

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

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

1889
12

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1880.

No. 1.

For the Hospital Review.

Musings.

The daylight was fading softly,
And I shut up my book with a sigh
To wait for the lamps of evening
To brighten the twilight sky;
And one after one they spangled
The beautiful arch above,
And answered my gaze as softly
As the eyes of the friends I love.

But soon o'er the blue sky's bosom
A shadowy cloud was drawn,
And the stars that had shone so brightly
Were all from their places gone;
Yet I knew they were calmly shining
Where the sky is forever clear,
And I knew that by patient waiting,
I should see them at length appear.

Then softly, O very softly!
A delicate breeze swept by
And brushed with its airy pinions
The clouds from the azure sky;
And there, in their tranquil beauty,
Like pearls in a crystal sea,
The beautiful stars of Heaven
Were shining above me still!

Ah! thus from affection's circle
The jewels of love depart,
Thus falleth the clouds of darkness
And gloom on the mourning heart;
But when from our tearful faces
The shadows of earth shall fall,
When we put on our robes immortal,
Then, then shall we see them all!

L.

Rochester City Hospital.

Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.—Burns.

For the Hospital Review.

Camping Out in the Yo Semite.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 12th, 1880.

We have been camping out in the Yo Semite, and I thought you might like a little account of the trip for the *Hospital Review*. You know, or perhaps you do not know, when spring time comes in San Francisco, that is in April or May, people begin to make their plans to get away some where where it will be warm. As in the Eastern cities they flee to the country to get cool, so here they go off to get warm, for the winds and fogs come blowing in through the Golden Gate every afternoon, and we want to sit by a fire about as much as we do in January. A very favorite way, in this part of the world, is to go camping; and as it afforded to us all of the pleasures of novelty, we thought that we would try it too, as it combined the double attraction of novelty and economy, and a decided success it was.

A party of fourteen, including the driver and a Chinaman as cook, ten horses, four of them attached to the great covered wagon which held our provisions, tents, &c., and two other lighter ones, with two saddle horses, left in the boat for Stockton at one P. M., and reached there the next morning and then began our travels.

The ride up into the valley was full of interest, first through the plains, then in-

to the foot hills, and in the mining region, where the country began to be wooded, till gradually we reached the Sierras proper, and the magnificent forests of timber, the like perhaps not equalled in any part of the world. The pines are in themselves a marvel, but the Sequoia, or Big Trees, exceed all known trees in size. We went into the Mariposa Grove, which consists of about six hundred trees; numbers of feet do not tell any thing as to their size, but when you say that a roadway has been cut through one tree, and that not the largest, and that a stage with six horses can stand within it, the head of the leader and the hind wheel of the wagon all in the tree, and that immense cutting away has not affected the growth of the tree at all, it is still alive and doing well, you may have some idea of the grandeur of these trees.

The larger trees all seem to have suffered at some time from the forest fires, as they are all of them more or less burned about the trunk, some entirely through, but when that burning was, no one can tell, only long enough ago to have allowed a growth of other trees of pine and cedar to have grown about them into a very large size. The Sequoia gigantea themselves must antedate the Christian Era, and may be as old as the Pyramids. The foliage is something like the cedar, and the wood a red wood, the cone very small but like the pine.

The flora of these mountains is as wonderful as the trees, and different from what I have ever seen in other places. The most beautiful flower I ever saw is the Snow Plant. That does not grow in the valley but higher up the mountains. After the snow melts, there stands the flower in all its beauty springing out of the ground. Its blossoms grow around a stalk or bulb which is white and about two inches in diameter. These blossoms are in color the most brilliant shades of red, from cherry to a dark crimson, and hang like

little bells around the stalk, as our hyacinths do, and the leaves are a shaded red, and they twine in and about the flowerets as long and slender as a willow leaf. My description can convey to you no idea of the wonderful beauty of this cluster of blossoms. They grow to be about a foot high, and sometimes there will be as many as five in a single cluster. There are also acres of Azaleas large and white, but not a single pink one did I see, such as we have at the East.

We passed through snow five feet deep, and that was the twelfth of June, and were obliged to lighten our wagons by walking for three miles over the summit. And such wet feet, that had to stay wet till they dried, but no one took any cold. In fact the air is so dry and pure that though you may be cold you cannot catch cold. We slept out of doors both in and out of the valley, and were six days each way in making the journey, with no roof over our heads. We lay on the ground—in a wagon as it might chance to be—with only the stars for candles, and the sky for a canopy, but no one took any cold from the exposure, but the bed was pretty hard sometimes. I took my Chinaman as cook for the party. His comment upon it all was, "Melican man fun big fool."

There are three ways of going into the valley. We went by the Big Oak Flat Road and descended, and the view that bursts upon you may well be called, "Inspiration Point." Mountain resting above mountain as the farther ranges came into view with their summits covered with snow, and below us lay all of the wonders of the Yo Semite. A valley fifteen miles long and from a half to one mile in width, almost as nature made it, the Merced River running through it, and completely shut in by the high walls, towering up three to five thousand feet above the Valley, which is itself four thousand feet above the sea.

The walls are in many parts as smooth

as if polished by a plow, one solid mass of granite, El Capitain for instance, and on the other side will be the same elevation, but the rocks cut into fantastic shapes, some vast cathedral spires, where the trees make the tracery, and everywhere you catch views of the falls as they come dashing down the high precipice, a distance of two thousand feet in one unbroken plunge, or broken into cataracts, or clinging to the side of the rock like a silver thread. Beauty and sublimity lie side by side so closely that they mingle as one.

To see the Valley best, one wants to go early in June, before the water has dried up on the mountains and the smaller beauties are lost. Every day we were in the Valley was full of interest, and a new sight for each day.

The climbing of these mountains, to get the different views, is perfectly safe, the paths are all good, and you could not get back if you tried. One has to have a steady head, and drop the reins, and the horse will take care of itself. My head was too light, and my body too heavy, for me to trust myself on any feet but my own, and as they had done me good service before, they did not fail me then, and where I could not go in a carriage, I went very easily on foot. We pitched our tents, and kept house regularly for two weeks, and then we had the ride home by the Mariposa road, as full of interest as the other. To me one of the finest and most enjoyable parts of all was the ride through the plains of the San Joaquin, and the wheat fields all ready for harvest. Miles and miles and miles of this golden grain waving in the sunshine, north, east, south, west, bounded only by the horizon, no seeming division of fence to mark the ownership. To me it was sublime. And there lies the wealth of California.

I could but feel pity for the poor men in other places who were digging away their lives in their search for gold. I

think if there be a God-forsaken looking place in the world, it is some of those old mining towns that are now deserted, with the solid adobe and brick buildings, great iron doors and shutters, which are now closed, and of no more use, the soil all washed away, and only the white rocks left to tell what a greed and life was once there! But I must not make my letter too long.

I read about your hot weather this summer, and wish that I could send you some of our cold.

A. R. P.

An Incident.

In "The Life and Work of Dr. W. A. Muhlenberg," the founder of St. Luke's Hospital, (New York City), and St. John-laud, the following touching incident is given, which seems appropriate to a place in our *Hospital Review*:

"A Hospital Sister relates the following as an example of his bedside ministrations: H. W. was expecting an operation which the surgeons had told her might prove fatal. Dr. Muhlenberg, aware of the fact, came up to her the evening before, and after some conversation and prayer, was about to leave the Ward, when the poor girl seized his hand, and said, piteously,

"O, Dr. Muhlenberg! I am so afraid I have lost my faith. I feel as if I never can have strength for to-morrow."

"She waited breathlessly to hear what he would say.

"He put his hand over that she held him by, enfolding hers so tenderly, and after a moment's silence, said,

"You know we are to pray for our daily bread, you must not expect the strength not needed till to-morrow to be given to-night. But," he added with a bright look of trust in his face, "you'll be sure to get the strength just when it is needed."

"And his words were prophetic, for when the next day came, she was wonderfully sustained, and came through the operation safely."

Soon and Forevermore.

BY REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

I.

Soon and forever, nor more weeping,
 Poor, troubled heart!
 No night, and no more vigils keeping,
 With kindred dust, thy dust safe sleeping,
 Beyond death's smart,
 Soon and Forevermore.

II.

Soon and forever, with the sainted,
 Thou'lt walk in white;
 Thy robes blood-washed, with sin untainted;
 Thy bliss, such as no tongue e'er painted:
 Love's child of light!
 Soon and Forevermore.

III.

Soon and forever! Only waiting
 Till comes thy Lord:
 No jot of heart or hope abating;
 Fearing no ill, nor underrating:
 Sure of reward,
 Soon and Forevermore.

IV.

Soon and forever! Soon and forever!
 Earth's struggle done;
 Beyond the need of vain endeavor:
 Where strife can come, and warfare never:
 The vict'ry won,
 Soon and Forevermore!

V.

Soon and forever, safely lead us,
 O bleeding Hand!
 And with Thy broken body feed us,
 Until we reach the land decreed us:
 The Unseen Land!
 Soon and Forevermore.

Macaulay's Boyhood.

Macaulay's boyhood was unlike that of most growing urchins. He seems to have been a great reader from the start, and used, when a child of three years old, to lie on the rug before the fire with a book in his hand.

His memory from the cradle onward was prodigious. His quaint little manners in childhood amused all who came near him.

Being taken out on one occasion to see the collection of wonderful things at Strawberry Hill, a servant who was waiting on

the company accidentally spilled some hot coffee on his legs, scalding him sorely no doubt.

After a while the hostess, who was all compassion and kindness, asked him how he was feeling.

"Thank you, madam," said the little man, most gallantly, "the agony is abated."

He was fond of cultivating a minute plot of ground at the back of the house where he lived when a five-year-old stripling, and it is remembered that when the maid threw away as rubbish the oyster shells with which little Tom had marked the garden as his own, he marched straight into the drawing-room where his mother was entertaining some visitors, and solemnly exclaimed,—

"Cursed be Sally! for it is written, 'Cursed is he that removeth his neighbor's landmark!'" He astonished his mother one day by announcing this sentiment, "Industry shall be my bread, and attention my butter!"

At a very early age he wrote no end of poems, long and short, which probably were no better or worse than such juvenile things usually are. Mrs. Hannah More helped him to select proper books to read in his childhood, and did him a world of good, no doubt, by restraining his too-forward habit of rhyming.

It was a good sign that he enjoyed "Plutarch's Lives" when he was thirteen years old almost more than any other book. He strengthened his extraordinary faculty of memory every day by new tasks imposed upon it, determined to let nothing he read worth memorizing slip away from him.

When he was eighteen years old he went up to Trinity College in Cambridge, and through his whole after life loved that spot with deep and tender affection. There he really began his brilliant career as a debater, poet, essayist and historian. Twice gaining the chancellor's medal for English verse, he established a firm reputation in that department of culture.

Other prizes fell to him during his college terms, and various honors, growing out of diligent application, were showered upon him. I hope he was modest and reverent towards his superiors during all these trials of a young man's humility; for nothing is more prejudicial to character in youth than self-assertion and conceit. Self-knowledge, mental accuracy, habits of

reflection and perseverance—these are what tend to the making of a scholar. It is a poor figure which any college student presents when he is forth-putting and contemptuous in his daily manners. It is self-annihilation to be filled with self-assertion and undue self-appreciation. It is the heart within the head that should prompt our highest faculties, and regulate all our endeavors after true fame.

Macaulay, like Choate, believing that words are powers, studied oratory and rhetoric during his college life to that extent that he accomplished wonderful results. Cicero, Tacitus, Milton, were his masters, and formed his opinions as well as his style.

Their thoughts invigorated his young mind, and fired him, at the age of twenty, with ardor to be good and wise. To employ an expression of Edmund Burke, he was "never afraid of being too much in the right."—[*Youth's Companion*.]

Familiar Poems.

HOW LONGFELLOW WROTE SOME OF HIS POPULAR FAVORITES.

Longfellow's poems are as familiar to all instructors as the language of the school-room. Every school-boy reads and de-claims them; every teacher, like every preacher, quotes them. We once passed an evening with Prof. Longfellow, during which he gave us an account of the origin of his most popular poems. We will give the history of those which are common to the "Readers" and "Speakers."

The "Psalm of Life" is probably the best known of these numerous school poems. It was written on a summer morning in 1838. He was a young man then, full of aspiration and hope, and the poem was merely an expression of his own feelings. He regarded it as a personal matter—like an entry in one's journal—and for a long time refrained from publishing it. Mr. Longfellow related that, on returning from his visit to the queen, an English laborer stepped up to the carriage and asked to shake hands with the writer of the "Psalm of Life." "It was one of the best compliments I ever received," said the democratic poet.

Longfellow's study is a repository of the beautiful things of the past; souve-

nirs, busts of noble friends, mementos of departed poets—Tom Moore's waste paper basket, Coleridge's inkstand, a piece of Dante's coffin. In this study stood an old clock, with the colorings of age, rising from floor to ceiling. It numbered the hours in which his best poems were written. It was

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.

The "Wreck of the Hesperus" was written in 1839, at midnight. A violent storm had occurred the night before; the distress and disasters at sea had been great, especially along the capes of the New England coast. The papers of the day were full of the news of disaster. The poet was sitting alone in his study late at night, when the vision of the wrecked *Hesperus* came drifting on the disturbed tides of thought into his mind. He went to bed but could not sleep. He arose and wrote the poem, which came into his mind by whole stanzas, finishing them just as the clock—the old clock on the stairs—was striking three.

Sir Walter Scott says that he was led to write "Kenilworth" because the first stanza of Mickel's famous ballad of "Cumnor Hall" haunted him:

The dews of summer-night did fall,
 The moon, sweet regent of the sky,
 Silvered the towers of Cumnor Hall,
 And many an oak that grew thereby.

Longfellow says that he was, as he thinks, led to write the "Wreck of the Hesperus" because the words "Norman Woe," which were associated with the disasters at sea, seemed to him so indescribably sad.

"Excelsior" was written after receiving a letter from Charles Sumner full of lofty sentiments.

"Hiawatha" owes much of its story and the embellishment of musical Indian names to the researches of Schoolcraft. Abraham LeFort, an Onondaga chief who was a supposed graduate of Geneva College, furnished Schoolcraft with the Indian tradition of Hiawatha. You may find it in "Schoolcraft," part III., page 314, and in the same volume you may find the Indian vocabularies from which the poet enriched his verse. The poet has added much to the original tradition.

—[*National Journal of Education*.]

"He Still Lives."

During the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, one of the English Commissioners was accompanied by his son, a frank, high-spirited lad, who won friends on every side.

He went with his father to visit many of the charitable institutions of the city, but was especially pleased and touched by one, a large airy house, in a quiet street surrounded by cool gardens, in which sick children only, were received and cared for. No adults were admitted.

The poor little ones had been taken from their wretched homes, and lay in their snow-white cots, with motherly, gentle women to nurse and amuse them, and the best medical skill of the city at their call.

Edward wrote home to his mother and sisters about this little hospital, telling how the poor babies laughed when he joked with them.

The next week, the strong, vigorous young man was attacked with typhoid fever. Kind women and men who had learned to love the boy, faithfully watched his dying bed, and tried to supply the place of the mother and sisters, far away in his home in green Kent. But his father took home his son—dead.

When the first bitterness of grief was over, the lad's mother tried in many ways to show her gratitude to the friends of her boy, and to the city where he had found his last home. But the most pathetic of all is a little white cot in the Children's Hospital, over which are the words "In Memory of Edward —, of Kent, England."

In it is a pale bright-eyed little girl whose lower limbs are paralyzed for life. She will never walk nor play like other children, never, probably, see the woods or fields. But her life is made happy and peaceful in memory of the gallant lad who has gone before her to our Father's house.

There are many other memorial beds in this beautiful charity of which we have told our readers; one, founded by a lady who read the account of it in the *Companion*.

Her child was dead, and she chose this way of keeping her memory alive, rather than by a stone monument or a painted window. It is was a wise choice.

—[*Youth's Companion*.]

August.

We wander'd to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam;
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of Heaven lay;
It seem'd as if the hour were one
Lent from beyond the skies
Which scatter'd from above the sun
A light of Paradise!

Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean-woods may be.

—[*Shelley*.]

The Australian Forest.

Morning and evening the Australian forest is awake; at noon it's asleep. No greater contrast can be imagined than between the morning hours and those at midday. In the former the very flowers seem to possess an active existence. Myriads of such, larger and more brilliant than those under English skies, load the air with the sweetest scents; magnificent tree ferns wave their fronds or branches in the light breezes; on old stumps of trees green and yellow lizards lie watching for their pray; the magpie throws her voice from the wattles, and possibly the lyre-bird in the denser shrub; and in the tall gums numberless parrakeets, parrots, rosellas, cockatoos, butcher-birds, love birds are all screaming and darting to and fro. But by and by the intense heat will silence all these, and nothing will be heard but the chirp of the grasshopper and the shrill sound of some unseen insect. At twilight again there is a revival of life, but not of so cheerful a description. The cicadas shriek by myriads their deafening cries, drowsy opossum snarl on the gum-boles, and flocks of cockatoos scream as some great gray kangaroo bounds past them like a belated ghost. If there is a marshy ground near, the deep boom of the bittern, the wail of the curlew, and the harsh cry of the crane, mingle possibly with those of a returning or passing flock of black swan, and add to the concert. In a moment of silence one may be

startled by the mocking laughter of the jackass, or the melancholy "mo-poke" of the bird of that name. The dead of the night is not so still as the universal hush of the burning noon.—[*Chambers' Journal*.]

Ordering John Adams Below.

One of the most successful of the commanders of the American navy, during the Revolution, was Commodore Samuel Tucker, of Marblehead. His biographer, with pardonable pride in his hero, claims that he "took more prizes, fought more sea-fights, and gained more victories, than, with a few exceptions, any naval hero of the age."

The simple manners that then prevailed in Marblehead are illustrated by an anecdote of the way Mr. Tucker's commission as captain was presented to him.

He was chopping wood, one day, in his yard, with his sleeves rolled up, and a tar-paulin hat slouching over his face. Suddenly an officer rode up to the gate, halted, looking as if he had made a mistake.

"I say, fellow," he shouted somewhat roughly to the wood chopper. "I wish you would tell me if the Honorable Samuel Tucker lives about here!"

"Honorable! honorable!" answered Tucker, "there is not any man of that name in Marblehead. He must be one of the family of Tuckers in Salem. I am the only Samuel Tucker there is here."

Something about the young man suggested to the officer that the commission which he bore, appointing Samuel Tucker a captain in the American navy, belonged to the wood-chopper. He handed it to him, and returned to Cambridge.

Captain Tucker always obeyed orders to the letter. He was ordered to the *Boston*, which was assigned to carry John Adams as envoy to France. One day, the *Boston* falling in with an armed English merchantman, engaged her. Mr. Adams, seizing a musket, took his place among the marines, and when Capt. Tucker ordered him to go below, continued at his post.

"Mr. Adams," said the resolute captain, laying hold of the minister and forcing him away, "I am commanded by the Continental Congress to deliver you safe in France, and you must go down below, sir." Mr. Adams obeyed and left the deck.

In an article on "Our River," in *SCRIBNER* for August, John Burroughs speaks as follows of the Hudson in winter:

"Some bright, breezy day, you casually glance down the river and behold a sail—a sail like that of a pleasure yacht of summer.

Is the river open again below there, is your first half-defined inquiry. But with what unwonted speed the sail is moving across the view! Before you have fairly drawn another breath it has turned, unperceived, and is shooting with equal swiftness in the opposite direction. Who ever saw such a lively sail! It does not bend before the breeze, but darts to and fro as if it moved in a vacuum, or like a shadow over a scene. Then you remember the ice-boats and you open your eyes to the fact. Another and another come into view around the elbow, turning and flashing in the sun, and hurtling across each other's paths likewhite-winged gulls. They turn so quickly, and dash off again at such speed, that they produce the illusion of something singularly light and intangible. In fact, an ice-boat is a sort of disembodied yacht; it is a sail on skates. The only semblance to a boat is the sail and the rudder. The platform under which the skates or runners—three in number—are rigged, is broad and low; upon this the pleasure-seekers, wrapt in their furs or blankets, lie at full length, and, looking under the sail, skim the frozen surface with their eyes. The speed attained is sometimes very great—more than a mile per minute, and sufficient to carry them ahead of the fastest express train. When going at this rate the boat will leap like a greyhound, and thrilling stories are told of the fearful crevasses, or open places in the ice, that are cleared at a bound. And yet, withal, she can be brought up to the wind so suddenly as to shoot the unwary occupants off, and send them skating on their noses some yards."

PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.—Southey says, in one of his letters: "I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when he was about to eat cherries, that they might look the bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments; and though I do not cast my cares away, I pack them in as little compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others."

SWEET TOMATO PICKLE.—Ten pounds ripe tomatoes, peeled and sliced, three pounds of sugar, one ounce of cinnamon, one ounce of cloves, a teaspoonful of mace, and quart of vinegar. Boil all together until thick.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1880.

Mid-summer at the Hospital.

Leaving our lakeside home on the last morning of July, we started for the city, and arriving there by the early train turned our faces towards the City Hospital. The streets were hot and dusty, and the ample lawn of the Hospital looked inviting and many little folks had gathered beneath the friendly shelter of the overhanging trees. As we entered the gate we were greeted by a private patient, partially paralyzed, who was starting out for a morning walk. Other invalids were lounging on the settees, reading the newspapers, and varying the monotony of Hospital life by out-door pleasures. Among these was one suffering from wounds received in a naval engagement in our late war, who favors us this month with a poem over the signature of L., and whose literary efforts are highly commended by the press. A foot was shattered and an arm wounded in an encounter with the "Monitor," and years of suffering have resulted.

We were glad to learn that there were no very sick patients within the Hospital, for the recent changes, caused by the removal of furnaces and the introduction of apparatus for heating by steam, have disturbed the ordinary quiet of the Hospital, and the sounds of pick and hammer are not grateful to the weak nerves of the sufferers. Carpenters and painters were still at work but the end of their labors seemed near.

We made our first visit to the Surgical Ward where we found three patients on their cots; one of these was recovering from an injury in the leg; another was suffering from the effects of a fall from the third story window of a house opposite the Hospital. He told us he was subject to something like nightmare, had fallen asleep near the window where he had been reading, and knew nothing till he recovered his consciousness and found himself on the ground. In his fall he had broken a part of a projecting balustrade, and also some of his ribs which had pierced his left lung. He had suffered greatly, but appeared in a fair way to recover though it seemed almost impossible he could have survived such an accident. He was playing dominoes with a little boy who had recently come to the Hospital with an abscess below his knee. Mr. Worcester, who has for twenty years been an invalid, seemed quite feeble, he said he felt he was nearing the end and he looked forward hopefully to the hour of his release. The aged blind man seemed to be losing his mind and required a good deal of care. There were fifteen patients under treatment in this Ward. The nurse had recovered partially and resumed his duties, but was to leave for rest and invigoration.

We found many changes in the Male Medical Ward. Mr. Male, the nurse, who has been so very sick, had gone into the country where he was slowly gaining strength. The three consumptive patients, who were so very low when we last visited the Hospital, had all died, two of them passing away within a few hours of each other, and the third surviving them not many days. One of these, the youngest of the three, leaves a sister in the Hospital, the oldest has three children now in the Industrial School. There were ten patients in this Ward; one of these was under treatment for paralysis of the nerves, the result of an injury while serving in the army, another has St. Vitus' dance,

and another a tumor that presses on the windpipe. One of Dr. Rider's patients, who had been operated upon for cataract, was doing well. There were no fever patients.

In the Upper Female Ward a paralytic and a dyspeptic patient were the only ones in their cots; there were nine others under treatment; three had gone home, quite lately, convalescent; one of the paralytic patients who had improved greatly was up and dressed.

In the Lying-In-Ward we found only one baby.

In the Lower Female Ward were nine patients, none of whom were very sick. Two, who had long been inmates of this Ward, Mrs. P. and Mrs. B., were anticipating attending a communion service in the Westminster church on the following Sabbath and looked forward to this as a great treat. Two invalids in the Cross Ward, both suffering at times acutely, were comparatively comfortable, but both reclining on their cots.

Vassalius Hall.

For many years a room in the basement of the Hospital has been used as a Morgue, but during the recent changes it has become necessary to appropriate this for other purposes, and those in authority have decided to erect for this and other uses, a separate building, one story high, thirty by fifteen feet in size, and to locate it on the south-east lawn of the Hospital, under the high locust trees. One of the staff suggests that the name of Vassalius Hall would be a pleasanter name than Morgue for the new edifice.

Flowers.

We know of no place where fragrant flowers are more welcomed than at the City Hospital, and those who offer them confer greater blessings than they are

conscious of, on the patients of our Wards. Mrs. Wm. S. Little last month sent a large basket of rare, fragrant roses, heliotropes, verbenas, &c., the odor of which filled the house, and these were arrayed in bouquets and scattered throughout the different Wards, giving delight to many who rarely are regaled with such choice gifts. We gratefully acknowledge this acceptable offering.

The Children's Cot.

The Children's Cot is still in the possession of the same little girl who for months has occupied it, and our sympathy was never more called out for the poor child than on our last visit. Her disease baffles the skill of her physicians, and not only her feet, but her hands and face are spotted with fearful looking sores; but the dear child still wears a pleasant smile, and is a model of patient endurance. She is a great pet at the Hospital, and is kindly cared for by her nurse. We hope next month to be able to say she is much better.

Entertainment for Children's Cot Fund.

In our last issue we gave the programme of the concert given at Charlotte by the music classes of young ladies and children, under the direction of Mrs. E. A. Snow, for the benefit of the Cot Fund.

We are glad to give place to the following from one who was present on the occasion. Also to return thanks to Mr. D. Gordon, for furnishing the programmes and tickets gratuitously:

"The classes giving us such a delightful entertainment were the one in Charlotte, assisted by two classes of children, and a class of young ladies from Rochester, who have been under Mrs. Snow's training during the past winter and spring.

"The choruses by the children deserve especial mention, showing the best of training.

"The song by Maud Sprague, as well as the little ballad by Mabel Snow, were charmingly sung, calling for loud applause.

"The trios by the young ladies, and the song by Miss Birdie Curtis, were also well rendered.

"Miss Lulu Rankin sang the flower song from Faust very finely, showing her voice to be well cultivated. She possesses a voice of rare sweetness and purity.

"Taken as a whole, it reflects great credit on teacher and scholars."

We thank our friends for their efforts in our behalf, and for the seven dollars and forty cents they have added to the Cot Fund.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Mrs. M. Rochester, Cincinnati, Ohio,	\$2 00
Proceeds of Matinee, given in Charlotte by	
Mrs. E. E. Snow and her classes,	7 40
Interest on investment,	17 50

Receipts for the month,	\$26 90
Previously acknowledged	936 13

Total Receipts, \$963 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.

Funeral Services.

For the first time since the City Hospital has been opening its doors to receive the sick and suffering, three patients have been at one time shrouded for their last sleep, and have been awaiting in the chapel the rites of burial. The oldest of these, John Ramsey, a man in middle life, died of consumption, and a few hours before, in the same Ward, a young man of nineteen, died of the same disease, and a little babe of three weeks in another Ward, died of cholera infantum. Side by side they were placed in the chapel, and those of the patients who were well enough gathered with the friends of the deceased at this triple funeral. Two hearses and a coupé started together for our rural ceme-

tary,—an unusual sight, even from the Hospital.

Not many days elapsed before three children from the Industrial School gathered with other friends within the same chapel, to pay the last tribute of love and respect to one who for more than two years has been a Hospital inmate, and who was ready for his great change, and seemed long on the verge of eternity.

American Newspaper Directory.

We are indebted to Geo. P. Rowell & Co., for a copy of the American Newspaper Directory, for 1880, an octavo of 1044 pages, containing valuable statistical information regarding all the newspapers and periodicals published in the United States, the territories and in Canada, with a description of the towns and cities where they are published. This work is valuable as a book of reference, and great care has evidently been taken in the collection of its statistics, and judging from facts with which we are familiar, it is reliable in its statements.

The Treasurer of the *Review* has not received any information as to the name of the person sending 62 cents to her house on the morning of July 8th. Will the individual please send a postal at once giving name and address, and oblige her?

Wanted.

Fruit and Vegetables for the invalids. Can't the farmers spare us some of their early Apples?

Monthly Report.

1880. July 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 63	
Received during month,	30
Births,	1— 94
Deaths,	4
Discharged,	27— 31
Remaining, Aug. 1st, 1880,	63

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, July 10th, 1880,
of consumption, John Ramsey, aged 49 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, July 11th, 1880,
of consumption, Louis Wild, aged 19 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, July 11th, 1880,
of cholera infantum, Costello, infant, aged 21
days.

At Rochester City Hospital, July 15th, 1880,
of consumption, William Smith, aged 64 years.

Donations.

Mrs. H. E. Hooker—Eight quarts Red Raspber-
ries, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel Currants, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel Gooseberries.

Mrs. H. Osgood—Two pairs men's Drawers.

Mrs. G. H. Perkins—Gentleman's Dressing Gown,
Reading Matter.

Mrs. E. D. Smith—Reading Matter, Pickles.

Mrs. G. C. Buell—Reading Matter.

Mrs. Chambers—Reading Matter.

A Friend—Reading Matter.

Mrs. Wm. S. Little—Reading Matter, Flowers.

Mr. Mosier—Reading Matter.

Mrs. F. Gorton—"Graphics."

Mrs. L. Farrar—Pieces of Silk and Cotton, sec-
ond-hand Clothing, Apples.

Mr. & Mrs. Kist, Waterloo—A barrel Apples.

Receipts for the Review,

To AUGUST 1st, 1880.

Mrs. Geo. E. Jennings, \$1.25; E. B. Booth
& Son, W. H. Glenny & Co., H. Likly &
Co., Osgood & Clark, K. P. Shedd, Sher-
lock & Sloan, H. C. Wisner, each \$5.00
for advertisement—By Mrs. S. W. Up-
dike, \$36 25

Mrs. I. S. Averill, 62 cents; Mrs. E. H.
Arnold, 62 cents; Mrs. H. P. Brewster,
62 cents; Mrs. Geo. C. Buell, \$1.24;
Miss Anna Barton, 62 cts.; Mrs. E. G.
Billings, 62 cents; Mrs. C. P. Boswell,
62 cents; Mrs. S. E. Brace, 62 cents;
Mrs. W. Y. Baker 62 cts.; Mrs. Louis
Chapin, 62 cents; Mr. E. Darrow, 62c.;
Mr. E. C. Dunshee, 62 cents; Mrs. W.
K. Dagges, \$1.24; Mrs. M. E. Daven-
port, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Delano, 62 cts.;
Mrs. Jos. Dawes, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E.
Furman, 62 cents; Mrs. R. H. Furman,
75 cents; Mr. M. Filon, 62 cents; Mrs.
J. H. Gregory, 62 cents; Mrs. H. B.
Hathaway, 62 cts.; Mrs. R. Hopwood,
62 cents; Miss O. C. Howard, 62 cts.;
Mrs. Henry F. Hart, 62 cents; Miss
Hunter, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Johnston,
\$1.25; Mrs. H. Lampert, 62 cts.; Mrs.
W. P. Latz, 62 cents; Mr. C. Morse,
63 cents; Mrs. J. H. Martindale, 65c.;
Mrs. J. Marburger, 62 cents; Mrs. A.
Moseley, 62c.; Miss E. Manvel, \$1.24;
Mrs. S. Milliman, 62 cts.; Miss S. New-
ell, \$1.24; Mrs. W. S. Osgood, 62 cts.;

Miss Porter, 62 cents; Mrs. E. J. Ray-
mond, 62 cents; Miss S. Shelton, 62c.;
Mrs. J. Moreau Smith, 63 cts.; Mrs. H.
R. Selden, 62 cents; Mrs. C. F. Smith,
62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Stoddard, 62 cents;
Mrs. J. N. Smith, 62c.; Mrs. O. S. Stull,
62 cents; Mrs. N. A. Stone, 62 cents;
Mrs. E. L. Tompkins, 62 cents; Mrs. C.
E. Upton, 63 cents; Mrs. A. J. War-
ner, 62 cents; Mrs. W. B. Williams, 62
cents; Mrs. J. H. Wilson, 62 cts.; Mrs.
H. Wray, Jr., 62 cts.; Mrs. J. B. Ward,
62 cents; Mrs. W. Wallace, 62 cts.—By
Seth S. Terry, \$36 78
Mrs. B. F. Angel, Geneseo, 50 cents; Mrs.
B. Bosley, Livonia, \$1.00; Mrs. E. Bot-
tum, 62 cents; Miss M. L. Clark, New
York, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. Cleary, 62 cts.;
Mrs. J. B. Carson, Hannibal, Mo., \$1;
Mrs. L. S. Hargous, Pittsford, \$1.00;
Mrs. Chas. Jones, Geneseo, 50 cents;
Mrs. J. Keyes, 62 cents; Mrs. L. W.
Kauffman, \$1.24; Mrs. L. H. Morgan,
73 cents; Mrs. William Pitkin, 2 sub-
scriptions, \$1.25; Mrs. J. N. Pomeroy,
San Francisco, Cal., \$1.00; Miss M. E.
Porter, 63 cents; Mrs. M. Smith, South
Avon, 50 cents; Unknown, 62 cts.—By
Mrs. Robert Mathews, 12 33

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

Children's Department.

Queer-Tasting Liquor.

Now that our custom-house officers are
so sharp in overhauling the property of
travelers coming into our port, this story
is very fitly revived;

Some forty years ago, the *Governor*
Endicott arrived at Salem, Massachusetts,
from India, and there landed several
missionaries, who departed at once for
Boston to report their arrival to the
Missionary Board, leaving their belong-
ings at the Lafayette Hotel. There they
attracted the attention of a custom-house
clerk, who, noting the presence of a
cask, suspected an evasion of duty, and
reported the matter to General Miller,
the collector of customs. That official
at once ordered baggage and cask to be
sent to the custom-house for examination,
and requested that the missionaries
would give him a call as soon as they
returned to Salem. The suspicious cask

was taken to the custom-house yard, the bung knocked out, a proof glass inserted to find out what kind of liquor was inside, in order to fix the duty on it. They all tasted—collector, deputy-collector, naval officer, inspector, clerk and a tribe of hangers on. They drank it neat, they drank it with water, with sugar, with biscuits, with cheese but could not agree what kind of liquor it was. Bets were made; and it was finally agreed to leave the knotty question to be decided by two absent inspectors—Captain Bill L—and Captain Steve R—. At last they came. They tasted. Captain L— said that he would stake his reputation that it was old London Dock brandy, vowing “he had not tasted such liquor since General Crowninshield launched Cleopatra’s barge in 1818.” Captain R— declined “to put a name to it;” he said it had a flavor different from any liquor with which he was acquainted.

The next day the missionaries arrived at the custom house, to have their baggage passed, all save the cask of liquor. “That must pay duty,” said the General. “Would they inform him what spirit the cask contained?” The amused missionaries complied by telling him that when they left India they brought with them a pet orang-outang, which dying after thirty days experience of sea life, had been put in a cask of rum for preservation. An explanation accounting for the peculiar flavor that had puzzled so many experienced tasters.

The Soldier and the Thistle.

Little Minnie, in her eagerness after flowers, had wounded her hand on the sharp, prickly thistle. This made her cry with pain at first, and pout with vexation afterward.

“I do wish there was no such thing as a thistle in the world,” she said, pettishly.

“And yet the Scottish nation think so much of it, they engrave it on the national arms,” said her mother.

“It is the last flower I should pick out,” said Minnie; “I am sure they might have found a great many nicer ones, even among the weeds.”

“But the thistle did them such good service once,” said her mother. “They learned to esteem it very highly. One time the Danes invaded Scotland, and

they prepared to make a night attack on a sleeping garrison. So they crept along barefooted as still as possible, until they were almost on the spot. Just at that moment a barefoot soldier stepped on a great thistle, and the hurt made him utter a sharp, shrill cry of pain. That sound awoke the sleepers, and each man sprang to his arms. They fought with great bravery, and the invaders were driven back with much loss. So, you see, the thistle saved Scotland, and ever since it has been placed on their seal as their national flower.”

“Well, I never suspected that so small a thing could save a nation,” said Minnie, thoughtfully.

A Cricket Concert.

A cricket concert is thus reported by the *Philadelphia Times*:

“Miss Lucille Clinton, a young artist of New York City, while a wee girl at school, read Dickens’ story of ‘The Cricket on the Hearth,’ and at once fell so much in love with crickets that she soon filled a large ‘fernery’ with the insects.

“One evening last week, Miss Clinton gave what she called a ‘cricket soirée,’ or cricket party, a number of her friends being invited to her house to hear the crickets sing.

“One hundred of the music-making little things took part in the concert. The gas was turned down, and everybody kept still.

“By-and-by a chirp, coming from the chimney-corner, was heard.

“Then another chirp broke the silence, and again a third chirp, until within a few minutes the whole room was filled with that sound of cheerfulness which brings sweet heart’s-ease to the home.”

A farmer should sow his P’s, keep his U’s warm, hive his B’s, kill off his J’s, remember who he C’s, be careful not to T’s his wife, pay the printer what he O’s for the paper that makes him Y’s, and then he can take his E’s.

The Spartans under the rule of Lycurgus, compelled their slaves to become drunk, and then exhibited them to their youths as an example and a warning against the vice of intemperance and sin of drunkenness.

The Value of Work.

Hugh Miller, than whom no one knew better the strength and the weakness belonging to the lot of labor, stated the result of his experience to be, that work, even the hardest, is full of pleasure and material for self-improvement. He held honest labor to be the best of teachers, and that the school of toil is the noblest of schools—save only the Christian one—that it is a school in which the ability of being useful is taught, the spirit of independence is learnt, and the habit of preserving effort acquired. He was even of the opinion that the training of the mechanic—by the exercise which it gives to his observant faculties, from his daily dealing with things actual and practical, and the close experience of life which he acquires—better fits him for picking his way along the journey of life, and is more favorable to his growth as a man, emphatically speaking, than the training afforded by any other condition.

Rise early to your business, learn good things, and oblige good men; these are three things you shall never repent of.

Probably the oldest copy of the Bible in this country is owned by William F. Clay of Camden, N. J. It was published in London in 1558.

Like Dead Sea fruit that tempts the eye, but turns to ashes on the lips.

—[*Moore's Lalla Rookh.*]

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.

TERMS—City, in Advance, including Postage, 62 cts.
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Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, No. 41 Atkinson Street.

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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Butts' Block, south entrance, over 6 State Street.

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Pr. Sq., 1 insertion	\$1 00	Quarter Column,.....	\$10 00
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Six Months,.....	8 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 15 00	
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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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Interest not exceeding five per cent. per annum on all accounts up to \$1,000, and not exceeding four per cent. on all sums over \$1,000 to and including \$5,000, will be allowed on the first days of March, June, September and December in each year, for all sums that shall have remained on deposit since the preceding quarter-day, and such interest shall be credited on the first days of June and December in each year. Interest will be credited on all amounts deposited on or before the third day of any quarter as if deposited on the first day of such quarter.

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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. XVII. ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1880.

No. 2.

Daisy's Pet.

BY L. E. E.

A little girl, all dressed in gray,
Was in the meadow yesterday.
Her eyes were bright as skies of June,
And loud she sang a merry tune;
While close beside her dimpled chin,
Asleep through all the dancing din,
Like cowslip ball on ground of gray,
A little yellow chicken lay.
So oft she kissed its downy head
That farmer Abel smiled, and said,
"You mustn't love your pets too much;
Young chickens were not made to touch,
To kiss, and hug, and handle so.
Poor chick may die the first you know."
"Dess not," she answered, looking wise;
"Just see its tunnin' little eyes.
I'll make it wake up quick," thought she,
And poked its lids to make it see;
But chicky would not wake at all
For rousing words or fingers small;
And only nestled closer down
In little hands so soft and brown.

Within the barnyard, on the hay,
A little girl sits down to-day.
With empty hands and tearful eyes,
Beside the grave where chicky lies,
With blossoms white at head and feet,
And dolly's shawl for winding-sheet.
Its little mistress wept aloud
As she arranged its tiny shroud,
While mamma, to the funeral come,
Deplored wee chicky's martyrdom,
And said, "You must be gentler, dear,
And then, perhaps, another year
You may have all of Peggy's brood,
If you'll only be kind and good.
So cheer up now! Old Ned stands by,

Amazed to see his mistress cry.
He wags his tail and scans your face;
I know he's wild to run a race."
The little girl raised up her head
And wiped her blue eyes as she said,
"Me wasn't rough one teeny bit;
Me only tweezed and tweezed it."

For the Hospital Review.

September at the Lakeside.

"God setteth the solitary in families," we say to-day at the lakeside, as reluctantly we send forth our first instalment of daughters, some to the city schools and some to a female college, and then remember that on the morrow many of our neighbors are to leave us.

Our out-door summer life has been so pleasant that we would gladly prolong it, and turn a deaf ear to the sound of the school bells that summon our young folks from their lakeside pleasures, and break in upon the merry circle that has filled our homes and piazzas with mirth and gladness.

These opening days of September are so lovely, that we would rather widen our borders and welcome new friends, than part with those who in pleasant converse have brightened our summer hours.

To-day as we miss our absent ones, how we pity those who have childless homes, and how eagerly we hail the friendly visits of our young neighbors, and aid them in their search for fugitive

kittens, as they call for Whitefoot, Jetty, and Chinchilla.

The youthful tent-dwellers across the way come to us for supplies to treat their guests and feed their mud-turtles. One little maiden rushes in in great distress, because a grasshopper is biting her shoulder, but no sooner is the intruder liberated, than she regrets that he has not been captured and saved to feed her turtle.

Children love their freedom, and it takes but little to make them joyous at the lakeside. The invigorating air puts them in good humor, and the lake, the woods, the sand, the row-boat, the tent and the bath, are all sources of amusement. Young folks have here abounded this summer, and the air has been redolent of mirth and gladness, and their joyous laughter has rested like a benediction on our households.

Vacation, like other pleasant things, comes to an end, and sadly, we confess it, we think of the separations and scatterings that will soon make desolate these pleasant summer abodes, but we trust that those who have here mingled with us and imbibed large draughts of our lake breezes, have been sowing the seeds of health and vigor, which will bear a bountiful harvest in their winter homes.

