the time may come when we can more fully follow the example of our friends over the water.

Some of the churches of our city and some private individuals have furnished rooms that bear the names of some church or friend, and when the furniture needs replenishing they have supplied the want.

Mr. Van Doorn has lately painted in bronze, on the light colored doors, the names of some of these as for example: "Greentree," "Saint Luke's," "Brick Church," &c.; then we have another lot of rooms bearing the names of departed friends, as "Reynolds'," "Ballard," "Atkinson." The bed linen, napkins, &c., also bear the memorial names.

We sometime since visited a sick friend at the Hospital, who occupied a private room fitted up by a lady of our city, and we often heard him express his gratitude to the donor, and we would love to have

all our rooms and Wards associated with benefactors.

There are several new rooms in the East Mansard that could be appropriated as Memorial Rooms.

A Welcome Gift.

Mrs. George J. Whitney, who is always devising pleasant things for the invalids at the City Hospital, kindly remembered them just before she started for Europe, donating between three and four hundred plants, which she had placed in twelve boxes for window gardens and in four hanging baskets. These will cheer many a sufferer who cannot leave the Hospital wards, and who sees but little of the beauty that is so lavishly unfolded to those of us who roam abroad.

We wish some of our invalids could be brought into closer contact with nature, we are sure it would inspire them. Even a car ride to the lakeside would unfold a world of beauty to them. The chestnuts are now wearing their crowns of summer glory, the harvest fields are beckoning to the reapers, the golden rods, and the purple and orange asclepias are giving a festive air to the hill sides, and the white-pond lilies are peeping out from the lily pads.

We pass by all these beautiful works of our Heavenly Father and hardly notice them we are so used to behold them, but there are many in our Hospital who would rejoice to look upon them.

Dr. Rider's Patients.

We have lately been quite interested in a number of patients who have been operated upon successfully by Dr. Rider for cataracts, and have been surprised at what they have told us in regard to the removal of such, and to relieve the minds of any who may be anticipating *with dread* a similar operation, we would relate their experience.

We have always supposed that as the eye was so sensitive and delicate an organ, any operation upon it must cause great pain, but three patients who have lately placed themselves in Dr. Rider's hands, at the City Hospital, have told us that they took no ether or chloroform and suffered very little from his treatment. We know of no class of patients that are uniformly more grateful for the blessings received at the Hospital than are the blind who regain sight.

Entertainment for the Children's Cot.

A very pleasant entertainment for the benefit of the Children's Cot came off at the Union School Building, Charlotte, N. Y., on Saturday afternoon, July 10, under the direction of Mrs. E. E. Snow of this city.

For some time Mrs. Snow has been giving lessons, here and in Charlotte, in vocal and instrumental music, and at the close of her summer term her pupils united in giving a concert for the benefit of the Cot Fund. We were not able to be present but those who were report it as a very enjoyable and creditable affair. We have not as yet had a full report of it, but the following programme indicates the nature of the entertainment:

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. My Home in the Valley, . . . Children's Chorus
2. Duett—Mother, Sweet Mother, . . .
Lillie Ferguson, Carrie Blackwell.
3. Trio—Rest, *Mosenthal*,
Misses Rankin, Chase, Jacobs, Curtis, Snow.
4. Wandering Song, Children's Chorus.
5. Song—My Dearest Dear Little Heart, . . .
Maud Sprague.
6. Trio—As the Dewey Shades,
Misses Rankin, Chase, Jacobs, Curtis, Snow.
7. Song—Under the Rose Bush,
Miss Birdie Curtis.
8. Bim Bome, Children's Chorus.

PART II.

1. The Grove, Children's Chorus.
2. Song—Nothing Else to Do,
Master Johnny Meach.
3. Duett—Oh! Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast,
Maud Sprague, Lillie Rankin.