H. S. T.

Yeddie's First And Last Communion.

A poor idiot, who was supported by his parish in the Highlands of Scotland, passed his time in wandering from house to house. He was silent and peaceable, and won the pity of all kind hearts. He had little power to converse with his fellow-men, but seemed often in loving communion with Him who, while He is the High and Holy One, condescends to men of low estate. Yeddie, as he was called, was in the habit of whispering and muttering to himself as he trudged along the highway, or performed the simple tasks which any neighbor felt at liberty to demand of him. The boys while they were never cruel to him, often got a little fun out of his odd ways. He believed every word they said

to him; and because he had been told in sport that if he once rode over the hills to Kirk in a donkey-cart, he would never be heir to the Earl of Glen-Allen, he refused all the kind offers of farmers and cotters, and replied always in the same words, 'Na, na; ill luck falls on me the day I mount a cart; so I'll ayegang on my ain feet up to the courts of the Lord's house, and be talkin' to Himself' as I gang.

Once when a merry boy heard him pleading earnestly with some unseen one, he asked, 'What ghost or goblin are you askin' favors of now, Yeddie?' 'Neither the ain nor the tither, laddie,' he replied. 'I was just havin' a few words wi' Him that neither yersel' nor I can see, and yet wi' Him that sees the baith o' us!' The poor fellow was talking to God, while the careless wise ones laughingly said 'He is talking to himself.'

One day Yeddie presented himself in his coarse frock and his hob-nailed shoes before the minister, and making a bow, much like that of a wooden toy when pulled by a string, he said 'Please, minister, let poor Yeddie eat supper on the comin' day wi' the Lord Jesus.' The good man was preparing for the Observance of the Lord's Supper.

He was too busy to be disturbed by the simple youth, and so strove to put him off as gently as possible. But Yeddie pleaded, 'O minister, *if ye kened how I love Him*, ye wud let me go where He's to sit at table.' This so touched his heart that permission was given Yeddie to take his seat with the rest. And although he had many miles to travel over hill and moor, he was on the ground long before those who lived near and drove good horses.

As the services proceeded, tears flowed freely from the eyes of the poor 'innocent,' and at the name of Jesus he would shake his head mournfully, and whisper, 'But I dinna see Him.' At length, however, after partaking of the hallowed elements, he raised his head, wiped away the traces of his tears, and looking in the minister's face, nodded and smiled. Then he covered his face with his hands, and buried it between his knees, and remained in that posture till the parting blessing was given, and the people began to scatter. He then rose, and with a face lighted with joy, and yet marked with solemnity, he followed the rest.

One and another from his own parish

spoke to him but he made no reply until pressed by some of the boys. Then he said, 'Ah, lads, dinna bid Yeddie talk to-day! He's seen the face o' the Lord Jesus amang his ain ones. He got a smile frae His eye, and a word frae His tongue; and he's afeard to speak lest he lose memory o't, for it's but a bad memory he has at best. Ah! lads, lads, I ha' seen Him this day that I never seed before. I ha' seen wi' these dull eyes yon lovely Man. Dinna ye speak, but just leave poor Yeddie to his company.'

The boys looked on in wonder, and one whispered to another, 'Sure, he's no longer daft! The senses ha' come into his head, and he looks and speaks like a wise one.'

When Yeddie reached the poor cot he called 'hame,' he dared not speak to the 'granny' who sheltered him, lest he might, as he said, 'lose the bonny face.' He left his 'porritch and treacle' untasted; and after smiling on, and patting the faded cheek of the old woman, to show her that he was not out of humor, he climbed the ladder to the post loft where his pallet of straw was, to get another look and another word 'frae' yon lovely Man.' And his voice was heard below, in low tones: 'Aye, Lord, it's just poor me that has been sae lang seekin' Ye; and now we'll bide thegither, and never part more! O, aye! but this is a bonny loft, all goold and precious stones. The hall o' the castle is a puir place to my loft this bonny night!' And then his voice grew softer and softer till it died away.

Granny sat over the smouldering peat below, with her elbows on her knees, relating in loud whispers to a neighboring crone the stories of the boys who had preceded Yeddie from the service, and also his own strange words and appearance. 'And besides all this,' she said in a hoarse whisper, 'he refused to taste his supper—a thing he had never done before since the parish paid his keeping. More than that, he often ate his own portion and mine too, and then cried for more; such a fearful appetite he had! But to-night, when he cam' in faint wi' the lang road he had come, he cried, 'Na meat for me, granny; I ha' had a feast which I will feel within me while I live; I supp'd wi' the Lord Jesus, and noo I must e'en gang up the loft and sleep wi' Him.'

'Noo, Molly,' replied granny's guest, 'does na' that remind ye o' the words o' our Lord Himsel' when he tell'd them that bid Him eat, I "ha' meat to eat that ye know not of?" 'Who'll dare to say that the bless'd haun' that fed the multitude when they were seated upon the grass, has na' been this day feedin' the hungry soul o' poor Yeddie as he sat at His table? Ah, Molly, we little ken what humble work He will stoop to do for his ain puir ones who cry day and night to Him! We canna tell noo but this daft laddie will be greater in the kingdom o' heaven than the Earl himsel'—puir body—that looks very little noo as if he'd be able to crowd in at the pearly gate!'

'And O, Janet, if ye could ha' seen the face o' yon puir lad as he cam' into the cot! It just shone like the light, and at first, even afore he spoke a word, I thoct he was carryin' a candle in his haun'! I believe in my soul, good neebor, that Yeddie was in great company to-day, and that the same shining was on him as was on Moses and Elias when they talked with Jesus on the mount. I e'en hope he brocht the blessin' hame wi' him to 'bide on the widow that was too auld an' feeble to walk to the table, but who has borne wi' him and toiled for him, because he was ain of the Lord's wee an' feeble ones.'

'Oo, aye doubtless he did bring hame the blessin', and that ye'll get the reward o' these many cups o' cold water ye've giv'n him; for what's the few pence or shillings the parish grants ye, compar'd wi' the mother's care ye gave him,' said Janet.

'Aweel, aweel,' replied granny 'If I get the reward it'll not be because I wrought for that. I seemed ne'r to ken, syne the day I took the daft and orphaned lad, that I was mindin', and feedin', and clothin' one o' "the wee ones," and I ken it better to night than ever. I ha' strange new feelings mysel' too, neebor, and I'm minded o' the hour when our blessed Master came and stood amang His faithful ones, the door bein' shut, and said "Peace be unto you." Surely this strange heavenly calm can no' be o' earth, and who shall say that Himsel' is not here beside us twa, come to this poor place more for the daft lad's sake than oor ain.'

And thus these two lowly women talked of Him whom their souls loved, their hearts burning within them, as they talked.

When the morrow's sun arose 'granny,' unwilling to disturb the weary Yeddie, left her poor pillow to perform his humble tasks. She brought peat from the stack, and water from the spring. She spread her humble table and made her 'porritch'; and then, remembering that he went supperless to bed, she called him from the foot of the ladder; there was no reply. She called again and again, but there was no sound above but the wind whistling through the openings in the thatch. She had not ascended the rickety ladder for years; but anxiety gave strength to her limbs, and she soon stood in the poor garret which had long sheltered the half-idiot boy. Before a rude stool, half sitting, half kneeling, with his head resting on his folded arms, she found Yeddie. She laid her hand upon his head, but instantly recoiled in terror. The heavy iron crown had been lifted from his brow, and, while she was sleeping, had been replaced with the crown of the ransomed which faded not away. Yeddie had caught a glimpse of Jesus and could not live apart from Him. As he had supped, so he had slept, — with Him.

A deep awe fell on the parish and the minister at this evident token that Christ had been among them; and the funeral of the idiot boy was attended from far and wide. A solemnity rarely seen was noticed there, as if a great loss had fallen on the community, instead of the parish having been relieved of a burden. Poor 'Granny' was not left alone; for He who had come thither after that last supper with Yeddie, was with her even to the end. J. D. C.

"The House that Jack Built."

A CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE ORIGIN OF THE WELL-KNOWN NURSERY STORY.

As the occupations and pleasures of childhood produce a powerful impression on the memory, it is probable almost every reader who has passed his infantile day in an English nursery recollects the delight with which he repeated that puerile jingling legend, "The House that Jack Built." Very few, however, are at all aware of the original form of its composition or the particular subject it was designed to illustrate. Fewer still would suspect that it is only an accommodated and altered translation of an ancient para-

bolical hymn, sung by the Jews at the feast of the Passover, and commemorative of the principal events in the history of that people. Yet such is actually the fact. The original, in the Chaldee language, is now lying before me, and as it may not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Congregational Magazine* I will here furnish them with a literal translation of it, and then add the interpretation as given by P. N. Leberecht, Leipsic, 1731. The hymn itself is found in Sepher Haggadah, vol. 23:

1. A kid, a kid, my father bought
 For two pieces of money:
 A kid, a kid.
2. Then came the cat and ate the kid
 That my father bought
 For two pieces of money:
 A kid, a kid.
3. Then came the dog, that bit the cat,
 That ate the kid,
 That my father bought
 For two pieces of money:
 A kid, a kid.
4. Then came the staff, and beat the dog,
 That bit the cat,
 That ate the kid,
 That my father bought
 For two pieces of money:
 A kid, a kid.
5. Then came the fire, and burned the staff,
 That beat the dog,
 That bit the cat,
 That ate the kid,
 That my father bought
 For two pieces of money:
 A kid, a kid.
6. Then came the water, and quenched the fire;
 That burned the staff,
 That beat the dog,
 That bit the cat,
 That ate the kid,
 That my father bought
 For two pieces of money:
 A kid, a kid.
7. Then came the ox, and drank the water,
 That quenched the fire,
 That burned the staff,
 That beat the dog,
 That bit the cat,
 That ate the kid,
 That my father bought
 For two pieces of money:
 A kid, a kid.
8. Then came the butcher and slew the ox,
 That drank the water,
 That quenched the fire,
 That burned the staff,
 That beat the dog,
 That bit the cat,
 That ate the kid,

That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

9. Then came the angel of death and killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

10. Then came the Holy One, blessed be He,
And killed the angel of death,
That killed the butcher,
That slew the ox,
That drank the water,
That quenched the fire,
That burned the staff,
That beat the dog,
That bit the cat,
That ate the kid,
That my father bought
For two pieces of money:
A kid, a kid.

The following is the interpretation:

1. The kid, which is one of the pure animals, denotes the Hebrews. The father by whom it was purchased is Jehovah, who represents himself as sustaining this relation to the Hebrew nation. The pieces of money signify Moses and Aaron, through whose mediation the Hebrews were brought out of Egypt.

2. The cat denotes the Assyrians, by whom the Ten Tribes were carried into captivity.

3. The dog is symbolic of the Babylonians.

4. The staff signified the Persians.

5. The fire indicates the Grecian Empire under Alexander the Great.

6. The water betokens the Roman or the fourth of the great monarchies to whom the Jews were subjected.

7. The ox is a symbol of the Saracens, who subdued Palestine, and brought it under the chalice.

8. The butcher that killed the ox denotes the Crusaders by whom the Holy-Land was wrested out of the hands of the Saracens.

9. The angel of death signifies the Turkish power, by which the land of Palestine was taken from the Franks, to whom it is still subject.

10. The commencement of the tenth stanza is designed to show that God will

take signal vengeance on the Turks, immediately after whose overthrow the Jews are to be restored to their own land, and live under the government of their long-expected Messiah.—[*London Congregational Magazine*.]

Mary Carpenter and Sister Dora.

Memoirs and letters are popular reading just now. Among the varieties of character recently depicted, from Madam Bonaparte upwards, no two are more suggestive to the friends of Woman's progress than those of Mary Carpenter and Sister Dora, or Doroty, Wyndlow Pattison.

Their aims and work were in some respects similar, in others quite divergent. Both gave themselves with entire devotion to the amelioration of human misery. Both chose to work in the lowest stratum of that misery. Mary Carpenter devoted herself to the instruction and reclaiming of neglected children, Sister Dora to the hardest forms of hospital nursing. Both were deeply religious, though adopting different theological opinions. Both were thoroughly feminine, and neither as far as appears gave any attention to the subject of the political rights of women. Mary Carpenter suppressed or concealed any leanings she might have had that way, in deference to masculine prejudice, lest she should peril the cause of her perishing little ones. According to conventional ideas, both women spent their lives outside "woman's sphere," remaining unmarried from choice, for the purpose of laboring for the suffering in repelling and nearly unbearable surroundings.

Mary Carpenter initiated and established Ragged, Industrial Reform Schools. She began by gaining practical knowledge, as a teacher of the most degraded juvenile population in a large manufacturing town. From many years' personal experience, she learned what was needed, and wrought out a system and established it, by the aid of private beneficence and the Parliamentary legislation which she finally procured after years of patient endeavor. Her plans were of wide scope including the distant and the future.

Sister Dora was a rarer woman still,—of less wide aims, but of intense personal power and with a concentration of energy in a single direction, seemingly unparalleled among womankind. She had an instinct

for surgery and nursing. Beginning without special preparation, she diligently cultivated her natural talent by study and practice while at work. The story of her life is almost incredible. Her work in the Accident Hospital, taking care of torn and mangled men, and "burned babies," her nursing in the Epidemic and Small-pox hospitals seems utterly beyond any woman's strength.

The lesson of these two lives to us, is that the peculiarly feminine traits and graces were the sources of power and the secret of success. Mary Carpenter lavished on her pet vagabonds the most untiring love and patience, bestowing motherly caresses, and forgiving them "seventy times seven." Sister Dora has the gift of a beautiful physique. Her personal charm was so great that with her strength and courage, her unflagging spirits, her songs and stories, her prayers and kisses and over-flowings of mirth, it is no wonder that her poor patients believed she had superhuman powers.

We, aspiring sisters, are sometimes accused, justly or unjustly, of aping masculine ways, weakly attempting to do what men can do much better than ourselves. There ought to be no foundation for such a charge. What the world needs is more true womanliness brought to bear upon all its interests, and in spheres from which it is now excluded. It is by the exercise of the womanly graces and virtues that our cause is to triumph. *In hoc signum vinces.*—*Woman's Journal*.

Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun.

When Mr. Webster was making his celebrated 7th of March speech in the senate chamber at Washington, an affecting incident occurred, which illustrated the warmth of feeling between Mr. Calhoun and himself. Several days before Mr. Webster had paid a visit to Mr. Calhoun in his sick room at the old Capitol building. The venerable South Carolina senator was very ill, and it was thought that he would never be able to appear in his seat again; the conversation turning upon the speech that Mr. Webster was about to make, the sick statesman expressed an earnest wish to hear it. Mr. Webster replied that he hoped he would be able to get to the senate, as he himself was anxious that Mr. Calhoun should be

present. Mr. Calhoun shook his head sadly, and said that he feared he was on his death bed; and Mr. Webster parted from him, fully impressed with the belief that the venerable invalid must soon pass away.

Mr. Webster had not been speaking long, on this occasion, when I saw a tall, gaunt figure, wrapped in a long black cloak, with deep, cavernous black eyes and a thick mass of snow-white hair brushed back from the large brow and falling to the shoulders, advance with slow and feeble steps through the lobby behind the vice-president's chair, and then, aided by one of the senators, approach and sink into a chair on the opposite side of the chamber. I looked at Mr. Webster, and observed that as he spoke his face was turned the other way, so that he had not seen the almost ghostly figure come in. He went on speaking in his deep and sonorous tones; and at last came to a passage wherein he alluded to something Mr. Calhoun had once said in debate as "the utterance of the distinguished and venerable senator from South Carolina, who, I deeply regret, is prevented by serious illness from being in his seat to-day." At this I glanced towards the tall, gaunt figure across the chamber. He was moving restlessly in his chair; his head and body were bent eagerly forward, and he made an effort as if trying to rise and interrupt the orator. But the effort seemed to be too much for him, for he sank back in his chair, evidently exhausted. The whole current of Websterian eloquence flowed majestically on, all unconscious of the intended interruption. Presently the speaker once more had occasion to refer to some statement of Mr. Calhoun; and again he alluded to him as "the eminent senator from South Carolina, whom we all regret so much to miss, from such a cause, from his seat to-day."

The figure again grew restless; the hands nervously grasped both arms of his chair; the black eyes glared and shone in their eagerness; and now, half rising from his seat, and unable any longer to bear the thought that Mr. Webster should remain unconscious of his presence, he exclaimed, in a feeble and hollow voice, which yet was heard throughout the chamber:

"The senator from South Carolina is in his seat!"

Mr. Webster turned towards him with something like a start, and when he saw that his friend had actually risen from the bed of death, and had indeed dared death itself to creep to the Capitol and hear his speech, he for a moment betrayed visible signs of deep emotion. Then, acknowledging this touching compliment by a bow and a smile of profound satisfaction, he went on with his speech.

A few days more and Calhoun lay dead, in state, within those very walls.

—[*Harvey's Reminiscences of Daniel Webster.*]

"He and She."

Edwin Arnold, Author of "He who Died at Azan."

"She is dead!" they said to him; "Come away;
Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay!"

They smoothed her tresses of dark brown hair;
On her forehead of stone they laid it fair;

Over her eyes that gazed too much
They drew the lids with a gentle touch;

With a tender touch they closed up well
The sweet thin lips that had secrets to tell;

About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace,

And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes
Which were the whitest no eye could chose—

And over her bosom they crossed her hands.
"Come away!" they said, "God understands."

And there was silence, and nothing there
But silence, and scents of eglantere,

And jasmine, and roses, and rosemary;
And they said, "As a lady should lie, lies she."

And they held their breath till they left the
room,
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and
gloom.

But he who loved her too well to dread
The sweet, the stately, the beautiful dead,

He lit his lamp and took the key
And turned it—alone again—he and she.

He and she; yet she would not speak,
Tho' he kissed, in the old place, the quiet cheek.

He and she; yet she would not smile,
Tho' he called her the name she loved erewhile.

He and she; still she did not move
To any one passionate whisper of love.

Then he said: "Cold lips and breasts without
breath

Is there no voice, no language of death?

"Dumb to the ear and still to the sense.
But to heart and to soul distinct, intense?

"See now; I will listen with soul, not ear;
What was the secret of dying, dear?

"Was it the infinite wonder of all
That you ever could let life's flower fall?

"Or was it a greater marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony steal?

"Was the miracle greater to find how deep
Beyond all dreams sank downward that sleep?

"Did life roll back its records dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear!

"And was it the innermost heart of the bliss
To find out so, what a wisdom love is?

"O perfect dead! O dead most dear,
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

"I listen as deep as to horrible hell,
As high as to heaven, and you do not tell.

"There must be pleasure in dying, sweet,
To make you so placid from head to feet!

"I would tell you, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon my brow shed—

"I would say, though the Angel of Death had
laid

His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming
eyes,

Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise,

"The very strangest and suddenest thing
Of all the surprises that dying must bring."

Ah, foolish world; oh most kind dead!
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?

Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way;

"The utmost wonder is this—I hear
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, dear;

"And am your angel, who was your bride,
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

A Benevolent Quaker once said: "I expect to pass through this world but once; if, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do, let me do it now; I must neither defer nor neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Jesus Knows.

BY GRAOE VAN DUSEN.

Through all the weary toil of life,
Through all the battles, all the strife,
Through all the hours with trouble fraught,
There's comfort, blessing, in the thought
That Jesus knows.

When troubles come, we cannot see
Why life should full of suffering be,
And tears come once, again, again,
'Tis comfort to the sufferer then
That Jesus knows.

When in temptation, through God's love,
Though strength He gives us from above,
We feel our love for Him still lives,
We conquer sin—what joy it gives
That Jesus knows.

And in temptation when we fall,
And feel ourselves despised by all,
And when we feel that we must sink
Deep into sin, ah! then we think
That Jesus knows.

When untold care gnaws at the heart,
And shows itself despite all art,
When others call us cross, unkind,
The sweet thought calms and soothes the mind,
That Jesus knows.

And when we feel that we should tell
The secret sins that in us dwell,
We scarce need speak; our heads we lay
On His dear breast, and weeping, say
That Jesus knows.

Some sad disgrace is known at last,
Which happened in the weary past,
And friends pass with averted eye,
We know *He* will not pass us by—
Yet Jesus knows.

When love proves false, and friends untrue,
And leave the old friends for the new,
There's nothing left for us to love,
Ah! then the thought comes from above
That Jesus knows.

All our sorrows, doubts and tears,
All our longings, hopes and fears,
All that we do which leads to shame,
All that we do for His blest name
Our Jesus knows.

We'll pray to Him who always hears,
We'll trust with Him the coming years,

We'll trust our future to His care,
He'll show us what we have to fear,
For Jesus knows.

And when our weary feet have passed
All of this earthly road at last,
We'll take His hand and softly pray,
"Lord, lead us home, by the blest way
That Jesus knows."

—[From the *Chicago Standard*.

"Jean Francois Millet, Peasant and Painter," whose biography is begun in the September number of "*Scribner's*," is thought by many to be the most widely, and at the same time the most wholesomely influential among modern masters. Outside of France he has in no country so many admirers and disciples as in America, and the present series of papers will be read with interest here by all who have been impressed by his pictures, of which there are not a few in American galleries. His life was one long fight, not merely for artistic recognition, but for the bare necessities of existence. The illustrations accompanying these papers are mostly photographic fac-similes from charcoal drawings and etchings by Millet himself, made by the well-known Paris firm of Yves & Barret, with whose name the readers of "*L'Art*" are familiar. Later in the series a few wood-engravings will be introduced, by Cole and others. Millet's famous "*Sower*" will be included in the series.

Every girl of spirit would learn to swim, if a good chance were allowed to her. Then we should hear of fewer fatal boat-upsets and bathing disasters, and no mother would fear to leap from a burning steamboat to save her little child. Let any vigorous-minded girl look into a New York Free Swimming-Bath, on "Girls' Day," as described and illustrated in the September "*St Nicholas*," and see two hundred restless young specimens of her sex diving, playing "tag," splashing, shouting, and having, in all sorts of ways, the liveliest kind of fun, and she would at once become an enthusiast in swimming. Besides, to say nothing of the health it gains, the exercise is one of the best for strengthening the lungs, and for securing that symmetrical development of the body which Nature intends, and of which no one should be defrauded.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1880.

A Summer Glimpse at the Invalids.

On the morning of the second of September, one of the hottest days of the season, we visited the Hospital, approaching it from the West Avenue entrance. More than a dozen of the patients were scattered about the lawn, some reclining on the ground, others resting on the settees, and two quite sick patients were on cots in the tent. One of these felt that her end was near; she spoke of great weakness and inability to take food. Two members of some Roman Catholic sisterhood were visiting her. The other occupant of the tent had recently received a letter from one of the Lady Managers of the Hospital Board and the kindly remembrance was very pleasant to her.

It was refreshing to enter the Hospital, for its lofty ceilings and ample doors gave it an airy and comfortable aspect to us.

We found eighteen patients were under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward. Quite a number of these were new patients suffering from recent accidents. A young man had fallen from a window in Sill's foundry, landing on a heap of earth; he had injured his back but was doing well; another had fallen forty-five feet while painting a school house and broken his arm and bruised himself elsewhere; another man had had his leg caught and broken at the sand bank at the Pinnacle. The man who in July fell from a third story window was doing well.

A patient in the Cross Ward was recovering from a surgical operation which had been performed two weeks before and promised to be successful. One man had injured his hip, and an engineer on the Central Rail Road was on his cot, laid up with a sore on his leg. Mr. W. was slowly

ly failing, his appetite poor, he cared little for solid food.

We were glad to find our old friend, Mr. Male, restored to his post as nurse of the Male Medical Ward, where were sixteen patients, eight of whom were very sick. Among these was Mr. K. who was receiving visits from his friends, but, though much more of a sufferer than he had been, was still bright and cheerful. Mr. M., who has for five years been an inmate of this Ward, has been very feeble, but seemed to be rallying a little, though an internal tumor caused him a great deal of trouble. Consumptive and rheumatic patients were in their cots.

In the Upper Female Ward the sickest patient was a young girl who, as we passed her, was sleeping quietly though her bandaged head indicated recent suffering. Mrs. W. who has for many years acted at times as nurse, was troubled with a lame foot. A new patient, a young woman, was afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism. The three paralytic patients were improving; one of these, who for two years had not walked, was so much better that with the support of others she was taking a short walk, thus exercising her palsied limbs.

Two women were in the Lying-In-Ward, but no infants.

In the Lower Female Ward there were fifteen patients. Three of these were new comers, one of whom had been afflicted with ulcers and inflamed eyes; she was better than when she came to the Hospital. Another new patient had heart disease. Mrs. P. and Mrs. B. had been to a communion service which they greatly enjoyed. Mrs. P. had her arm bandaged to benefit her wrist which she had sprained.

The Matron reported to us that the recent repairs and improvements were approaching completion, and the grounds and house would soon be in complete order. Cartmen were busy in removing rubbish.

The new one story building designed as a Morgue and for *post mortem* examinations was nearly completed.

The Children's Cot.

While the little folks have been taking their summer vacation, some of them have kindly remembered the Hospital Cot, and in August held a very creditable fair and entertainment at the house of Mrs. Geo. D. Lord, on Plymouth Avenue.

Mrs. Lord kindly threw open her abode for our benefit, and some of the children of the third ward had prepared a fancy and domestic table, a fish pond, an ice cream and a flower table, and as the result of their enterprise they raised over a hundred dollars, which they have deposited with the Treasurer of the *Review*. Her absence this month from the city will delay her report till next month, but we are happy to say that this acceptable donation completes the first thousand dollars of our endowment fund, and starts us on the second thousand.

A charity bed quilt was quite a noticeable feature of the fair, as each square was contributed by a separate person. A great profusion of choice flowers was donated, and the whole arrangement was pleasant and enjoyable, but unfortunately, the weather was most unpropitious and the profits were not so much as they would have been had it not rained.

In the evening, harpists added by their music to the pleasure of the occasion.

We are indebted to Mrs. George D. Lord for her kindly services, and to our young friends, Misses Annie Lord, Mamie Mogridge, Mattie Pond, Anna Gaffney, Sidney Ingraham, Zilpah Tibbitts, Louise Williams, Florence Tompkins, May Fitz-Simons, Belle Brewster, Alice Churchill, Bessie Porter and Master George Lord.

Little Mary Kearn still occupies the cot and is a little better than she was last

month; on pleasant days she goes out on the Hospital lawn, but her sore feet do not allow her to use much exercise.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Patia Newcomb Farrand,	\$ 32
Hattie Fitch Farrand,	50
Willie Fitch Farrand,	70
Received from Annie Lord and May A. Mogridge, proceeds of Fair,	101 85

Receipts for the month,	\$103 37
Previously acknowledged,	963 03

Total Receipts,\$1066 40

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 just now particularly acceptable at the Hospital. A hundred persons consume a large amount. Any quantity of tomatoes can be preserved for winter use. Apples and perishable fruit will be very useful.

Notice.

The Treasurer of the *Hospital Review* is absent from the city and in the October *Review* she will publish her reports for August and September.

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.

Children's Department.

Two Rich Men's Boys.

Every Jewish child, no matter how rich the parents may be, is taught a trade. A year or two ago a daughter of one of the Rothschilds graduated at the Normal School of Paris. She received a diploma which certified to her fitness to teach any school in France.

Of course she will not use it, seeing she will inherit millions of francs, but the principle which led her to gaining that diploma is one that Christian parents should adhere to in educating their children.

One of the blessed legacies of the "hard times" is that many young men and young women were thereby compelled to support themselves.

Some years ago, there lived in New York City, Peter Embury and Philip Hone. Both were rich and had become so by their own industry. Hone was one of the *elite* of the city, and lived in magnificent style. He had several sons. They were "good fellows," but their "great expectations," aided by the indulgence of their generous father, indisposed them to active business life.

Mr. Embury was a plain, old-fashioned man, and lived in a wholesome but simple style. His boys were brought up to work and supported themselves. One day the two fathers talked over their boys.

"Friend Embury," said Mr. Hone "why is it that your boys are all smart and hard-working, while mine are good for nothing except to spend money?"

"Well, Philip," replied Mr. Embury, "you are fashionable, and move in fashionable society. You have brought up your children in that school. Like other rich men you have had the mistaken idea of educating them to be 'gentlemen.'"

"They lived with you. On your table were the choicest wines, and around it the choicest company. They remained at the table for hours, drinking healths, instead of attending to business. You taught them to do nothing and to spend money. It is not strange that they are what they are."

"I see it, my friend," replied Mr. Hone; "but how did you train your children? You, too, are a rich man and your sons know it."

"I brought up my sons to work," answered Mr. Embury, "and to take care of themselves. They all board at home and pay their board every week, just as if they were strangers.

"If they need money, I lend it to them and take their notes for the amount. When the notes are due they pay them. I don't let the fact that they have a rich father prevent them from supporting themselves.

"I live on good but plain food. Wine or liquor is never seen on my table. My boys have not, therefore, acquired drinking habits. I am not fashionable. I move in good society, but I live in no style. I inculcate honesty and goodness and self-reliance in my boys by my own example. I began life without a penny and took care of myself. I intend my boys shall know how to support themselves before they have any of my money to spend.

"Friend, Hone if you would rectify the mistakes you have made in educating your boys, you must begin by teaching them to be industrious, and to take care of themselves."

"I know you are right, my old friend," said Mr. Hone, with much emotion. "But your advice comes too late for me to profit by it. I have made a failure in my family."

And the magnificent old gentleman turned sadly away. Perhaps there are readers of the *Companion* to whom Mr. Embury's example may be stimulating and instructive.

It may be humiliating to our national pride, but we fear that no country can show so many "family failures" as ours, —especially of late years.—[*Youth's Companion*.]

Eccentricities of Wilberforce.

Horace Greeley was not the only instance of a great man with an absurd personal appearance and absurd personal habits. Bishop Jebb describes Mr. Wilberforce "as entering his room with the sweetness of an angel, and the agility of a monkey;" and Lord Teignmouth remembers many instances in which this curious union of angelic and other qualities was displayed.

Wilberforce was habitually careless of his personal appearance.

In dressing he never used a glass. He

always wore a suit of black, often on, and sometimes beyond, the verge of shabbiness; and he was generally weighed down by "the weight of books and packets, with which his capacious pockets were generally stuffed."

Mr. Owen, Secretary of the Bible Society, was wont to describe, with his inimitable humor, a scene of Kensington Gore, when he was offering up family prayers. As Mr. Wilberforce was kneeling before him, one of these receptacles burst open, emptying its contents on the floor. What with surprise at the abundance and variety of the materials spread out before him, and Wilberforce's grotesque endeavors to regain possession, Mr. Owen's gravity was sorely tried.

A still more laughable scene occurred in the House of Commons. Wilberforce usually carried an inkstand in his waistcoat pocket. On one occasion, while seated next to Sir Thomas Baring, who wore the nankeen trousers common at that time, Wilberforce jerked over him the whole contents of his ink-bottle.

He started up, proceeded to apply blotting-paper, and "in his distress cut such capers on the floor" as to provoke the uncontrollable laughter of the House.

On another occasion Lord Teignmouth saw him "garnish, before breakfast, every buttonhole of his coat with flowers whose freshness sorted ill with the faded hue of his almost threadbare garment, till the heat of a summer day had produced assimilation no less singular than the previous contrast. And he was quite unconscious of the notice which his personal appearance attracted.

On another occasion, at church, "he discovered, on opening his prayer-book, a tulip flower, and, remaining standing while the rest of the congregation were sitting, commended to Lord Teignmouth its beauty, loud enough to be heard by many, who evidently regarded him with surprise."

"Again, when visiting his son Samuel at Brightstone, I (Lord Teignmouth) saw Mr. Wilberforce mount on the seat of his pew, indicating, as he leaned over the pulpit, looking through his eye-glass full at the preacher's face, his delight by the animation of his gestures as he rose tip-toe responsively to the eloquence to which he was listening, while quite unaware that every eye of the rustic congregation was fixed upon him."—[*Westminster Review*.

The Story of a Burmese.

Young Edwin, a Burmese, who has been educated in this country with the view of sending him as a Baptist missionary to Burmah, lectured recently in Baltimore. Speaking of the deplorable condition of women in the East, owing mainly to peculiar religious teachings, he said: "Girls in China are believed to have no souls, and to kill them is not murder, and therefore not to be punished. Where parents are too poor to support the girl children they are disposed of in the following way: At regular intervals an appointed officer goes through a village and collects from poor parents, all the girl children they cannot care for, when they are about eight days old. He has two large baskets attached to the ends of a bamboo pole and slung over his shoulder. Six infants are placed in each basket, and he carries them to some neighboring village and exposes them for sale. Mothers who desire to raise wives for their sons buy such as they select. The others are taken to the Government asylum, of which there are many all through the country. If there is room there they are taken in, if not they are drowned."

A Child's Idea of Prayer.

Jennie Lee, who was only four years old, no sooner saw work laid aside than she ran to her mother's knee, and claimed a seat there. Mrs. Lee lifted her to her lap, and went on busily thinking of her duties and cares, while she rocked herself and Jennie to and fro.

For awhile Jennie amused herself very quietly by winding a string in and out through her fingers, but presently she began talking to herself in a low tone:

"When I say my prayers, God says: 'Hark, angels, while I hear a little noise!'"

Her mother asked her what noise was that.

"A little girl's noise. Then the angels will do just so (shutting her mouth very tight, and keeping very still for a moment) till I say Amen."

Opportunities are very sensitive things; if you slight them on their first visit, you seldom see them again.—[*Uncle Essek's Wisdom*; Scribner for September.

Your Friend.

The friend who holds a mirror to your face,
And hiding none, is not afraid to trace
Your faults, your smallest blemishes within;
Who friendly warns, reproves you if you sin—
Although it seems not so—he is your friend.

But he who, ever flattering, gives you praise,
But ne'er rebukes, nor censures, nor delays
To come with eagerness and grasp your hand,
And pardon you, ere pardon you demand—
He is your enemy, though he seem your friend.

All Sorts.

There are 484 bricks in a cubic yard.

A man's temper is most valuable to himself, and he should keep it.

We drink our tea and coffee generally at a temperature of 110 degrees.

The water contains more organized beings than the service of the earth.

To bring on a long rain—dress yourself for a pleasure excursion. Never knew it to fail.

Learn to entwine with your prayers the small cares, the trifling sorrows, the little wants of daily life. Whatever affects you—be it a changed look, an altered tone, an unkind word, a wrong, a wound, a demand you cannot meet, a sorrow you cannot disclose—turn it into prayer and send it up to God. Disclosures you may not make to man you can make to the Lord. Men may be too little for your great matter; God is not too great for your small ones. Only give yourself to prayer, whatever be the occasion that calls for it.

—[Winslow.]

The good-hearted William Morris Hunt, whom Art lost so soon, sometimes indulged in eccentric deeds of kindness, conceived and executed in a few moments. One of the most striking of these actions, in which, on a winter day, Hunt earned for a poor shivering organ-grinder what to him was a small fortune, is the basis of a short story in the September "St. Nicholas."

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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.

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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. XVII. ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1880.

No. 3.

On the Royal Infant.

Still Born, Nov. 5th, 1817.

A throne on earth awaited thee;
A nation long'd to see thy face,
Heir to a glorious ancestry,
And father of a mightier race.
Vain hope! that throne thou must not fill;
Thee may that nation ne'er behold;
Thine ancient house is heirless still,
Thy line shall never be unroll'd.

Yet while we mourn thy flight from earth,
Thine was a destiny sublime;
Caught up to Paradise in birth,
Pluck'd by Eternity from Time.

The mother knew her offspring dead:
Oh! was it grief, or was it love,
That broke her heart? The spirit fled
To seek her nameless child above.

Led by his natal star, she trod
The path to heaven:—the meeting there,
And how they stood before their God,
The day of judgment shall declare.

MONTGOMERY.

Rochester City Hospital.

INTRODUCTION OF STEAM HEAT—APPOINTMENT
OF A SUPERVISING NURSE—TRAINING SCHOOL
FOR NURSES IN CONTEMPLATION.

Important changes have lately been made in the Rochester City Hospital. Under the direction of the trustees a steam heating apparatus has been introduced by E. H. Cook & Co., and the entire building is to be heated by steam, indirect radiation being employed as far as practicable.

Following the example of the chief hospitals of New York and Boston, it has been decided that hereafter the nursing of the Hospital shall be made one of its special features. In order to elevate this department to the highest possible standard the lady managers have secured the services of Miss Aurora Smith, a graduate of the New York training school for nurses, and have appointed her supervising nurse, under the direction of the attending physicians and surgeons. The lack of trained nurses throughout the country, and the appreciation and remuneration which such nurses command, have induced the managers to open the wards of the Hospital to a limited number of women desiring to become professional nurses. The following conditions will govern their admission: Applicants must be single; between twenty and thirty-five years of age; possessed of a good education; of perfect health, and unexceptional moral character. They shall reside in the Hospital, and devote their time to the care of the patients, under the direction of the supervising nurse and the attending physicians and surgeons. Practical instructions will be given by the supervising nurse and by the physicians and surgeons at the time of their visits. Board, washing and the nominal sum of ten dollars per month shall be deemed remuneration in full for services rendered by nurses. No applicant will be received for a less period than two years. At the end of that time, if the services have been satisfactory, a certificate or diploma shall be furnished as evidence of qualifications. Any nurse whose services are not satisfactory may be discharged at any time. Applications should be made at once, in writing, to Mrs. C. E. Mathews, Corres-

ponding Secretary, No. 28 Spring Street, and should state qualifications, in accordance with the conditions above mentioned.

—[*Rochester Union and Advertiser.*]

French Mothers and Children.

One of the most characteristic traits of French literature is the frequent revelation of the profound tenderness existing between French men of genius and their mothers. The father is seldom mentioned, but the most philosophic and witty of French authors are not ashamed to show in their writings a deference for their mothers which to a conceited American lad would seem childish.

Every traveler in France must be struck with the place which the woman holds in the household. As wife, unfortunately, she is too often rated at but little value, but as mother, she is supreme.

A French *fill*e of twenty depends upon her mother for directions in her every action as implicitly as the American child of eight, and would not dream of disobeying any order, however opposed to her own wish or opinion. The aged mother, when an inmate of her son's or her daughter's house, is the centre of it,—a white-haired queen to whom guests, children and servants pay homage. Here, how often is "grandma" made to feel that she is endured only from a sense of duty; that she lags superfluous on the stage.

Probably the reason why the French mother is differently treated is because she labors as hard to become an intelligent companion and guide for her adult as for her baby son. She interests herself in his business, politics, society. American mothers who feel that their duty ends with his school-days could gain a useful hint from her.

There are other social customs in France which we could borrow with good effect. One is the place freely given to women in all kinds of trade. In Paris upwards of ten thousand women people the factories and magazines, most of whom are wives and mothers who give only a few hours to trade daily from their home duties, but thus are able to materially help their husbands.

Another is the general use of light drinks, such as lemonade, orangeade and sweetened iced water, instead of liquor. In consequence, a drunken man is a rare sight.

A Noble Offering.

The superintendent of one of the street-car railways leading out of New York into the country, told a touching story to a friend the other day which found its way into a city paper.

Sitting alone in his office one day, a strange gentleman entered, who proved to be an officer in the army. He carried a little box in his hand. After some hesitation he said, conquering great agitation:

"I have a favor to ask of you. I had a little boy, and I've lost him. He was all the world to me. When he was alive my wife used to search my pockets every night and whatever loose change she found, she would put away for the baby. Well, he's gone. Here is the box. We talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion we could not do better than to bring the money to you to pay the fares of poor sick children out of town during the summer. It would please him to know that he is helping to save the lives of other poor children. As soon as the box is empty, we will fill it. While we live we will keep up that bank."

The box had been twice emptied and filled, and hundreds of sick or dying children have owed to this dead baby their one breath of fresh air this summer.

How much more tender and true is such a memorial of the beloved dead than a pretentious monument, or even a painted church window, beautiful though they be! In England it is a frequent practice to build and furnish a life-saving station on the coast, in remembrance of a friend who is gone, and in this country memorial beds in hospitals are becoming a usual way of keeping in memory those we have lost.

Surely if the dead can look back on earth, they are better pleased to know that kind living deeds are done in their name than to see them emblazoned on cold stone in forgotten graveyards.

The smallest bird of America is the humming bird; and of Europe, the golden crested wren. The smallest quadruped in the world is the Pigmy mouse of Siberia. The most diminutive plant is the arctic raspberry, which is so small that a six ounce vial will hold the whole, branches, leaves and all.

Origin of Some Popular Sayings.

Almost every one has on hand a store of trite apposite sentences, using them daily, but having no knowledge of their authorship; and as men are apt to be curious concerning the habits and laws they follow or are governed by, tracing their origin back into the dimness of long-slumbering centuries, so they are often possessed with a desire to know who first framed these words into the sentences so familiar to them. As they have not all the time to devote to such a labor, the following have been strung together by one of whose nature leads him to ramble among books for his soul's best amusement.

It was Thomas a Kempis, who in the fifteenth century, gave us "Man proposes, but God disposes;" and the equally well-known saying, "Of two evils the less is to be chosen," the original of "Of two evils choose the least." Thomas Tusser, a writer of the sixteenth century, gave, "Better late than never," and the key for four other common phrases in "For Christmas comes but once a year," "It's an ill wind that turns none to good," "The stone that is rolling can gather no moss," "Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go." It was Francis Rabelais, a French wit of the same century, who said that by "Robbing Peter he paid Paul," and told that when

"The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
 The devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

It was also in the sixteenth century that Sir Edward Coke, a celebrated English lawyer, said "For a man's house is his castle," and Lord Brooke sung, "And out of mind as soon out of sight." It was Christopher Marlowe, the forerunner of Shakspeare, and father of the grand old English drama, who sang to the ladies, "Love me little, love me long," and told of "Infinite riches in a little room."

We owe to the prolific genius of Shakspeare, "This is the short and long of it," "The world's mine oyster," "Comparisons are odious," "As merry as the day is long," "A Daniel come to judgment," "It is a wise father that knows his child," "And thereby hangs a tale," "He needs must go that the devil drives," "Why this is very midsummer madness," "The smallest worm will turn when trodden on," "Smooth runs the water where the

brook is deep," "So wise so young they say do ne'er live long," "The weakest goes to the wall," "We have seen better days," "This was the most unkindest cut of all," "Stand not upon the order of your going," "A deed without a name," "Frailty, thy name is woman," "I am a man more sinned against than sinning," "They laugh that win," and a thousand more as good, though not as well known.