4. Trio—The Wild Rose,
Misses Rankin, Chase, Jacobs, Curtis, Snow.
5. Song—The Flower Song, *Faust*,
Miss Lulu Rankin.
6. Never Say I Can't, Children's Chorus.
7. Song—I've a Hand, Mable Snow.
8. Trio—Closing Song of Gladness,
Misses Rankin, Chase, Jacobs, Curtis, Snow.
9. Oh! May I while I Live, . . . Children's Chorus.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Elizabeth R. Messenger, second offering, \$	10
Freddie Bush,	1 00
Receipts for the month,	\$1 10
Previously acknowledged,935 03
Total Receipts,	\$936 13

Contributions to the Children's Cot are solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, No. 48 Spring Street; Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street, Rochester, N. Y.; or to any of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

July 8th a young man left a paper containing sixty-two cents at the house of the Treasurer of the *Review*, without any name written upon it. Will the person who sent it please inform Mrs. Robert Mathews as soon as convenient, that he or she may be properly credited on the *Review* Books?

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, June 11th, 1880, of pneumonia, Mrs. Nellie Wilson, aged 21 yrs.
At Rochester City Hospital, June 12th, 1880, from poison, John Ford, aged about 60 years.
At Rochester City Hospital, June 26th, 1880, of consumption and paralysis, Mrs. Eliza Esterheldt, aged 40 years.

Monthly Report.

1880. June 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 64	
Received during month,	32
Births,	1— 99
Deaths,	4
Discharged,	32— 36
Remaining, July 1st, 1880,	63

Papers are forwarded until an explicit order is received by the Treasurer for their discontinuance and until payment of all arrearages is made as required by law.

Donations.

Unknown—Tin Ware, 4 Pans, 4 Sauce Pans, 3
Pails, 5 Wash Basins, 4 large Cups, 3 small
Cups, 9 Pie Plates, a Dipper, 4 Spoons.
Mrs. E. N. Buell—Gentleman's Dressing Gown.
Mrs. H. C. Roberts—Gentleman's Dressing Gown
Dr. H. H. Langworthy—Invalid's Chair.
Miss M. Dunlap—Slippers.
Mrs. A. D. Smith—Mahogany Sofa.
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Twelve Window Boxes
and 4 Hanging Baskets filled with Plants.
Alling & Cory—Wrapping Paper.
Miss Woodruff, Gates—Cherries, Flowers, Old
Quilts.
Miss C. Smalley—Old Quilts, Old Cotton, Reading
Matter.
Miss Hess—Reading Matter.
Miss Jennie Rochester—Cherries.
Mr. Loop—Flowers and Cherries.
Miss Howard—Flowers.
Lake Avenue Baptist Church—Flowers.
Mrs. Romanta Hart—Second-hand Clothing.
Mrs. Ostrander—Old Linen and Bandages.
Mrs. Guiles—Old Cotton, &c.
Mrs. Gorton—"Graphica."
Mrs. Orville Comstock—"Scribner's."
Mr. Van Doorn—Lettering Doors.

Receipts for the Review.

To JUNE 1st, 1880.

J. B. Sweeting, advertisement, \$5; James
Vick, advertisement, \$10.00—By Wm.
S. Falls, \$15.00
Miss H. H. Backus, 63 cents; W. F. Balk-
am, 60 cents; Miss E. Della Brown,
\$1.24; Mrs. J. M. Backus, 62 cts.; Mrs.
A. M. Cory, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Castle-
man, \$1.25; Mrs. O. Comstock, 50 cts.;
F. L. Durand, 62 cents; Mrs. J. T. Fox,
62 cts.; Miss E. A. C. Hayes, 62 cts.;
Mrs. H. B. Knapp, \$1.24; Mrs. J. B.
Loomis, \$1.25; Mrs. A. McVean, 62c.;
Mrs. J. C. Moore, 75 cents; Mrs. R. D.
Oviatt, \$1.25; Mrs. M. Phelan, 67 cts.;
Mrs. H. T. Rogers, 62 cents; Mrs. Jas.
Sargent, 62 cents; Mrs. E. L. Thomas,
62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Whittlesey, 62c.;
Mrs. E. W. Williams, 58 cents—By S.
S. Terry, 16 16
Mrs. W. S. Little, 65 cts.—By Mrs. Robert
Mathews, 65

To JULY 1st, 1880.

Mrs. D. Gardner, New York, 50 cts.; Mr.
Male, for Fred Hoyt, 62 cents—By Mrs.
S. H. Terry, \$ 1 12
Alling & Cory, S. Dunn, E. H. Davis, A.
W. Mudge, D. Palmer, C. F. Paine & Co.,
L. P. Ross & Co., J. Schleier, Smith, Per-
kins & Co., Woodbury, Morse & Co., C.
B. Woodworth & Sons, each \$5.00 for
advertisements—By Mrs. H. H. Morse, 55 00
C. R. Babbitt, 62 cents; Miss F. Hooker,
\$1.25; Mrs. D. C. Hyde, 62 cts.; Mrs.
R. Messenger, 62 cts.; Mrs. C. E. Math-
ews, 63 cents; Mrs. Dr. Mandeville, 62

cents; Mrs. F. E. Peek, 62 cents; Mrs.
Geo. W. Farham, Pittsford, \$1.00;
Mechanics' Savings Bank, advertise-
ment, \$15; Mrs. G. H. Perkins, \$1.25—
By Mrs. Robert Mathews, \$22 23

Children's Department.

The Little Musician at the Asylum.

BY PIGEON.

All day I had been among them,
In the pleasant sunny ward,
Among my friends whose tired brains
With fancies odd are stored.
Just half amused at their quaintness,
Yet sorry for them at my heart,
I had laughed with them and talked with them
Till the time had come to part;
When in came a little maiden
With eyes and cheeks aglow,
Bringing her music with her
Away from the town below.
She had come "to play for the patients,"
And she could not have found a place
Where the smallest act of kindness
So blossoms into grace,
Had she hunted the whole town over;
But I do not think she dreamed
That *her* little act of kindness
Was more beautiful than it seemed.
This was her gift, her talent,
This was her power to please,
And her soul seemed lifted above the earth
When her fingers touched the keys.
But I thought as I wandered homeward
In the light of the setting sun,
That the Master would approve and bless
What the little girl had done;
For she hid not "in a napkin"
Her talent from the Lord,
When she came to play for the patients
In that pleasant, sunny ward.

Dore's Boyish Work.

Doré began work as an artist when but
eleven years old. When he was thirteen
he published a set of caricatures of the
Labors of Hercules. At fifteen he was a
regular contributor to a host of illustrated
publications. A Paris letter to the Phil-
adelphia *Telegraph* thus narrates his boy-
ish work:

Two years later he issued his "Wander-

series of illustrations ever conceived and executed by a boy of seventeen.

In those early days he used to make sometimes as many as three or four drawings a day, for each of which he charged five francs.

I told him of an American admirer who once tried to form a collection of these earlier efforts of his genius.

He laughed at the idea, and said that to form anything like a complete one would be impossible, as he did not possess one himself, nor would it be possible now to find many of the light ephemeral publications in which they had appeared.

"Moreover," he said "there are too ing Jew," probably the most remarkable many of them. In the first eleven years of my artistic career I must have produced, not hundreds, but thousands of illustrations."

"I wish," said I, "M. Doré, that you would make an exhibition of your collected works."

"Madam," he replied, laughing, "they would reach from here to Vincennes if they were set side by side. I would have to engage the Palais de l'Industrie to hold my exhibition in."

He then told me that he had in his possession whole boxes full of unpublished illustrations and completed drawings that have never yet been shown to the public.

How the Chameleon Changes its Color and Shape.