Francis Bacon, the "Wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind," said "Knowledge is power," and Beaumont and Fletcher pronounced that "What's one man's poison, signor, is another's meat or drink." Milton tells of a "Moping melancholy and moonstruck madness," and also of a "Wilderness of sweets," "All hell broke loose," and "The paradise of fools."

Samuel Butler, author of "Hudibras," dubbed a religious creed thus: "'Twas Presbyterian true blue." Dryden says, "None but the brave deserve the fair," and "Sweet is pleasure after pain." He also warns thus: "Beware the fury of a patient man," "All delays are dangerous in war," and thinks that "Men are but children of a larger growth." The Earl of Roscommon has it that one must "Choose an author as you choose a friend," and says that "The multitude are always in the wrong." John Bunyan wisely reminds us that "He that is down needs fear no fall," and Thomas Southorne "That pity's akin to love." It was crazy Nathaniel Lee who averred that "When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war."

Matthew Prior thought "The end must justify the means;" and Dean Swift said "Bread is the staff of life." George Farquhar called "Necessity the mother of invention;" Edward Young, a very sombre fellow, said "Death loves a shining mark;" he also thought that "Man wants but little, nor that little long," and "A fool at forty is a fool indeed;" he also told of "Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep;" Pope says, "To err is human, to forgive divine," and Thompson tells of "Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave." It was John Gay who said "While there's life, there's hope," and sang of "Over the hills and far away;" Lawrence Sterne thought that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," and Benjamin Franklin that "God helps them who help themselves;" Cowper said that "Variety's

the very spice of life;" Thomas Campbell that "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view;" he also said, "And coming events cast their shadow before;" Daniel Webster told of a "Sea of upturned faces," and Washington Irving thought our idol was "The mighty dollar;" Byron says that war presents "Battle's magnificently stern array;" and Keats that "A thing of beauty is a joy forever;" and last, it was Bishop Berkely, an English prelate, who in the seventeenth century said, "Westward the course of Empire takes its way."

Our Minister's Sermon.

The minister said last night, says he,
 "Don't be afraid of givin';
 If your life aint worth nothin' to other folks,
 Why, what's the use of livin'?"
 And that's what I says to my wife, says I,
 There's Brown, the mis'able sinner,
 He'd sooner a beggar would starve than give
 A cent towards buyin' a dinner.

I tell you our minister's prime, he is,
 But I couldn't quite determine,
 When I heard him a-givin' it right and left,
 Just who was hit by his sermon.
 Of course there couldn't be no mistake
 When he talked of long-winded prayin',
 For Peters and Johnson they sot and scowled
 At every word he was sayin'.

And the minister he went on to say,
 "There's various kinds of cheatin',
 And religion's as good for every day
 As it is to bring to meetin'.
 I don't think much of the man that gives
 The loud amens at my preachin',
 And spends his time the followin' week
 In cheatin' and overreachin'."

I guess that dose was bitter enough
 For a man like Jones to swallow;
 But I noticed he didn't open his mouth,
 Not once, after that, to holler;
 Hurrah, says I, for the minister—
 Of course, I said it quiet—
 Give us some more of this open talk;
 It's very refreshin' diet.

The minister hit 'em every time,
 And when he spoke of fashion,
 And riggin's out in bows and things,
 As woman's rulin' passion,
 And comin' to church to see the styles,
 I couldn't help a-winkin'

And a-nudgin' my wife, and says I, "That's you,"
 And I guess it sot her thinkin'.
 Says I to myself, That sermon's pat,
 But man is a queer creation,
 And I'm much afraid that most of the folks
 Wont take the application.
 Now, if he had said a word about
 My personal mode of sinnin',
 I'd have gone to work to right myself,
 And not sot there a-grinnin'.

Just then the minister says, says he,
 "And now I've come to the fellers
 Who've lost this shower by usin' their friends
 As a sort o' moral umbrellas.
 Go home" says he, "and find your faults,
 Instead of huntin' your brothers';
 Go home," says he, "and wear the coats
 You tried to fit for others."

My wife she nudged, and Brown he winked,
 And there was lots o' smilin',
 And lots o' lookin' at our pew;
 It sot my blood a-bilin',
 Says I to myself, Our minister
 Is gettin' a little bitter;
 I'll tell him, when meetin's out, that I
 Aint at all that kind of a critter.

—[*New Haven Register.*]

Dodging a Shark.

The following thrilling story of a daring sea-captain's escape from the jaws of a shark is taken from the *San Francisco Post*. He was in command of the *William King*, from New Bedford, Mass., cruising off the coast of California, when one of his boats, in pursuit of a whale, was upset, and the crew, including himself, thrown into the sea. They clung to the capsized boat, all but the captain, who supported himself partly by an oar under each arm, and partly by treading water. In this condition they waited for another boat, which was coming to their rescue. Suddenly, with a cry, one of the crew caught sight of a huge, bottle-nosed shark lurking for them below the surface:

"The captain saw the monster, also, and felt his chances for escape dwindle to a cipher; nevertheless, he did not lose courage, and instead of hastening the event which seemed beyond prevention, resolved to escape it if possible. He knew that a shark would not bite at an unsteady bait.

"The nose of the creature is in its way; it must turn on its side to snap, and then only when the object is stationary. It may be so for a second only, but that is enough; the shark darts like lightning, and in a moment seizes its prey.

"The captain knew this, and knew his only salvation depended on his keeping constantly in motion. The least pause would be fatal, so, with the two oars under his arms, he kept afloat, moving about incessantly, his eyes fixed on the dark monster beneath him, which followed wherever he moved.

"Such a situation would be apt to affect the senses terribly, yet the captain says he was never calmer, never less troubled, and never less afraid of death. His mind, however, was unusually active; every circumstance of his life came before him with the clearness of noonday. The scenes of his youth in particular passed before him in vivid coloring.

"He saw the old farm-house in which he was born, the hills, woods and meadows surrounding it; the distant village, the church spire, the flocks on the plains, the winding river, the cows browsing in the fields; he heard the clatter of the mill, the birds singing in the woods, and the gun echoing among the hills. He heard, too, the voice of one dearer to him than all on earth; the voice of one—but this all took place while a rapacious monster was floating within a few feet of him, waiting only for a moment's pause in his movements to rend him to pieces!

"The second boat, having now rescued the wrecked men, approached the captain, who ordered its crew to shoot by him at full speed, and as it passed he would grasp it and spring in, the critical moment being when he would lose motion, and the shark would be likely to seize him. However, that risk must be taken.

"The mate faithfully carried out his directions. The men strained every sinew. They were whalemen, and as such top-gallant oarsmen, and the speed at which they sent that boat driving through the water would have shamed the flight of the swiftest seabird. It took a steady nerve, an eagle glance, and a lightning grasp to secure the flying craft; but the captain had these, and as it passed seized the star-board gunwale, and was thrown like a shot into the boat. At the same instant the shark's head rose above the water, and its

jaws snapped with a sound audible for a considerable distance. The captain, as he himself remarked, escaped "only by a scratch;" the moment he was stationary the shark snapped at him, the velocity of his subsequent motion only saving him from a hideous death.

A Wonderful Dog.

The *Religious Herald* tells the following dog story, which overtops most of the displays of canine sagacity that have been recorded:

Lately a traveler passed in a carriage along the Avenue de Neuilly. The night was dark. All at once the horse stopped, and the traveller saw that the animal had met an obstacle. At the same moment a man raised himself from before the horse, and uttered a cry.

"Why don't you take care?" said the traveler.

"Ah," cried the man, "you would do better, instead of hallooing, to lend me your lantern."

"What for?"

"I had three hundred francs in gold on my person; my pocket has broken, and all is fallen in the street. It is a commission with which my master has entrusted me. If I do not find the money, I am a ruined man."

"It is not easy to find the pieces on such a night. Have you none left?"

"Yes, I have one."

"Give it to me."

The man hesitated.

"Give it to me. It will be the means of recovering the others."

The poor fellow gave him his last coin. The traveler whistled. A magnificent Danish dog began to leap around him.

"Here!" said the traveler, putting the coin to the nose of the dog. "Look!"

The intelligent creature sniffed a moment at the money, and then began to run about the road. Every minute he returned, leaping, and deposited in the hand of his master a Napoleon. In about twelve minutes the whole sum was recovered. The poor fellow, who had got his money back, turned, full of thanks, toward the traveler, who had now got into his carriage.

"Ah, you are my preserver!" said he. "Tell me at least your name."

"I have done nothing," said the traveler. "Your preserver is my dog. His name is Rabut-Joie;" and then whipping up his horse, he disappeared in the darkness.—[*Sunday Guest.*]

Autumn.

By the laggard sun I greet,
By the crispen leaves so fleet,
Hither, thither, 'neath my feet,
Whirling, whirling.

By the purpling of yon hill,
By the swelling of the rill,
Gliding on to village mill,
Purling, purling.

By the jay's metallic note,
By the spider's-webs that float,
From the tree-tops to the moat.
Shining, shining.

By the dim, mysterious haze,
By the forest all ablaze,
Crimson leaves with golden rays
Entwining.
By the sighing of the air,
Note of joy or moan of care,
Fairy laugh or spirit prayer
Interweaving—

All are now the waning power
Of the sunny-summer hour
Over tree and shrub and flower
Perceiving.

Nature, prodigal or treasure,
O'er the vantage ground of pleasure,
Pours her harvest without measure,
In golden light.

The fulfillment, O how grand !
But, as falls into the hand
Luscious fruit, with autumn brand,
Burning, bright.

Memories of the days gone by
Will awake a bitter sigh,
And we turn a tearful eye
At that call.
In our heart sad retrogression
Bursts upon us the confession ;
Pursuit is sweeter than possession
After all.

It is strange how often it occurs that the person who thinks he knows most about a business is one who has never been engaged in it.

A Curious Combat.

A traveller in South Africa witnessed not long since a singular combat. He was musing one morning, with his eyes on the ground, when he noticed a caterpillar crawling along at a rapid pace. Pursuing him was a host of small black ants.

Being quicker in their movements, the ants would catch up with the caterpillar, and one would mount his back and bite him. Pausing, the caterpillar would turn his head, and bite and kill his tormentor. After slaughtering a dozen or more of his persecutors, the caterpillar showed signs of fatigue.

The ants made a combined attack. Betaking himself to a stalk of grass, the caterpillar climbed up tail first, followed by the ants. As one approached, he seized it in his jaws and threw it off the stalk. The ants, seeing that the caterpillar had too strong a position for them to overcome, resorted to strategy. They began sawing through the grass-stalk. In a few minutes the stalk fell, and hundreds of ants pounced upon the fallen caterpillar. He was killed at once, and the victors marched off in triumph, leaving the foe's body on the field.

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 sharpness 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.

Only Once.

From "only one word" many quarrels begin,
And "only this once" leads to many a sin;
"Only a penny" wastes many a pound;
"Only once more" and the diver was drowned;
"Only one drop" many drunkards has made;
"Only in play" many gamblers have said;
"Only a cold" opens many a grave;
"Only resist" many evils will save.

Ultima Thule.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW TO G. W. G.

With favoring winds, o'er sunlit seas,
We sailed for the Hesperides,
The land where golden apples grow;
But that, ah! that was long ago.
How far, since then, the ocean streams
Have swept us from that land of dreams—
That land of fiction and of truth—
The lost Atlantic of our youth!

Whither, ah! whither? Are not these
The tempest-haunted Hebrides,
Where sea-gulls scream and breakers roar,
And wreck and seaweed line the shore?

Ultima Thule! Utmost Isle!
Here in thy harbors for awhile
We lower our sails; awhile we rest
From the unending, endless quest.

Kneading Bread.

Here is a little incident which not only has the merit of being true, but the additional one of containing a lesson much needed by girls.

A lady in one of our large cities was interested in finding employment for the numbers of needy idle women during the years of great depression in trade. One day a young woman came to her who had tried in turn to fill a place as shop-girl, seamstress, chambermaid, cook, hair-dresser and patent medicine vender, and been discharged from all as incompetent.

"You have never learned any trade or handicraft?" asked the lady.

"Well, no, nothing particular. I was handy in a general way."

"Is there no one thing you can do thoroughly well?"

The woman reflected, then her face lighted.

"I could knead bread. I always did that better than any one else on the farm."

The lady's brother, an eminent physician, who happened to be present, suddenly took part in the conversation.

"Let me look at your fingers," he said.

They were long strong, of great nervous force.

"I will give you work." He had charge in which the patients were subjected to a cure called massage, a process of kneading, by which artificial exercise is given to the body. Skilful manipulators were difficult to find. After a few lessons our country girl earned thirty dollars per week.

With every year the number of young men and women pressing into the market to find employment increases. There is absolutely no chance for the loosely train-workman whose brain or body is only "handy in a general way." Learn to do one thing, and to do it thoroughly, and you will never be in danger of going without a meal for the lack of honest work.

HOW TO HAVE PEACE.—A friend once asked Professor Franke how it was that he maintained so constant a peace of mind. "By stirring up my mind a hundred times a day. Wherever I am, whatever I do, I say, Blessed Jesus! I have truly a share in thy redemption; thou hast forgiven my sins, and art guiding me by thy spirit. Thine I am: wash me again and again. By this constant converse with Jesus I enjoy serenity of mind and settled peace in my soul."—[*Methodist Advocate*.]

It speaks well for American enterprise to notice the fact that an American magazine is the first to attempt the illustration of the homes and haunts of the characters of Charles Dickens. In the Midsummer "Scribner" begins a short series on this subject, entitled "About England with Dickens." The illustrations are by Charles A. Vanderhoof, who was sent abroad for this purpose, and whose work the "Scribner" audience are familiar with.

No one would think that Phtholagnyrh spelled Turner, but a Vassar College girl proves it in this way; phth, as in phthisic, is T; olo, as in colonel, is ur; gn, as in gnat, is n; yrrh, as in myrrh, is er.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1880.

October Hours at the Hospital.

On the morning of October first we visited the Hospital, and, for the first time, felt the grateful heat imparted by the new radiators, that have just been introduced into the Hospital by E. H. Cook & Co. as part of the steam heating apparatus.

We lingered long in the reception room talking, with some of the officers of the Institution, of the last hours of three who, during the past month, had died in the Hospital and whose cases had excited peculiar interest. One of them was a middle aged woman who for long, weary months had suffered from internal cancer; she was the first to occupy our new Morgue, her funeral services were from the Cathedral. The second was an aged man of the Hebrew faith, who for five years and seven months had been an inmate of the Hospital. His sufferings were very acute, caused by a tumor that pressed upon the windpipe. The third was Mr. David Wooster, who first came to the Institution February 8th, 1866, and who, with the exception of short intervals, has been ever since in the Hospital. His vacant rolling chair now stands in the corner in the Surgical Ward, where for years we have been wont to greet its occupant, who has long been afflicted with paralysis, and whose failing health has for some months indicated the approach of the dark robed messenger. Mr. Wooster was ready for the summons, feeling that his home in heaven was ready for him, and had more attractions than his earthly one. Mr. W. was seventy-four years old; he was up and read the newspaper the day before his death. His funeral services were conducted in the chapel by Rev. Mr. Gardner of Westminster church of which

Mr. W. was a member. Long shall we remember our aged friend whose patient, resigned and cheerful spirit are worthy of imitation. A fourth death that occurred in the Hospital was of a little infant who just touched the verge of this mortal sphere, and in three hours plumed its wings for the better home above.

In the Surgical Ward sixteen patients are under treatment, and here we found a young nurse who had just availed herself of the new training school for nurses. Several patients here were suffering from recent accidents. One young man had broken his arm just below the shoulder by throwing a stone at a ferocious dog that was threatening to attack him.

A mother was cheering her son who, while painting a school house, had fallen and broken his arm; he was doing well, was partially dressed and sitting up. The man who had broken his leg at the Pinnacle was improving and thought he would soon be well enough to leave. One aged patient had been removed to the county house and preparations were being made to take another there. Seven occupants of this Ward were confined most of the time to their cots.

In the Medical Ward were two consumptive patients. The nurse had been up all night with a third, who died at three o'clock in the morning. There were three rheumatic patients, a Norwegian was troubled with diseased lungs. Mr. K. was still quite unwell though suffering less acutely than when last we saw him; one patient had a diseased stomach, Mr. Jacob Mock had died, several were old and feeble, and one had hip disease; there were no fever patients.

There were twelve patients in the Upper Female Ward, only two of whom were confined to their beds. Two of the patients, the one a paralytic and the other a rheumatic patient, had greatly improved, and both by the use of crutches were regain-

ing their power of locomotion. A new inmate was suffering from malaria, had some fever, but was convalescent; a dyspeptic patient was improving, one had milk leg and erysipelas.

In the Lying-In-Ward were five patients. Two mothers had lost their infants, one was waiting, and two had young babies. Wet nurses could be obtained at the Hospital.

In the Lower Female Ward the patients were many of them taking their dinner from trays, others were in the dining room. One new patient had dropsy and her heart and lungs were diseased. Dr. Rider had operated upon two patients, the one a young woman who for fifteen years had been cross-eyed; the other, an aged woman from Peterboro, from whose eye he had removed a cataract. The operations were too recent to report their results. Mrs. C. complained of great feebleness; in addition to her old complaints she had a troublesome cough. There were fourteen invalids in this Ward. Mrs. S., in the Cross Ward, had just been brought in from the tent on the lawn.

Improvements in the City Hospital.

As reported in another column of our monthly, important changes have lately been made in the City Hospital, not the least of which is the introduction of the new steam heating apparatus which is now in working order, and the genial warmth from the new radiators cheers our invalids in these raw, chilly, autumn days.

The entire building is henceforth to be heated by steam, and this enables the managers of the Institution to bring into use the new rooms in the East Mansard, that are some of the pleasantest, for private patients, in the building. We visited a friend, a mother with a sick infant, occupying one of them, and she assured us her quarters were most comfortable. The room has been tastefully furnished by one

of our young ladies and was so situated that from its eastern and southern windows it commanded an extensive view of the city, and what was of far greater importance to the invalid, it caught all the sunshine.

In our Western Mansard the hall in which the invalids from the private rooms exercise occupies the south side of the building; in the new East Mansard the arrangement is reversed, the private rooms have a southern exposure, and the hall occupies the northern portion of the wing, so that now, those invalids who need sunbaths and the healthy influences of sunshine can select rooms in the East Mansard.

Nursing at the City Hospital.

Those of our readers who are familiar with the results that have flowed from introducing trained nurses into the European hospitals as well as into some of those of our own cities, will be glad to know that we are following the example of older institutions, and are to have in the City Hospital a training school for nurses.

Miss Aurora Smith, a graduate of the New York Training School for Nurses, a middle aged woman, of genial and dignified presence, has already entered upon her duties as Supervising Nurse, under the direction of the attending physicians and surgeons, and one young nurse, complying with necessary conditions, is now at work in the Hospital.

In another portion of our paper will be found the necessary requirements for those desiring to enter the training school; application for this may be made to Mrs. C. E. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary of the Board of Managers, 28 Spring St.

Old Cotton.

We are in great want of old cotton. Please remember us.

Andreas Vesalius.

Since it was suggested that the new Hospital building should be called Vesalius Hall the query has often been made, "Who was Vesalius?"

By reference to Appleton's New Cyclopædia we learn that Andreas Vesalius was a Flemish physician who was born in Brussels, December 31st, 1514, and died on the island of Zante, October 15th, 1564. He studied at Louvain, Montpellier and Paris, devoting himself specially to anatomical studies. He was the chief assistant of Gunther and made important discoveries. He was professor of anatomy in the universities of Pavia, Bologna, and Pisa. In 1543 he published his work on anatomy in which he exposed the errors of those who "relied for their knowledge of anatomy of the human body upon the observations made in the dissection of the bodies of the lower animals." He was physician to Charles V. and Philip II. In 1563 or 1564 he left Madrid and visited Jerusalem, and on his return was wrecked on the island of Zante, where he died.

The Children's Cot.

We have quite a number of young folks now in the Hospital, but three of these are in the Male Wards and the Cot is still occupied by Mary Kearn, the little girl with sore feet and hands. Her nurse thinks for the past two months she has been improving a little. She can use her feet and walk upon them better than she has done. She is a perfect little sunbeam in the Ward, and in spite of all her afflictions she always wears a pleasant face. She has a sweet voice and loves to sing her German and English songs to her visitors. The last time we saw her she had placed two dollies on her cot and had playthings around her and seemed very happy.

One little boy in the Medical Ward has

hip complaint, one in the Surgical Ward, fourteen years old, has a scrofula sore, and a younger boy, who is six or seven years old, spends his days in the Hospital and goes home at night. His arm was bandaged and in a sling, he had sprained it when pushed off a flight of steps.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Additional from young misses fair,.....	\$ 35
Interest on bank account,.....	8 02
Gracie Coffin, Saxton Street,.....	1 00
Little box beside the Cot in the Hospital,.....	30

Receipts for the month,.....	\$ 9 67
Previously acknowledged,.....	1066 40

Total Receipts,.....\$1076 07

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.

Omission.

We received last month, too late for insertion in the September *Review*, notice of a donation of twenty-five dollars to the Hospital, from our venerable friend, Mrs. Abelard Reynolds. While we return thanks to our kind friend, we would congratulate her on the completion of her ninety-sixth year. We hope she may yet be spared to greet her friends on other birth-days, and that she who is so identified with the early history of Rochester may live to celebrate her centennial.

Fruit and Vegetables are very acceptable.

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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FOR AUGUST, 1880.

Mrs. F. Gorton—"Graphics," &c.
 Mrs. Cauffman—Pictorials.
 Mrs. J. Bradstreet—Reading Matter.
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 Mrs. Gardner—Half bushel Plums.
 Mrs. E. M. Parsons—Six bushels Apples.
 Mrs. Wm. Corning—One bushel Apples, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel
 Tomatoes, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel Cucumbers.
 Mr. Brewster—Basket Peaches.
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 Mrs. Mathews—Old Cotton.
 Mrs. Williams—Old Cotton.

FOR SEPTEMBER.

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 Smith, 140th Regiment—Reading Matter.
 Mrs. Dickinson—Reading Matter.
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 Mrs. S. J. Nichols—Second-hand Clothing.
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 Mrs. Hooker—Grapes.
 Mrs. A. Teall—Grapes.
 Mr. Loop—Grapes.
 Mrs. Gorton—"Graphics."
 Mrs. Williams—Old Cotton.
 A Friend—Old Cotton.
 A Friend—A new Bed Quilt.
 Mrs. Munn—Pears.

Receipts for the Review,

TO SEPTEMBER 1st, 1880.

Mrs. Chas. E. Hart, 62 cents; Mrs. A. G.
 Mudge, 62 cents—By Mrs. S. W. Updike, \$1 24
 Mrs. W. Dann, East Avon, \$100; Mrs.
 Geo. McKittrick, Brooklyn, 50 cents;
 Mrs. S. Miller, New Haven, Conn., 50
 cents; G. T. Palmer, East Avon, for
 Miss Hannah Hillman, 51 cents; Mrs.
 W. C. Storrs, \$1.00; Mrs. M. B. Sew-
 ard, 62 cts.—By Mrs. Robert Mathews, 4 13

TO OCTOBER 1st, 1880.

Miss L. Bradstreet, Melrose, Mass., 50c.;
 Miss Wales, 62 cents—By Mrs. S. H.
 Terry, 1 12
 Mrs. W. Cobb, \$1.86; Mrs. W. Lough-
 borough, \$1.25; Mrs. E. Loop, 62 cts.;
 Miss E. Mitchell, Cleveland, Ohio, \$1.00;
 Mrs. J. B. Norris, Brighton, \$1.50; Sale
 of papers, 25 cents—By Mrs. Robert
 Mathews, 6 48

Notice.

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

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 4, 1880,
 Albright, infant, aged 3 hours.
 At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 18, 1880,
 of cancer, Mrs. Charlotte Robinson, aged 40 yrs.
 At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 26, 1880,
 of tumor of thyroid gland, Jacob Mock, aged 72
 years.
 At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 29, 1880,
 of paralysis, David Wooster, aged 74 years.

Monthly Reports.

1880. Aug. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 63
 Received during month, .. 24
 Births, 1— 88
 Deaths, 0
 Discharged, 20— 20
 Remaining, Sept. 1st, 1880, 68

1880. Sept. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 68
 Received during month, .. 46
 Births, 3—117
 Deaths, 4
 Discharged, 38— 42
 Remaining, Oct. 1st, 1880, 75

Children's Department.

The Mamma Who Slept Fifteen Years.

BY JENNIE EGGLESTON ZIMMERMAN.

"Oh dear! dear!" sighed Mamma Gra-
 ham, "what a dreadful noise. I'm glad
 Christmas don't come any oftener."

No wonder the poor mamma said this,
 for Harry was standing close by the bed
 beating his new drum, Charley was just
 behind him blowing his new red trumpet,
 and the baby sat up in bed sucking a stick
 of candy and pounding his mamma over the
 head with a tin rattle. Alice, the eldest
 of these little folks, was trying to cry in
 her new dolly, and was begging the boys
 just to stop their noise a minute and hear
 what a beautiful cry it had. Altogether
 it wasn't a very good time to catch a com-
 fortable morning nap, although Mamma
 Graham was just as tired as she could be.
 Bridget had left the day before, leaving
 her everything to do, and the Christmas
 dinner to get. Presently, papa, who had
 entirely given up trying to sleep, finished

dressing, and said he would take the children down stairs so that mamma could have a rest.

"I wish I could sleep fifteen years," said she as, she turned over and tucked the pillow snugly under her head.

Was ever anything more unlucky? She entirely forgot that it was Christmas morning, and that Santa Claus was abroad and as full of mad pranks as a Christmas pudding is full of plums. Papa and the children were away down stairs with the doors shut between. Nobody was there to hinder, for mamma herself was already in a doze. So what should Santa Claus do but whisk Mamma Graham away through the roof after the manner of fairies, and putting her into his fairy sleigh drive off with her to the famous Sleepy Hollow in the White Cotton Night Cap Country.

"If she wants to sleep fifteen years let her try it," said he nodding his long, pointed red flannel cap in a wicked sort of a way. "Those youngsters will look out for themselves, I'll be bound, and I'll make it all right with the father. *And she'll have a good nap,*" he added, winking and rolling up his eyes and slapping his fat sides.

Bless me how stiff Mamma Graham did feel when she woke at last in her own bed at home, for Santa Claus had faithfully brought her back at the right time. As if anybody wouldn't feel stiff who had slept fifteen years straight through. But then she didn't know of course what a trick that wicked old Saint Nick had played on her, and this wasn't the very same Christmas morning on which she had gone to sleep. So she only said, as she got slowly out of bed and began to dress as fast as possible with such stiff hands and arms:—

"I wonder how long I have slept? It must be very late. Poor papa must be dreadfully tired of taking care of the children, and hungry, too, waiting for his breakfast."

When she opened the dining-room door there sat papa reading the morning paper. The children must have tired him for he certainly seemed a good deal older as he looked up and said with a smile, "Well, mamma, have you had a good nap?"

"Oh yes, indeed," said mamma, "only you oughtn't to have let me sleep so long. I'm afraid you are all dreadfully tired

waiting for breakfast, though I see you have got the table set. Where are the children?" she asked as she walked out in the kitchen without waiting for him to answer.

How strange! There was the turkey, all stuffed and trussed on the kitchen table, the cranberries picked and the kettle ready to be set on the stove, and the plum pudding all made!

The coffee for breakfast was on the stove, while before it stood a tall young lady, in a handsome brown merino dress and pretty white apron, broiling beef-steak.

Mamma began to feel rather bewildered. Was this fine young lady a new girl whom papa had engaged while she was asleep. Just then the "new girl" turned around and saw her. Throwing down the knife and fork she had in her hand, she ran to her, and threw her arms around her neck.

"Why, mamma, darling, is that you? Santa Claus said this was the morning for you to wake up, and I've been getting everything ready. Do you feel rested?"

"Rest? To be sure I do," said mamma staring at the fine young lady, who acted so queerly. "But where are the children?"

"Here's Harry," said the young lady, as a tall young fellow of about twenty years entered.

"Hello! If there isn't mamma," he exclaimed, going up and giving her a good hug.

"Charley, here, say!" he called to some one outside. "Here's mamma woke up," and then another great handsome fellow, who seemed to be about eighteen years old, came up and kissed her rather bashfully.

"What does all this mean? and where are the children?" asked mamma, putting her hand up to her head, and feeling ready to cry. "Where's my baby?"

"O he's out snowballing," said one of the boys carelessly.

"My baby! Good gracious, he'll catch his death of cold," said the distracted mother, rushing to the door, where she ran against another boy, about sixteen years old.

"Can you remember mamma, Frank?" asked the young lady.

"Mr. Graham, will you tell me what this means?" said the mamma, turning to her husband, who stood in the door be-

hind her. "Who are all these young people kissing me, and where are my children?"

"Well, Mary, this is Alice, twenty two last month, all her flummies made up. Will Topliff, impatient, and both only waiting for you to wake up, and say you're willing. (The young lady in merino blushed dreadfully.) This is Harry, just twenty, in the junior class, top of his class, too. This one is Charley, eighteen, and a sophomore, studying like a beaver; and this is your sixteen year-old baby, Frank, almost through the preparatory. Aren't they a fine lot?"

But mamma only looked from one to another in hopeless bewilderment. At last she said, "Well, Paul, you'll have to explain all this, for I don't understand a bit of it."

"Well, my dear, don't you remember saying, when you went to sleep, that you wished you could sleep fifteen years? Well, old Santa Claus took you at your word, and you have been asleep in the White Cotton Night Cap Country all this time."

"Fifteen years! children all grown up, no little girl, no dear little boys, no baby?" repeated poor mamma, sitting down in a chair, and looking round on the young people.

"And I'll never see my little children again, all grown up without me! O papa, how could you let me sleep so?" she asked, beginning to cry.

"Bekkus weddy, mamma," said a little voice close by the bed, "Alice an' papa dot it all by they lonesomes, an' they sent me up to see if you was weddy."

It was little Harry, not an inch taller than when she went to sleep, sucking the last leg of a sugar horse.

Mamma dressed as quickly as possible. "Well I'm glad I didn't sleep fifteen years after all," she said, to herself, as she took Harry's hand to go down stairs. The door knobs were all sticky, and there was everything in the world to do, but she didn't mind it one bit. It was so much better than that dreadful dream of waking up to find everything in order, her children all grown up, and not even a baby to be petted.—[*Christian Union*.]

Coming events cast their shadows before.

—[*Campbell*.]

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
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TERMS—City, in Advance, including Postage, 62 cts.
By Mail, 50 "

[Entered at the Post Office at Rochester, N. Y. as second-class mail matter.]

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, No. 41 Atkinson Street.

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

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Fresh Fish, Lobsters, Clams, Scallops,

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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. XVII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1880.

No. 4.

Harvest Hymn.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

Our common mother rests and sings
Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

Oh, favors old, yet ever new!
Oh, blessings with the sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
The fullness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
That casts it shines behind us still.

God gives us with our rugged soil
The power to make it Eden fair,
And richer fruits to crown our toil,
Than summer-wedded islands bear.

Who murmurs at his lot to-day?
Who scorns his native fruit and bloom,
Or sighs for dainties far away,
Beside the bounteous board of home?

Thank Heaven, instead, that Freedom's arm
Can change a rocky soil to gold;
That brave and generous lives can warm
A clime with northern ices cold.

And by these altars wreathed with flowers,
And fields, with fruits, awake again
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,
The early and the later rain.

—[Whittier.]

God hears the heart without the words,
but he never hears the words without the
heart.

A True Chinese Story.

An American merchant who had been engaged in the tea business for seventeen years in Hong Kong related lately some incidents which had fallen under his own observation in China which throw a pleasant light upon the character of these little-known people.

"Americans," he said, "are the best fed and best-clothed people in the world. It is absolutely impossible for them to realize the excessive poverty which exists among the agricultural population of Northern China. They have no food but rice and water, and seldom enough of that. There are hundreds of thousands of them who do not possess twenty cents in currency in the course of a year.

"When famine comes—and it needs but a partial failure of the rice-crop to produce famine—they are reduced to live upon earth and grass. Lots are drawn to find which of the children shall be sacrificed for the others, and the victim is brought down into the town and sold for fifty cents as a slave, the parents parting with it with a grief and despair which are, I believe, genuine.

"Female infants are strangled at birth in a 'hard summer,' because, the parents aver, it is simply impossible to feed them, and it is better for them to die in this way than by slow starvation.

"I tell you of these extreme conditions of their life to make you understand my story. I once went with some English officers duck-shooting up into these barren regions. Becoming separated from my companions, I lost my way, and asked the assistance of one of the poorest of these Chinese 'rice-planters.' He left his

work instantly, and with the smiling friendly courtesy of which, by the way, one is always sure in the poorest Chinaman at home. He remained with me from noon till dark, searching among the winding creeks and flat marshes for my companions. When we had found them, I handed him a dollar, a sum larger than he would own probably in two or three years. He refused it, nor could all my persuasions force him to take it.

"My religion," he said, "bids us be kind to strangers, and the chance to obey the rule comes to me so seldom that I dare not destroy the good deed by taking pay for it."

"How many Christians might learn a lesson in humanity and faith from this poor follower of Confucius!"

The Mother-Love of Birds.

So strongly is the mother's love developed in the stork and the lark that it amounts to a heroic passion:

The stork which spends the winter in Egypt, and the summer in Northern and Western Europe, likes to build his nest on the top of some steep gable roof. Such a nest is a real nuisance.

It is from three to five yards in diameter; it swarms with snakes, lizards, frogs, toads, and other disagreeable creatures; it becomes, in course of time, so heavy that it would break the roof if not artificially propped up from below.

Nevertheless, for various superstitious reasons, the stork is not only welcome, but even courted by the European peasants, and it cannot be denied that the reverence with which the bird is looked upon is, to some extent, deserved.

If the house takes fire, and the young storks happen to be at an age in which they cannot be saved by being brought away from the nest, the stork-mother does not leave them.

Standing erect in the nest, flapping with the wings to waft away the smoke and the flames, and crying out now and then some strange Egyptian dirge, she remains with her young ones, and perishes with them.

The sky-lark, which builds her nest in the meadows, runs away from it, when frightened by somebody's approach, four or five yards, under the clover, and rises then perpendicularly in the air, pouring

forth all her song in its wildest strains in order to divert the attention.

But the peasant boy knows that as long as she remains hanging at the same point in the air, he is still four or five yards from the nest, and he uses the direction of her movements and the ring of her song to find out the exact spot.

If then it happens that the young larks are just about to break through the shell of the eggs, at which time the mother-instinct of the bird is on the height of excitement, while her bodily strength is much exhausted from the laying, she will drop down dead from the sky in the very moment the nest is touched.

Laughed Out of a Duel.

Wit can be put to no better use than turning threatened tragedy into comedy. Judge Thatcher, a member of the United States Congress in its early days, was once challenged to a duel by an angry opponent in debate, and refused to accept. When the bearer of the challenge asked him if he chose to be branded as a "coward," "Yes, sir," said he, promptly; "I was always a coward, and he knew it, or he wouldn't have challenged me." The general laughter when the reply got out of course spoiled the duel,—and it completely cured the fighting man's wrath too. It is said of Judge Dooley, of Georgia, he laughed himself out of duels with an audacious wit that compelled even the admiration of his enemies. You remember, he said, when they threatened that if he didn't fight, his name would fill the columns of a newspaper, that he would rather fill ten newspapers than one coffin. Once he went on the field with a man who had St. Vitus' dance.

His opponent was standing at his post, his whole frame jerking nervously from his malady. Dooley, in the soberest manner, left his post, and cutting a forked stick, stuck it in the ground in front of his opponent.

"What does this mean?" asked his opponent.

"Why," says Dooley, "I want you to rest your pistol in that fork, so that you can steady your aim. If you shoot at me with that hand shaking so, you'll pepper me full of holes at the first fire!"

Then there was a laugh all around, and the duel was put off without a day. —[*Atlanta Constitution*.

The Rattle of Bones.

How many bones in the human face?
 Fourteen when they're all in place.
 How many bones in the human head?
 Eight, my child, as I've often said.
 How many bones in the human ear?
 Four to each—they help to hear.
 How many bones support the tongue?
 The Hyoid is the only one.
 How many bones in the human spine?
 Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.
 How many bones in the human chest?
 Twenty-four ribs and one of the rest.
 How many bones the shoulders bind?
 Two in each; one before and one behind.
 How many bones in the human arm?
 In each arm one, two in each forearm.
 How many bones in the human wrist?
 Eight in each, if none are missed.
 How many bones in the palm of the hand?
 Two in each, with many a band.
 How many bones in the fingers ten?
 Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.
 How many bones in the human hip?
 One in each, like a dish they dip.
 How many bones in the human thigh?
 One in each, and deep they lie.
 How many bones in the human knees?
 One in each; the knee pans, please.
 How many bones from ankle to knee?
 Two in each we plainly see.
 How many bones in the ankle strong?
 Seven in each, but none are long.
 How many bones in the ball of the foot?
 Two in each as the palms were put.
 How bones in the toes half score?
 Twenty-eight, and there are no more—
 These bones whose numbers you so well relate,
 Count up in the body two hundred and eight.
 And in the mouth, like a pearly wreath,
 Above and below there are thirty-two teeth.
 Thus the human frame so stately and haughty,
 Has of bones and of teeth two hundred and forty.
 And sometimes we find a bone which I think
 Is formed on a joint or fills up a chink.
 A Lesamoud bone or woman we call,
 And now we may rest, for I've told you all.

Williamstown, July, 1880.

In struggling to make a dull-brained boy understand what conscience was, a teacher finally asked, "What makes you feel uncomfortable after you have done wrong?" "Father's leather strap," feelingly replied the boy.

Captain Eads' Ship Railway.

The *Scientific American* of November 13, 1880, contains two full page illustrations of Captain Eads' proposed railway for transporting ships with their cargo across continents.

Captain Eads claims by his plan to be able to take loaded ships of the largest tonnage from one ocean to the other across the Isthmus of Panama, as readily as can be done by a canal after the Lessup plan, and at a much less cost for engineering construction.

The project is certainly bold and ingenious, and the projector anticipates no serious difficulties in carrying forward his enterprise. The engravings referred to in the *Scientific American* show the proposed construction of not only the railroad, but the appliances for transferring the ships from the water to the rail.

In addition to the large number of engravings, illustrative of engineering works, inventions and new discoveries which appear weekly, the *Scientific American* has during the past year, devoted considerable space to illustrating and describing leading establishments devoted to different manufacturing industries.

This feature has added very much to the attractiveness and usefulness of the paper. More than fifty of the most important industrial establishments of our country have been illustrated, and the processes of the different manufactures described in its columns. The *Scientific American* has been published for more than thirty-four years by MUNN & Co., 37 Park Row, N. Y., and has attained a larger weekly circulation than all similar papers published in the country. The publishers assure the public that they have not printed less than 50,000 copies a week for several months.

What is Patent Flour.

Patent flour is now coming into general use, and many of our readers may be interested in reading the following explanation of what it is and how it is made taken from the *Prairie Farmer*:

Until recently, the best flour was made from winter wheat; or, rather, the flour made from winter wheat sold for the most money because it was white. But it consisted for the most part of the starch of the grain, while the most of the gluten

(the most nutritious part of the grain), went into the middlings.

In grinding spring wheat, so much bran remained in the flour that it was too dark to suit the taste of consumers. But the middlings, which sold at a low price, has become the most desirable part of the grain.

Middling purifiers—by which the bran is separated from the middlings—have made a revolution in the business of milling.

By the new process the wheat is ground as before, except that the efforts of the miller are directed to obtaining the most middlings possible, and these are placed upon large horizontal sieves which are constantly agitated, while at the same time, by ingenious devices, a draft of air is rushed up through the sieves which carries off the bran.

The purified middlings are re-ground, and the product is "patent" flour, containing the glutenous, or most nutritious portion of the grain. Thus it is explained why the hard spring wheats of Minnesota, Northern Wisconsin and Dakota bring the highest price in the market, whereas only a few years ago they commanded only the lowest price.

He Wasn't Mean.

Mr. Abijah Hitchcock was a Western constable, whose character was under scrutiny. Dea. Solomon Rising was inquired of about him. "Dea. Solomon Rising," said the questioner, "do you think Mr. Hitchcock is a dishonest man?"

(Very promptly.) "Oh, no, sir! not by any means."

"Well, do you think he is a mean man?"

"Well, with regard to that," said the deacon a little more deliberately, "I may say that I don't really think he is a mean man; I've sometimes thought he was what you might call a keeferful man—a prudent man."

"What do you mean by a prudent man?"

"Well, I mean this: That one time he had an execution for \$4 against the old Widow Witter, back here, and he went up to her house and levied on a flock of ducks. He chased them ducks one at a time, round that house pooty much all day; and every time he caught a duck

he'd set right down and wring his neck and charge milage; an' his milage 'mounted to more than the debt. Nothin' mean about it, as I know of, but I always thought after that that Mr. Hitchcock was a very prudent man."

The Rochester Female Charitable Society.

The annual meeting of the Rochester Female Charitable Society was held on the 2d of November, in the Sabbath school room of St. Luke's church. The following officers were re-elected:

President—MRS. MALTBY STRONG.

1st Vice-President—MRS. FREEMAN CLARKE.

2d Vice-President—MRS. ADOLPHUS MORSE.

3d Vice-President—MRS. W. C. ROWLEY.

Secretary—MRS. OSCAR CRAIG.

Treasurer—MRS. E. H. HOLLISTER.

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

LADIES:—So much has been said, and justly, against increasing pauperism by unwise gifts to the poor, that we are in danger of losing sight of the constant obligations sanctioned by Christianity, requiring the rich to help the poor, the strong to lift up the weak. It was to discharge this duty without incurring the evils resulting from thoughtless benevolence, that this society was organized, providing for the personal visitation of the sick poor in their own homes. The system and methods are the same as in the day of small beginnings, when a noble band of women with few resources, but firm faith and purpose, commenced the work which has grown to its present dimensions. The yearly record is the same story of honest endeavor to alleviate in some degree the suffering from sickness, in the already over-burdened lives of the worthy poor.