Dr. Bachelier, of Midnapore, India, has been keeping a family of chameleons and watching their circuitous habits. The chameleon does not change its color always to match its surroundings, but its power to hide itself by a change of form, is no less wonderful. In a normal state of rest the color is a light pea-green, at times blending with yellow. The least excitement causes transverse stripes to appear, running across the back and nearly encircling the body. These stripes occupy about the same amount of space as the groundwork, and are most susceptible to change of color. At first they become deeply green, and if the excitement continues, gradually change to black. When placed upon a tree the groundwork becomes a deep green, and the stripes a deeper green or black, and so long as they re-

main on the trees the color does not change. Placed on the scarlet leaves of the dracena and among the red flowers of the acacia, no change was observed. But its changes of shape are still more remarkable. Sometimes it assumes the form of a disconsolate mouse sitting in a corner; again, with back curved and tail erect, it resembles a crouching lion, which no doubt gave origin to its name, chameleon, or ground lion. By inflating its sides it flattens its belly, and viewed from below, it takes the form of an ovate leaf. The tail is the petiole, while a white serrated line, which runs from nose to tip of tail over the belly, becomes the leaf's mid-rib. Still again throwing out the air, it draws in its sides, and at the same time expands itself upward and downward until it becomes as thin as a knife, and then viewed from the side it has the form of an ovate leaf which lacks a mid-rib, but the serrated line of the belly and the serrated back simulate the serrated edges of a leaf. When thus expanded it has also the power to sway itself so as to present an edge to the observer, thus greatly adding to its means of concealment. Half a dozen chameleons placed in a small tree, not three feet in diameter across the top, are very difficult to discover, although one is certain that they must be there. Dr. Bachelier used to tie bits of scarlet wool to their loins to make them visible. Concealment like this is practiced by a number of our common American caterpillars, but its higher organization makes the fact in the chameleon far more curious.

—[N. Y. *Evangelist*.]

The Singing Stones, or Geological Piano.

The Flint has been the first weapon, the first tool, the first fire, and the first music of the first age. These singing stones, the primitive music of the Race of Man, give pure musical tones and semi-tones of the scale. They were collected in the chalk regions of France, during a search of twenty-four years by M. Baudre of Paris. The interest in this discovery is manifold and perhaps the result will remain perfectly unique. Geology, Archæology, Chemistry and Physics are all branches of science which find in these stones a new element. Mons. Baudre plays upon the Singing Stones various airs and familiar pieces;

among them, *Airs* from William Tell, M'me. Angot, Bells of Corneville, Dixie, Yankee Doodle, and the Marseillaise. This entertainment has been given during the past month at the Old South in Boston, attracting many visitors.

The Key.

I turn the key within the lock
 Upon my office door,
 And safely leave my little stock
 Of books and written lore.

Lord, place a lock upon my heart,
 And keep thyself the key !
 Lock in all good, lest it depart;
 Lock out iniquity.

—[*The Companion.*]

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never learns his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He who pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for us.

"Stillest streams

Oft water fairest meadows; and the bird
 That flutters least is longest on the wing."

Vice has more martyrs than virtue.

—[*Colton.*]

Nudity and rags are only human idleness or ignorance out on exhibition.

—[*Horace Mann.*]

Notice.

Subscribers are particularly requested to note the expiration of their subscriptions, and to forward what is due for the ensuing year, without further reminder.

Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made to the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. W. S. Ely, 67 S. Fitzhugh Street; Dr. D. Little, 82 Plymouth Avenue; Dr. H. F. Montgomery, 44 Spring Street; Dr. H. H. Langworthy, 79 State Street; Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, 93½ State Street; Dr. E. V. Stoddard, 26 South Washington Street.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. W. M. H. PERKINS,
 " N. T. ROCHESTER, " Dr. MATHEWS.

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Incorporated April 21, 1831.

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Deposits made not later than the third day of any of the months of March, June, September and December shall be entitled to have interest declared upon them the same as if deposited on the first day of said months.

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