We look back over the past year with gratitude that but one of our visitors, has been called hence; one who had borne the burden and heat of the day

beyond her fourscore years. Mrs. Enos had been a visitor in this Society for more than forty years. As another has truly said "In humility and singleness of purpose, she pursued the even tenor of her way, shrinking from no personal sacrifice if only she could relieve human suffering and smooth the pathway of the unfortunate. Almost we seem to hear the welcome words, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." This thoughtful tribute will also fitly characterise the unselfish and devoted life of Mrs. Z. H. Benjamin, a former visitor and directress who died several months ago. Mrs. Polly Magne, one of the founders of this society, who had for several years resided in Baltimore, has recently been called to her reward.

The board of managers have met as usual every month to hear the different cases presented for their consideration, and have endeavored to afford relief without regard to creed or race. It is not the intention to encourage the vicious or the undeserving, or in any way to increase the evil of pauperism, but in the true sense to discharge our duty to our neighbors. To this end the numerous visitors have been required to investigate all appeals for help in their districts, and they are as diverse as the multiform ills to which humanity is subject. Those who have been assisted comprise the old and feeble, often with no one to care for them, widows with sick children, men, friendless and sick; single women, who have literally, for a mere pittance, daily stitched their lives away, and those who having seen better days, through some misfortune have been compelled reluctantly to accept of charity. In some districts no help has been given; in others, visitors have bestowed time and unremitting labor upon those who through long illness have required constant visitation.

During the year, so far as appears from the stated reports of forty-five visitors, (which is about half our number) about

250 persons and families have been assisted. Several of these have died. It is sufficient reward for faithful visitors to receive the often-repeated expressions of gratitude for the care and comforts bestowed through them.

All these ministries of good are without observation; but in order to carry them on we must have means. We are obliged every year to ask for help from the public, which is nearly always met by a generous response. The permanent fund has been increased by the thoughtful bequest from the late Edmund Lyon of \$5,000 in stock of the Rochester gaslight company. Such gifts are the most enduring memorials for benefactors, while they are perennial sources of blessing to their fellow men. In the midst of the prosperity of this year, may they who receive its benefits not forget their increased obligation to remember the sick and destitute, to whom prosperity never comes.

We would especially acknowledge our indebtedness to Mrs. Durand for the beautiful and garceful gift of fruit and flowers for the Thanksgiving Festival at the First Presbyterian church, from the sale of which our treasury received a considerable sum; to the Second Ward Aid Society and to the ladies of Scottsville for work done; to the Rochester Club, for the use of their pleasant parlors for our meetings, and for other kindnesses. We are always indebted to the publishers of our daily papers for large receipted bills, also to Mr. Andrews, for gratuitous printing. To all these and to the churches and individuals who have aided us, we would give our hearty thanks.

Respectfully submitted,

HELEN M. CRAIG,

Secretary.

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.

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

Cash on hand, November 1st, 1879,...	\$1040 72
Individual Donations,	1402 03
Interest on Investments,	1022 19
Interest " in Trustees' hands,	308 95
Returned by Visitors,	4 46
Membership Fees,	6 00
1st Ward,	18 25
2d "	42 75
3d "	55 50
5th "	26 50
6th "	37 35
7th "	36 63
8th "	11 75
9th "	32 65
10th "	33 30
11th "	36 48
12th "	3 19
13th "	5 00
14th "	25 60
15th "	10 75
3d Presbyterian Church	40 00
St. Paul's Church, 1879,	19 05
1st Pres. Central and Plym. Chs. Th'g	78 83
Brick, United Pres. & Mem. Chur's Th'g	21 61
Plymouth Church,	13 00
Asbury M. E. Church	13 52
North Street M. E. Church,	10 00
Central Church, two collections,...	55 40
St Luke's Church	53 47
Universalist Church	15 66
St. Paul's Church, for 1880,	12 71
St. Peter's Church,	116 46
	<hr/>
	\$4609 74
Orders paid,	\$3263 75
Bills for Dry Goods, &c.,	69 55
Postage, Printing, Envelopes, &c.,...	32 90
Cash on hand,	1243 54
	<hr/>
	\$4609 74

MRS. S. E. HOLLISTER,

Treasurer.

NOVEMBER 1st, 1880.

Report of the Hospital Committee TO THE Female Charitable Society.

LADIES OF THE CHARITABLE SOCIETY :

The committee designated by your society in 1863, to take the supervision of the Rochester City Hospital, come to-day with their seventeenth annual report. We come as we ever have, with a record of the sick, the suffering and the afflicted ; a record of our blessings received, a record of our wants, our pressing needs and our anxieties. We commence with our blessings. The mite boxes, suggested by one

of our most efficient workers, we count among them. Small they are, but distributed in many of our households they have brought to us hundreds of dollars, and who has felt these little droppings a burden? Do not refuse to take them when offered at our Donation Festival, remembering how much they accomplish for the hospital. This year they have enabled us to build a morgue, a building no hospital should be without. Our bequests we class with our blessings. A gentleman and his wife (Judge and Mrs. Howe) who for a short time were residents of our city, visited the hospital, knew of its work, of the good accomplished, and suffering relieved, remembered it in their wills, and left \$4,000 to the hospital. Miss Laura Baldwin, a long resident here, who by her life work (nursing) knew the needs of the sick and the expense of caring for them, left of her hard earnings \$1,500 to our institution. Still another lone woman, Miss Smith, of Utica, whose blind brother was for a few years an inmate of the hospital, in grateful recollection of his care, left us over \$600. Many will recall Mr. Smith, sitting in his rocking-chair, and singing as cheerfully as though not debarred from beholding this world, which God has made so beautiful.

Another blessing. Our east Mansard is completed, and through the efficiency of the trustees and the generous gifts of themselves and other friends, is freed from debt. Some of the rooms of the mansard are furnished as memorials of departed friends, as the "Bullard," the "Atkinson," the "Reynolds," and there is also the "Dunlap" Room. There are two or more remaining as yet unfurnished, but we hope ere long to see them ready for occupation by some kind friend's thoughtfulness.

Again, in place of nine furnaces, which indifferently warmed our rooms and wards, we now have the building entire comfortably and pleasantly heated by steam.

Once more, we must speak of another "small" thing, suggested by an earnest

worker—"the Children's Cot." The offerings have reached the sum of \$1,077.67—mostly given by children. One fair, held this past summer by young misses, brought to this treasury over \$100. A concert in January by young children brought seventy-five dollars, while the largest sum by any one individual was forty dollars, donated by a laundress, whose heart is always warm with the love of God.

Our sick and suffering have numbered during the past year 417; charity patients, 12; paying patients, 209; and from the city, county and neighboring towns, 196. Two hundred and sixty one were natives of the United States; of Ireland, 46; Canada, 25; Germany, 31; England, 21; Bavaria, 7; and Russia, Norway, Wales, Switzerland and Scotland have been also represented; one born on the ocean, and three unknown nativity.

Of this number 417, 341 were received during the year, and 14 births; 62 remaining November 1, 1879.

There have been discharged this year 314; deaths, 37; now remaining, 66.

Our wants, our pressing needs, may be summed up in few words: A more than empty treasury, with over three-score to care for and supply with comforts. Need we speak of our anxieties! Do not the words "more than an empty treasury" depict them plainly to your minds! But we keep good heart, for "the silver and the gold are mine," saith the Lord, and in Him we trust.

The medical staff, to whom are due the thanks of all interested in this work, continues the same. Drs. Montgomery, Whitbeck, and Langworthy, surgeons; Drs. Little, Ely and Stoddard as physicians, and Dr. Rider, oculist, with their assistants, Messrs. Barnum and Potter.

The proposition to establish a training school for nurses, has met with much favor, and five or more applications have been made; two have been accepted. Miss Smith, from New York, was engaged

in August as supervising nurse, Miss Hibbard, who has been with us for seventeen years, and served the interests of the hospital so faithfully and acceptably, still occupies the position of matron.

Mrs. M. E. Gilman fills her position in charge of the books and financial matters, most efficiently. We cannot close without a record of the loss which the hospital has sustained by the death of Hon. Aaron Erickson. He was for eight years president of the board of trustees. Deeply interested in the hospital, he was ever ready to give his counsel, his time and his money to advance its interests. We desire to express our warm thanks to the daily papers, especially the Union, Democrat, and Evening Express, for the use of their columns, so generously given. We bear them faithfully in mind, and most fully appreciate them. Our Annual Festival to which we all look forward with pleasure, will be in December. The day has not yet been decided, but we trust the nimble fingers of our ladies will be busily occupied in the preparation of articles which are so necessary to its success. Due notice will be given of the day and place in the daily papers, and in the *Hospital Review* which bears to your homes the workings of the Hospital, and a monthly record of its welfare.

MRS. C. E. MATHEWS,
Cor. Secretary.

IMPORTATION OF WOOL.—At the Wool Convention just held at Philadelphia, it was shown that in the last fiscal year the United States imported more than half its consumption of Wool. For the year ended June 30, 1879, the importations were 39,000,000 pounds, equal in value to \$5,034,000. This grew in 1880 to 128,131,000 pounds, of the value of \$28,700,000. The question naturally arises, why do not the home growers improve the native breed of sheep and meet the whole home demand.

Music bath charms to soothe a savage breast.—[*Mourning Bride.*]

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1880.

Thanksgiving Party.

The Thanksgiving Festival for the Rochester City Hospital, will be held in Cobleigh Hall, Powers' Building, December 9th, 1880, during the day and evening.

The Lady Managers extend to all our citizens a cordial invitation to aid them in this labor of love.

Dinner will be served at 12 M.; and during the day and evening the fare presented will afford the most palatable substantial, as also the dainties and luxuries of the season.

To the gentlemen who are so happy in the prospect of this Festival, so pleasant to the inner and outer man, need we say more than, Come, and by your presence and gifts manifest your appreciation of this work of benevolence.

To the ladies who ply so industriously and skillfully their needles for this object, we would say, the articles made will be most thankfully received—for the Flower and Fancy Tables, by Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney, Lake Avenue, and Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford, corner of Troup and Eagle Streets; for the "Children's Cot" table, by Mrs. C. H. Angel, 53 East Avenue.

Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, the Treasurer, will gratefully accept the Cash Donations, feeling most sensibly the emptiness of the treasury.

Miss Butts will have charge of the Ice Cream Table and receive and distribute the Mite Boxes.

Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer of the *Hospital Review*, will receive with thanks the subscriptions for the paper, also any sums, small or great, for the "Children's Cot Fund," for the care of children who need Hospital treatment.

Refreshments may be sent to the Hall,

Thursday, A. M., as early as convenient, where the ladies will be in waiting to receive them.

Donations may be sent to any of the Managers:

MRS. M. STRONG,	MRS. WM. H. PERKINS,
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS,	MRS. N. T. ROCHESTER,
MRS. GEO. J. WHITNEY,	MRS. G. F. DANFORTH,
MRS. W. B. WILLIAMS,	MRS. A. D. SMITH,
MRS. J. H. BREWSTER,	MRS. D. B. BEACH,
MRS. F. CLARKE,	MRS. H. H. MORSE,
MRS. G. E. MUMFORD,	MRS. CLARK JOHNSTON,
MISS A. MUMFORD,	MRS. JAMES BRACKETT,
MRS. S. W. UPDIKE,	MRS. MYRON ADAMS.

Donation Festival.

The Lady Managers of the City Hospital, as is their wont, have extended to all their friends and patrons an invitation to meet them at their Donation Reception, which will take place on *Thursday, December Ninth*. Through the kindness of the President of the Board of Trustees, Mr. D. W. Powers, they will receive them, as they did last year, at COBLEIGH HALL, POWERS' BUILDING.

They trust the public will respond generously to their appeal, as an empty treasury, indebtedness for the current expenses since July, an enlarged field of usefulness with, for a time, increased expenditure, press heavily upon them, and more than their ordinary receipts will be needed to carry them through the coming year. Come then, one and all, and cheer those who are seeking to sustain this noble charity.

Notice.

Donations of fuel, flour, apples, potatoes, bulky articles designed for the use of the Hospital, or delicacies for the sick, may be sent with the names of their 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 take them to a room designed for their reception.

The Children's Cot Fund.

The endowment fund for the Children's Cot has already reached more than one-third of the \$3,000 requisite for supporting one child in the free bed. We hope all the children will help to swell the amount; that mothers who have welcomed little ones, and those whose infants have been preserved through the trying months of summer, will bring us *thank offerings*, and that some whose little ones are safe in the fold of the Good Shepherd will offer *memorial gifts*, and thus remember the sick children who have none to care for them.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

A lady passing through the Hospital	
Wards,	\$ 50
Louise McKittrick, Brooklyn,	10
Mrs. H. G. Baker, Geneseo,	1 00

Receipts for the month,	\$ 1 60
Previously acknowledged,	1076 07

Total Receipts to Nov. 1, 1880, ..\$1077 67

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 Mite Boxes.

All persons holding Mite Boxes will please return them to Miss Mary Butts, at the Ice Cream Table on Donation Day. Any failing to do this, will please send them immediately afterwards to the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, 48 Spring St.

The Hospital Review.

We trust our subscribers will renew their subscriptions on Donation Day, and thus avoid the necessity of our collecting them from house to house.

We greatly desire to enlarge our subscription list.

Please remember our Monthly, and bring our Treasurer, Mrs. Robert Mathews, the sixty-two cents.

Acceptable Donation.

In another column will be found the record of a donation from our Republican friends; it came in excellent order, and made a tempting and acceptable supper for our Hospital patients. Our thanks for their kind remembrance.

Our Sick Friends.

"He that is of a merry heart hath a continual feast," saith the wise man, and beautifully have we seen this illustrated in our recent visits at the City Hospital, in the lives of two women who are among the most helpless inmates of the Female Wards. On our last visit, on the first of November, one of these, a paralytic, was sitting in her rocking chair, bright and cheerful, and her heart seemed overflowing with a sense of gratitude for mercies received. She said, "I am doubly blessed, in soul and body. I am recovering the use of my limbs, and God is bestowing upon me rich spiritual blessings, and I rejoice that I was laid upon a bed of sickness." The eager pressure of her hand and the sparkle of her eye told that these were not merely empty words. The other patient, to whom we have referred, was in the Lower Female Ward. She has been for long, weary years a martyr to rheumatism, has no power of locomotion, but is placed by others in her rolling chair, where she is often a centre of attraction to visitors as well as to her fellow patients. Though dependent on others, she imparts as well as receives favors. Her many years of trial and suffering have not crushed out the mirth and cheerfulness of her spirit, and she never seems happier than when she has gathered around her a group of Hospital inmates, to whom, in soft, musical cadences, she reads some entertaining story. When last we saw her she was cheering a young girl, afflicted with curvature of the spine, who

was encased in a plaster of Paris jacket in hopes of permanent benefit from this treatment. In spite of afflictions and great bodily infirmities, there was in both these women a joyousness of spirit that was quite refreshing, and we knew they were daily, hourly, drinking from that fountain whose waters impart a peace that the world knows not of.

There were other inmates of the Female Wards of whom we could say much did our space permit. One in the Lower Cross Ward was very ill with typhoid fever; another in the room above had a low malarial fever. In the Upper Female Ward none of the ten inmates were very ill; one had been very sick with pleurisy but was better, and another was recovering from inflammation of the bowels; one of the epileptic patients had had a very ill turn and had injured her hand.

In one of the rooms of the Lower Cross Ward we found a patient who had suffered greatly, and who was longing for the hour of her release. She was enjoying the visit of a young Christian friend, and spoke very gratefully of the care bestowed upon her by her nurse.

In the large rooms of the Lower Female Ward were eleven patients, one of whom was suffering acutely from a wound in her hand caused by cutting it with a glass window. One woman with chronic bronchitis, one with sore limb, and another with paralysis, were made as comfortable as possible; three of Dr. Rider's patients had left; one had been operated upon for cataract and two for being cross-eyed, and all were improved. Two deaths had occurred in the Ward the past month. The one, that of an aged woman from apoplexy; the other that of Mrs. K. Carter, who for the last fifteen years, has been much of the time an inmate of the Hospital. Her first entrance was in September, 1865. Here she met a fellow patient whom she afterwards married. Her wedding and

funeral were both at the Hospital. She has been a great sufferer and for a long time has seemed to have but a very feeble hold on life.

In the Lying-In-Ward were four patients; no infants.

We found seventeen patients under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward. Five of these were confined to their cots; two others were able to sit up but little. One man had had his foot cut off by the rail road at Allen Street, and another had been thrown from his cart, a dog frightening his horse, and had thus broken his leg. The boy with sprained arm, and the one with scrofulous sore were improving. Mr. K. was better, up and dressed. One man had a sprained back, another a sore limb, and one was a paralytic.


There were but eleven patients in the Medical Ward, four of whom had diseased lungs and two of these were very sick. Three of the inmates of this Ward were aged and infirm. A youth had a diseased hip.

Our Empty Rooms.

WHO WILL FURNISH THEM?

We have now three empty rooms in our New Mansard that need furniture only to make them ready for occupancy. They are new and attractive, bright and sunny. Who will furnish them? Perhaps there are some Churches that have not yet representative rooms in our Institution. We are sure there are departed friends of the Hospital whose names we should love to perpetuate by Memorial Rooms. Of course the simplest furniture will be acceptable, but our heart prompts us to ask that these rooms may be tastefully and comfortably furnished, so that the invalids who are to occupy them may enjoy the beautiful things of life, and that the weary hours of convalescence may be cheered by the kind and thoughtful remembrances of

those who love to surround the suffering with all that can minister to their comfort and restoration to health.

 We offer our readers an apology for the tardy appearance of our paper this month. The delay was occasioned by our inability to announce the day of our Donation Festival. This is now fixed for the *Ninth of December*, when we hope to welcome all our friends.

We trust our friends from the neighboring towns will visit us on Donation Day.

Receipts for the Review,

To NOVEMBER 1st, 1880.

Miss F. H. Bryan,, Philadelphia—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester	\$ 50
D. Gordon, advertisement—By Mr. W. S. Falls,	15 00
Anthony Bros., G. C. Buell & Co., M. V. Beemer, E. S. Ettenheimer, J. Fahy & Co., L. A. Pratt, S. B. Roby & Co., S. Rosenblatt & Co., Scrantom, Wetmore & Co., Trotter & Geddes, each \$5 for advertisement; Rochester Savings Bank, advertisement, \$15; Mrs. A. W. Mudge, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. Medbery, \$1.25; Mrs. W. C. Rowley, 62 cents—By Mrs. S. W. Updike,	67 37
Mrs. J. B. Adams, Geneseo, 50 cents; Mrs. H. B. Baker, Geneseo, \$1.00; Mrs. C. H. Babcock, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Bissell, 62 cents; Mrs. D. B. Beach, \$1; Miss E. Dickenson, Geneseo, 63 cents; Mrs. J. D. Decker, Brockport, \$2.00; Mrs. J. Goddard, York, 50 cents; Miss Granger, Canandaigua, \$1; Mrs. E. N. Hill, Brockport, \$1.50; Mrs. M. D. L. Hayes, 62 cents; Mrs. W. R. Hallowell, 62 cents; Mrs. E. H. Hollister, 62 cents; Mrs. Pauline Lee, 62 cents; A. K. Parker, Chicago, Ill., \$2.00; Mrs. E. O. Sage, 62 cts.; D. Underhill, Buffalo, 2 subscriptions, \$2.00; Mrs. E. P. Willis, 65 cents—by Mrs. Rob't Mathews	17 12

Donations.

Mrs. Glenn—One bushel Choice Grapes.	
Mrs. Watson—Pears.	
Mrs. Bowers—Spiced Plum.	
Mrs. G. J. Whitney—One bushel Quinces.	
Mrs. C. E. Mathews—One peck Quinces.	
Mrs. Wm. Corning—One peck Quinces, 4 gallons Higdon, 1½ bushel Apples, 1 bushel pears.	
Mrs. E. M. Parsons—Two barrels Apples, Quinces.	
rs. Whitbeck—Apples.	

Miss Gaylord—Grapes, Shoes, Rubber Sheet.
Mrs. L. F. Ward—Gent's Dressing Gown.
Mrs. Gorton—"Graphics."
Company "A," Boys in Blue Oct. 27 1880—One barrel Sandwiches, 5 lbs. Coffee, 10 lbs. Crushed Sugar, Fried Cakes, 10 pounds Granulated Sugar, 12 lbs Cheese, Eggs, ¼ barrel Crackers,
Mrs. Robert Hebard—Two Quilts.
Mrs. Roderick, Pembroke—Four cans Fruit.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 1st 1880, of acute phthisis pulmonalis, Alexander McDonald, aged 45 years.
At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 2d, 1880, of diptheria, Mary Dage, aged 23 years.
At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 23, 1880, of hypertrophy of the heart, Mrs. Kate Carter, aged 43 years.
At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 28, 1880, of apoplexy, Mrs. Racheal M. Lockwood, aged 70 years.

Monthly Reports.

1880. Oct. 1st. No. Patients in Hospital, 75	
Received during month, .. 23	
Births,	0—103
Deaths,	4
Discharged,	33— 37
	66 —
Remaining, Nov. 1st, 1880, ..	103

THE STICKLEBACK.—These are small fish, but great fighters. They are beautiful in color. The *male* builds the nest very carefully like a bird, and when it is done he drives the female into it. Then he stands guard at the entrance for ten or twelve days, and if any of the eggs wash out, he takes them up in his mouth, as carefully as a cat would a kitten, and puts them back into the nest. He shows great fatherly care.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

A little girl who had often heard her mother speak of her father, who was quite bald, as being a self-made man, asked her one day, if her father was a self-made man, why he didn't put more hair on his head.

'Tis not in mortals to command success
we'll do more, deserve it.—*Addison's Cato*

It was a very pretty reply made by a little girl to the statement that our Saviour was never seen to smile: "Didn't He say, 'Suffer little children to come unto me?' and they would not have come unless He had smiled."

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.—*Keats' Endymion.*

To point a moral or adorn a tale.—[*Vanity of Human Wishes.*

His pity gave ere charity began.—[*Deserted Village.*

Even his failings leaned to virtue's side.
Id.

Procrastination is the thief of time.
 —[*Night Thoughts.*

Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.—[*Id.*

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 first part of the now famous serial by Eugene Schuyler, "The Life of Peter the Great," was finished in October. With November begins Part II., "Peter the Great as Ruler and Reformer," which will be an advance, in point of popular interest and wealth of illustration, upon the part already published. To enable readers to secure Part I. the publishers make the following special offers to new subscribers after October 20th, who begin with the November number.

(1.) New subscribers may obtain, for \$5.00, *Scribner's Monthly* for the coming year, and the previous nine numbers, February to October, 1880, which include Part I. of "Peter the Great," Mrs. Burnett's "Louisiana," etc. In accepting this offer, twenty-one numbers will be had for \$5.00.

(2.) They may obtain the previous twelve numbers of *Scribner's*, elegantly bound in olive-green cloth (two volumes), containing Part I. of Peter the Great, all of Cable's novel, "The Grandissimes," with the numbers named above, and a year's subscription, for \$7.50. (Regular price, \$10.00.)

All booksellers or news dealers will take subscriptions and supply the numbers and volumes mentioned in the above special offers, without extra charge for postage or express; or the publishers, Scribner & Co., 743 Broadway, New-York, may be addressed direct. The regular price of *Scribner's* is \$4.00 a year, 35 cents a number.

St. Nicholas for 1881.

5000 For England, 100,000 For America.

St. Nicholas, the charming magazine for boys and girls, edited by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, has increased so much in size and number of pages during the year past that the publishers have been obliged to issue the yearly volume in two parts, instead of one as heretofore. As to its circulation, they report a gain of 10,000 in the average monthly editions of 1880 over 1879. The announcements for the coming year include a capital serial story for boys, full of exciting adventure, "In Nature's Wonderland," or, Adventures in the American Tropics; Stories of Art and Artists, by Mrs. Clara Erskine Clement, a faithful outline of the history of European Art, with many illustrations; "Phaeton Rogers" a delightful and humorous serial by Rossiter Johnson; "Mystery in a Mansion," a six month's serial; The Treasure-Box of Literature, directing and encouraging young people in the best reading; The Agassiz Association, fully explained in the November number; "Two English Queens," by Mrs. Oliphant; "The Land of Nod," a children's operetta, with music,—full of charming tableaux and effects; A series of beautifully illustrated

Ballads for Young Folks, beginning with the Christmas number; A Special Budget of Fairy Stories by Frank R. Stockton—the first of which is in the November number; An Indian story by "Bright Eyes," the Ponca Indian maiden; a splendid holiday story, "A Christmas with the Man in the Moon," by Washington Gladden. Open-air Papers, stories of sports and games, will be continued, with all the popular departments.

Subscriptions beginning with the November issue will include "the wonderful Christmas number," of which the edition will be 5,000 in England and 100,000 in America. The price of this number to be issued about November 30th, will be 30 cents.

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147 State Street,

Feb 75 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DWIGHT PALMER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Bulk Oysters,

Fresh Fish, Lobsters, Clams, Scallops,

PICKLED PIGS FEET, TONGUE, TRIPE,

76 FRONT ST., Rochester, N. Y.

SMITH, PERKINS & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS,

14, 16 & 18 EXCHANGE ST.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH, G. H. PERKINS, H. W. BROWN.

Jan. '66.

Established in 1826.

C. F. PAINE & CO. DRUGGISTS,

20 & 22 W. Main Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries, and Toilet Goods in Great Variety.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

JOSEPH SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

LARD, HAMS,

136 E. MAIN ST., Rochester, N. Y.

Jan. '67

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

Embracing Materials for

OIL AND WATER COLOR PAINTING. LEAD PEN-
CIL DRAWING. PORCELAIN AND CHINA DECO-
RATION. WAX FLOWERS. DECORATIVE ART.
ARTISTS' FINE BRUSHES, Etc. Etc.

WOODBURY, MORSE & CO.

5 & 7 WEST MAIN ST.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS.

C. B. WOODWORTH & SON,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP,

FLAVORING EXTRACTS,

Nos. 111, 113 & 115 W. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.
nov '67, 1y.

M. V. BEEMER,

MENS' FURNISHING GOODS,

18 WEST MAIN STREET,

No'67-1y ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Shirts Made to Order

K. P. SHEDD, GROCER,

100 & 102 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y

COUNTRY PRODUCE A SPECIALTY.

[Established in 1834.]

ALLING & CORY,

JOBBERS IN

PRINTERS' & BINDERS' STOCK,

Stationery, Writing, Wrapping and Printing
Papers.

10 & 12 Exchange St., 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. XVII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1880.

No. 5.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1880.

A Red-Letter Donation Day.

Donation Day, December the ninth, 1880, was a glorious harvest day for the City Hospital, and its friends were jubilant when the announcement was made, that more than eleven thousand dollars had been added to its treasury.

We asked for five thousand dollars to pay debts and meet the current expenses of the Hospital, and though we have not yet received quite this amount, we have come nearer to it than on any previous Donation Day. In addition to this, seven thousand dollars were donated as a permanent fund, and we trust this is but the earnest of a memorial endowment that is to lift this Institution into higher spheres of usefulness, and adorn it with mural tablets that will keep green the memory of those who care for the sick and the suffering.

The first gift to the memorial endowment fund was two thousand dollars, from Mr. Mortimer F. Reynolds, in memory of his father and wife; the former, Mr. Abelard Reynolds, was one of the pioneers of Rochester, and the latter, Mrs. Mary Hart Reynolds, manifested her interest during her life in this charity, by furnishing and

maintaining a room in the Mansard for the use of private patients. The second donation was a gift of five thousand dollars from Mrs. William S. Nichols of New York, and Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins, in memory of their father, the late Aaron Erickson, for many years the beloved and efficient President of our Board of Trustees.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Daniel W. Powers, the Lady Managers of the City Hospital held their Reception in Cobleigh Hall. The Refreshment Tables, tastefully arranged, and supplied with the tempting substantial and delicacies of the season, occupied the northern portion of the Hall, and, commencing from the west, were placed parallel to each other in the following order:

First, the Hebrew Table; next, Christ Church and St. Peter's; then the Plymouth, the Brick, the First Presbyterian, the Coffee and Oyster Table, the First Baptist and St. Luke's Tables; and last, that of Mrs. John H. Brewster.

In the centre of the south side of the Hall the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, welcomed donations; at her left, Mrs. Geo. C. Buell, received and distributed the Mite Boxes; then came the Ice Cream Table in charge of Misses Hall and Butts, and Miss Julia Whitney's Flower and Candy Table. Just west of Mrs. Perkins was the Treasurer of the *Hospital Review*,

Mrs. R. Mathews, and next her was the Children's Cot Table, in charge of Mrs. C. H. Angel. In an adjoining room Mr. S. W. Updike, H. P. Brewster and M. Dolanty officiated at carving. Mrs. G. E. Mumford's Fancy Table attracted visitors to the hall west of Cobleigh Hall, and in a room opposite this Mrs. G. J. Whitney displayed her attractive and artistic fancy and useful articles.

In the evening the new dancing hall, on the floor above Cobleigh Hall, for the first time was thrown open for guests, and the young people enjoyed a dance, inspired by the music of some of Schaich and Myering's orchestra.

From mid-day through the afternoon and evening the Hall was well filled, and around the festive boards were many who duly appreciated the tempting viands spread to meet the wants of the inner man. There were some, too, who came with saddened hearts, whose moistened eyes and trembling voices assured us they recalled the dear aged ones, now sainted, who had been wont to mingle with them at our harvest feasts, and whose precepts and example were prompting them to come to Charity's banquet hall rather than to brood on their own bereavement.

It was pleasant to see the unity of spirit that pervaded the scene, where children, and parents, and grand parents were working side by side to advance one object; and to receive thank offerings from little ones who had just entered this mortal sphere, and gifts in memory of dear ones whose earthly course had ended.

Our space will not permit us to describe all the attractive, useful and fancy articles that graced our tables. Master Laurance Angel at his ten cent counter made nine dollars for the Children's Cot. Misses Alice and Louise Upton and Pagie Ward, for the same object, displayed a most tempting variety of dolls, conspicuous among which was one in cream colored satin, dressed for a ball; she also had a

famous trunk, a traveling dress, two hats, a seal skin sacque, &c. A very pretty bedroom set was made of paste board by Mand Stockbridge.

At Mrs. G. E. Mumford's Fancy table were a great number of knitted and embroidered articles; a handsome buffet cover was ornamented with bachelor's buttons in Kensington stitch by Miss Griffith; a ship near an iceberg was effectively painted on a shell by Mrs. L. A. Ward.

Miss Lois Whitney as usual displayed a great deal of her own beautiful handiwork in decorated china, among which were some very delicate cups in gilt and colors; one of triangular form we particularly admired, as we did also a pair of plaques, one a rose tinted peony and the other a branch of thistles on a shaded ground. A lobster dish and six fish plates, each representing a different variety of fish and seaweed, were painted and donated by Mr. Wm. Lycett of New York.

Conspicuous among the embroidery at Mrs. G. J. Whitney's Fancy Table was a table cover of bright poinsettias on old gold satin, with an olive plush centre and oriental tassels in the corners; it was sold to Mrs. D. A. Watson for sixty-five dollars. An embroidered table scarf of plush and silk trimmed with oriental tassels, was the work of Miss Fanny Smith of New York. A handsomely trimmed scrap basket was made by Mrs. A. D. Fiske of New York. Mr. C. Burns contributed a very beautiful screen, a rose tinted peony painted on maroon plush, and framed in ebony. Two plush embroidered foot-stools were mounted in brass. Miss C. Jeffrey painted some pretty tablets and fancy articles. Tom, the piper's son, and his pig figured on a child's chair. Wood panels were painted and thermometers attached to them.

We are indebted to friends out of Rochester for liberally patronizing our Hospital. One lady in New York purchased one hundred dollars' worth of arti-

cles designed for Mrs. Whitney's table; and Mr. Wm. J. Averell of Ogdensburg, gave fifty dollars for a table cover with pink chenille lilies embroidered on old gold satin, with a crimson centre, the work of Mrs. Arthur D. Fiske of New York.

The Festival is over, but its fruits are abiding, and we trust will bring many a blessing to the sick and suffering in our City Hospital.

The Children's Cot.

We are glad to know that the little folks are not forgetting the Cot. On Donation Day Mrs. Angel had fine helpers in Alice and Louise Upton, Laura Page Ward and Laurance Angel, who assisted at her table, and much of the work they displayed was made by youthful fingers.

We have this year offerings from three babies, Baby Stoddard, Baby McGuire and Baby Hart. This is the third offering Baby Hart has made, and she was coming to bring her gift, but the old dust man threw sand in her eyes, while the nurse was preparing her, and she could not keep her little peepers open long enough to come to the Hall.

Little Harry B. Oatley, only four years old, earned what he brought to the Cot; and four little children, in one family, sent us four dollars, as a "Christmas offering to the Children's Cot fund."

The following note tells us of some other little ones who showed their interest in the Cot by working well and raising ten dollars for it:

MRS. PERKINS:

Please accept this donation to the Children's Cot. It is the proceeds of a little sale held at Mrs. Pancost's, December 4th, 1880.

EDDIE BISHOP,	ALFIE OSGOOD,
SADIE BISHOP,	HELEN OSGOOD,
FRANKIE BISHOP,	GEORGIE MILLER,
ESTHER CHAPIN,	JAMIE BALDWIN,
ANNA SAGE,	ARTHUR BALDWIN,
GEORGIE SAGE,	ELLA SAGE,
MATIE SUGRU,	NELLIE SAGE,
IDA SAGE,	LAURA GRANT.

A careful perusal is invited of the following announcement, made public by the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, and it is commended to the consideration of all who desire to add to the permanent fund of this most worthy institution:

What Constitutes an Enduring Monument?

It is characteristic of man that he should wish to perpetuate his name and works. The greater his accumulations the stronger is his desire that they should be associated in some way with himself after his own brief life is ended. By some, possessions are handed down to children, and it is hoped that thus a noble record will be preserved. By others, the end is sought by the erection of expensive tombs, or granite shafts, thought to be imperishable. A few, recognising how unsatisfactory are these efforts, give large sums during their life, in a way that bespeaks the highest philanthropy. The pleasure derived from money thus used can hardly be overestimated, but in a laudable effort to preserve the family name, we know of no plan so effective and so certain as an endowment fund to an educational or charitable object, with the name of the donor forever attached thereto. To justify this disposition of funds, the institution to which they are given should be in every sense of the word *enduring*.

In looking about our city to determine what there is in it that is lasting and worthy of recognition, we thought of the City Hospital as a representative institution. Based on a condition of things which must always exist, it is becoming year by year more firmly established, and there can be no doubt that it will outlast the proudest mausoleum which man has yet erected. There is a reaction against costly memorial structures to the departed, which in no wise benefit the living, and a growing feeling that the noblest, the truest,

the best testimonial that can be made by us while in this world, or left in departing from it, is a benefaction to an enduring charity.

In view of the foregoing, the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital have decided to give to the Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds, in this institution, family names, by which they shall be known forever, in consideration of gifts varying in amount made to the institution by persons who recognise this noble charity and wish to have their names permanently associated with it. The constitution of the Hospital is to be so amended as to incorporate and confirm this action. If the building should be destroyed, a new one would be erected, and the names of Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds would go on unchanged.

In noticing this action, we commend it to a generous public as one which places within the means of a considerable number of people, an excellent opportunity to aid a noble charity, and at the same time, to perpetuate a family heritage in a way most exalted and ennobling, and more enduring than granite.

Mrs. M. STRONG,
Mrs. W. H. PERKINS,
Mrs. M. M. MATHEWS,
Mrs. GEO. J. WHITNEY,
Mrs. A. D. SMITH,

Executive Committee of the Lady Managers.

The generous gift of \$2,000 from M. F. Reynolds, and of \$5,000 from Mrs. William Nichols and Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins are the first gifts made to the permanent fund of the Hospital since the plan above detailed was adopted. As soon as the amounts deemed proper for affixing names to the different parts of the Hospital can be determined, Mr. Reynolds and Mrs. Perkins will have the privilege of naming the parts of the Hospital for which the sums given by them are adequate—and these names will go on forever—all of the records of

the Hospital will embody them, and they will be inscribed, with a date if desired, upon a neat stone tablet to be designed by Mr. Cutler, set in the wall. The trustees will furnish a guarantee duly attested, making the action binding for all.

Thanks.

The Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to all who, by their donations, their presence, or personal services, aided them at their recent Donation Reception. Especially would they return their thanks to Mr. Daniel W. Powers, for his kindness in giving them the gratuitous use of Cobleigh Hall, and the adjoining halls and apartments, and also his new dancing hall, and for the services of his employes on Donation Day, who, by their obliging and cheerfully rendered assistance, greatly facilitated the labors of the Managers; to the editors and proprietors of the city papers for notices and advertisements; to Mr. William S. Falls, for gratuitous printing; to Trotter & Geddes, for the use and putting up of stoves; to Mr. C. J. Hayden, for the use and cartage of tables and chairs; to the Citizens' Gas Co. for the use of a gas stove and services of a man to take charge of it; to Mr. H. T. King for ice; to Mrs. S. S. Avery, for arduous personal services; to Messrs. S. W. Updike, H. P. Brewster and M. Do-tanty for carving; to Mr. Martin Briggs for donating a valuable safe; to L. Seelye for the use of his coffee urn; to Mr. Geo. Underwood for personal services; to Mr. K. P. Shedd for a large amount of carting.

The thanks of the Lady Managers are due to Mr. Isaac Teall, caterer, for many favors shown to them on the day of their Donation; for two dishes of Charlotte Russe, one dish of chicken salad and two pounds of kisses; also, for the services of

two men during the day and evening, and for the loan of articles to adorn the different tables.

The following letter, with its enclosure, was most thankfully received and most fully appreciated, coming from one whose mother was so long associated with us as Editress of the *Review*:

MY DEAR MRS. MATHEWS:

Enclosed you will find a P. O. order to the amount of forty dollars. Twenty for the Hospital, and the other twenty for the "Home of the Friendless."

Wishing you all a "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year," believe me,

Yours sincerely,

San Francisco, Dec. 9, 1880.

L. C. A.

Death of Dr. J. F. Whitbeck.

Our columns this month are so filled with the reports of our recent Donation Festival, that we must defer till the next issue of the *Review*, our Memorial Tributes to the late Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, whose valuable professional services have for many years blessed the Hospital. The sad event occurred at his residence on Gibbs Street, on the evening of the 8th of December.

Receipts at Donation Festival,

HELD AT

COBLEIGH HALL, DEC. 9, 1880.

Cash Donations.

Mrs. M. Lipsky	\$ 1 00
Hamilton & Mathews	100 00
Mrs. Chester Dewey	20 00
S. D. Porter	10 00
Edward Brewster	10 00
Mrs. E. C. Loop	5 00
Wm. Loop	12 00
Mrs. Malby Strong	15 00
Miss Newell	5 00
N. Osborn	10 00
C. F. Paine & Co.	25 00
E. M. Parsons	25 00
Wm. B. Douglas	25 00
Mrs. N. T. Rochester	2 00
D. W. Powers	100 00
Mrs. Alfred Ely	25 00
Dr. Walters	2 00
Mrs. D. K. Robinson	10 00
John W. Miller	5 00

James Brackett	\$ 10 00
Erickson, Jennings & Co.	100 00
George McAllister	5 00
C. J. Hayden	25 00
John H. Brewster	62 60
Charles F. Pond	10 00
Freeman Clarke	100 00
J. W. Canfield	25 00
H. Hermann	10 00
A Friend	3 00
D. A. Watson	100 00
E. S. Ettenheimer	5 00
John H. Rochester	10 00
J. E. Pierpont	10 00
Miss L. E. Guernsey	1 00
Wm. N. Sage	10 00
Mrs. M. B. Anderson	5 00
Lewis H. Alling	5 00
Mrs. A. Mosely	10 00
W. J. Babcock	5 00
Roswell Hart	10 00
Estate of J. Woodbury	25 00
D. A. Woodbury	10 00
J. Chamberlain	5 00
Howe & Rogers	20 00
James S. Andrews	25 00
A. Gardiner	50 00
J. H. Stedman	10 00
Mrs. Nichols	1 00
" E. Pancost	5 00
S. D. Walbridge	20 00
Oscar Craig	10 00
W. C. Dickinson	5 00
Mary Brennan	1 00
Mrs. Carter Wilder	25 00
Glenn Brothers	10 00
G. C. Buell	50 00
Mrs. W. S. Kimball	15 00
" J. E. Little	10 00
" C. T. Osgood	10 00
" A. Erickson	100 00
Joseph Bier	5 00
K. P. Shedd	15 00
Mrs. Frank Little	5 00
" C. M. Curtis	10 00
" H. Benton	1 00
Miss M. Dunlap	12 00
Alfred Wright	25 00
Daisy Beach	2 00
Mrs. Wm. Pitkin	4 00
Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society	10 00
A Friend	1 00
C. Morse	5 00
Mrs. J. H. Hill	2 00
" Abelard Reynolds	25 00
H. C. Wisner	20 00
A Friend	2 00
Geo Ellwanger	50 00
A Friend	1 00
Mrs. C. H. Babcock	5 00
" A. Bronson	5 00
" C. B. Smith	2 00
Jacob Anderson	5 00
Mrs. J. H. Adams	5 00
" J. Oothout	25 00
L. P. Ross	110 00
Mrs. S. B. Roby	10 00
A. S. Mann	25 00
James Laney	10 00
Mrs. Wm. H. Ward	10 00

A. W. Mudge...	\$ 10 00
Edmund Lyon.....	5 00
M. F. Reynolds.....	70 00
C. T. Crouch.....	5 00
Alex. Thompson.....	5 00
Isaac W. Butts.....	10 00
Wm. H. Yerkes.....	5 00
Geo. E. Mumford.....	25 00
Mezzo Van Voorhis.....	5 00
J. G. Cutler.....	5 00
C. E. Upton.....	5 00
James Watson.....	5 00
Mr. Sunderland.....	5 00
Dr. H. Anstice.....	5 00
James W. Whitney.....	100 00
E. O. Sage.....	10 00
A. Friend.....	50
Geo. Hollister.....	25 00
J. T. Andrews.....	25 00
Fred. Cook.....	25 00
A. Friend.....	10 00
L. A. Ward.....	100 00
J. E. Waters.....	5 00
J. C. Barnard.....	5 00
A. Friend.....	5 00
Mrs. Chloe Wilcox.....	15 00
C. F. Smith.....	10 00
Myron G. Peck.....	50 00
Mrs. A. B. Pritchard.....	2 00
" D. W. Wakelee.....	7 00
A. Friend.....	5 00
Mr. and Miss Elwood.....	25 00
Mr. S. Bartholomay.....	25 00
Miss Louise Arner, San Francisco, Cal.	20 00
A. H. Cole.....	10 00
Seth Green.....	5 00
Wm. S. Lee, London, England.....	15 00

\$2,407 00

Cash Receipts from Refreshment Tables.

Hebrew Ladies.....	\$267 85
St. Peter's and Christ Church.....	107 90
Plymouth Church.....	70 07
Brick Church.....	85 80
First Presbyterian Church.....	67 51
First Baptist Church.....	48 45
St. Luke's Church.....	155 68
Mrs. John H. Brewster.....	176 28
Including donations from	
James C. Hart.....	\$20 00
H. H. Morse.....	10 00
Mr. Weldon.....	5 00
David Gordon.....	5 00
Miss Hall's Ice Cream and Candy Table,	86 08

Cash Receipts from Fancy Articles.

Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney's Fancy & Flower	626 00
" Geo. E. Mumford's Fancy Table ..	269 16
Tickets for Evening Entertainment	47 00
	\$2,006 08

Donated Bills.

Union & Advertiser for printing	\$70 50
Evening Express for printing.....	70 00
Democrat & Chronicle.....	72 00
Mr. William S. Falls, for printing Admis-	
sion Cards, large Show Cards, &c.....	5 00
Hill & French.....	2 50
Buckley, on account.....	3 50
Mr. Dickinson, 3 barrels Chestnut Coal.	
Mrs. D. K. Robinson, Greece, 12 barrels	
Apples.....	

RECAPITULATION.

Cash Donations.....	\$2407 00
Cash Receipts from Refreshment Tables	1063 92
" " " Fancy Articles.....	895 16
" " " Tickets.....	47 00
	\$4,413 08
Less Counterfeit.....	5 00
	\$4,408 08
Expenses.....	155 65
Nett.....	\$4,252 43

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Additional from Fair.....	\$ 43
Mrs. Edwin Bates, New York.....	10 00
Little Box by the Cot.....	15
Thanksgiving Offering for Baby Stoddard,	5 00
Children's sale, held at Mrs. E. Pancost's,	
by Eddie, Sadie and Frankie Bishop,	
Esther Chapin, Anna and Georgie Sage,	
Matie Sugru, Ida Sage, Alfie and Helen	
Osgood, Georgie Miller, Jamie and Ar-	
thur Baldwin, Ella and Neddie Sage, and	
Laura Grant.....	10 00
Jennie C. Starr, Brooklyn.....	1 00
An anonymous mite.....	38
Christmas Offering from Lizzie, Horace, W.	
D., Jr. and Baby McGuire.....	4 00
Mrs. George Darling.....	5 00
Kate Luvan Rogers.....	10
Grace B. Terry.....	2 00
Harry B. Oatley.....	1 00
Anonymous.....	2 00
Children's Cot Fancy Tables, including	
\$61.50 from Doll's Table, \$9.00 from	
Ten Cent Table.....	141 50

Receipts for the month.....	\$182 56
Previously acknowledged.....	1077 67

Total Receipts.....\$1260 23

Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, Birth-day and Easter offerings are earnestly solicited for the Children's Cot Fund, 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.

Donations for Refreshment and Fancy Tables.

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

Mr. Adam Vogel—One Turkey.
Mr. F. Goetzman—One Turkey, 12 heads Celery.
Mrs. F. Clarke—Six Turkeys.
Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford—One Turkey.
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Two Turkeys, Roast Beef.
Mrs. Geo. F. Danforth—Four Turkeys.
Mrs. H. F. Montgomery—One Chicken-pie.
Mrs. K. Clinton—cans Fruit.
Mrs. Wm. H. Ward—Grapes and Oranges.
Mr. S. Wilder—Oysters and Celery.
Mr. Millman—Celery.
Mrs. Griswold, Park Ave.—Sundries.
Mrs. Byron Holley, Jr.—Ten lbs. Prunes, 2 bags Buckwheat.
Miss Eva May Holley—Six lbs. Coffee, 5 lbs Sugar.

The Hebrew Table of Mrs. L. Adler, Mrs. M. Garson and Mrs. J. Shatz.

Mrs. L. Adler—Cake and \$2.00.
Mrs. A. Adler—\$1.25.
Mrs. Fannie Adler—\$1.00.
Mrs. Bachman—\$3.00.
Mrs. A. Beir—\$1.00.
Mrs. Brittenstool—75 cents.
Mrs. Brickner—\$1.00.
Mrs. I. J. Beir—Cake.
Mrs. S. M. Benjamin—\$1.50.
Mrs. L. Block—Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. J. A. Baum—\$1.00.
Mrs. L. Blum—\$1.00.
Mrs. J. Cauffman—Mixed Fruit.
Mrs. S. Cohn—\$1.00.
Mrs. M. Dinkelspiel—\$2.00.
Mrs. A. Dinkelspiel—\$1.00.
Mrs. E. S. Ettenheimer—Confectionery and Oranges.
Mrs. J. Ettenheimer—\$2.00.
Mrs. L. Eichman—50 cents.
Mrs. Friedlander—50 cents.
Mrs. L. Garson—\$2.00.
Mrs. M. Garson—Biscuits and Cakes.
Mrs. M. L. Gutman—\$1.00.
Mrs. S. Guggenheimer—\$1.00.
Mrs. A. Hays—\$1.00.
Mrs. I. M. Hays—\$1.00.
Mrs. F. Hays—Jelly and Canned Fruit.
Mrs. M. Hays—One doz. Oranges.
Mrs. Simon Hays—Cranberry-sauce and Marmalade.
Mr. H. Herman—4 Turkeys, 20 Chickens, 6 Ducks, 3 Tongues and 2 doz. Celery.
Mrs. L. Hechinger—Pies.
Mrs. Hochstetter—\$1.00.
Mrs. E. Kirstein—\$1.00.
Mrs. R. Lichtenstein—\$2.00.
Mrs. H. Leiter—\$1.00.
Mrs. N. Levi and Mrs. N. Stein—Pyramid.
Mrs. M. Lowenthal—\$1.00.

Mrs. S. Meyer—\$1.00.
Mrs. J. Meyer—Fruit.
Mrs. T. Meyer—\$1.00.
Mrs. Wm. Miller—\$1.00.
Mrs. H. Michaels—\$2.50.
Mrs. J. Michaels—\$1.00.
Mrs. M. Michaels—\$2.00.
Mrs. Mehlard—Confectionery.
Mrs. S. Manheimer—50 cents.
Mrs. M. Mock—\$1.00.
Mrs. F. Mock—\$1.00.
Mrs. L. Moore—\$1.00.
Mrs. Eva Moore—\$1.00.
Mrs. Marks—Waffles.
Mrs. Charlie Lippman—\$1.00.
Mrs. A. Oppenheimer—\$1.00.
Mrs. I. Rice—\$1.00.
Mrs. S. Rosenblatt—\$5.00.
Mrs. H. Rice—50 cents.
Mrs. S. Rice—Confectionery.
Mrs. D. Rosenberg—Salads and Pickles.
Mr. H. Rosenberg—\$5.00.
Mr. Herman—\$1.00.
Mr. Rosenberg—\$2.00.
Mr. J. W. Rosenthal—\$2.00.
Mr. S. Rosenthal—\$2.00.
Mr. B. Rothchild—\$1.00.
Mr. J. Shantz—Pies.
Mr. H. Schwarz—\$1.00.
Mr. A. Sickel—Salad, Pickles.
Mr. S. Stein—Twist.
Mrs. Leo Stein—\$2.00.
Mrs. Steinfeld—\$3.00.
L. Sloman—\$2.00.
Mr. A. Stern—\$1.00.
Mr. L. Stern—\$1.00.
Mr. Savage—Cake.
Mr. S. Stern—\$1.00.
Mr. M. Stern—\$1.00.
Mr. S. Stettheimer—\$1.00.
Mr. E. Strous—Mixed Fruit.
Mr. A. Picard—Confectionery.
Mr. J. Thalheimer—\$2.00.
Mr. M. Van Burg—Wine Jelly.
Mr. J. Wile—\$1.00.
Mr. A. Wile—Salad.
Mr. I. Wile—\$1.50.
Mrs. S. Wile—\$1.50.
Mrs. J. M. Wile—\$2.00.
Mrs. S. & R. Wile—Crackers.
Mrs. E. Wolf—\$2.00.
Mrs. Felix Wolf—Fancy Jelly.
Mrs. Weisner—Rye Bread.
Mrs. B. Stiefel—50 cents.
Mrs. S. Goldsmith—50 cents.
Mrs. M. Goldsmith—50 cents.
Mrs. G. Wile—Cake.
A Friend—\$5.00.
A Friend—\$5.00.
Mrs. A. Fechenbach—\$1.00.
Mr. Van Zandt—Coffee.
Mr. Palmer—Oysters.
Mr. White—Flowers.
Mr. Gray—Fruit.
Mr. Vick—Flowers.
Mrs. Osburn—Chicken Salad.
Mr. Teall—Charlotte Russe.
Café Leiders—Lobster Salad.
Mr. Dolanty—Chicken Salad.
Mr. Higgins—Olives.

Christ and St. Peter's Churches Table of Mrs. Curtis Clark, Mrs. D. W. Powers, Mrs. C. C. Merriman, Mrs. Frank Ward, Mrs. Killip, Mrs. Fred. Allen and Mrs. J. W. Stebbins.

Mrs. L. A. Ward—Chicken-pie.
Mrs. A. D. Smith—Ducks.
Mrs. L. F. Ward—Rolls.
Mrs. A. Erickson—Grapes, Flowers, Pickles.
Mrs. J. Moreau Smith—Turkey.
Mrs Samuel Wilder—Roast Beef, Pickles, Rolls, Ducks.
Mrs. Chas. Vickery—Cake.
Mrs. C. C. Merriman—Ducks.
Mrs. Geo. Selden—Saratoga Potatoes.
Mrs. Isaac Hills—Jelly, Fruit.
Mrs. J. B. Ward—Mince Pies.
Mrs. J. E. Hayden—Ham.
Mrs. Killip—Turkey, Cranberries, Biscuit.
Mrs. Geo. Weldon—Cranberries, Cake.
Mrs. E. K. Warren—Charlotte Russe, Jelly.
Miss Julia Thompson—Olives, Wine Jelly.
Mrs. J. Bower—Turkey.
Mrs. J. Siddons—Cake, Pickles.
Mrs. A. P. Curtis—Charlotte Russe.
Miss Mary Wait—Cranberries.
Miss Fanny Montgomery—Cranberries.
Mrs. Carter Wilder—Ducks, Pies.
Mrs. S. G. Andrews—Six loaves Bread.
Mrs. Curtis Clark—Two dishes Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. L. D. Ely—Cream.
Mrs. Babcock—Cream, Turkey, Cake, Apples.
Mrs. W. L. Halsey—Turkey.
Mrs. J. Howe—Mince Pies.
Mrs. W. E. Dickinson—Wine Jelly, Rolls
Mrs. D. W. Powers—Ducks, Rolls, Cranberries.
Mrs. A. S. Mann—Turkey.
Mrs. J. G. Cutler—Turkey, Olives.
Mrs. H. D. Wilkin—Cake.
Mrs. C. F. Angel—Cranberries.
Mrs. Ellwanger—Game.
Mrs. Cartwright—Chicken Salad.
Mrs. W. S. Kimball—Chicken Salad, Olives.
Mrs. Fred. Allen—Ducks, Lobster Salad.
Mrs. Freeman Clarke—Chicken Salad, Game, Cake.
Mrs. M. B. Breck—Mince Pies.
Mrs. G. H. Thompson—Charlotte Russe, 4 Rolls Butter.
Mrs. David Hoyt—Pickles.
Mrs. Hiram Sibley—Chicken Salad, Flowers.
Mr. Harvey Brown—Grapes.
Mr. I. Teall—Center Piece, Charlotte Russe.
Osborn House—Lobster Salad, 2 molds Jelly.
Chas. Salmon & Co.—Malaga Grapes.
Mrs. J. W. Stebbins—Saratoga Potatoes.
White Brothers—Box of Flowers.

The Plymouth Church Table of Mrs. Geo. G. Wanzer, Mrs. Myron Adams, Mrs. W. R. Seward, Mrs. L. P. Ross and Mrs. Henry Brewster.

Mrs. Adams—Wine Jelly.
" H. Brewster—Champagne Ham.
" E. B. Booth—Two molds Charlotte Russe.
" Bailey—One dollar and fifty cents.
" Dr. Collins—Two Lemon Pies, Cranberry Jelly.

Mrs. B. H. Clark—Turkey.
" D. Clark—Scalloped Oysters.
" Davis—Cake.
" W. N. Emerson—Turkey.
" C. E. Fitch—Chicken Salad, Wine Jelly.
" Frary—Sweet Cream.
" J. Farley, Jr.—Turkey.
" F. Griswold—Biscuits, Olives.
" Hiram Hoyt—Basket Grapes.
C. E. Hoyt—Saratoga Potatoes, Cake.
M. D. L. Hayes—Sweet Cream.
D. C. Hyde—Chicken-pie.
Miss Weltha Hill—Turkey, Tarts.
Mrs. J. H. Kent—Scalloped Oysters, Butter Balls.
" C. M. Lee—\$3.00.
" W. Miles—Two molds Charlotte Russe.
" A. M. Moser—Scalloped Oysters.
" S. A. Newman—Celery, Pickles.
" W. S. Osgood—Hot Potatoes, Squash.
" G. Phillips—Scalloped Oysters.
" E. Peck—Sweet Cream, Cake.
" D. A. Robbins—Charlotte Russe.
" S. B. Roby—Turkey, Charlotte Russe.
A. Reynolds—Two doz. Oranges, basket Grapes.
L. P. Ross—Chicken Salad, Wine Jelly.
" Stilwell—Cake.
H. E. Hooker—Turkey.
Miss M. Porter—Scalloped Oysters.
" Mary Farley—Saratoga Potatoes.
Mrs. Sherwood—Scalloped Oysters.
" Geo. G. Wanzer—Parker House Rolls, mince Pies.
" W. R. Seward—Plum Pudding, Fruit, Sweet Cream, Pickles.

The Brick Church Table of Mrs. T. A. Newton.

Mrs. E. P. Reed—One Ham.
Mrs. C. F. Weaver—Four Mince Pies.
Mrs. G. T. Frost—Loaf chocolate Cake.
Mrs. W. H. Gorsline—Basket Grapes, 6 bunches Celery.
Mrs. Hamlet Briggs—Fruit.
A Friend—Two Pies.
Mrs. D. Leary—Apples.
Mrs. Robert Lyddle—Flowers.
Mr. T. F. Aldrich—Malaga Grapes, Oranges.
Mrs. C. R. Woodworth—Fifty Biscuit, 2 loaves Cake.
Mrs. Leavenworth—can Cranberries.
Mr. Gibbons—Oranges
Mr. J. Henry Stoddard—Two cans Olives, package Grapes.
Mrs. Geo. Motley—Four Pies, 2 Tongues.
Mrs. Chas. Angle—Two molds Jelly.
Mrs. F. L. King—Scalloped Oysters.
Miss Shaffer—Saratoga Potatoes.
Mrs. H. E. Shaffer—Two molds Jelly.
Mrs. John H. Humburch—Oranges.
Mr. T. A. Newton—Two Ducks, Cranberries, Squash.
Mosely & Motley—One barrel Flour.
Mrs. L. H. Hovey—Turkey.
Mrs. M. Briggs—Two dishes Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. W. J. Steel—One Chocolate Cake.
Mrs. H. Brewster—One Turkey.
Mrs. A. M. Lindsay—Two Ducks.
Mrs. T. A. Newton—Canned Strawberries, bottle

Salad Dressing, can of Pickles, pan of Biscuit,
2 dishes Charlotte Russe, 3 boxes Grapes, Cran-
berries.

Mrs. P. V. Crittenden—\$5.00.

Mr. Seth Arnold—\$2.50.

Mrs. W. H. Mathews—Plum Pudding.

Mrs. Hunt—Cider, Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. Babcock—Turkey, Cake.

Mrs. Siebbins—One pail Mashed Potatoes.

Mrs. Ira L. Ouis—One Turkey, can Pickles.

Mrs. H. S. Babcock—One Turkey.

Session of Brick Church—\$25.40.

Mrs. L. Chapin—Scalloped Oysters.

Dr. F. B. Watkins—Platter Lobster Salad, Dol-
lar's worth of Flowers.

I. S. Disbrow—One large Chicken Pie.

Mrs. Geo. Darling—One Turkey, 150 Biscuit,
Cream, Oysters, Pudding, 2 loaves Cake, Olives,
5 lbs. Saratoga Potatoes.

Mrs. Seth Arnold—Cranberries, Scalloped Oys-
ters.

• Mrs. A. Judson—Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. Martin Briggs—Two dishes Charlotte Russe,
1 Chicken Pie.

Mrs. St. John—Spiced Currants.

The First Presbyterian Church Table of Mrs.

Edward P. Gould, Mrs. John T. Fox, Mrs.

John W. Canfield and Mrs. A. M. Bennett.

Mrs. J. T. Fox—Plum Pudding, Fruit Cake.

Mrs. E. P. Gould—Doughnuts, 3 Pies, 3 molds
Wine Jelly, Pickles.

Mrs. B. B. Mitchell—Biscuit.

Mrs. J. W. Canfield—Charlotte Russe, 1 loaf of
Cake, Cranberries.

Mrs. A. M. Bennett—Saratoga Potatoes, Chicken
Salad.

Miss Newell—Cash donation. \$5.00.

Mrs. G. Carpenter—Two molds Jelly.

Mrs. Stiles—Pair of Ducks.

Mrs. A. Robinson—Turkey.

Mrs. O. Comstock—Grapes.

Mrs. Edward Wood—Pickles.

Mrs. G. C. Buell—Three molds Jelly.

Mr. Barber—Grapes.

Mrs. Cottrell—Grapes.

Mrs. Freeman Clarke—Lady Apples.

Miss Frank Alling—Biscuit.

Mrs. H. C. Roberts—Turkey, Jelly, 3 Mince Pies.

Mrs. E. Furman—Ducks, Boston Brown Bread.

Mrs. S. H. Terry—Lemon Jelly, canned Peaches.

Mrs. E. H. Hollister—Chicken Salad.

Mr. I. Teall—Chicken Salad.

Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Turkey.

Miss Pond—Loaf Cake.

Mr. Shedd—Olives.

Mrs. Hough—Ducks.

Mrs. D. Walbridge—Turkey.

Mrs. C. Morse—Jelly, Brown Bread.

Mrs. S. S. Avery—Turkey.

Mrs. G. Gould—Jelly.

Mrs. G. E. Jennings—Two dishes Charlotte
Russe.

Mr. Davenport—Grapes.

The First Baptist Church Table of Mrs. L. Sunderlin.

Mrs. C. F. Paine—One Turkey.

" Geo. Ellison—Oranges and Grapes.

" A. W. Mudge—Biscuit, Salad.

" J. E. Booth—One Turkey.

" A. Pomeroy—One Turkey.

" Wm. N. Sage—Duck, Cranberry.

" W. L. Brown—Bread, Pickles, Cream.

" F. B. Bishop—Charlotte Russe, Oysters.

" Henry Smith—Lemon Cake, Potatoes.

" H. C. Newman—Cake, Biscuit.

Miss Howard—One Turkey, Potatoes.

Mr. H. C. Stone—Plum Puddings.

Mrs. L. Chapin—Pumpkin Pies.

" A. S. Lane—Mince Pies, Turnips.

" A. G. Mudge—Squash.

" E. O. Sage—Biscuit.

" L. Sunderlin—Charlotte Russe, Orange Cake,
Saratoga Potatoes, Apple Pies, Grapes.

" Peck—Whipped Cream, Salad.

The St. Luke's Table of Mrs. H. Anstice and Mrs. J. S. Ely.

Mrs. S. G. Andrews; 4 loaves Bread.

" H. Anstice; Rolls, Pumpkin Pies.

N. Ayrault; Chicken Salad, Turkey, Pickles.

Miss Anderson; Cake.

Mrs. C. H. Babcock; Charlotte Russe.

" W. C. Barry; Flowers.

James M. Buckus; Cranberries, Grapes.

" H. P. Brewster; 2 dishes Charlotte Russe.

J. Burns; Spanish Cream.

" A. Bronson; Charlotte Russe.

Miss Mary Butts; Grapes, Flowers, Charlotte
Russe.

" Barton; 2 loaves Cake.

" Jennie Churchill; Flowers.

Mrs. Wm. Churchill; Scalloped Oysters.

" C. M. Curtis; Select Oysters.

Clinton Hotel; Potatoes.

F. W. Cottrell; 3 lbs. Cheese.

Mrs. J. A. Eastman; Saratoga Potatoes, Turkey,
Cragberry Sauce.

" Ellwanger; Turkey, canned Fruit.

" Alfred Ely; 2 Turkeys, Currant Jelly, Pick-
les.

" A. Erickson; Grapes, Pickles.

Dr. Wm. S. Ely; Rolls, Quail, Mashed Potatoes.

Mrs. C. E. Fitch; Celery.

Miss S. Frost; Sponge Cake.

Mrs. Dr. Gilkeson; Chocolate Cake, Biscuit.

" F. Gorton; 2 dishes Chicken Salad, 6 Cream
Pies.

J. W. Graves; Candied Oranges.

Glenny & Co.; Use of Glass.

Mrs. H. B. Hathaway; Chicken Salad.

" Roswell Hart; Bread, Pork and Beans.

" L. Starr Hoyt; Saratoga Potatoes.

J. O. Howard; Charlotte Russe, Cake, Pick-
les.

E. M. Higgins; Ham.

H. Herman; 25 lbs. Beef.

Mrs. Wm. Kidd; 1 gallon Pickled Oysters.

" J. King; Tongue, Lemons.

Dr. Little; Grapes, Oranges.

Ira M. Lovejoy; Piece of Confectionery.

Mrs. S. J. Macy; 2 dishes Chicken Salad.

Mrs. Dr. Mathews; Oranges.
 " Robert Mathews; Saratoga Potatoes, Ducks,
 Plum Pudding.
 " T. C. Montgomery; Flowers, Butter Balls.
 " Dr. Montgomery; Chicken Pie.
 " H. M. Montgomery; Turkey.
 " Dr. Moore; Scalloped Oysters.
 " H. J. Moore; Chocolate Cake.
 " J. C. Moore; Select Oysters.
 " J. Mogridge; Turkey.
 " N. B. Northrop; Alamode Beef, Rolls.
 " H. Osgood; \$5.00.
 " G. H. Perkins; \$5.00, Oysters.
 " Wm. Pitkin; 4 bottles Olives.
 " Wm. Rebasz; Doughnuts.
 " J. H. Rochester; Chicken Salad.
 A Friend; \$3.00.
 Mrs. C. Rogers; Saratoga Potatoes, 4 quarts
 Cream.
 Raymond & Rogers; 1 dozen Quail.
 Miss M. Reynolds; Ducks, Tongue, Lemons.
 Mrs. Dr. Stoddard; Ducks.
 " E. D. Smith; Cake.
 " C. F. Smith; Ducks.
 Scrantom & Wetmore; 105 Napkins.
 Mrs. Alex. Thompson; Chicken Pie.
 " E. R. Tompkins; Saratoga Potatoes, 2 dishes
 Charlotte Russe.
 Isaac Teall; Kisses, rent of Glass.
 Mrs. J. VanVoorhis; Tongue.
 " Varney; Tongue.
 " E. W. Williams; Chicken Pie.
 " D. A. Watson; Saratoga Potatoes, Cream.
 " J. M. Whitney; 100 Biscuit.
 " F. Whittlesey; Cake, Mince Pies.
 " G. J. Whitney; Chicken Croquettes, Lettuce.
 " W. S. Whittlesey; Wine Jelly.
 E. H. Vredenburg; \$5.00.
 Miss A. M. Wild; Charlotte Russe, Grapes.

**The Table of Mrs. J. H. Brewster, Mrs. J. C.
 Hart and Mrs. H. H. Morse.**

Mrs. W. F. Cogswell; 1 Turkey.
 " House; 1 dish Cranberries, 2 Mince Pies.
 " J. Curtis; 1 loaf Cake.
 " S. L. Brewster; 1 Turkey.
 " A. Erickson; Grapes, Pickles, Flowers.
 " Henry Smith; Pickles.
 " Henry Morse; Ducks, Pickles.
 " John Brewster; Chicken Pie, Mince Pies,
 Cake.
 " Babcock; Cream.
 " Elisha Blossom; 1 Turkey, Lemon Pie.
 " L. A. Ward; loaf of Cake.
 " James C. Hart; Grapes, Oranges.
 Miss Butts; Grapes.
 Mrs. Edward Harris; Chicken Salad.
 " Austin Brewster; Cranberries.
 " Eugene Curtis; Olives.
 Mr. Henry Frost; Flowers.
 Mrs. Horace Brewster; Celery.
 " Osgood; Chicken Salad.
 " C. F. Pond; 4 dishes Charlotte Russe.
 " Gordon; Chicken Salad.
 Miss M. Dunlap; Chicken Salad.
 Mrs. D. B. Beach; 2 loaves Cake.
 " G. F. Danforth; 4 Turkeys.
 " H. A. Brewster; Biscuits.

" E. Hollister; Celery.
 " J. R. Chamberlin; Nut Cake.
 " Charles Morse; Wine Jelly.
 " E. V. Stoddard; 2 Puddings.
 " J. M. Whitney; Biscuits.
 " Mann; Ham.
 " Billings; Lemon Jelly.
 " Woodbury; Butter.
 " G. E. Mumford; Salad.
 " G. J. Whitney; Croquettes.

**The Ice Cream Table of Miss Hall and Miss
 Butts.**

Mr. Carlton Rogers of Palmyra—\$2.00.
 Mrs. Wm. Burke—Fruit.
 Miss Butts—Flowers, Fruit.
 Mr. I. Teall—Loan of Flower Stand.
 Hamilton & Mathews—Iron Spoon, Iron Scales.
 Mr. Vick—One dozen Fancy Flower Baskets.
 Mr. Henry Frost—Four baskets Flowers.
 Mr. Wisner—Loan of Vases.
 Mrs. Geo. C. Buell—Cake.
 Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins—Cake.
 Mrs. S. D. Walbridge—Cake.
 Mrs. Glen—Cake.

**The Flower and Fancy Tables of Mrs.
 G. J. Whitney.**

Ellwanger & Barry; Cut Flowers.
 Henry C. Frost; Three baskets, 30 Button-hole
 Bouquets.
 Mrs. Alex. Thompson; Two boxes Cut Flowers
 " Hiram Sibley; box Cut Flowers.
 Miss Clara Durand; box Cut Flowers.
 " Carrie Brewster; box Cut Flowers.
 Miss Cornelia C. Ely; box Cut Flowers.
 Ladies of St. Luke's Church Table; Cut Flowers.
 Miss Julia Whitney; 16 Bouquets, 40 Button-
 hole Bouquets.
 " Kate Jeffrey; two pairs of Mittens.
 " Clarice Jeffrey; one Painted Pail, Painting
 Panels, Calenders, Bags, Thermometers, &c.
 " M. Jeffrey; Painting Calenders, Bags, &c.
 Mr. C. C. Burns; Painted Screen, Painting
 Dolls, &c.
 Miss Annie Williams; Painting six Dolls.
 Mrs. Hiram Sibley; 6 Aprons.
 " J. Decker; Dressing Dolls.
 " Chester Dewey; Knitted Hood.
 Miss Clara Wilder; 3 Hoods, 1 Tobacco Pouch.
 Mrs. S. G. Andrews; Collars, Babies' Hoods,
 Baskets.
 Miss Fanny Smith; Embroidered Table Scarf,
 Basket, Tennis Apron, &c.
 Mrs. James W. Whitney; 1 Trimmed Basket.
 " Wm. H. Ward; Trimming Baskets.
 " James M. Whitney; Children's Reins, Em-
 broidering Tides, &c.
 Miss Julia Whitney; Babies' Sacques, Pin Cushion,
 Embroidering Fancy Articles.
 " Parish; Embroidery.
 Miss Pomeroy; Embroidery.
 Mrs. Wm. J. Ashley; Designing and Em-
 ing Tidy.
 " Geo. Ellwanger; Feather Fan.
 " T. C. Gilman; 1 Apron.

Misses Burdett; Embroidery.
Mrs. A. D. Fiske; Table Scarf, Embroidering
Fancy Baskets.
Mr. Wm. Lycett of New York; 6 Decorated Fish
Plates and Placque.
Wm. Mains; 2 Games, Hanging Cabinet, Bed-
stead.
Mrs. J. D. VanIngen; 2 Ladies' Caps.
" Geo. W. Smith; 6 Aprons.
Miss Lois E. Whitney; Painting China, Embroider-
ing Fancy Articles, &c.
" Lillian Williams; 4 pairs Mittens, pair Socks.
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney; Candy and various Ar-
ticles.
Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co.; Flannel.

*The General Fancy Table of Mrs. G. E. Mum-
ford, Mrs. L. F. Ward, Mrs. M. W. Cooke,
Mrs. Wm. S. Kimball, Mrs. S. B. Roby
and Mrs. T. Chester.*

Miss A. S. Mumford; one pr. Polish Boots, 2
Infant's knit Shirts.
Mrs. N. T. Rochester; one Worsted Coiffure.
A Friend; one Lady's Lace Cap.
Mrs. Chas. Pond; Dressing Doll.
" Thomas Chester; Three Muslin Ties.
" M. L. Curry; one Baby's knit Blanket.
" George Jennings; two Vases.
" Cozzens; 2½ yds. knit Edging, Embroidery
for Flannel Skirt.
" W. L. Halsey; one Embroidered Flannel
Skirt.
Mr. W. L. Halsey; Quantity of Roses.
Miss Griffith; one Buffet Cover.
" Fannie Griffith; Embroidery for Skirt.
" Sarah Frost; Embroidery for Skirt.
Mrs. G. C. Buell; one Japanese Tidy, 2 French
Dolls.
Miss Watson; \$5.00.
" Clarice Jeffrey; Painting Books and Box.
Mrs. David Little; one Crocheted Afghan.
Miss Annie Williams; Painting on Portfolio.
Mrs. Shepardson; making large Lace Collars.
" Parmelia Frost; one pr. Mittens.
" Alonzo Frost; knit Edging.
" James Ailing; Dressing 4 Dolls.
" Horace Bush; two Lamp Shades, 4 Aunt
Polly Penwipers.
" S. W. Updike; Cardigan Jacket.
" D. H. Little; three prs. mittens.
" Wm. Little; one pr. Mittens.
" Griffith; two prs. Mittens.
" Wm. H. Perkins; three Hoods.
" Chester Dewey; one Hood.
" Samuel Hamilton; one Baby's Blanket.
Miss Julia Hamilton; one Sachet.
Mrs. Babcock; one Tidy.
" Mc Vean; two Mending Bags.
" M. A. Phelan; five Tidies, 1 Pin Cushion,
3 Doll's Hats, 1 Watch-case.
" George J. Whitney; one Fancy Basket.
Miss Mary Ward; Painted Tile and Easel.
" Carrie Brewster; Dressing Doll.
Mrs. L. D. Ely; six prs. Mittens, 2 pairs Knit
Drawers.
" Oothout; one Cornucopia, 1 Fancy Basket.
" M. W. Cooke; pr. Vases, 1 Boston Apron.
" E. H. Hollister; Table Spread.

Mrs. A. D. Smith; Baby's Carriage Robe.
" L. F. Ward; Hood, Cap, Fancy Basket.
" L. A. Ward; Scrap Basket, Brushes, Paint-
ed Shell.
Miss Linda Morse; Crocheted Purse.
Mrs. S. B. Roby; Braid of Silk, Baby's Bib,
Grate Ornaments, Cigarette Case, 5 Toy Knit-
ters.
" Gordon; Infant's Shirt.
" Theo. Bacon; Pincushion.
Miss Daisy Montgomery; set of Table Mats.
Mrs. E. B. Feuner; Painted Placque.
" E. V. Stoddard; Mosaic Sleeve Buttons,
Venetian Necklace, Jewel Stands.
" D. B. Beach; Gentleman's Pocket Toilet
Case.
Miss H. H. Backus; a Dress Cap.
Mrs. E. D. Smith; ten Boquet Holders.
" Holmes Stevens; Worsted Parrot.
" J. H. Stedman; five Dressed Dolls.
" Maltby Strong; "The Old Landlord," a Cur-
iosity.
" W. S. Kimball; one Boston Apron.
" C. P. Bissell; Child's Afghan.
" G. E. Mumford; Fancy Articles.

*The Children's Cot Table of Mrs. C. H. Angel,
Mrs. J. G. Cutler, Mrs. W. H. Averell, Mrs. W.
Webb, Misses Alice and Louisa Upton, Laura
Page Ward and Laurance Angel.*

S. Rosenblatt & Co.; Muslin Scarfs.
McDowell & Co.; Infant's Socks and Hood.
Miss M. Morton; 4 Breakfast Caps.
Mrs. C. B. Woodworth; 1 dozen China Hens, 1
doz. Mirrors, half doz. Easels, 1 dozen Small
Boxes, 3 Large Boxes.
Miss Hakes; Doll's Afghan.
Susie Williams; 2 Doll's Hoods.
Barbara Epstein; 2 Lace and Satin Tidies.
Mrs. E. B. Parsons; Quantity of Toys, Pitchers,
Vases, &c.
Miss Ellen Breck; Crocheted Skirt.
Mrs. M. Woodbury; 2 Hoods.
Mrs. Geo. Selden; 3 Stocking Bags.
Julia Little; 2 Dressed Dolls.
Mary C. Little; Doll's Afghan.
Minnie Belle Tracy; Doll's Shawl.
Mable Gory; 2 pairs Doll's Socks, 2 Doll's Caps.
Little Carrie Osborn; Baby's Shirt.
Mrs. O. E. Fitch; Child's Crocheted Collar, Knit-
ted Hood.
Hattie Smith; Picture Frame and Picture.
Mrs. C. E. Mathews; 12 boxes Candy, 1 Basket.
Mrs. George C. Buell; Fancy Basket.
Mrs. W. H. Averell; Scrap Basket, pair Silk
Socks.
Mrs. E. N. Buell; 4 pairs Mittens, 8 Worsted
Balls, 1 Bead Basket.
Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins; Crocheted Hood.
Miss Nellie Ely; Fancy Fan.
Miss Backus; 6 Doll's Hats, Child's Collar,
French Worked Bib.
Mrs. J. G. Cutler; Apron.
Miss Mollie Ward; Paper Cat.
Miss Guernsey; A Book.
Mrs. Wm. S. Kimball; Doll's Parasol, 4 Hand-
kerchiefs.
Mrs. Wilkins; 3 Scrap Bags.

"Willing Workers of Brighton:" Fancy Articles.
 Nellie Waters; Paper Dolls.
 Mrs. G. W. Eastman; Knitted Reins.
 Miss Eliza Tompkins: 1 pair Mittens, 3 Doll's Hoods.
 Mrs. F. Oliver; 2 pairs Socks.
 Maud Stockbridge: 2 Dolls and Bedroom Set.
 Mrs. Dickinson: pair Silk Mittens.
 Maggie Ashley; Doll's Hood, pair Mittens.
 Mrs. W. W. Webb: 2 Doll's Muffs.
 Mrs. Freeman Clarke: Toys.
 Mrs. A. D. Smith: 1 dozen Milkweed Balls, 1 Shawl.
 Mrs. L. F. Ward: Basket, Material for Hood.
 Mrs. L. A. Ward: 2 Sachet Bags.
 Mrs. C. H. Angel: Shawl, Toys, Knitters, Fancy Articles.
 Alice and Louise Upton: A quantity of beautifully dressed Dolls, Doll's Hats, Doll's Trunk, &c. &c.
 Laura Page Ward: Dressed Dolls, Hats, &c.
 Mrs. Maltby Strong: \$5.00.
 Isabella Hart: \$5.00.
 Bessie Fitch: \$5.00.
 Mrs. Carter Wilder: \$5.00.
 The Boswell boys: \$1.00.
 Mr. George Mathews: \$1.00.
 Frank, Harry and Bessie Wisner: \$3.00.

Receipts for the Review,

TO DECEMBER 10th, 1880.

Mrs. L. S. Chapin—by Mrs. S. W. Updike, \$ 1 24
 Mrs. A. Hutchinson, Holley, 50 cts.; Miss
 M. Hutchinson, Gaines, 50 cents—by
 Mrs. Gilman 1 00
 Mrs. John Durand, 63 cents; Mrs. J. B.
 Gaines, Batavia, 62 cents—by Mrs. S. H.
 Terry 1 25
 Mrs. J. Altpetre, Barre Centre, \$1.50;
 Mrs. Edwin Bates, New York, 50 cts.;
 Miss S. A. Endress, Danaville, \$1.50;
 Mr. M. Gregory, Millville, 51 cts.; Miss
 M. E. Gilman, \$2.00; Mrs. J. Keener,
 62 cents; Mrs. H. Osgood, 62 cents;
 Mrs. F. Roderick, East Pembroke, 50
 cents; Mrs. W. B. Williams, 62 cents;
 Mr. G. T. Palmer, East Avon, (three
 subscriptions,) \$1.51—by Mrs. Robert
 Mathews, 9 88
 Mrs. M. B. Anderson, 62 cents; Mrs. S. J.
 Arnold, \$1.00; Mrs. R. Ashley, \$1.25;
 Mrs. C. H. Angel, 62 cents; Mrs. H. F.
 Atkinson, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. W. Arch-
 er, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Adler, 62 cents;
 Mrs. F. P. Allen, 62 cents; Mr. J. An-
 derson, 62 cents; Miss R. M. Booth, 62
 cents; Mrs. E. N. Buell, 62 cts.; Mrs.
 M. B. Breck, 63 cts.; Mrs. Jas. Brack-
 kett, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Briggs, 62 cts.;
 J. H. Boucher, 63 cents; Miss Butts,
 62 cents; Mrs. W. Burke, 62 cents; C.
 C. Burns, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Benton,
 62 cents; Mrs. H. W. Balestier, 62 cts.;
 Mrs. E. P. Bigelow, 63 cents; Miss H.
 H. Backus, 62 cts.; Mrs. Horace Bush,
 65 cents; Miss Anna Barton, 62 cents;
 Mrs. J. G. Outler, 65 cents; Mrs. Wm.
 Churchill, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Clark, 62

cents; Miss Bessie Clarke, 62 cents;
 Freeman Clarke, 62 cts.; J. Craighead,
 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Canfield, 62 cents;
 Mrs. M. W. Cooke, 62 cents; Mrs. G. F.
 Danforth, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Dewey, 62
 cents; Mrs. Clarence Dupuy, 63 cents;
 E. Darrow, 62 cents; Miss Dunlap, 63
 cents; Mrs. Geo. Darling, \$1.25; Mrs.
 L. D. Ely, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Ely, 62
 cents; Mrs. D. B. Eells, Cleveland,
 Ohio—by Mrs. J. C. Hart, 50 cts.; Mrs.
 C. M. Everest, 62 cents; Mrs. A. D.
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 ley, Jr., 62 cents; Mrs. R. H. Furman,
 \$1.00; Miss S. Frost, 62 cents; Mrs. J.
 H. Fisher, 75 cents; Mrs. J. T. Fox, 62
 cents; Mrs. H. Frost, 62 cents; Mrs. J.
 W. Goss, 63 cents; Mrs. H. H. Gilbert,
 62 cents; Mrs. E. Griffin, \$1.24; Mrs.
 E. Glen, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Gorton, 75
 cents; Mrs. D. M. Gordon, 62 cents;
 Mrs. E. S. Hayward, 63 cents; Mr. H.
 Herman, \$1.00; Mrs. H. E. Hooker,
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 D. T. Hunt, 62 cents; Mrs. J. O. How-
 ard, 75 cents; Mrs. D. M. Hough, 62c;
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 Mrs. S. A. Newman, 62 cents; Mrs. W.
 Oothout, 65 cents; Miss H. Oothout, 65
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 Poinier, \$1.25; Mrs. N. T. Rochester,
 62 cents; Mrs. D. K. Robinson, \$1.86;
 Mrs. W. M. Rebasz, 62 cents; Mrs. S.
 Rosenblatt, 62 cents; Mrs. B. Roth-
 child, 62 cents; Mrs. L. P. Ross, 75c.;
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 derlin, 62 cents; Mrs. D. E. Sackett, 62
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 cents; Mrs. D. A. Watou, 62 cts.; Mrs.
 S. D. Walbridge, 62 cents; Mrs. E. A.
 Wood, 62 cents; Mrs. L. A. Ward, 62
 cents—at Cobleigh Hall Donation Festi-
 val \$81 60

Donations received at the Hospital.

- E. S. Hayward---Twenty bushels Apples.
 Mrs. M. Strong---Two barrels Apples.
 " Macy---Thirteen glasses Jelly, 4 cans Fruit.
 R. Pembroke---Four cans Pears.
 " Geo. J. Whitney---Cranberries, Jelly, Six Turkeys.
 Mr. Herman---Six Turkeys.
 " Geo. H. Thompson---One barrel Rockaway Sand.
 Mrs. Mathews---Five dozen Fried Cakes.
 " Dickinson---Wine Jelly, Dressing Gown.
 Allen---Old Linen.
 Hooker---Old Cotton.
 " Williams---Old Cotton.
 " S. A. Ellis---Old Cotton.
 " S. C. Darrow---Old Cotton and pr. Spectacles.
 " Gordon---"Graphics."
 Cauffman---Illustrated Papers.
 " Wm. Little---Second-hand Shirts, Reading Matter.
 " D. K. Robinson---Twelve barrels Apples.

Died.

- WHITBECK---At his residence, No. 18 Gibbs Street, December 8th, 1880, Dr. John F. Whitbeck, aged 68 years.
 At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 7, 1880, by fractured skull, August Weirich, aged 17 yrs.
 At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 22, 1880, of cancer, Mrs. Maud Smith, aged 31 years.
 At the Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 29, 1880, of paralysis, Mrs. Eliza J. Stockwell, aged 55 years.

Monthly Reports.

1880. Nov. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital,	66
Received during month,...	33
Births,	1—100
Deaths,	3
Discharged,	30—33
Remaining, Dec. 1st, 1880,	67

TRY
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 " 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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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1881.

No. 6.

Memorial Tributes

FROM THE
OFFICERS OF THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL,
TO THE LATE
JOHN F. WHITBECK, M. D.

The Medical Staff.

The following is a transcript from the minutes of a meeting of the Staff of the Rochester City Hospital, held Dec. 19, 1880 :

Your Committee, to whom was entrusted the duty of reporting to this Staff a proper expression of sorrow at the death of Dr. John F. Whitbeck, cannot escape the conviction that the best tribute to his memory is contained in the records of the Rochester City Hospital.

His fourteen years of service, as one of the surgeons of this Institution, have endeared him to us all. We have ever found him self-sacrificing, courteous, skillful and energetic. To the poor and friendless in their misfortunes, he never shrank from giving the benefit of his aid ; in all cases where his counsel was desired, by others of the Staff, he never allowed anything to bar him from such assistance.

In view of the foregoing, this Staff feels that the loss of such a man is, to them, to this Hospital and to the citizens of Rochester at large truly irreparable.

E. V. STODDARD, *Sec'y Staff.*

The Lady Managers.

At the monthly meeting of the Lady Managers of the Hospital Board, held at the Hospital, January 3d, the President, Mrs. Maltby Strong, offered the following minute which was adopted by the Board :

LADIES :

Assembled as we are at the opening of this new year, we would gratefully recognize our dependence on Him, who, so signally, has crowned our labors the past year with success, enabling us, through all our anxieties, not only to sustain this Institution, but to make many improvements for the comfort of its inmates.

But, amid these blessings, we have again been called to sadness, for on the morning of December 9th, the day of our Annual Reception, we were startled by the intelligence that Dr. John F. Whitbeck was dead. His illness was of short duration, and we knew that his death would be a great loss to this Hospital, where for fourteen years he has faithfully, freely and untiringly, devoted his time and best energies to the relief of the suffering ones who have needed his care, and who so frequently have expressed to us their great attachment to him, and whose coming was always looked forward to so pleasantly by the inmates of this household. We trust his mantle may fall on one who will exhibit as much skill, and

take as deep an interest in this Institution as he has done.

The Medical Societies have expressed their appreciation of Dr. Whitbeck, and others have testified to the high esteem in which he was held by this community; and while we recognize our loss, we would offer our sympathy to his afflicted ones.

Tributes from Medical Societies.

From the Union and Advertiser, Dec. 11th, 1880.

The Monroe County Medical Society.

The meeting of the Monroe County Medical Society, held yesterday afternoon in the Common Council chamber, to take action on the death of Dr. J. F. Whitbeck, was well attended. Dr. Collins, President of the Society, was in the chair, and Dr. W. F. Sheehan was Secretary.

When the meeting organized, Dr. T. B. Collins addressed the meeting as follows :

Members of the Monroe County Medical Society :

Death has summoned us to meet again. He has invaded our ranks and removed one of our oldest and most highly respected and esteemed members. And it seems a fit and proper thing for us, as a society, to do, to thus come together and give some public expression to the sense of the great loss we have sustained, this community has sustained, the profession at large has sustained, in the death of Dr. John F. Whitbeck.

Few men have lived to practise medicine and surgery so long, energetically and uninterruptedly as did he. Rarely taking a vacation or a single day for recreation, and unbending, he practised on and on, ever at his post of duty, ready to minister to the sick and suffering demanding his attention. His pleasant smile, his words of encouragement and cheer, will be missed by many, and in many a sick room where he, in times gone, has been wont to minister. It can be well said of him that he died with the harness on. Almost to the last he attended to a large and remunera-

tive practice, seemingly with unabated physical force and energy, and a brain power as strong and bright as ever. One week ago this morning he returned to his home, after visiting patients, feeling so sick that he remarked to a friend : " I am going home to die; I shall never leave my house again until I am carried out." Too well he knew a fatal malady was upon him; too true proved his prediction. He has gone from among us, and he was one of the few men who will be missed and remembered. And so we pass from time to eternity. Each succeeding year some one of our number fails to answer to his name at roll call. He has responded to the call in another world. Within three years Dr. Ely, Dr. Dean, and now Dr. Whitbeck, have had their names stricken from the roll of active members of our Society by death. And who will be next? Time alone can answer. But I will detain you no longer. There are others present better able to pay a fitting tribute to his memory and worth than I am. Gentlemen, what is your pleasure?

On motion, the Chair appointed as a Committee on Resolutions, Doctors A. Mandeville, Stoddard and Kempe.

The Committee offered the following resolution, which was adopted :

Resolved, That in the death of Dr. John F. Whitbeck, this society has lost a member whose integrity, devotion and skill as a physician, and whose uprightness, frankness and courtesy as a man, were above reproach. His memory will ever be held in honor and affection by those of us who have known him, and who have had among us no higher model of professional and personal worth. In his removal from the sphere of long continued and fruitful ministration, an irreparable loss has fallen at once upon the profession, the community and his home.

A. MANDEVILLE,
JULIUS J. KEMPE,
E. V. STODDARD.

From the Rochester Morning Herald, Dec. 10, 1880.

The Rochester Medical Society.

The Rochester Medical Society held a special meeting last evening at the Free Academy, to take suitable action on the death of Dr. J. F. Whitbeck. Dr. W. S.

Ely, the President of the Society, called the meeting to order, and addressed the members as follows :

We have met to take that action which you may deem befitting in view of the death of one of our oldest and most highly esteemed members. By nearly all present Dr. Whitbeck has been long and intimately known. He was held in the highest respect by us all. Though he had reached an advanced age, it was our hope and expectation that he would be spared for many years. Sad as was the intelligence of his death, there is connected with it something beautiful, and it may be, desirable. To be able to work in our noble profession to such an age as Dr. Whitbeck reached, and then after a brief illness to lie down for the long rest, is not this to be preferred to worn out faculties and lingering disease? But who of us thought of our friend as old? As years passed we failed to see any diminution of the vigor and activity of his body or mind, and it is only as we reflect that we can realize that he had almost reached his three score and ten years. Born when the advantages for medical education were far inferior to what they are now, he made the most of his limited opportunities, and formed habits of application and industry, which were maintained to the end of his life. The amount of work he was enabled to accomplish was a continual surprise to his friends and especially to his professional associates, who knew of the thought, pains and anxiety which his labors involved. Apart from his great industry there were other notable traits which distinguished Dr. Whitbeck. His character was so simple and plain—he was so honest and unaffected that no one ever doubted or questioned his words or acts. It was the uniform exhibition of these qualities which gained for him the respect, admiration and affection of so large a number in the community and beyond it. Of his relations to the younger members of the profession, we shall hear from others. The interest he felt in the education and thorough training of the large number of young men who studied medicine under his guidance, he continued to entertain after they had graduated. There is much that I would be pleased to say if time permitted, in relation to the character and professional attainments of Dr. Whitbeck,

but it seems to me best that we should hear from others; and with these brief remarks, I ask your further pleasure.

On motion of Dr. Charles Forbes, a Committee consisting of Drs. H. F. Montgomery, E. M. Moore and H. H. Langworthy was appointed to draft resolutions expressive of the feelings of the Society. The Committee retired, and on their return presented the following report :

We are again, within three years, called upon to mourn the loss by death of another of our oldest and most honored members, John F. Whitbeck. He has for the last thirty years practised his profession in this city and been an honored member of the Association since its inauguration. For the last fourteen years he has been one of the attending surgeons of the City Hospital, doing duty four months in each year. He was a man of great energy and indefatigable in his devotion to his profession. He loved his work; in all weather and at all times, by night or day, he responded to the call of the sick and afflicted cheerfully. To the poor and humble as to the wealthy and respected he was ever ready to devote himself heartily. He was truly the good Samaritan. He was a brother to the wounded and neglected by the wayside. With his fellow members of our profession he was always amiable and cheerful, and ever willing to assist them by his experience and his skill. In him the citizens of Rochester have lost a faithful and devoted physician, and this Society a beloved and respected member. We ask the privilege of joining with his bereaved family in honoring and mourning him dead, as a brother.

Your Committee recommend that these expressions of our sentiments be conveyed to the family of the deceased, together with the address of the President.

From the Union and Advertiser, Dec. 11th, 1880.

The Rochester Pathological Society.

The Rochester Pathological Society met last night in Dr. Buckley's office to express their sentiments on the death of Dr. Whitbeck. Dr. W. F. Sheehan, President of the Society, spoke as follows :

Members of the Rochester Pathological Society :

You are already familiar with the sad occasion that has brought us together. Twice since my connection with this Society has death entered its ranks—first was marked as victim Dr. M. R. Spears, an active and esteemed confrere—now an honored and honorary exemplar is taken from our number in the person of Dr. John F. Whitbeck. The former was cut off in his prime, nipped in the bud of a promising flowering, so to speak; the latter was taken away at the eve of three score and ten, in the full fruition of time, honor and esteem. It is this golden sunset that deprives the present death of its sting, and reconciles the numerous sorrowing friends of Dr. John F. Whitbeck to his unexpected demise.

To me was not accorded the felicity of that intimate personal and professional acquaintance enjoyed by most of you, but I, in common with you, had the inspiration of his example. I say inspiration—for which of us was not touched, was not stimulated, was not inspired to do likewise, by the untiring assiduity put into practice early and late, in the discharge of his professional duties.

I once met the deceased at the bed-side of a poor lad who had been run over by the cars and had sustained a fracture of the thigh and other injuries that opened the knee joint. The Hospital was suggested, but the mother objected and said that the boy would be roughly treated because poor.

"My dear madam," said the deceased, "our Hospitals are governed by the principles of humanity and the rich and poor are treated alike." What a noble tribute to our worthy institutions? What a noble mind has ceased to work for our Hospitals.

There has gone from our midst a good man, whom noble words and noble deeds have raised to an exalted position—whence the bright light of his example illuminates the narrow and rugged pathway that we younger men must tread if we desire to attain the same plane of altitude; and the arduous life, with its well earned climax, of our deceased member is not in vain for us, if we follow in his professional footsteps.

Making way for those whose tributes will prove more appropriate for the occasion, I ask your further pleasure.

On motion, Drs. G. A. Wallace, A. Dann, C. S. Starr, C. E. McKelvey and G. Benford were appointed a Committee on resolutions. They reported as follows:

We, the members of the Rochester Pathological Society convened in the office of Dr. Chas. Buckley, desiring to give expression to our feelings regarding the death of one of our oldest and most honored members, gladly embrace this opportunity to render this our last sad tribute to his memory.

Dr. Whitbeck has ever been esteemed by us collectively and individually as a father, friend and counselor. His genial disposition, manly bearing and conscientious regard for the welfare of each and all who sought his aid, together with his ripe experience, have been the tendrils by which he has entwined himself about our hearts. We feel that no words of ours can fully express our deep sorrow; the deeds he wrought, the record of his long and honored life are more emphatic. Grateful hearts in many homes will long breathe a silent yet more lasting tribute to his memory. We desire to tender to his family our sympathy, feeling that time alone can dull their deep grief.

Sleep.

"So He giveth His beloved sleep." [Psalm cxxvi, 2.

He sees when their footsteps falter, when their heart grows weak and faint,
He marks when their strength is failing, and listens to each complaint;
He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has grown too steep;
And folded in fair green pastures,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

Like weary and worn-out children, that sigh for the daylight's close,
He knows that they oft are longing for home and its sweet repose;
So he calls them in from their labors ere the shadows around them creep,
And silently watching o'er them,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it, oh, so gently! as a mother will hush to rest
The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast;

Forgotten are now the trials and sorrows that
made them weep,
For with many a soothing promise
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

He giveth it! Friends the dearest can never this
boon bestow:
But He touches the drooping eyelids, and placid
the features grow;
Their foes may gather around them, and storms
may round them sweep,
But, guarding them safe from danger,
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

All dread of the distant future, all fears that op-
press to-day.
Like mists, that clear in the sunlight, have nois-
lessly passed away;
Nor call nor clamor can rouse them from slum-
bers so pure and deep,
For only His voice can reach them
Who giveth His loved ones sleep.

Weep not that their toils are over, weep not that
their race is run;
God grant we may rest as calmly when our work,
like theirs is done!
Till then we would yield with gladness our treas-
ures to Him to keep,
And rejoice in the sweet assurance
He giveth His loved ones sleep.

—[*Golden Hours.*]

Subduing a Prince.

The late Prince Albert, husband of Queen Victoria, was noted for character. An incident reveals what sort of a man he was, and how wisely he governed his family. Some years ago Miss Hillyard, the governess in the Royal family, seeing the Prince of Wales inattentive to his studies said,—

"Your Royal Highness is not minding your business; will you be pleased to look at your book and learn your lesson?"

His Royal Highness replied that he would not.

"Then" said the governess, "I shall put you in the corner."

His Royal Highness again replied that he should not learn his lesson, neither should he go into a corner, for he was the Prince of Wales; and as if to show his authority, he kicked his little foot through a pane of glass.

Surprised at this act of bold defiance, Miss Hillyard, rising from her seat, said,

"Sir, you must learn your lesson, and if you do not, though you are the Prince of Wales, I shall put you in the corner."

The threat was of no avail; the defiance was repeated, and that, too, in the same determined manner as before.

Miss Hillyard, seeing her authority thus set at naught, rang the bell, and requested that Prince Albert might be sent for.

Shortly the Prince arrived, and having learned the reason why his presence was required, he pointed to a footstool or ottoman, and said to the Prince, "You will sit there, sir!"

He then went to his own room, and returning with a Bible in his hand, said to the Prince of Wales,—

"Now I want you to listen to what St. Paul says about people who are under tutors and governors."

Having read the passage to him, he added, "It is undoubtedly true that you are the Prince of Wales, and if you conduct yourself properly, you may some day be a great man,—you may be King in the room of your mother; but now you are only a little boy. Though you are Prince of Wales, you are only a child under tutors and governors, who must be obeyed, and who must have those under them do as they are bid.

"Moreover" said Prince Albert, "I must tell you what Solomon says;" and he read to him the declaration that he who loveth his son chasteneth him betimes, and then, in order to show his child, he chastised him and put him in a corner saying,—

"Now, sir, you will stand there until you have learned your lesson, and until Miss Hillyard gives you leave to come out, and remember that you are under tutors and governors, and that they must be obeyed."

Employment for Girls.

Dr. J. G. Holland not long ago called attention to the large number of women who were studying art in this country, painting portraits, historical pictures, landscapes or flowers on china, in the vain hope of earning a livelihood, who never had earned a dollar. He proposed wood-engraving as a substitute for these lofty attempts, stating that there was constant demand in this branch of art for work not only of the finest quality, but the most

inferior, such as bill heads, and borders for pages, etc. etc.

We know that Dr. Holland's statements are true. Young girls and women in New York and Philadelphia and in Boston are to-day earning a comfortable living by engraving these common place but necessary designs, while others, more ambitious, sit month after month in their studios, with their landscapes and *genre* pictures, without a buyer.

It is pitiful to see the eagerness with which these would-be artists seize upon each new popular fancy, and flood the market with vases, painted horseshoes, necklaces of pearl-shells, all in vain.

The cause of failure with most women is that they aim too high. A girl, belonging to a family of straitened means, wishes to do something to earn her own living. She is right. No true woman is content to become a weight upon an old, hard-worked father or young brothers who some day will wish to marry.

Now, for a boy of no decided talent or skill, there are a thousand commonplace ways of earning his bread. Only a very few men of genius succeed as authors or artists. But a girl flies at only the highest mark. She writes poems or essays for the best magazines; or she studies art, and opens a studio. She would feel insulted if you should suggest to her that she engrave maps or advertising cards, or design carpets.

There are many women writing wretched trash for the papers, one article out of a hundred being accepted, who could earn a good income by sending pies or home-made pickles into the markets. There are starving artists whose pictures will never find purchasers, but whose hats are marvels of beauty. But who shall dare to hint that nature meant them for cooks and milliners?

The true course for a girl is to consider, as her brother has done, what she can do best. In that line, and no higher, lies her path to success.

Mrs. S. W. Oakey, the author of "Some Old Letters" in *Scribner's Monthly*, will have one or two papers in early numbers of the same magazine, entitled "Recollections of American Society," in which we have glimpses of Lafayette, Daniel Webster, and other notabilities.

The Silver Plate.

They passed it along from pew to pew,
 And gathered the coins now fast, now few,
 That rattled upon it, and every time
 Some eager finger would drop a dime
 On the silver plate with a silver sound,
 A boy who sat in the aisle looked 'round
 With a wistful face—"Oh if only he
 Had a dime to offer, how glad he'd be!"
 He fumbled his pockets, but he didn't dare
 To hope he should find a penny there;
 And much as he searched when all was done
 He hadn't discovered a single one.

He had listened with wide-set, earnest eyes,
 As the minister, in a plaintive wise,
 Had spoken of children all abroad
 The world, who had never heard of God;
 Poor, pitiful pagans, who didn't know
 When they came to die, where their souls
 would go;

And who shrieked with fear when their mothers
 made

Them kneel to the idol god,—afraid
 He might eat them up,—so fierce and wild
 And horrid he seemed to the frightened child.
 "How different," murmured the boy, while his
 Lips trembled, "How different Jesus is!"

And the more the minister talked, the more
 The boy's heart ached to its inner core:
 And the nearer to him the silver plate
 Kept coming, the harder seemed his fate
 That he hadn't a penny (had that sufficed)
 To give, that the heathen might hear of Christ.
 But all at once, as the silver sound
 Just tinkled beside him, the boy looked 'round
 And they offered the piled up plate to him
 And he blushed, as his eyes began to swim.

Then bravely turning as if he knew
 There was nothing better that he could do,
 He spoke in a voice that held a tear,
 "Put the plate on the bench beside me here."
 And the plate was placed, for they thought he
 meant

To empty his pockets of every cent.
 But he stood straight up, and he softly put
 Right square in the midst of the plate—his foot
 And said with a sob controlled before,
 "I will give MYSELF,—I have nothing more!"

The superiority of man to nature is continually illustrated in literature and in life. Nature needs an immense quantity of quills to make a goose with; but man can make a goose of himself in five minutes with one quill.

What He Did at Night.

"Tell me how a young man spends his evenings, and I will tell you how he will spend his life." It is a wise saying, for the leisure hours of a young man are his dangerous hours, and make or mar his character for life.

Towards the close of the last century, a boy was apprenticed to a tobacconist in New York City. He did not know how to read or write or cipher. Neither his occupation nor his associations favored his purpose; but he determined to learn what some one has wittily called the three R's, reading, 'riting, 'rithmetic.

After working twelve hours, he spent his evenings, not, as his fellow-apprentices did, in amusements, but in studying the spelling-book and the arithmetic, and in copying letters and syllables and words.

In a year or two, he became proficient in these elements of an education. Then he began the study of French. When he could read in that language, he took up German. His father was a Frenchman, and his mother a German, a fact which, doubtless, explains why he studied these two languages.

In three or four years he found himself able to read English, French and German, but without books, and with no money to buy them. He had, however, two brothers who also were tabacconists. He worked for them at night, after working all day for his own "boss."

From the small wages they paid him, he saved up enough money to purchase a few books. Then he gave up night work and read his new books. When he had mastered them, he resumed his work at his brothers' shop, and bought more books.

When he became Jacob Lorillard, the millionaire, these books occupied the place of honor in his library. For they were the memorials of his early ambition and industry.

The final installment of the remarkably interesting and valuable life of the great French painter, Jean-François Millet, appears in the January number of *Scribner's*, accompanied by a full-page portrait of Millet, by himself.

Patience, why 'tis the soul of peace;
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest Heaven:
It makes men look like gods. —[Decker.

Sleep.

"He giveth His beloved sleep," is a text which each person's life should illustrate. In our active American life we sleep too little and are up too long. *Hall's Journal of Health* says:

There is no fact more clearly established than this: that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep.

If the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers; this is insanity.

Thus it is that, in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs; thus it is also, that those who are starved to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are three:

1st. Those who think most, who do most brain-work, require most sleep.

2d. That time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body and estate.

3d. Give yourself, your children, your servants, give all who are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular, early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they *awake of themselves*.

Within a fortnight, nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unlose the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system.

This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires each must be a rule for himself; great nature will never fail to write it out to the observer, under the regulations just given.

In 1760, Dr. Brocklesby, having built a large shed as a hospital for wounded soldiers and the mortality proving wonderfully slight, though the treatment was otherwise the same as elsewhere, said "I candidly ascribe their fortunate escape more to the benefit of a pure, keen air, which they breathed therein every moment, than to all the medicine they took." Thus, over a century ago, he stumbled on a law of hygiene now universally acknowledged by experts.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1881.

In Memoriam.

DR. JOHN F. WHITBECK.

Once and again, since we have been associated with the *Hospital Review*, have we offered a memorial tribute to one of the senior physicians of the Rochester City Hospital. Anew the tidings come to us that death has again claimed one of our Medical Staff. In each of three successive years we have been called to part with a long-trying, faithful friend, whose gratuitous and skilful professional services, for many years, have blessed this Institution. Just at the dawning of the new year, in 1878, Dr. Henry W. Dean was suddenly called away; in the spring of 1879, Dr. Wm. W. Ely, with more forewarning of the approaching messenger, rested from his labors; now, in the last month of 1880, Dr. John F. Whitbeck, after a brief illness has left us. These three beloved physicians, highly honored and respected in this community, were summoned hence in the midst of their ripened manhood, before advancing years had crippled their powers.

Just on the eve of our Donation Festival, at half past ten o'clock, December 8th, 1880, at his residence on Gibbs St., Dr. Whitbeck breathed his last. The previous week on Wednesday, he performed a difficult surgical operation, and in returning home increased a cold from which he had been suffering. This finally culminated in pneumonia complicated with pleurisy. Dr. W. was fully conscious of his danger. The initial chill was to him prophetic of the fatal result which the best medical skill could not avert.

Dr. Whitbeck was born at Clavarack, in this State, September 27th, 1812. In his youth his family removed to Herkimer County, where, after graduating at the University of Pennsylvania, he studied his profession and was admitted to practice when about twenty-three years old. He settled in Avon, where, in 1836, he married Miss Elizabeth Ward.

For a short time he made Lima his home, but for thirty years he has been a resident of Rochester, and for fourteen years a member of the Medical Staff of the City Hospital. His wife died in 1853, and he afterwards married Miss L. E. W. Smith of this city, who survives him. He leaves four children, Dr. J. W. Whitbeck, Mrs. M. H. Merriman, Mrs. C. R. Parsons and Miss Jennie Whitbeck, all of this city. In 1862 he entered the army, and for nearly a year discharged the duties of surgeon of the 108th New York Volunteers.

The action of our Medical Societies indicates how highly he was appreciated and beloved by his professional brethren, and the vast concourse that gathered to pay a last tribute of respect to his memory shows how widely he was beloved in this community. Rising to the foremost rank in his profession, he has filled the chair of President of the Monroe County Medical Society, and of the Rochester City Medical Society.

Dr. W. was also prominent as a Mason, and received repeated degrees of honor from his Masonic brethren, who officiated at his funeral service.

He was one of the original twenty-eight members of St. Peter's Church, and his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Riggs, has borne honorable testimony to the value of his useful life.

He has rested from his labors, but the memory of his blessed ministries will long abide within the City Hospital.

A careful perusal is invited of the following announcement, made public by the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, and it is commended to the consideration of all who desire to add to the permanent fund of this most worthy institution:

What Constitutes an Enduring Monument?

It is characteristic of man that he should wish to perpetuate his name and works. The greater his accumulations the stronger is his desire that they should be associated in some way with himself after his own brief life is ended. By some, possessions are handed down to children, and it is hoped that thus a noble record will be preserved. By others, the end is sought by the erection of expensive tombs, or granite shafts, thought to be imperishable. A few, recognising how unsatisfactory are these efforts, give large sums during their life, in a way that bespeaks the highest philanthropy. The pleasure derived from money thus used can hardly be overestimated, but in a laudable effort to preserve the family name, we know of no plan so effective and so certain as an endowment fund to an educational or charitable object, with the name of the donor forever attached thereto. To justify this disposition of funds, the institution to which they are given should be in every sense of the word, *enduring*.

In looking about our city to determine what there is in it that is lasting and worthy of recognition, we thought of the City Hospital as a representative institution. Based on a condition of things which must always exist, it is becoming year by year more firmly established, and there can be no doubt that it will outlast the proudest mausoleum which man has yet erected. There is a reaction against costly memorial structures to the departed, which in no wise benefit the living, and a growing feeling that the noblest, the truest, the best testimonial that can be made by us while in this world, or left in departing from it, is a benefaction to an enduring charity.

In view of the foregoing, the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital have decided to give to the Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds, in this institu-

tion, family names, by which they shall be known forever, in consideration of gifts varying in amount made to the institution by persons who recognise this noble charity and wish to have their names permanently associated with it. The constitution of the Hospital is to be so amended as to incorporate and confirm this action. If the building should be destroyed, a new one would be erected, and the names of Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds would go on unchanged.

In noticing this action, we commend it to a generous public as one which places within the means of a considerable number of people, an excellent opportunity to aid a noble charity, and at the same time, to perpetuate a family heritage in a way most exalted and ennobling, and more enduring than granite.

MRS. M. STRONG,
MRS. W. H. PERKINS,
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS,
MRS. GEO. J. WHITNEY,
MRS. A. D. SMITH,

Executive Com. of Lady Managers

As soon as the amounts deemed proper for affixing names to the different parts of the Hospital can be determined, persons interested will have the privilege of naming the parts of the Hospital for which the sums given by them are adequate—and these names will go on forever—all of the records of the Hospital will embody them, and they will be inscribed, with a date if desired, upon a neat stone tablet to be designed by Mr. Cutler, set in the wall. The trustees will furnish a guarantee duly attested, making the action binding for all.

Hospital Patients.

At the opening of the new year there are two more patients under treatment at the City Hospital than during the corresponding period last year.

In passing through the Wards we found the sickest inmates in the Male Medical Ward. They were both consumptives and one had an abscess; at the time of our visit the wife of one sat by his bedside ministering to him. There were eleven other patients. One who had had cataract removed was doing well, two

were aged and infirm, one had epileptic fits, one hip complaint; there were no fever patients.

In the Male Surgical Ward none of the twelve inmates were confined to the bed. One man was suffering from a sprained ankle, one was recovering from an ulcer, one whose limb had been amputated, was waiting for it to be well enough to have an artificial leg attached to the stump. A soldier was sitting by his cot, who, years before, lost a limb and who is often an inmate of the Hospital. Four of the patients were aged and infirm, and two quite young.

In the Upper Female Ward we found fourteen under treatment. Two of these were Dr. Rider's patients. One, a colored woman from PennYan, had been operated upon for iritis in both her eyes, she had been afflicted for eleven years, and had become almost blind. The other, an English woman, from Skeneateles, had had a cataract removed and was doing so well she hoped in a few days to return home; seven years before she had had a similar operation on the other eye. A new patient was afflicted with rheumatism. The two paralytic patients were improving greatly and seemed very happy. A woman with a disease of the heart appeared quite feeble, but was very patient, and said she suffered no pain. The young girl, with diseased spine, who, for more than two months had been encased in a plaster of Paris jacket, had had this removed, and though she felt unable to sit up or move much without it, she thought the treatment had greatly benefited her, and was waiting to gain strength enough to have another application of plaster of Paris. One patient with diseased lungs was amusing herself with her crochet needle, and another was making a chain of horse hair. C. seemed greatly pleased with her Christmas gifts, and kindly showed them to us.

The Lying-In-Ward had five occupants, two of whom were infants.

In the Lower Female Wards, were sixteen patients, one of these occupied the Cross Ward, and had been very ill with diphtheria; two had sprained their ankles, and two were recovering who had broken their wrists. The woman who had cut her hand by thrusting it through a glass window, was still suffering acutely. A scrofulous patient had withered limbs and complained of general debility. Mrs. P. and Mrs. B. were in their ordinary conditions. Only three of these patients were confined to the cot.

The training school for Nurses is fairly inaugurated, and the physicians feel sanguine as to its beneficial results.

The Children's Cot.

Our paper was so full last month, dear children, that we had no room to tell you about the Children's Cot. We are sure you will expect to hear from us this month, and we have plenty to tell you, for there are four little children in the Hospital, either of whom would be young enough to sleep in the Cot. As it will hold only one, we have given it to Laura Murney, who has occupied it for about five weeks. Laura is a very delicate, frail little girl, five years old, but she is much better now than when she came to the Hospital. For a long while it has been used by Mary Kern, the German child who has sore feet and hands, and who has never been able to go to school, as she has always been an invalid. Mary is a very sweet child, and when she found her cot was needed for a younger girl, she very cheerfully gave it up, and she now sleeps in a large cot, right opposite the Children's Cot. On our last visit to the Hospital we missed Mary, and heard she had gone home to spend a few days with her mother, who is a carpet weaver. Before we left the Ward she returned and it

was pleasant to see how the children greeted each other. Mary's feet were so tender she could not walk to the Hospital, and her brother had given her a ride on his sled. A kind young lady comes to the Hospital and teaches Mary to read. She sings very sweetly. If you come to see her she will give you an English or a German song.

Now, if you want to find the other little children, you will have to go down stairs, cross the main hall, and enter the lower Ward, on the east side of the Hospital. We call this the Male Surgical Ward, and here are two boys, one five and one seven years old. The youngest of these, Charlie Van Wiper, has been here for several months. His father is absent and his mother goes out to work; so, early in the morning, Charlie is brought to the Hospital and at night he goes back to his mother. Some time ago he fell and sprained his arm and he has weak eyes. The other boy is Ruel Mills; he has been with us about six weeks. He was almost blind when he came; he has had a cataract removed from one of his eyes. He has a sick mother. These children keep each other company and we have never seen them quarrel. Santa Claus brought one of them a musical instrument, that was played by striking a hammer on metal plates. This amused the blind boy greatly, and one of the patients in this Ward said to us: "Christmas is not much without children. We like to see the little folks happy." These boys, five and seven years old, are quite destitute of clothing, and would be very glad if any children who read this could spare them some warm garments.

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.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Interest on Bank Deposit,	\$ 12 52
Previously acknowledged.....	1260 23
Total Receipts.....	\$1272 75

Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, Birthday and Easter offerings are earnestly solicited for the Children's Cot Fund, 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.

Additional Cash Donations.

Mr. George McDonald, Boston—By Mrs. J. M. Whitney,	\$5 00
Mr. A. V. Clarke, Albion—By Mrs. F. Clarke,	20 00
Additional to Mrs. G. J. Whitney's table,	15 00
" Mrs. G. E. Mumford's table,	1 75
" expenses, Schaick's bill,	8 00

RECAPITULATION.

Cash Donations,	\$2,432 00
" received from Tables,	1,065 62
" " " Fancy Articles,	911 91
" " " Tickets for Entertainment,	47 00
" " " Mr. Hermann, for Briggs' Safe,	100 00
	\$4,556 53
Expenses	163 65
Net.....	\$4,392 88

DONATED BILLS.

Trotter, Geddes & Co.,	\$10 00
Mrs. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.	

Omissions.

Last month we made several omissions in our list of Donations, among which were the following:

Mrs. John H. Hill, 1 loaf of Cake; Mrs. Oscar Craig, Chicken Pie; Mrs. Joseph Craig, Brockport, four pairs of Mittens.

Christmas.

Mrs. Whitney kindly remembered the invalids at the Hospital on Christmas morning, supplying each with a plate or basket of fruit and flowers. The Wards were also ornamented with Christmas wreaths.

Vick's Floral Guide.

Mr. Vick sends us the Spring number of his Floral Guide, containing, besides the usual illustrations and suggestive information regarding flowers and vegetables, a good likeness of himself and a picture of the new building, one hundred and sixty-two feet front, which he has recently erected on his grounds, at East Avenue. We are sorry to lose the tempting display that has usually greeted us in Mr. Vick's store on State Street, but, as he has removed to East Avenue, we must go there to feast our eyes on his floral treasures.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 3, 1880, Peter Matheis, aged 44 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 4, 1880, of septicaemia, Carl Neuer, aged 51 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 12, 1880, from fractured skull, William A. Smith, aged 26 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 12, 1880, of old age, Friend Boorman, aged 76 years.

Donations.

Mrs. Roderick, Pembroke—A new Bed Quilt.
Mrs. Howard Osgood—Reading Matter.
Mrs. G. C. Buell—Reading Matter, Pictorials.
Mrs. S. H. Terry—Scientific American and other Reading Matter.

Mrs. Perkins—Reading Matter.

Mrs. Mathews—Reading Matter.

Mrs. Gorton—"Graphics."

Friends of Mr. Butterick—Books and Reading Matter.

J. C. Goodridge—Second-hand Clothing.

Mrs. Wetmore—Second-hand Clothing.

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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.

Receipts for the Review,

TO JANUARY 1st, 1881.

Mrs. A. W. Riley—By Mrs. Terry.....\$	62
W. C. Dickinson, advertisement—By Mrs. C. E. Mathews.....	10 00
Mr. C. Henry Amsden, \$1.25; Mr. S. Avery, \$1.25; Mrs. N. Ayrault, 65 cts.; Miss Julia Barton, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Brewster, 75 cents; Mrs. M. G. Bristol, Canandaigua, 50 cents; Mrs. B. Brown, (two subscriptions,) \$2.00; Mrs. H. Austin Brewster, 62 cts.; Miss Bunce, Hartford, Conn., \$1.00; Mrs. E. T. Coann, Albion, \$1.00; Mrs. D. M. Dewey, 63 cents; Thos. Daily, Avon, 50 cents; A. Hamilton, Livonia, \$1.00; Mrs. A. M. Lindsay, \$2.00; Additional, 15 cts.; J. Owens, Brockport, \$2.00; Mrs. E. M. Price, Avon, \$1.00; Mrs. J. H. Rochester, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Strong, 62c.; Mrs. Chas. Smith, Andover, Mass., 50 cents—By Mrs. Robert Mathews,	18 66

Monthly Reports.

1880. Dec. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 67	
Received during month, ..	28
Births,	2— 97
Deaths,	4
Discharged,	22— 26
Remaining, Jan. 1st, 1881, ..	71

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. E. V. Stoddard, 62 South Washington Street.

Capt. John Codman, in a Thanksgiving letter written from Boston to the New York Post, relates the following anecdote of Father Taylor: "I once heard Father Taylor approach the Lord very directly in this way on the Sunday before election. He had prayed in the usual way, 'O Lord, give us good men to rule over us, just men who fear Thee, temperate men,' till he at last shouted: 'But, Lord, what's the use of veering and hauling and boxing about the compass? Give us George N. Briggs for Governor.'"

An Intelligent Dog and Cat.

A gentleman visiting in New Hampshire last summer was told the following incident: The men were mowing in the field, and accompanying them was a large Newfoundland dog, who watched the operations, and saw some moles start in the grass; the dog caught several, digging for them and killing them. All at once the dog disappeared, and was gone for some time. Looking up in the field in the direction of the farmhouse, they saw the dog trotting down toward them, and by his side was trotting the house-cat, the greatest cordiality always existing between the two animals. The dog brought the cat directly to the swath, and soon pussy understood what was up. As soon as a mole was started, she caught and killed him; and when one retreated to a hole, the dog scented and dug him out, the cat in this case killing the mole. And so the dog and cat hunted together for quite a time, until they wearied of the sport.

—[N. Y. Evangelist.

The house of Peleg Barker, in Pembroke, Mass., is supposed to be the oldest house in the United States. In the spring of 1629, Mr. Barker's great great grandfather and Frederick Davis built a fort of stone and mortar, with portholes from which to defend themselves against the Indians. The fort has been used as a dining-room by the Barker family for years. The main house is a two-story building, and is only ten years younger than the part that formed the fort. The house is furnished throughout with old furniture.

TO CLEAN SILVER.—Nothing is better to clean silver with than alcohol and ammonia; after rubbing with this, take a little whitening, or a soft cloth, and polish. In this way even frosted silver, which is so difficult to clean, may be easily made clear and bright.

JOHNNY CAKE.—One pint of boiled rice or hominy, one egg, one tablespoonful of butter, salt to taste, flour enough to make a soft dough; roll half an inch thick, bake quick, without blistering, serve hot; tear the cakes open and butter; cut the cakes four inches long and three wide.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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

TERMS—City, in Advance, including Postage, 62 cts.
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[Entered at the Post Office at Rochester, N. Y. as second-class mail matter.]

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, No. 41 Atkinson Street.

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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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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Interest not exceeding five per cent. per annum on all accounts up to \$1,000, and not exceeding four per cent. on all sums over \$1,000 to and including \$5,000, will be allowed on the first days of March, June, September and December in each year, for all sums that shall have remained on deposit since the preceding quarter day, and such interest shall be credited on the first days of June and December in each year. Interest will be credited on all amounts deposited on or before the third day of any quarter as if deposited on the first day of such quarter.

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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. XVII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1881.

No. 7.

Pain and I.

BY BERTHA S. POOL.

Pain and I are comrades, tried,
We have watched long, side by side,
Would you like to know
All the sweetness he keeps fast?—
Learn to trust him to the last,
He will tell you—so.

Pain is grim, and grey and old;
He has wrinkles manifold,
Each one hides a smile.
He has known distrust, and hate,
Scorn, and idle estimate,
All this weary while.

No one ever loved him much,
No one smiled to meet the touch
Of his fingers white;
But I sat so long beside him,
And all goodness I denied him,
Shrinking from his touch.

Till, one wintry midnight chill,
As he lingered, lingered still,
Something in his face
Pleading with a look Divine,
Wakened all this heart of mine
To a tardy grace.

Oh what comrades have we grown!
What sweet lessons have we known
Since that glad surprise!
For I think that you must know
That an *Angel* hideth so
Under this disguise!

STARCH PREVENTED FROM STICKING.—A tablespoonful of kerosene oil added to a pint of boiled starch, prevents sticking and improves the gloss.

For the Hospital Review.

Help for the Erring.

Our attention has recently been called to an article entitled, "At the Prison Gate," taken from *The Sunday at Home*, and written by Anna Beale. It gives an exceedingly interesting account of a noble work, originated in England, more than sixteen years since, by Mrs. Meredith, who devotes to it her time, energy and fortune. She names her mission the "The Prisoner's Aid Society."

Not far from Westminster Abbey stands Tothill Fields Prison, and within a few yards of this, projecting from a small house, is a sign-board, bearing the words, "Prison Mission." This sign faces the prison doors through which the liberated female prisoners make their exit, and each morning about half past nine o'clock, forty, fifty, or sixty women, whose terms of confinement in the prison have expired, may avail themselves of the comforts of the Prison Mission. A fire, hot coffee, and a roll, are in waiting for those who choose to enter, and friends are there ready to help the criminals from again falling into sin, by giving wise counsel and providing honest work.

Many who leave the prison are friendless and homeless, and if uncared for would soon find their way to the gin-shop, or commit some crime that would be but another step in their downward career;

but while the hot coffee and roll are supplying a bodily want, some kind word dropped in the ear, some friendly suggestion, some proffered help, may lift the fallen woman and be the means of bringing her back to the paths of peace.

Some idea of the extent of the work done at the Prison Gate Mission may be formed when we learn that in one year 3,757 women visited it.

In connection with this Mission is a laundry at Nine Elms, where many of the discharged prisoners are employed. An English shilling is paid for a day's work, and in one year four thousand two hundred and eighty-nine days' work was done here.

The laundries are furnished with steam washing, wringing, drying and mangling machines, and are supplied with washing and ironing from the hospitals and charitable individuals, and are thus made self-sustaining.

Efforts were to be made for gratuitous washing for the sick, especially for those afflicted with cancers. For this purpose, "long, clean, stone troughs are provided, through which flows a continual stream of water, and here the foul linen will soak for forty-eight hours until all impurity is destroyed."

The superintendents of the different departments in the laundry are all released prisoners, and Mrs. Meredith and her sister have for years resided near the laundries the better to help the beneficiaries.

Another branch of this charity is at Addlestone in Surrey, at Princess Mary Village, where, amid rural surroundings, the children of prisoners are cared for.

The author of the article to which we have referred, says: "It is indeed a bright scene on this spring day, a whole village trim, neat, and uniform, full of happy children of all ages, with a kindly matron as mother' to each half-dozen. We forget, as we watch them at their play or lessons, that they are the offspring of

convicts, many of whom are still in penal servitude. And to make them also in some sort forget it, other village children come to learn with them. The Princess who has given her name, and interests herself in this peaceful spot, must rejoice in those cots around the village green."

Surely this is an age when woman's work for woman is beautifully illustrating the graces that flow from that charity that is the outgrowth of Christianity.

H. S. T.

"Died Poor."

'It was a sad funeral to me,' said the speaker; 'the saddest I have attended for many years.'

'That of Edmonson?'

'Yes.'

'How did he die?'

'Poor—poor as poverty. His life was one long struggle with the world, and at every disadvantage. Fortune mocked him all the while with golden promises that were destined never to know fulfilment.'

'Yet he was patient and enduring,' remarked one of the company.

'Patient as a Christian—enduring as a martyr,' was answered. 'Poor man! he was worthy of a better fate. He ought to have succeeded, for he deserved success.'

'Did he not succeed?' questioned one who had spoken of his patience and endurance.

'No, sir. He died poor, just as I have stated. Nothing that he put his hand to ever succeeded. A strange fatality seemed to attend every enterprise.'

'I was with him in his last moments,' said the other, 'and thought he died rich.'

'No, he has left nothing behind,' was replied. 'The heirs will have no concern as to the administration of his estate.'

'He left a good name,' said one, 'and that is something.'

'And a legacy of noble deeds that were done in the name of humanity,' remarked another.

'And precious examples,' said a third.

'Lessons of patience in suffering, of hope in adversity, of heavenly confidence when no sunbeams fell upon his bewildered path,' was the testimony of another.

'And high truths, manly courage and heroic fortitude.'

'Then he died rich,' was the emphatic declaration. 'Richer than the millionaire who went to his long home on the same day, miserable in all but gold. A sad funeral did you say? No, my friend, it was a triumphal procession. Not the burial of a human clod, but the ceremonies attendant on the translation of an angel. Did not succeed? Why his whole life was a series of successes. In every conflict he came off the victor, and now the victor's crown is on his brow. Any grasping, soulless, selfish man, with a moderate share of brain, may gather money and learn the art of keeping it; but not one in a hundred can conquer bravely in the battle of life as Edmonson has conquered, and step forth from the ranks of men as a Christian hero. No, no; he did not die poor, but rich—rich in neighborly love and rich in celestial affections. And his heirs have an interest in the administration of his affairs. A large property has been left, and let them see to it that they do not lose precious things through false estimates and ignorant depreciation. There are higher things to gain in this world than wealth that perishes. He dies rich who can take his treasure with him to the new land where he is to abide forever; and he who has to leave all behind on which he has placed his affections dies poor indeed.'

A Woman's Temptation.

Perhaps it is hardly possible for a thoughtful person to live in the present century, and not be to some extent affected by the uneasy skepticism which is in the very air.

Among others, "Sister Dora," the brave and beautiful hospital nurse at Walsall, passed through her season of doubt and peril. Her faith was shaken to its very foundations, but it did not fall, for it was built upon a rock.

She suffered agonies; and she turned for help to the work which she felt herself called on to do for her Master. Doing the will of the Lord, in her daily life, faith came back to bless and comfort her. But in the midst of her rejoicing over her victory arose a new danger.

A man loved her and desired to make her his wife—a man of fine acquirements;

of noble nature; intellectually more than her peer; personally delightful to her.

For the first and only time in her life Sister Dora loved. Visions of home tempted her—the sweetness of a life of which she should be the centre—and she was almost ready to put her hand in the one so longingly outstretched to her.

But this lover was an utter unbeliever. With his moral character there was no fault to find; but he lived without God in the world. He had no hope in the hereafter. He wooed her for this world only, since beyond this life he looked forward to nothing.

It was the one desperate temptation of Sister Dora's life. Had he been a worse man, she would have feared his influence less. But she had experienced the eclipse of faith, and she dreaded its return. Dared she put her hand in this man's—this man who walked always in the dark?

She waited, she reflected, she prayed; and then she sent away the one lover of her life.

After that she worked more earnestly than ever. She, who was never to have children of her own, tended lovingly the little ones of others; she, who was to have no home, strove to help and bless other households, and succeeded.

She kept herself too busy for repining; but at heart she missed something, of the loss of which she never complained. But she had chosen the better part, and her end was peace. —[*Youths' Companion*.]

What a Mother Did.

Years ago a family of four, a father, a mother and two sons, dwelt in a small house, situated in the roughest locality of the rocky town of Ashford, Conn. The family was very poor.

A few acres of stony land, a dozen sheep and one cow supported them. The sheep clothed them, and the cow gave milk, and did the work of a horse in ploughing and harrowing. Corn-bread, milk, and bean-porridge was their fare.

The father being laid aside by ill-health, the burden of supporting the family rested on the mother. She did her work in the house, and helped the boys do theirs on the farm. Once, in the dead of winter, one of the boys required a new suit of clothes. There was neither money or wool on hand. The mother sheared the half-

grown fleece from the sheep, and in one week the suit was on the boy. The shorn sheep were protected from the cold by a garment made of braided straw.

The family lived four miles from the "meeting house." Yet, every Sunday, the mother and her two sons walked to church. One of these sons became the pastor of the church in Franklin, Conn., to whom he preached for sixty-one years. Two generations went from that church to make the world better.

The other son also became a minister, and then one of the most successful of college Presidents. Hundreds of young men were moulded by him.

That heroic Christian woman's name was Deborah Nott. She was the mother of the Rev. Samuel Nott, D. D., and of Eliphalet Nott, D. D., LL. D., President of Union College.

"Honor and shame from no condition rise:

Act well your part, there all the honor lies;"—but then, a man who has and accepts his mother's aid is more likely to "act well" his part than one who has it not, or having, refuses to accept it.

Medical Beneficence of the Government.

A foreign exchange tells us that in each quarter of Madrid, Spain, there is, by law established, a house where four to six beds are always held in readiness to receive any persons suffering from accidents or sudden illness, and whom it would be difficult to transport either to the hospital or to their homes. At each of these depots there are two or three doctors, according to the importance of the district, two nurses, a clerk, and two stretcher-bearers. Both day and night a medical man remains on duty at this post, and he has with him the necessary surgical instruments, bandages, medicaments, etc. This institution is in vogue in all the large towns of Spain. The medical attendants receive fair remuneration, and are appointed by public competition. These appointments supply practice to young doctors, and enable them to tide over the earlier and more difficult period of their careers. For a village of forty poor families and one hundred and thirty cottages and houses, the local authorities pay the medical man a yearly salary of \$115, and the well-to-do inhabitants contribute \$385.

As a Training School for Nurses has recently been introduced into our City Hospital, our readers may feel interested to see what has been accomplished by a similar organization in another part of our State. We copy the article from the *N. Y. Evangelist*.—Ed.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES.—At the eighth annual meeting of this Institution, held a few days ago (Jan. 11th), Mrs. Robert Wordsworth, the secretary, stated that since the opening of the school in 1873, 120 nurses have been graduated, of whom one has died, four have married, twenty-four have positions in training-schools, hospitals and other public institutions, three are nursing the poor, two have entered sisterhoods, three have been deprived of their diplomas on account of unprofessional conduct, and the others have established themselves as professional nurses in New York and elsewhere. In 1880 thirty-seven pupils were received, seven of whom proved incompetent; and there are now sixty-three in the school. The school has under its charge all the female wards and two of the male wards of Bellevue Hospital, and the Sturges Pavillion and other departments attached to the hospital. In addition to the training, from head nurses in the wards they go through a regular course of instruction. The demand for nurses by private families is greater than the school can supply. There were 509 such demands in 1880; 189 were supplied from the school, 226 were sent to the nurses already graduated, and 94 were necessarily refused. At the school a list of all the graduated nurses and their addresses is kept to aid them in getting employment. A badge for the nurses has been designed—a brooch with a stork engraved upon it. The professional garb of the nurses is a black dress and a white lace cap and collar. There were twenty-nine graduates this year.

In Lowell, Mass., the third Sabbath in January is set apart as "Hospital Sunday," all denominations uniting in the scheme, collections being made in the churches. The *idea* is extending, and we hope will be made real in all our cities. By the way, when do the unbelievers meet to organize benevolent work?

Turkish Carpets.

Ooshak, a large village of artisans, about six days' journey due east from Smyrna, is the headquarters of the manufacture of the carpets known for generations as "Turkey carpets." The patterns are Turkish, or rather Arabesque. A carpet between seven and eight yards long will employ eight women at once, working side by side. Their wages are about eight piastres a week, which, it is calculated, comes to about forty-five cents for each yard of carpet woven. The wool used comes from the villages round about, and is bought for about a halfpenny a pound in its uncleaned state. When washed and bleached it loses at least one-third of its weight. The foundation of the carpet is made of an inferior wool, and the whole material of the fabric may cost about sixty-seven cents a yard. This does not include the dyeing, which is managed by the men, and forms the chief item of cost. The colors are produced for the most part with madder, cochineal, and indigo.

Most people hear or use the words "Mrs. Grundy," as applied to gossip, and meaning the female part of society, according to fashionable slang, without knowing their origin. "What Mrs. Grundy says," means what the gossips say. The original Mrs. Grundy was the wife of President Van Buren's attorney general, Hon. Felix Grundy of Tennessee, and she ruled aristocratic society in Washington with a rod of iron! Her edicts were law, her presence was indispensable to the success of all fashionable gatherings, and such an authority she became on social topics that the expression "What Mrs. Grundy says," became so common as to outlive her fame.

It is said to have been an old Norman custom to cover up the fires at a certain hour in the evening, and when William the Conqueror came to England he brought that habit with him, and he commanded that the fires of all the Saxons, and of everybody in the land, should be covered at sunset in Summer and at eight o'clock in Winter. Men were employed to go about ringing bells and calling out to the people to put on their "curfew" or *fire cover*. The "curfew" was an iron or tin cover, which was put securely on over the coals. It made a good "airtight," and kept the fires well till morning.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1881.

Officers of the Rochester City Hospital for 1881.

DANIEL W. POWERS, President.
LEVI A. WARD, Vice-President.
HENRY S. HANFORD, Secretary and Treasurer.

Directors.

Levi A. Ward,	James L. Angle,
Samuel D. Porter,	Jonathan E. Pierpont,
Samuel Wilder,	Henry S. Hanford,
Elias S. Ettenheimer,	Giles F. Kitts,
James Vick,	Mortimer F. Reynolds,
Charles C. Morse,	George H. Thompson,
Daniel W. Powers,	Charles F. Pond,
John H. Brewster,	George E. Mumford,
Gilman H. Perkins,	Lewis P. Ross,
James Brackett,	John J. Bausch.

Thomas Leighton.

Executive Committee.

S. Wilder, James Brackett, L. P. Ross.

Auditing Committee.

J. H. Brewster, E. S. Ettenheimer, C. F. Pond.

Committee on Membership.

L. A. Ward, M. F. Reynolds, C. F. Pond.

Lady Managers.

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

MRS. M. STRONG, President.

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treasurer.

MRS. M. M. MATHEWS, Cor. Secretary.

MRS. D. B. BEACH, Recording Secretary.

Executive Committee.

Mrs. Maltby Strong,	Mrs. M. M. Mathews,
Mrs. W. H. Perkins,	Mrs. A. D. Smith,
Mrs. George J. Whitney.	

Medical Staff.—Attending Physicians.

Wm. S. Ely, M. D.	E. V. Stoddard, M. D.
J. W. Whitbeck, M. D.	

Attending Surgeons.

H. F. Montgomery, M. D. David Little, M. D.
H. H. Langworthy, M. D.

Special.

C. E. Rider, M. D., Ophthalmic and Au. Surgeon.

Assistant.

Frank H. Potter.

Matron.

Miss Frances E. Hebbard.

A careful perusal is invited of the following announcement, made public by the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, and it is commended to the consideration of all who desire to add to the permanent fund of this most worthy institution:

What Constitutes an Enduring Monument?

It is characteristic of man that he should wish to perpetuate his name and works. The greater his accumulations the stronger is his desire that they should be associated in some way with himself after his own brief life is ended. By some, possessions are handed down to children, and it is hoped that thus a noble record will be preserved. By others, the end is sought by the erection of expensive tombs, or granite shafts, thought to be imperishable. A few, recognising how unsatisfactory are these efforts, give large sums during their life, in a way that bespeaks the highest philanthropy. The pleasure derived from money thus used can hardly be overestimated, but in a laudable effort to preserve the family name, we know of no plan so effective and so certain as an endowment fund to an educational or charitable object, with the name of the donor forever attached thereto. To justify this disposition of funds, the institution to which they are given should be in every sense of the word, *enduring*.

In looking about our city to determine what there is in it that is lasting and worthy of recognition, we thought of the City Hospital as a representative institution. Based on a condition of things which must always exist, it is becoming year by year more firmly established, and

there can be no doubt that it will outlast the proudest mausoleum which man has yet erected. There is a reaction against costly memorial structures to the departed, which in no wise benefit the living, and a growing feeling that the noblest, the truest, the best testimonial that can be made by us while in this world, or left in departing from it, is a benefaction to an enduring charity.

In view of the foregoing, the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital have decided to give to the Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds, in this institution, family names, by which they shall be known forever, in consideration of gifts varying in amount made to the institution by persons who recognise this noble charity and wish to have their names permanently associated with it. The constitution of the Hospital is to be so amended as to incorporate and confirm this action. If the building should be destroyed, a new one would be erected, and the names of Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds would go on unchanged.

In noticing this action, we commend it to a generous public as one which places within the means of a considerable number of people, an excellent opportunity to aid a noble charity, and at the same time, to perpetuate a family heritage in a way most exalted and ennobling, and more enduring than granite.

MRS. M. STRONG,
MRS. W. H. PERKINS,
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS,
MRS. GEO. J. WHITNEY,
MRS. A. D. SMITH,

Executive Com. of Lady Managers.

As soon as the amounts deemed proper for affixing names to the different parts of the Hospital can be determined, persons interested will have the privilege of naming the parts of the Hospital for which the sums given by them are adequate—and these names will go on forever—all of the records of the Hospital will embody them, and they will be inscribed, with a date if desired, upon a neat stone tablet to be designed by Mr. Cutler, set in the wall. The trustees will furnish a guarantee duly attested, making the action binding for all.

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

Midwinter at the Hospital.

On the morning of February second, when we needed not the thermometer to convince us that the mercury was far below the freezing point, we turned our steps to the City Hospital, and were glad to find that within its ample apartments the grateful heat from the new radiators made the invalids warm and comfortable. One of the nurses said to us, contrasting a Ward with the outside atmosphere, "We have a tropical climate here all the time."

The physician, whose turn it was to visit the Hospital, was just leaving after having made his morning calls, and the interest of many of the inmates centred on a woman who had been brought to the Hospital the night before, in a fearfully mangled condition. She was found unconscious near the State Line Railroad, in the vicinity of the Maple Street crossing. A flagman had seen her walking on the track, after dark, and warned her of the danger. When her wounds were examined she was found to have four or five deep gashes, on her head, and her leg and arm were both broken. She had almost perished with cold, and her pulse was very feeble. As the surgeons were sewing up and dressing her wounds she was unconscious and there seemed no means at hand of identifying her. The next morning she was able to give her name and proved to be a Mrs. Kannan. About two years since her husband lost his leg on the State Line Railroad, and she has since then supported her family by washing. She has four young children at home. She has been in the habit of absenting herself for several days at a time from home.

In the Male Surgical Ward sixteen patients were under treatment, not many of these were new cases. Four of them were quite young; two little boys who have been here for some time were playing about the Ward, and two older ones were quietly resting. One of these was Wal-

ter N. who has a diseased hip, but recently he has been threatened with fever, but rest and good care were improving him. A youth not quite sixteen, a few days before fell through an elevator opening from the fourth story of Cunningham's carriage factory, and broke his arm near the shoulder. He was sitting in a rocking chair partly dressed and looked quite comfortable. The soldier, who has lost a limb, was in usual condition, and told us he should soon leave the Hospital. The man with a broken leg, whose case we have reported, had so far recovered as to return home. Some of the patients were infirm and aged.

Only one of the fourteen patients in the Male Medical Ward was confined to his cot; he was suffering from a diseased heart and consumption. One man afflicted with consumption and abscess, had died within the last month in this Ward. A new patient, an aged paralytic, had recently entered the Ward, he was quite helpless, could not walk, nor feed himself, but was up, dressed, and seemed very comfortable in a lounging chair. There were no fever patients. A rheumatic invalid had improved so much he was expecting to leave on the morrow. Our aged Scotch friend, Mr. K., was up, dressed, and very grateful for his comfortable surroundings.

In the Upper Female Ward we found thirteen patients. A case of jaundice had been under treatment for three weeks, and the women, though still very yellow, was improving, as was also a pneumonia patient who had been about a week in the Hospital. A woman who had been very sick with a diseased heart was much more comfortable. A paralytic patient reported great progress, said she had been able to knit, to do her own mending, and had three times attended service in the chapel. Another paralytic invalid was improving, as was one troubled with inflammatory rheumatism. A young girl from Canada,

an orphan, twenty-two years old, had died of quick consumption.

In the Lying-In-Ward were two women and two babies.

In the Lower Female Ward one patient was recovering from a surgical operation and was soon to go through another. It was pleasant to hear her expressions of gratitude for care and attention. She said the Hospital was a splendid place for the sick, she had left a good home to come to it, but she had had the best of care, and her neighbors were so pleased with her improvement, that several of them, who were sick, were thinking of coming to the Hospital for treatment.

On a cot near by was a sufferer whose case appealed strongly to our sympathy. For three months she had been suffering from the effects of thrusting her arm through a painted glass window, and the surgeon had a few days before told her that the bone of the arm had become so diseased that amputation was necessary. She could not bring her mind to the point when she would consent to the operation. We narrated our own experience with ether, and tried to influence her to yield to the advice of the physician.

The young girl with diseased spine had come down stairs, and for three weeks had been wearing her second plaster of Paris jacket. She said she felt much stronger and could walk about supported by her plaster jacket. A patient who had broken her arm was using it tolerably freely, darning stockings. A new patient who had slipped on the ice and broken her limb near the ankle was on her cot, but doing well. Mrs. P. and Mrs. B. were comparatively comfortable.

Our Wards looked very bright and pleasant, and the cheerful faces of the new nurses were very grateful to the invalids.

The nurses are now greatly interested in their work, and some of them spoke of it with a great deal of enthusiasm.

There is a large number of private patients in the Hospital. Mr. Male, the former nurse of the Male Medical Ward, is taking care of one of them.

The Children's Cot.

The little folks are coming in upon us so fast, that we begin to think instead of a Children's Cot we shall need a Children's Ward in our Hospital. We have now five children in the Hospital small enough to occupy the Cot. Two of them are little boys of whom we have told you. They are still in the Male Surgical Ward. The one who has had cataracts on his eyes is almost blind, and does not appear to improve very rapidly; the one with a lame arm is much better and very lively.

In the Upper Female Ward, where the Children's Cot stands, are now three children. The little German girl, Mary Kern, who looked bright and happy when we last saw her, though far from well, gave up the Cot more than two months since to Laura Murney, who is now almost well, and on the second of February a mother, who was out at service, brought to the Hospital her little son two years and four months old. The little fellow had been feeble for many months, and was just recovering from inflammation of the lungs. It was a fearfully cold day, and they had bundled up the little thing so that he should not take cold, and had brought him to the Hospital with a request from the physician that he should be received. The nurse said she would take him, and so his many wrappings were removed and he was carried up to the Children's Cot. "Where shall we put him?" said the nurse to little Laura. "I will give up my bed," said she. "That will be nice," said the nurse, "he shall sleep in the little Cot and then he will not fall out of bed." Laura said she would be his little nurse and we left the three children near the Cot, and the

mother very happy that so comfortable a place was ready to receive her fatherless boy, whom she could not care for because she had to take care of other children to gain means to support herself and child.

Now, dear children, you must not forget the endowment fund. Save your pennies, try to earn money, and send us all you can, and we hope ere long for some thank-offerings from little ones whom God has brought back to health from the borders of the grave.

Since the above was written, we have received two donations, which are elsewhere duly acknowledged, for which we are very grateful.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund,

TO FEBRUARY 1st, 1881.

Mr. John Greenwood,	\$11 25
Walter B. Brown, New York,	50

Receipts for the month,	\$ 11 75
Previously acknowledged,	1272 75

Total Receipts,	\$1284 50
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Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, Birthday and Easter offerings are earnestly solicited for the Children's Cot Fund, 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.

Wanted.

Our Training School for Nurses somewhat increases our needs, and chamber furniture, single or double bedsteads, mattresses, bureaus, bedding, and anything useful in a private chamber will be available. Perhaps as some of our friends are making changes in the spring, they can send us second-hand carpets or furniture, that will be very acceptable.

Omission.

In recording the names of the children who took part in the sale at Mrs. Pancoast's, for the benefit of the Cot, we omitted those of Buell and Willie Mills.

Our School for Nurses.

The Training School for Nurses attached to the Hospital is in successful operation.

The Lady Managers have decided to increase the number of Nurses by more new appointments.

We republish the conditions governing admissions to the School, and recommend it to the notice of women desiring to become professional Nurses.

The following conditions will govern their admission: Applicants must be single; between twenty and thirty-five years of age; possessed of a good education; of perfect health, and unexceptionable moral character. They shall reside in the Hospital, and devote their time to the care of the patients, under the direction of the supervising nurse and the attending physicians and surgeons. Practical instructions will be given by the supervising nurse and by the physicians and surgeons at the time of their visits. Board, washing and the nominal sum of ten dollars per month shall be deemed remuneration in full for services rendered by nurses. No applicant will be received for a less period than two years. At the end of that time, if the services have been satisfactory, a certificate or diploma shall be furnished as evidence of qualifications. Any nurse whose services are not satisfactory may be discharged at any time. Applications should be made at once, in writing, to Mrs. C. E. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 28 Spring Street, and should state qualifications, in accordance with the conditions above mentioned.

The Lady Managers desire to correct an impression which has recently been brought to their attention, to the effect, that sick infants and sick children are excluded from the Hospital.

It is to be expressly understood, that children of any age requiring medical

treatment, will be admitted and cared for, *provided* that the admission is *recommended* by one of the *medical* officers.

We would call the attention of our readers to the following appeal made by the officers of the Charitable Society, and we trust it will meet with a liberal response.

The sick-poor are ever with us, and this Society reaches them in their homes, supplying nourishing food and timely aid, and thus alleviating the sorrows of many a sufferer. The Society has no Donation Festival, and relies largely on the contributions made in answer to this, the Annual Appeal, for funds to prosecute its labors of love. It has no salaried officers, and almost every cent contributed goes directly to the sick or infirm, and is expended for them personal visitation, and thus imposition is prevented:

A CALL

TO REPLENISH AN EMPTY TREASURY.

The Rochester Female Charitable Society solicit your aid in carrying on its work. The object of this Society is to relieve the sick and infirm poor. Every district in the city has a visitor whose duty it is to give personal attention to those who require assistance. Donations of Money, Dry Goods and Groceries, may be sent during the week commencing February 21st, to any of the Committee.

MRS. M. STRONG, No. 10 South Washington St.
MRS. E. H. HOLLISTER, No. 63 Plymouth Ave.
MISS C. ROCHESTER, No. 109 Fitzhugh St.
MRS. GEO. J. WHITNEY, State Street.
MRS. S. G. ANDREWS, No. 33 N. St. Paul St.
MRS. THEODORE BACON, No. 14 Gibbs St.
MRS. W. F. COGSWELL, East Ave. cor. Prince,
Committee.

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.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 14, 1881,
of consumption, Joseph Frank, aged 44 years.
At Rochester City Hospital, January 31, 1881,
of consumption, Maggie O'Brien, aged 22 years.

Donations.

Mrs. Mathews—Second-hand Shirts.
Mrs. E. V. Stoddard—Second-hand Clothing.
Mrs. Chester Field—Old Cotton.
Mrs. Clark Woodworth—Old Cotton.
Mrs. McMaster—Old Cotton.
Mrs. J. O. Hall—Old Cotton, Reading Matter.
Mr. Goss—Reading Matter.
Mrs. Gorton—"Graphics."
Rochester Book Club—Books.
Third Ward Book Club—Six vol. Books.
Mrs. A. D. Smith—Sixty yards carpeting.

Receipts for the Review,

TO FEBRUARY 1st, 1881.

Mrs. A. Manvel, Chicago—By Mrs. Strong, \$ 1 00
O. A. Chillson, 62 cts.; Mrs. M. L. Reid,
62 cents—By Mrs. C. E. Mathews, . . . 1 24
Mrs. E. Bartlett, Annandale, \$1.87; Mrs. A.
B. Kimball, Haverhill, Mass., 50c.—By
Mrs. S. H. Terry, 2 37
Mrs. W. Y. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. J.
W. Archer, \$1.86; Mrs. L. H. Alling,
62 cents; Mrs. W. J. Ashley, 62 cts.;
Mrs. Wm. Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. E. R.
Andrews, \$1.25; C. R. Babbitt, 62 cts.;
Miss M. I. Bliss, \$1.25; Mrs. Theo. Bacon,
62 cents; Mrs. H. W. Brown, 62
cents; Mrs. C. P. Boswell, 62 cts.; Mrs.
Henry Brewster, \$1.25; Mrs. A. Bier,
\$1.25; Mrs. W. T. Bassett, 62 cents;
Mrs. Dr. Bly, 62 cts.; W. F. Balkam,
62 cents; Mrs. C. S. Baker, 62 cents;
Mrs. H. Bennett, 62 cents; Mrs. H. P.
Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. J. M. Backus,
62 cents; Mrs. D. W. Bush, 62 cents;
Mrs. E. Bottum, 62 cents; Mrs. C. M.
Curtis, 62 cents; Miss Cochran, \$1.86;
Mrs. Fred. Cook, 62 cents; Mrs. B. H.
Clark, 62 cts.; Mrs. Curtis Clark, 62c.;
W. H. Cheney, 62c.; Mrs. M. H. Cotter,
\$1.00; W. W. Carr, \$1.25; Mrs. J. M.
Davy, 62 cents; F. L. Durand, 62 cts.;
Mrs. A. Devos, 62 cents; Mrs. E. M.
Day, 62 cents; Mrs. R. K. Dryer, 62
cts.; Mrs. F. W. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs.
P. Epstein, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Erickson,
62 cents; Mrs. J. A. Eastman, 62 cts.;
Mrs. C. E. Fitch, 62 cents; Mrs. H. L.
Fish, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Farrar, 62 cts.;
Dr. F. French, 62 cts.; Mrs. I. F. Force,
62 cents; Mrs. N. H. Galusha, 62 cts.;
Mrs. W. H. Goralsine, 62 cents; Mr. M.
Greentree, (two subscriptions), \$1.25;
Mrs. M. Garson, 62 cents; Mrs. Hiram
Hoyt, 62 cents; Mrs. D. O. Hyde, 62c.;

Miss E. P. Hall, 62 cents; Mrs. J. O. Hall, 62 cents; Edmund W. Hills, 62 cents; Miss C. Howard, \$1.25; Miss E. A. C. Hayes, 62 cents; Mrs. J. E. Hulbert, \$1.25; Mrs. Dr. Hazeltine, 62 cents; Miss W. Hill, 61 cts.; Mrs. Geo. D. Hale, 62 cents; Mrs. H. M. Hale, \$1.25; Mrs. J. D. Husbands, \$1.25; Mrs. P. W. Jennings, \$1.25; Mrs. J. H. Jeffres, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Johnston, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kelly, 62 cts.; Mrs. H. B. Knapp, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Leary, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Lattimore, 62 cts.; Mrs. A. B. Lamberton, 62 cents; Mrs. D. H. Little, \$1.25; Miss R. B. Long, \$1.25; Mrs. J. McDonald, 62 cts.; Mrs. W. F. Morrison, 62 cents; Mrs. S. J. Macy, 62 cents; Mrs. D. McArthur, 50 cents; Mr. P. McConnell, 62 cts.; Mrs. T. C. Montgomery, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. McAllaster, 62 cents; Mrs. M. C. Mordoff, \$1.25; Miss E. Manvel, 62 cents; Mrs. H. C. Munn, 62 cents; Mrs. W. D. McGuire, \$1.25; Mrs. A. Morse, 62c.; Mrs. H. S. Mackie, 65 cents; Mrs. C. C. Morse, 62 cents; Mr. C. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. W. T. Mills, 62 cts.; Mrs. Dr. Moore, \$1.25; Dr. M. Mallory, 62 cents; Mrs. T. A. Newton, 62 cts.; P. Nessel, \$1.25; Mrs. N. B. Northrop, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Oliver, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. H. Phelan, \$1.86; Mrs. Sam'l Porter, \$1.25; Mrs. G. Phillips, 62 cents; Mrs. A. V. Pells, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Palmer, 62 cents; Mrs. G. W. Parsons, 62 cts.; Mrs. G. H. Perkins, 62 cents; Mrs. H. S. Potter, 62 cents; Mrs. H. N. Peck, \$1.25; Mrs. M. Phelan, 62 cents; Mrs. I. F. Quimby, 62 cents; Mrs. S. B. Roby, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Rapalje, \$1.86; Mrs. S. Robins, 62 cents; Mrs. S. B. Raymond, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Raines, 62 cts.; Mrs. W. H. RossLewin, \$1.25; Dr. J. O. Roe, 62 cents; Mrs. G. E. Ripson, 62 cts.; Dr. C. E. Rider, \$1.25; Dr. J. Requa, \$1.25; Mrs. O. H. Robinson, \$1.25; Mrs. A. Reynolds, 62 cts.; Mrs. H. C. Roberts, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Rogers, 62 cents; Mrs. H. T. Rogers, 62 cents; Geo. S. Riley, \$1.25; Mrs. C. F. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. W. N. Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. J. N. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. H. F. Smith, 62 cts.; Lewis Selye, \$3.00; H. D. Scrantom, 62 cents; Mrs. T. D. Snyder, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. G. Stoothoff, 62 cts.; Miss S. Shelton, 62 cts.; Mrs. R. A. Sibley, 62 cents; Matie L. Steele, 62 cents; Mrs. Jas. Sargent, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. H. Thompson, 62 cents; Mrs. P. T. Turner, \$1.86; Miss E. A. Taylor, \$1.25; Mrs. E. L. Tompkins, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Teall, 62 cents; Mrs. R. Trennaman, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Van Voorhis, \$1.86; Miss E. Vance, \$1.25; M. Van Voorhis, \$1.00; B. D. Van DeCarr, 62 cents; Mrs. Jas. Vick, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. G. Wanzer, \$1.86; Mrs. N. Winn, 62 cents; Mrs. O. B. Woodworth, 62c.; Mrs. C. F. Weaver, 62 cents; Mrs. J.

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Monthly Reports.

1881. Jan. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital, 71	
Received during month,...	29
Births,	1—101
Deaths,	2
Discharged,	30— 32
Remaining, Feb. 1st, 1881,	69

Children's Department.

For the Hospital Review.

A Deaf Mute's Story.

Dear children, I suppose you have, most all of you, heard the story of Cinderella; perhaps you remember when some of our young friends gave an entertainment at Mrs. George D. Lord's, for the benefit of one of our charitable societies, and played Cinderella. If you were there I fancy you went home and told your little brothers and sisters all about it. You could tell them because you saw and heard it.

Now I have a little friend who has as bright and beautiful a pair of eyes as any of you, she can see all that is going on, but God has closed her ears so she cannot hear anything that is said to her. If you were to try to talk with her, she would watch your lips, to see what you would say, and she could understand some things and perhaps also tell you some things, for she has learned to talk. When you were very little you heard people talking, and you tried to make the same kind of noise that

others did, and thus you learned to talk. You could use your lips, and tongue, and teeth, and throat, and make just the same sound that your mothers and sisters did; but my little friend was born deaf, and so because she could not hear sounds, she was not able to imitate others, and they called her a deaf mute. When she was old enough, she had teachers who taught her how to use her lips, and teeth and tongue, and make sounds that would form words. It was a very great task for this little girl to learn to say even one word but she tried very hard, and now goes to school at the Institute for Deaf Mutes on North St. Paul Street, and can say a great many words. She can do some things that you cannot do. She could tell you the story of Cinderella in the sign language and you would be delighted with it. Her fingers would move very fast, and her gestures would be very graceful, and when she was describing Cinderella in her dirty rags she would frown—and look very joyous and happy as she pictured her dressed for the ball. If I knew how to draw, I might make some very pretty pictures for the *Hospital Review*, and give you Cinderella in the Sign Language as illustrated by C. P., but as I can't do this, I am going to give you the story as written by this little girl, who is now twelve years old, and this is her second attempt at composition writing. This is just as she wrote it. The words are all her own and I'm sure you will love to read it:

A Story About Cinderella.

Step-mother is rude of Cinderella. Step-mother gave beautiful to Cinderellas sisters. Step-mother never gave something to Cinderella. Step-mother said you must go to work ashes. She said "I hate you, and you are very dirty." She said her daughter, "you will go to party," and she said Cinderella, "you cannot to the party, because you are poor," and Cin-

derella ask her step-mother, "will you please give me new beautiful dress," and step-mother said "no, because you are dirty and work ashes." Her sisters went to the party now. Step-mother have a new and beautiful carriages. Cinderella cried all time. She want go to the party because I am poor. She hear old woman said, "how do you do?" She look it, she said "who said how do you do?" She looked it, she look small old woman. She said "you are too small and funny" and old woman said "I will give you new beautiful dress. She said Cinderella found it, and she waved her wand, and she said you found rat and mouse and squash and she waved her wand. A squash change a big beautiful carriage and waved her wand, two rats change two horses. The horses are proud and waved her wand two mouses change to driven men and waved her wand, Cinderella put new beautiful dress and glass slipper. Old woman said, "you go to party now." She said, you will come back home at twelve o'clock.

C. P.

A Mountain Fancy.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Close to each mountain's towering peak
A white cloud leans its tearful cheek,
Till all its soul of mystic pain
Dissolves in slow, soft, vaporous rain.

Thus, when our heart-griefs seek aright
Some heavenly thought's majestic height,
Their passion, touched by loftier air,
Dissolves in tender mists of prayer!

A lady occupying room letter B at a hotel, wrote on the slate as follows: "Wake letter B at seven; and if letter B says 'Let her be,' don't let her be, nor let letter B be, because if you let letter B be, letter B will be unable to let her house to Mr. B——, who is to call at half-past ten." The porter, a better bootblack than orthographer, after studying the above all night, did not know whether to wake letter B, or to "let her be."

The Midwinter (February) *Scribner* has always been a special number, as rich as the choicest literary matter and the most beautiful wood engravings can make it. Of last year's midwinter number the London *Times* said: "It is a really magnificent triumph of American pictorial art and literary genius." The English publisher of *Scribner* has telegraphed for 17000 copies of the present number, an advance of 6000 upon his orders last year, and the largest edition of an American magazine ever sent to England;—in fact, it is said to be larger than the monthly sales of *any English magazine*. The American edition of *Scribner* has grown during 1880 about 20,000 copies.

A delightful feature of the magazine this year is a series of sparkling novellettes, or condensed novels, instead of a serial story. "A Fair Barbarian," the story of a piquant American girl in England, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, begins in this February number with a twenty-two page installment, and will run through three issues. Since the death of George Eliot it may be said that Mrs. Burnett commands a larger English-speaking audience than any other woman. Her novelette will be followed by one by Geo. W. Cable, author of "Grandissimes," etc., and afterward Boyesen's "Queen Titania" will be published. "Peter the Great," Eugene Schuyler's historical work begun in February, 1880, will be furnished in October of this year. By means of the recently published special offers of *Scribner*, the whole of this great work, with its wealth of illustrations, can be had at a very low price, in connection with a year's subscriptions. All book-sellers can give the terms.

In the same ratio that *Scribner's Monthly* is prospering, *St. Nicholas*, the famous magazine for girls and boys, issued by the same publishers, grows apace. About 100,000 copies of the Christmas (December) number were sold, while the January number has been for some time out of print. In February, there is a full account of the Obelisk, richly illustrated from sketches and photographs, showing the great monolith in all stages of moving.

An Ithaca little girl attempting to describe an elephant, spoke of it as "that thing that kicks up with its nose."

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY
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Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
" N. T. ROCHESTER, " DR. MATHEWS.

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Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, No. 41 Atkinson Street.

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

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1881.

No. 8.

Toujours Amour.

Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin,
At what age does Love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen;
But a miracle of sweets,
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there,
Hidden in your pretty hair;
When did'st learn a heart to win?
Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin?

"Oh!" the rosy lips reply,
"I can't tell you if I try.
'Tis so long I can't remember;
Ask some younger miss than I!"

Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face,
Do your heart and head keep pace?
When does hoary Love expire?
When do frosts put out the fire?
Can its embers burn below
All that chill December snow?
Care you still soft hands to press,
Bonny heads to smooth and bless?
When does Love give up the chase?
Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face?

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,
"Youth may pass and strength may die;
But of Love I can't foretoken;
Ask some older sage than I!"

If thou art blest,
Then let the sunshine of thy gladness rest
On the dark edges of each cloud that lies
Black in thy brother's.

If thou art sad,
Still be thou in thy brother's gladness glad.

—[A. E. Hamilton.]

For the Hospital Review.

The Connecticut Training School for Nurses.

The establishment of a Training School for Nurses, in connection with our City Hospital, has increased our interest in similar organizations in other parts of our country. Last month we copied, from the *New York Evangelist*, some interesting facts relating to a training school at Bellevue Hospital and Sturgis Pavilion in this State. This month we have been favored with the Seventh Annual Report of the Connecticut Training School for Nurses, attached to the State Hospital at New Haven, Conn.

While the managers of the New Haven school seek to relieve as much suffering in the Hospital as is possible, their *primary* object is to *train nurses for the public*, and the certificates of eminent physicians and others in neighboring cities and villages, where trained nurses have been employed, testify to the success of their efforts. The report indicates "that the Hospital cannot be successfully carried on without the school, and that the community cannot dispense with the services of the nurses here trained."

The pupils in the training school must be between the ages of 22 and 40, and of good moral character and sound health. They remain in the school 18 months. They serve as nurses in the different

wards of the Hospital, are supplied with board, lodging, and instruction, and for the first twelve months receive two dollars a week. They have a fortnight's vacation during the first year, and a month's at the close of this time; for the last five months of their term of services they receive \$14.00 a month, and from time to time are sent out as nurses to private families. The ordinary price for the services of a trained nurse who has received a diploma is twelve dollars a week. Two nurses assigned for night work in the Hospital report for one night's work, "Each ward visited ten times during the night, medicines at stated intervals, until daylight, for five or six, changing of positions, fomenting of eyes, gargles given, fresh making of one patient's bed seven times, making and applying twenty-one poultices besides the restraint of delirious patients, and the countless other services of sick rooms."

Some idea of the value of this school to the public may be formed from the fact that one hundred and thirty requests for nurses have been received during the year, forty-three of which have been responded to by pupils of the school, and others by graduates.

Three of the graduates of this school are in charge of the nursing in hospitals at Burlington, Vt., Fort Wayne, Ind., and at Pittsfield, Mass. Forty-five have been under instruction the past year; eleven of these were not adapted for hospital work, two were dismissed, six in consequence of losing their health left, nine graduated, and after examination received their diplomas, and seventeen remain in the school.

The following testimony shows how the inhabitants of Connecticut prize the work done by pupils of this school. Bishop Williams of Connecticut writes: "The work of training skilled nurses for the care of sick persons in all conditions of life, is one of the best and most useful

works of a Christian civilization. I know of no words too strong to express my conviction of the admirable provision made by the Training School for Nurses, connected with the Connecticut General Hospital in New Haven. Its plans are excellent and admirably carried out."

Dr. George W. Avery of Hartford, Conn., says: "Miss E. H. has been for the past 16 weeks nursing my patient. For the character of her work, for her ready attentions, for her gentleness and patience, she meets my idea of a nurse more completely than it has ever been met in my professional experience." Dr. C. T. Redman of Waterbury, Conn., writes: "I cannot speak too highly of Miss F.'s devotion to my children. Intelligent and faithful nursing, with accurate and constant observation of pulse, temperature and respiration was absolutely required. Without such assistance as Miss F. rendered, I should have had no alternative but to relinquish my practice for the time and remain at home."

Many other certificates testify to the blessings already conferred upon the public by the ministries of the pupils of the Connecticut Training School, and we can but hope that the citizens of Rochester and the neighboring villages, appreciating the work to be accomplished, will, by their contributions, aid us in supporting the new Training School, established at our City Hospital. Doubtless, in the future, many will welcome to their homes, in times of accident or sickness, the nurses from our school, who may relieve or mitigate the sufferings of their loved ones, and by their superior training be instrumental in preserving useful and precious lives.

Few of us who have watched by the bedside of dear ones through the long, weary night watches, but have longed for some skilled nurse who could be ready for emergencies during the absence of the physician, and on whom we could rely

when tired nature demanded rest. To meet such needs this Training School has been opened, and we trust that it will be a blessing to our Hospital and the community at large, and that a generous public will liberally sustain an institution that is seeking to mitigate the ills to which flesh is heir.

H. S. T.

How the Hospital was Saved.

During the summer of 1863, New York city was convulsed with riots. Certain classes undertook, by creating a disturbance, to resist the conscription which called for one hundred thousand men. A mob had burnt the colored Orphan Asylum and threatened to destroy St. Luke's Hospital. The nurses and patients were startled one day, at noon, by a loud voice crying from the basement corridor,—

"Turn out, turn out by six o'clock, or we'll burn ye in your beds."

Hastening below, the attendants found a huge, hatless, coatless man, his shirt sleeves rolled up to his armpits, his face red with liquor and rage, striding back and forth, and bellowing out his fearful warning.

Some of the inmates of the hospital advised sending to Gen. Wool, the officer in command of what soldiers there were in the city, for troops and a cannon. The venerable pastor of the hospital, the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, being urged, gave a reluctant consent. But when the messenger returned with the answer that there were neither troops nor cannon unemployed, the good man was relieved. For he looked elsewhere for protection.

Nor did he look in vain. It came from the rioters themselves, whose hearts were turned as if by a special act of Providence.

A young rioter, shot by a soldier, was brought to the Hospital gate. Dr. Muhlenberg himself went out and received the patient. His old mother followed with a wailing complaint that her boy had been shot down like a wild beast, and he doing nothing.

"What *was* he doing?" asked the clergyman.

"Nothing at all, at all, your riverence, but just standing on the doorstep with a bit of brick in his hand."

Going among the mob that besieged

the Hospital, the venerable pastor told them that its doors were open to every wounded man whoever or whatever he might be. But, he added, the Hospital which offers this charity should not be threatened with destruction.

"No, no, certainly not," interrupted the rioters. "Long live St. Luke's Hospital. God bless Dr. Muhlenberg! Not a hair of his head shall be hurt. We'll stand by him."

Such was the effect of the good pastor's words, and of his venerable appearance, as he stood there bare-headed. The rioters formed on the spot a vigilance committee to protect the Hospital. All night long the selected men patrolled the neighboring streets, stopping every hour in front of the building, and with a loud shout assuring their mates, "All is well."

The result was a signal vindication of the good man's trust in God. He knew not how, but he felt assured that his beloved Hospital would be protected, though there was not a soldier on its grounds, nor a gun fired in its defense.

—[*Youths' Companion.*]

The Author of Adam Bede in Her Own Home.

BY THE LATE MRS. HENRY M. FIELD.

The appearance of "George Eliot," or Mrs. Lewes, has often been described. There was a very good portrait of her in the exhibition last year at the Royal Academy. No one who had ever seen her could mistake the large head (her brain must be heavier than most men's), covered with a mass of rich auburn hair. At first I thought her tall; for one could not think that such a head could rest on an ordinary woman's shoulders. But, as she rose up, her figure appeared of but medium height. She received us very kindly. In seeing, for the first time, one to whom we owed so many happy hours, it was impossible to feel towards her as a stranger. All distance was removed by her courtesy. Her manners are very sweet, because very simple, and free from affectation. To me her welcome was the more grateful as that of one woman to another. There is a sort of free-masonry among women, by which they understand at once those with whom they have any intellectual sympathy. A few words, and

all reserve was gone. "Come, sit by me on this sofa," she said; and instantly, seated side by side, we were deep in conversation. It is in such intimacy one feels the magnetism of a large mind informed by a true woman's heart; then as the soul shines through the face, one perceives its intellectual beauty. No portrait can give the full expression of the eye, any more than of the voice. Looking into that clear, calm eye, one sees a transparent nature, a soul of goodness and truth, an impression which is deepened as you listen to her soft and gentle tones. A low voice is said to be an excellent thing in a woman. It is a special charm of the most finely cultured English ladies. But never did a sweeter voice fascinate a listener,—so soft and low that one must almost bend to hear. You can imagine what a pleasure it was thus to sit for an hour beside this gifted woman, and hear her talk of questions interesting to the women of England and America.

But I should do her great injustice if I gave the impression that there was in her conversation any attempt at display. There is no wish to 'shine.' She is above that affectation of brilliancy which is often mere flippancy. Nor does she seek to attract homage and admiration. On the contrary, she is very averse to speak of herself, or even to hear the heartfelt praise of others. She does not engross the conversation, but is more eager to listen than to talk. She has that delicate tact,—which is the fine art among women—to make others talk, suggesting topics the most rich and fruitful, and by a word drawing the conversation into a channel where it may flow with a broad, free current. Thus she makes you forget the celebrated author, and think only of the refined and highly-cultivated woman. You do not feel awed by her genius, but only quickened by it, as something that calls out all that is better and truer. While there is no attempt to impress you with her intellectual superiority, you feel naturally elevated into a higher sphere. The conversation of itself floats upward into a region above the commonplace. The small-talk of ordinary society would seem an impertinence. There is a singular earnestness about her, as if those mild eyes looked deep into the great, sad, awful truths of existence. To her life is a serious reality, and the gift of genius a grave responsibility.

From the Woman at Work.

Trial Days.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

"Staff won't beat kid, and kid won't go."—[Nursery Ballad.

We remember once, when our years were less,
The help of a friend in time of need;
We often sigh for her warm caress,
Or smile at some well-remembered deed,
Some word of hers that was wise or quaint,
That came to our aid in a weary hour,
That brought a smile, or hushed a complaint,
As it fell from her lips with a loving power.

We remember a day—was it Fall or Spring?
When all the morning she wrought with a will,
But nothing perfect to pass could bring,
The spirit of discord triumphed still.
I do not know if 'twere wind, or tide,
Disturbed our lives in their peaceful flow,
But she said to me 'twixt a smile and a sigh,
"It is one of the days when kid won't go."

And many and many a day since then,
When the world seemed naught but a cloud of dust;
When the good of life was beyond our ken,
And we labored only because we must,—
When the burden of life did worry and fret,
And we wondered why we were troubled so,
We have thought of her words when with cares beset,
"It is one of the days when kid won't go."

It was only a bit of a nursery rhyme,
We had learned when young at our mother's knee,
But it sounded quaint in that weary time,
And it came like a helping hand to me;
There are tears for us all, and trials, and strife,
As we sojourn here in this world below;
In the brightest age, and the smoothest life,
There is often a day when "kid won't go."

In a little village of Eure et Loire may be read on the portals of the cemetery, "By decision of the municipal council, there are to be buried here only the dead who live in this commune."

The block of granite, which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping stone in the pathway of the strong.—[Carlyle.

What Men Want Wives For.

It is not to sweep the house, make the beds, darn the socks and cook the meals, chiefly that man wants a wife. If this is all he needs, hired help can do it cheaper than a wife. If this is all, when a young man calls to see a young lady, send him into the pantry to taste the bread and cake she has made; send him to inspect the needlework and bed-making, or put a broom in her hands and send him to witness its use. Such things are important, and the wise young man will quickly look after them; but what the true man wants with a wife is her companionship, sympathy and love.

The way of life has many dreary places in it, and man needs a companion to go with him. A man is sometimes overtaken by misfortune; he meets with failure and defeat; trials and temptations beset him, and he needs one to stand by and sympathize. He has some hard battles to fight with poverty, enemies and sin, and he needs a woman, that, when he puts his arm around her, he feels he has something to fight for; she will help him to fight; that she will put her lip to his ear and whisper words of counsel, and her hand to his heart, and impart inspiration.

All through life, through storms and through sunshine, conflict and victory, through adverse and through favoring winds, man needs a woman's love. The heart yearns for it. A sister's or a mother's love will hardly supply the place; yet many seek for nothing further than success in housework. Justly enough, half of these get nothing more; the other half, surprised beyond measure, have gotten more than they sought. Their wives surprise them by bringing out a noble idea in marriage, and disclosing a treasury of courage, sympathy and love.

Folly of Borrowing Trouble.

I believe in workin' and earnin' your honest bread, etc., and so forth, but still I believe in makin' things agreeable and pleasant, very. We Americans, as a nation, are a dreadful anxious-lookin', hard-workin', long-faced, ambitious, go-ahead race, and we tackle a holiday as if it was a hard day's work. We had to get through with just as quick as we could; and we

face enjoyment with considerable the same countenance we do funerals.

And truly, if anybody is going to set up in the worry business, nights is the best time for it in the hull twenty four hours. Middlin'-sized troubles swell so in the dark. Tribulations that ain't much by daylight, at midnight will look bigger'n a barn. I declaré for't, I've had bunnets before now that didn't suit me—was trimmed up too gay or come over my face too much, or suthin'—and when I'd wake up at night and think on 'em, they'd look as big to me as a bushel basket, and humbler; and I'd lay and groan to think of ever wearin' them to meetin'. But at daylight they would kinder dwindle down to their natural shape. And Josiah Allen! I s'pose I've buried that man as many times as he has got hairs on his head (he's pretty bald); when he'd have a cold or anythin' I'd wake up in the latter part of the night when it was as dark as Egyptian darkness, and I'd get to thinkin' and worryin', and before I knew it there would be Josiah all laid out, and the procession meanderin' off toward Jonesville buryin' ground, and I follerin' him a weepin' widder; and I've gone so far as to see myself lay dead beside of him, killed by the feelin' I felt for that man, and there we'd lay, with one stone over us, a readin'.

"Here lies Josiah and Samantha;
Their warfare is accomplished."

But just as soon as the sun would rise up and build up his fire in the east, and Josiah would rise up and build his fire in the stove, why, then, ghosts of fear and anxieties that haunted me, would, in the language of the poem Thomas J. was readin' the other day, "Fold up their tents like an Arab man, and silently go stealin' somewhere else."

—["*Samantha at the Centennial.*"]

No expense was spared in the erection of a new house for monkeys in the London Zoological garden, to make it as much as possible like an English gentleman's drawing-room. These animals had been wintered in England several years, and were healthy on entering their new house. But in one month fifty of the sixty were dead, and the rest were dying of consumption. The whole trouble was that the room was not properly ventilated.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1881.

In Memoriam.

The Trustees of the Rochester City Hospital direct this entry in the record of their proceedings to be made in memory of their late associate, Samuel D. Porter, who, for twenty-eight years has been a member of this Board, and who died in our city on the 6th day of March, 1881, at the age of 72 years.

Our deceased associate, naturally of a frail constitution, by a regular and temperate life, by cheerfulness, uprightness and a conscientious discharge of his religious duties, by a generous, modest and extensive charity and benevolence, as well as by an intelligent thoughtfulness upon all these matters, achieved an unusual condition of physical, intellectual and moral vigor. His life was a benediction to all whom his influence reached, and most to those who were nearest and most constantly in association with him.

His well and faithfully performed duties towards our Institution for the long period he has aided in its management have become a part of it, and it will always be a better Institution from the manner in which the duties of Samuel D. Porter were discharged. He will always be remembered warmly as a personal friend so long as any member of the present Board survives.

In His Memory.

SAMUEL DRUMMOND PORTER.

Our hearts to-day are beating in sympathy for an afflicted family, whose threshold of late has been thrice crossed by the shadow of the dark-robed angel, where father and son lie shrouded for their last repose, and where, as of old in the household at Bethany, a Mary and a Martha weep over their beloved dead.

Mr. Samuel Drummond Porter has been long and honorably associated with the

history of Rochester. He was a man of strong convictions, honest purpose, unswerving integrity, and conscientious in his discharge of duty. His warm heart prompted him to generous deeds for the afflicted, the oppressed, and the needy, and our benevolent organizations have most of them found in him a wise counsellor, a generous friend and helper.

He was born in Bristol, Maine, April 11th, 1808, and came to Rochester in 1827, and, on the 5th of August, 1834, married Miss Susan Farley, who died last September. His first business relations in this city were with Mr. Everard Peck, as clerk in his book and stationery store, of which, in company with Mr. David Hoyt, he afterwards became proprietor. In 1838 the partnership of Hoyt & Porter was dissolved, and for some time, in consequence of feeble health, Mr. Porter was not actively engaged in business. In his later years he has been dealing in real estate.

During the revival of 1830, under the preaching of the Rev. Charles G. Finney, Mr. P. was converted and united with the First Presbyterian Church. A few years later he was one of the organizers of the Bethel (now the Central) Church, on South Washington Street. In 1847 he, with others, formed the Frankfort Church, a half missionary enterprise, and in 1855 was one of the founders of the Plymouth Congregational Church, where for many years he held the office of Deacon.

For many years past he has been a member of the Board of Directors in the Rochester City Hospital, the Industrial School of Rochester, and the Home for the Friendless, and a Trustee of Oberlin College. For many years he had charge of the Sabbath School of the Hubbell Park Orphan Asylum and a Bible class in Plymouth Church. His memory will long be cherished by those who have been associated with him in labors of love.

For some years Mr. Porter's health has

been somewhat impaired, but his last sickness was of short duration. Two weeks before his death he was attacked with pneumonia with typhoid symptoms, and died early in the morning on the 6th inst., and on the next morning his son Samuel, thirty-seven years of age, after a lingering illness passed away.

We tender to his doubly bereaved family our heart-felt sympathy.

A Worthy Tribute.

The following note from a member of the Hospital Medical Staff, is a worthy tribute to our departed friend.—[*Ed.*

MY DEAR MRS. TERRY :

I trust that the *Hospital Review* may contain a fitting tribute to one of the best of the many friends of the Institution in the past, Mr. Charles S. Male.

I cannot refrain from expressing to you my personal estimate of his character. in his late relation to the Institution.

Coming to the Hospital in the capacity of a nurse, he at once displayed those traits of character which we all have learned to associate inseparably with his name.

Kind, patient, tender and sympathetic, he filled his position with a fulness and grace which won, from those to whom he ministered, an enduring gratitude and affection. Few possess the tender and unselfish nature of our dead friend.

The high and low alike, in suffering, called forth the best that was in his nature; indeed it seemed as though the poorest and most degraded called forth his best efforts.

No member of the Hospital Staff parted with Mr. Male, save with regret; for in their most difficult and responsible cases, in his wards, the ever faithful and untiring nurse was an indispensable ally.

It was a satisfaction to them to be able to minister to his wants and allay his sufferings, in his last illness; and to be able to gratify his often expressed wish that he

might pass his last hours in the Hospital. Though his personal ministrations have ceased by death, all connected with this Institution will long remember his faithful and unselfish devotion to his duties, as well as his happiness and pride in the recoveries of the sick, dependant on him for kindness and care.

E. V. S.

A Memory.

MR. CHARLES S. MALE.

Never, since we have been associated with the Hospital, have we been called upon to record the death of one of its inmates, in whom we felt a deeper personal interest than in the faithful nurse of the Male Medical Ward, Mr. Charles S. Male, who, suddenly, before most of us knew of his sickness, fell a victim to his professional duties, and died at the City Hospital, February 28th, 1881, from a disease contracted while acting as nurse in a private family in this city.

It is about eight years since Mr. Male assumed the duties of nurse in the City Hospital, and most of the time since then he has been associated with it. From month to month we have been accustomed to meet him, and to receive from him reports of the condition of the patients in his Ward, and the more we have known him the more we have respected and esteemed him. In many points he came nearer our ideal of a perfect nurse than any man we have ever met. Unselfish and untiring in his labors, dignified and manly in his bearing, judicious and persistent in the use of remedies, his whole heart seemed absorbed in the desire to relieve the suffering, to raise the sick to health, or to soften for the dying the pathway through the dark valley.

He manifested a peculiar interest in the young. If a sick, friendless youth was brought into his Ward for treatment, his fatherly heart seemed quickly to enfold him, and every effort was made for his

healing. Many a comfort has he denied himself that he might provide some luxury for a sick youth. More than once, after some gentle ministry at the bedside of a young consumptive, whom medical skill could not save, has he come to us with a voice full of tenderness and said: "Poor boy! he cannot last much longer." We remember his deep interest in a youth afflicted with a diseased hip, and the favors he conferred on a blind man, once a teacher, to induce him to instruct the boy. Last year, through long, weary nights, with anxious heart he kept his vigils beside a youth prostrated with pneumonia, who seemed hovering between life and death. He would not leave his bedside till the crisis was passed, and then his overtaxed frame gave way, and for a long time his own condition was very critical.

The following touching story, illustrating Mr. Male's interest in the young, and also indicating how he was first introduced to the City Hospital, was related at his funeral, by his pastor, the Rev. Dr. C. E. Robinson:

Years ago Mr. Male was the confidential valet and nurse of Lord Chancellor, Sir John Campbell. While in his service and residing with him in London, Mr. Male manifested the same friendly interest in the orphan that has so singularly characterized his life in this country. A friend of his, Kingshott, died, leaving a widow with a large family of children, who soon became motherless. Mr. Male's tenderest sympathies were called out to help these orphan children. Through his influence with the Lord Chancellor, whom he still served, a governmental position was secured for the oldest child, who proved himself a capable, efficient, and trusted public servant, rising to be the chief of the department in which Mr. Male had secured him a position, and evincing the warmest gratitude for his benefactor.

In the meantime, after the death of Sir John Campbell, Mr. Male came to this country and sent money to England, to bring over William Kingshott, a younger brother of the same family, whom he welcomed and treated as a son. He educated him and had him learn the trade of a carpenter, and while working on the Alms House in this city, he fell, fractured his spine, and was brought to the City Hospital in June, 1872. He lived a little more than a month, occupying a tent on the Hospital lawn. At this time Mr. Male was living in Syracuse, but his fatherly interest in young Kingshott, then 22 years of age, often brought him to the Hospital, and he would spend days in nursing his young friend. The qualities as a nurse then manifested by Mr. Male impressed themselves so strongly upon Mr. Breck, the superintendent of the Hospital, that a few months later, when a nurse for a male Ward was needed, he was engaged for the place which he has since so much of the time filled.

The oldest brother of Kingshott meanwhile had married in England, and secured a little home in the suburbs of London. He furnished the guest chamber in the best way he could afford, and with a romantic sentiment rare in these days, dedicated it to Mr. Male, his former benefactor, locked the door, and sent word to Mr. M. in this country, that it should never be occupied till he had used it. Mr. Male's friends may recall his urgent desire suddenly to go to London, which was doubtless prompted by this invitation.

Mr. Male always spoke of his protegee, Wm. Kingshott, with great interest, and wore his picture in a locket attached to his watch chain. Mr. M.'s bedroom was adorned with many articles that were mementos of grateful remembrance from those who had been nursed by him in the Hospital, and among these were plants and flowers, of which he was very fond.

In June last when very ill, confined to

his bed with Bright's disease, so sick that it was feared he might die at almost any time, he professed his faith in Christ, and united with the First Presbyterian Church in this city. It was a scene never to be forgotten when his pastor, accompanied by some of the officers and members of the church, visited his sick room and administered to him the sacred emblems.

His funeral services, conducted by his pastor, Rev. Dr. C. E. Robinson, were held in the Hospital chapel, on the second instant, and though none of his kindred were there to pay their last tribute of respect to his memory, there were many who gratefully recalled his blessed ministries as nurse of the City Hospital. Near-est his coffin was a youth who for years had shared his almost paternal care, and a mother with tearful eyes said to us as they bore away his remains, "If it had not been for Mr. Male my Frank would never have lived."

March Hours With the Invalids.

On the second morning of March we visited the Hospital, and accompanied by a stranger went from basement to Mansard, and found order and neatness in every apartment. Vegetables were being prepared in the kitchen for dinner, and a table full of freshly baked bread looked very inviting. The laundress was busy with her flat irons.

In the Male Surgical Ward were thirteen under treatment, three of whom only were in their cots. Mr. H., whose wife is sick in the Lower Female Ward, had been prostrated by pneumonia but had passed the crisis of the disease and was more comfortable. A new patient, Mr. D., had just been brought in; a paralytic was seated in a rocking-chair with a female friend beside him, but he shook his head and looked very sad when we asked him if he was improving. One man had ulcers on his

feet, another who had had the same disease was nearly well. The soldier who had lost a limb was still an inmate of the Ward. The young boy who a little more than a month since fell through the elevator opening in Cunningham's factory was up, dressed, and had improved very rapidly. The two little boys who should properly be in a Child's Ward, were playful and comfortable.

Fourteen patients were occupying the Male Medical Ward, and three had died there during the month; our faithful, long-tried nurse, Mr. Charles S. Male of erysipelas, Mr. S., with paralysis, and another with heart disease and consumption. Two patients were confined to their cots. One man was suffering from rheumatism, another from erysipelas, one had a swelling on his back, and our Scotch friend Mr. K. had distressing and sleepless nights, but within the suffering body there was "peace that," he said, "flowed like a river."

In the Lying-In-Ward we found one infant and one waiting patient.

In the Upper Female Ward were twelve patients. One was suffering with inflammatory rheumatism, her hand and lower limbs were very painful. A colored woman with diseased lungs was improving, but her heart was sad, for she was separated from her six children who had found a home in the Industrial School. We tried to comfort her but her motherly heart was yearning for her little ones. Mrs. W., the paralytic patient, was improving, gaining strength, and with the use of her crutches could walk the length of the Ward. Two of the inmates of this Ward were most of the time confined to their beds. The patient who had had jaundice had recovered and gone home.

In the Lower Female Ward one woman was greatly distressed and very anxious to have her arm amputated. Four months before she had thrust it through a painted glass window, and had since hardly been

free from pain. The bone had become diseased and decayed, but the physicians were anxious to save the arm if possible, but the poor woman's nerves seemed taxed beyond endurance, and she was hardly willing to abide their decision. The patient who last month was so shockingly bruised on the State Line Railroad had improved rapidly, her scalp wounds had nearly healed, the bandages had been removed from her broken arm, and her foot was doing well. The young girl with a curvature of the spine, who had been wearing a plaster of Paris jacket, was much more feeble, the jacket had been removed and she had had convulsions and looked feverish. She had been placed in the lower Cross Ward where she could be more quiet. Mrs. H. looked feeble and complained of great weakness. The woman who had fallen on the ice and broken her limb was doing well, and able, with the use of crutches, to get about the Ward. There were sixteen patients in this Ward.

The Children's Cot.

This is occupied just now by a little boy who was brought in a month since and who is now not quite two years and a half old. He is a rosy cheeked little fellow and seems very happy in his Hospital home. His appetite is better than it was, and he is gaining flesh, and seems quite a pet of the invalids. As we sat talking with the nurse, Miss Dickinson, he came trotting up to her and said pleadingly: "Up oo lap," and as his request was granted, he put his arms lovingly around Miss D. and said: "I love oo, Miss Dixey." He has catarrh in the head and discharges from his ears, eyes, and nose, but tender care is doing him good. A change has been made in the treatment of the little German girl, Mary, a new ointment is being used, and her hands are bandaged and the nurse thought she was deriving benefit from the treatment. Lit-

tle Laura who calls herself the baby's nurse, and who gave up the cot last month for a younger claimant, is so nearly well she will soon return home.

As we write about the Cot we think of two dear children who in time past have sent in their gifts for the endowment of the Cot Fund, who the past month have been very sick, the one with a disease of the heart, the other with scarlet fever, and over whom anxious parents have bent lovingly as they ministered to their wants. We know how faithfully these little ones have been watched by friends who could lavish on them the tenderest care, and we doubt not in their hours of sickness they have thought of the poor children who could not be blessed in their own home with a mother's tender nursing, but who have found friends to care for them in the Hospital Cot.

Among donations to the Children's Cot Fund, is a gift from a mother, who, twenty years since, lost a little child, who left a dollar in a child's money box. This has always seemed too sacred to devote to any ordinary use, but this month the mother sends it, in memory of her child, to the Children's Cot Fund.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund,

Interest on investment,.....	\$15 00
C. E. M.,.....	50
Mrs. E. I. Clark,.....	1 00

Receipts for the month,.....	\$ 16 50
Previously acknowledged,.....	1284 50

Total Receipts.....\$1301 00

Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, Birthday and Easter offerings are earnestly solicited for the Children's Cot Fund, 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.

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.

Wanted.

The little boy now occupying the Children's Cot needs a high chair to use at meal times, and a second one would be useful for a child a little older. Some of the little folks who have outgrown their baby chairs can accommodate us. We greatly need *old cotton*. Our Matron says we are entirely out of it.

Dramatic Entertainment.

A very pleasant entertainment for the benefit of the City Hospital, was given at Comedy Hall on Tuesday evening, March 1st, when some of our young friends, amateur performers, greatly amused their audience with the comedy, "The Serious Family," with

Miss Clarice Jeffrey...as Lady Sowerby Creamly.
Miss Mamie Jeffrey...as Mrs. Ormsby Delmaine.
Miss Alice Ives.....as Mrs. Chas. Torrens.
Miss Mary Adams.....as Emma Torrens.
Miss Bessie Ives.....as Graham.
Mr. Harry Wells.....as Chas. Torrens.
Mr. Jas. N. Elwood...as Capt. Murphy Maguire.
Mr. J. H. Grant.....as Aminadab Sleek.
Mr. G. C. Hollister.....as Frank Vincent.

Prof. H. C. Cook presided at the piano, Mr. Angle acted as stage manager, and Messrs. Poinier and Wolf served as ushers, and Mr. A. Thompson as door-keeper. Mr. Joseph Curtis donated the use of Comedy Hall and Mr. C. J. Haycen loaned furniture.

The characters were admirably personated; Lady Sowerby Creamly and Aminadab Sleek seemed made for the occasion, and the jolly, rollicking spirit of Capt. Maguire gave life and spirit to the scenes. The closing picture after the reconciliation was most amusing, when the ungraceful arms of some of the members of the "Serious Family" were displayed in the mazes of the waltz.

The avails of the entertainment amounted to \$157.75, and the managers would return their thanks to all who contributed to the success of the evening.

Our Needs.

We would remind housekeepers who are making arrangements for changes in their homes in the spring, that second-hand carpets and chamber furniture will be very acceptable at the Hospital. We have great demand for bedding; perhaps some of our friends in neighboring villages can send a few sheets, pillow-cases and towels, these are always acceptable, so are fruits and vegetables. Anything useful in a family can be appropriated by some of the inmates of the Hospital.

Died.

At Rochester, March 6th, 1881, of Pneumonia, Samuel Drummond Porter, aged 72 years and 10 months.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 10, 1881, of Consumption, Jacob Harlocker, aged 58 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 10, 1881, of Apoplexy, Norton P. Smith, aged 69 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 28, 1881, of Erysipelas, Charles S. Male, aged 58 years.

Cash Donations.

A Friend,.....\$ 5 00
In Memoriam—Gen'l Vincent Mathews
and Mrs. Julia Mathews—by their
daughter, Mrs. Albert H. Porter, Niag-
ara Falls,200 00
Amateur Dramatic Society, by Miss Jef-
frey,157 75
MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

Donations.

Mrs. L. D. Ely—Three barrels Apples.
" S. D. Perkins—Second hand Clothing.
Geo. J. Whitney—Standard Gas Burner and
Globes for same.
Mary McMaster—Old Cotton and Lint.
" C. E. Mathews—One Bedstead.
" S. H. Terry—Scientific Americans and Read-
ing Matter.
" Gorton—Graphics every week.
" Stettheimer—German Reading Matter.
" A. D. Smith—One bushel Parsnips.
Alling & Cory—Wrapping Paper.

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

Receipts for the Review,

TO MARCH 1st, 1881.

Mrs. E. I. Clark—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester,	\$ 62
Mrs. L. Kaufman—By Mrs. M. Gilman, ..	1 25
C. V. Jeffreys, advertisement, \$5.00; D. Leary, advertisement, \$10.00—By Mrs. Katharine E. Mathews,	15 00
Miss Athearn, 50 cts.; Mrs. J. S. Bacon, 50 cents; Mrs. H. N. Griffith, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Isbister, 50 cents; Mrs. A. H. Porter, \$1.00; Mrs. A. Aug. Porter, 50 cents; Mrs. H. S. Ware, 50 cents; Mrs. Mark Wells, 50 cents, (all of Niagara Falls;) Miss Ella Spencer, New York, 50 cts.—By Miss E. L. Athearn, Niagara Falls,	5 00
Mrs. G. Brady, 62 cents; Mrs. E. J. B. Crittenden, 62 cts.: Mrs. Thomas Chester, 62 cts.; Mrs. M. H. Cotter, 12 cts.; Mrs. H. Dagg, \$1.25; Mrs. W. N. Emerson, \$1.25; Mrs. B. F. Enos, 62 cents; Mrs. W. L. Halsey, \$1.25; Mrs. R. Hart, \$1.25; Mrs. C. J. Hayden, 62 cents; Mrs. H. A. Kempshall, 62 cts.; S. D. Porter, 62 cts.; Mrs. E. D. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. R. T. Starr, 62 cents; Mrs. B. W. Tone, \$1.86; Mrs. Geo. D. Williams, \$1.25; Mrs. W. Wallace, 62 cents—By Collector,	14 43
Mrs. A. F. Beers, New York, \$2; Hamilton & Mathews, advertisement, \$5.00; Sale of papers, \$1.00—By Mrs. Robert Mathews,	8 00

Monthly Reports.

1881. Feb. 1st, No. Patients in Hospital,	69
Received during month, ..	29
Births,	0—98
Deaths,	3
Discharged,	27—30
Remaining, Mar. 1st, 1881,	68

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. E. V. Stoddard, 62 South Washington Street.

Children's Department.

Only Me.

A little figure glided through the hall;
 "Is that you, Pet?" the words came tenderly;
 A sob—suppressed to let the answer fall—
 "It isn't Pet, mamma; it's only me."

The quivering baby lips! they had not meant
 To utter any word could plant a sting.
 But to that mother-heart a strange pang went;
 She heard, and stood like a convicted thing.

One instant, and a happy little face
 Thrilled 'neath unwonted kisses rained above;
 And from that moment Only Me had place
 And part with Pet in tender mother's love.
 —[Caroline A. Mason, in *Congregationalist*.]

The Child-Dyke.

Holland is a beautiful country, full of green fields, with cattle and sheep grazing in the pastures; but there are few trees and no hills to be seen.

The ground is so flat and low that two or three times the sea has rushed in over parts of it, and destroyed whole towns. In one of these floods, about two hundred years ago, more than twenty thousand people were drowned. In some of the towns that were flooded not a creature survived.

A large part of the water that came in at the time of that flood, still remains. It is known as "The Maas," and in one part of it there is a little green island—a part of an old dyke or dam—which is called the "kinder dyke" or child-dyke, and it got its name in this way:

The waters rushed in over one of the little Friesland villages, and no one had any warning. In one of the houses there lay a child asleep in its cradle—an old-fashioned cradle, made tight and strong of good stout wood.

By the side of the cradle lay the old cat, baby's friend, probably purring away as comfortably as possible. In came the waters with a fearful roar. The old cat, in her fright, jumped into the cradle with the baby, who slept through all the turmoil as quietly as ever. The house was torn from its foundations and broken in pieces. But the little cradle floated out

on the angry sea in that dark night, bearing safely its precious burden.

When morning came there was nothing to be seen of the village and green meadows. All was water. Hundreds of people were out in boats trying to save as many lives as possible; and on this little bit of an island what do you think they found? Why, that same old cradle, with the baby asleep in it, and the old cat curled up at her feet, all safe and sound!

Where the little voyagers came from, and to whom they belonged, no one could tell. But, in memory of them, this little island was called "kinder dyke"—child-dyke; and it goes by that name to this day; this story is told to thousands of little people all over Holland as a remarkable instance of God's providence.

What became of this little child when it grew up we do not know. It would be interesting, no doubt, to our young readers to know for what it was thus preserved by God's care, but we have no record.

A little five years' old child at New Haven who had just lost her father, received a reward from her teacher a few days ago. As soon as school was out, she ran home to show the ticket to her mother, and when she showed it the child said: "Mother, I have held the ticket up to the sky all the way home so that my father might see how good I have been."

Though the difficulties throng,
And the struggle may be long,
And the powers of evil strong,
Hope on.

For to patient brave endeavor
Cometh utter failure never,
And the crown at last forever
Shall be won.

We must take care how we speak of those who have fallen on life's field. Help them up, not heap scorn upon them. We did not see the conflict. We do not know the scars.

I have lived to thank God that *all* my prayers have not been answered.—[Jean Ingelow.

He who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a lifetime is unraveled.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY
THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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

TERMS—City, in Advance, including Postage, 62 cts.
By Mail, 50 "

[Entered at the Post Office at Rochester, N. Y. as second-class mail matter.]

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, No. 41 Atkinson Street.

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

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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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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME,"

VOL. XVII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1881.

No. 9.

Midnight on Calvary.

The night was come after the day
Of the great Agony,
When Peter from Jerusalem
Went up to Calvary.

Alone and silently he passed
Out of the Eastern gate,
Above all others on the earth
Stricken and desolate.

The nightingales sang not that night,
For Christ lay dead on earth;
The olive-leaves stayed whispering
As Peter wandered forth.

The moon came slowly up the East,
A glittering, large full moon;
And the dumb land grew clearer:
Midnight was coming soon.

The Master was not watching
Up on the hills in prayer.
He stood still in the shiver
And darkness of despair.

He lifted up his eyes, as one
That wakens from a swoon,
And he saw the three gaunt crosses
Stand back against the moon.

Apace he hurried up the hill
Where, a few hours ago,
Under the burning sunshine,
Christ had gone up so slow.

On one side lay Golgotha,
Trodden and heaped around;
On the other side, all quiet
The rocky garden ground.

The moonlight glanced across the flowers,
And struck the broad white stone,
The door of that new sepulchre
Where Christ was laid alone.

Down stricken to his knees he fell,
And sobbing out aloud,
Where John had stood all steadfast,
His face to earth he bowed.

'O, Master, blessed Master!
Is this the end of all?
And that was our last parting
This morning, in the hall?

'One look straight through the darkness
Ever against me cries;
O, silent Lord, I cannot bear
The sorrow of thine eyes!

'Betrayed, forsaken, slandered,
-In bitterest need and woe;
I was not with Thee here, Lord;
Ah! that it should be so!

'We know not whither Thou art gone,
We do not know the way;
All light, and hope, and comfort,
Are gone from earth to-day.

Left all alone, and in the dark,
If I had been more wise,
I might have been this very hour
With Thee in Paradise.

O Lord, have pity on me now,
That my heart may not break
Before I have done or suffered,
Aught worthy for Thy sake.'

* * * * *

First seen of Mary Magdalene,
Of Peter after next—
The words that then were spoken
Are written in no text.

—[*The People's Magazine.*]

O, Door of Paradise!
Thou art so wide Thou canst admit us all,
So narrow, sin may never through Thee crawl.

Affecting Incident.

A Boston merchant dying, left among his papers a parcel of unpaid bills against poor debtors, with a written suggestion to his sons that perhaps the claims might as well be destroyed, as collecting them would undoubtedly cause distress. The young men made a careful schedule of the claims, and placed a large proportion of the debtors' names on the "forgiven list"—never intending to collect them. One day, shortly afterwards (says one of the brothers), an aged man entered the office, saying he had come to pay an old debt. He was from Cape Cod, and his bowed form, and humble dress, and hard hands indicated that his life had been one of struggles and sorrows. My brother (says the narrator) turned to his desk, and found the old man's name on the "forgiven list."

"Your note is outlawed," said he; "it was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years. No interest has ever been paid; you are not bound to pay this note. We can never recover the amount."

"Sir," said the old man "I wish to pay it. It is the only heavy debt I have in the world. It may be outlawed here, but I have no child, and my old woman and I hope we have made our peace with God and wish to do so with man. I should like to pay it."

And he laid his bank-notes before my brother, requesting him to count them over.

"I cannot take this money," said my brother.

The old man became alarmed.

"I have cast the simple interest for twelve years, and a little over," said he. "I will pay you the compound interest, if you require it. The debt ought to have been paid long ago; but your father, sir, was very indulgent—he knew I'd been unlucky, and told me not to worry about it."

My brother then set the whole matter plainly before him, and taking the bank-bills, returned them to the old man's pocket-book, telling him that, although our father left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, due bills, and other evidences of debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them.

For a moment the old man appeared to be stupefied. After he had collected him-

self, and wiped the tears from his eyes, he said,—

"From the time I heard of your father's death, I have raked and scraped, and pinched and spared, to get the money together for the payment of this debt. About ten days ago, I had made up the sum within twenty dollars. My wife knew how much the payment of the debt lay on my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow and make up the difference, and get the heavy burden off my mind.

"I did so; and now what will my old woman say? I must get back to the Cape, and tell her this good news. She'll probably repeat the very words she used when she put her hand on my shoulder, as we parted—'I have never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging their bread.'"

Giving each of us a hearty shake of the hand, and a blessing upon our dead father's memory, he went on his way rejoicing.

A Dream too Big.

One day Sir William Johnson, the Indian agent in the Mohawk country, under the Colonial Government, was unpacking some clothing brought from England. Hendrick, a famous Indian chief, was present, and took a strong fancy for an embroidered coat. He dared not to ask for it but the next day he told Johnson a dream. "Last night," said he, "me dream you say 'Hendrick, you've been good friend; now I reward you,' and you gave me the gold coat." The white man pondered a moment and then said "You are right; the coat is yours." Not long afterward Johnson told Hendrick he had been dreaming. "And what did my white brother dream?" "That you took me by the hand and said 'Sir William you have been my friend, and I will show my love for you; I will give you all the land on the Great River and Canada Creek.' The Indian was amazed, for the tract was nearly a hundred thousand acres in extent, and very choice land. But he was not to be outdone in generosity, and finally replied "My pale brother, the land is yours; but," he added after a long pause, "Sir William, we won't dream any more; you dream too big for me." The old chief's title was confirmed by the British Government, and the land was long known as the Royal Grant.

Hospitality.

It the first days of the Republic a series of entertainments was inaugurated in Philadelphia, in which a dozen or twenty gentlemen met once a week at each other's houses in turn to take supper. That wit and wisdom were not wanting in these meetings we may know from the fact that Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Talleyrand, keenest-witted of Frenchmen, the fiery, brilliant Judge McKean, and the courtly Charles Carroll were among the guests from time to time.

So noted did these weekly little assemblies become, in fact, that every foreigner or stranger of distinction visiting Philadelphia, sought for an invitation to them as a means of gaining a knowledge of the finest social product which the capital of the new nation afforded.

A few months ago some curious documents came to light in Philadelphia. Among them was a memorandum made by a member of this club of the cost of these entertainments, with the items, which, as a rule, consisted of oysters, cheese, crackers and liquor. The expense of the most pretentious supper, at which twenty gentlemen sat down, did not exceed six dollars. The statesmen, wits and scholars who met there to exchange their ideas, did not regard the entertainment as a matter of the stomach, but the brain.

Hospitality, in this country, has come to signify merely the giving of a meal. It has taken its lowest and coarsest meaning for us. In France, the highest members of the *ancien regime* met in the stately old salons, evening after evening, where *eau-sucree* and little cakes were the only entertainment offered, but where De Staël, Chateaubriand and their friends served an intellectual banquet such as the world seldom has equalled. It is undoubtedly right to set before our guest as choice food as we can afford, but we should remember that feeding is not hospitality.

It is to make him free of our best thought, to welcome him to our habits and life, to the sanctuary of our home, to send him away with something better to remember than a well-cooked capon. As matters are now, the cost of providing a pretentious meal induces many families to shut their doors on all guests. They will not receive their friends if they cannot treat them to a display of rare

dishes and curious pottery. We know houses, on the contrary, where the table is always simply and prettily set, and where a cover is invariably laid for the occasional stranger. When he comes, however, humble the fare (and it has been reduced to bread, butter and milk), he is welcome, and no apologies are made. This is true hospitality.

Parents should remember that much of the education of their children depends upon the guests whom they see at their father's table. They should not, therefore, shut out these guests from any vulgar notions of vanity and display.

Tried on its Merits.

A good story is going the rounds, credited to the well known wit of the Essex bar from the rocky wilds of Cape Ann; a liquor case was being tried in court and as part of the evidence a pint of whiskey was produced by the commonwealth, and it was clearly shown that the identical whiskey was seized from the premises of the defendant, who had it there with intent to sell, and whom we will call Michael McCarty. It was not a very extensive seizure, but still the intent was just as bad. When the district attorney arose, he stated the case and said that he had no doubt but that his brother on the other side would make fun out of it as was his wont, and ending by charging the jury to dispassionately try the case simply on its merits. As he sat down Michael's attorney arose. "G-g-gentlemen of the ju-jury," he said, "The learned d-d-district attorney s-s-says he w-wishes you t-t-to try this c-case on its m-merits. So do w-we. M-M-Michael McCarty, t-t-take the stand." Michael did so. He was a great burly Irishman, with a jolly countenance and exceedingly red nose. "M-Michael," continued his lawyer, "l-look upon the jury. G-g-gentlemen of the jury, l-look upon Michael McCarty. N-notice his b-beaming countenance, his j-jolly rubicund face. And now g-gentlemen of the j-jury, do you believe and are you prepared to state on y-your oaths, beyond a reasonable doubt, th-th-that if Michael McCarty had a p-p-pint of whiskey he would s-s-sell it?" It is needless to say that they didn't.

All the year round—the earth.

"The One Talent."

In a napkin smooth and white,
Hidden from all mortal sight,
My one talent lies to-night.

Mine to hoard, or mine to use,
Mine to keep, or mine to lose :
May not I do what I choose ?

Ah ! the gift was only lent,
With the Giver's known intent
That it should be wisely spent.

And I know He will demand
Every farthing at my hand,
When I in His presence stand.

What will be my grief and shame
When I hear my humble name
And cannot repay His claim !

Some will double what they hold ;
Others add to it ten-fold,
And pay back in shining gold.

Lord, oh, teach me what to do !
Make me faithful, make me true,
And the sacred trust renew.

Help me ere too late it be,
Something now to do for Thee—
Thou who hast done all for me !

The "Rest" for Convalescent Men.

This new charity was instituted for taking care of men who have been discharged from the hospitals, but are not quite strong enough to seek or enter upon employment. The "Rest" gives them quiet, a good bed, good food, and the requisite medicine, until they can go forth. There are no salaries. It is a most economically managed charity under the care of the Sisters of the Stranger.

It was begun on Jan. 24th, 1881. Up to March 1st, thirteen applications were received. To these fifteen weeks' board and lodgings were given, medicines, extra comforts, and eighteen articles of clothing were furnished, with an outlay of only \$83.28. Three of the men found employment within a week ; three relapsed and were returned to the hospital ; one was dismissed as incurable ; two left to seek their fortunes elsewhere, and four remained in the "Rest" for another week of recuperation.

Breathe Through the Nose.

In cold weather the roundabout course of the air through the narrow nostrils, warms it somewhat before it strikes the larynx (the vocal box), whose surpassing delicacy of construction renders it peculiarly liable to harm. Many a case of inflamed tonsils, larynx, or lungs, is due to breathing through the mouth and not through the nose.

The best medical authorities now assure us that the serious harm which so often results from nasal catarrh, is caused, not by any "dropping" of diseased mucus from the head, but by the simple fact, that the nasal passages being swollen and partially closed, the person breathes only through the mouth.

Wherever the air is loaded with infection—in sick rooms ; in the open air, during the prevalence of epidemics ; in malarial districts, especially at night, when the system is especially liable to be infected ; in the cars and all crowded gatherings, for we never know when there are infected persons present—the rule should be observed, to breathe through the nose. Persons who do so are less likely to take disease. The morbid particles are quite likely to lodge on the moist sides of the nasal passages, and thence to be washed out.

When the air is loaded with dust—when sweeping rooms ; beating carpets ; sifting ashes ; shovelling coal ; facing clouds of dust in the streets ; filing iron and other metals as a business ; and working in various kinds of mills,—it is exceedingly important that the rule be observed.

One should train himself to sleep with closed mouth. For this purpose, he should avoid lying on his back, in which posture the mouth is much more likely to open than in any other position of the body. The danger is increased by the mouth's becoming dry, and thus less able to arrest the particles of dust or any floating miasms.

Reason is a fine thing, but let us not think too much of it. God does not. We know of a surety—we know on the authority of His Word—that all the proud and high things of man's intellect are of infinitely less value in his sight than the humblest aspiration after mercy and truth, than the heart-uttered groan of a contrite spirit.

A Son Worthy of his Mother.

The sympathies of a very large circle of friends in this city have been deeply moved by the great sorrow which has come to Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, in the sudden death of her son, a young man of twenty-six years. Those who have had the privilege of being received into the intimacy of this excellent family, know how strong were the ties which bound this mother to her son and this son to his mother. Though he had grown to man's estate, and was tall and of a fine physique, he was always his mother's boy. It was quite touching to see how he would nestle beside her, as if he were still a child, and would be under her wing. It seemed as if he could not sit in another part of the room, but must draw up beside his mother's chair, and take her hand in his. It is not often that we see a stalwart son thus "leaning to" his mother. Other sons may love their mothers as well, but they do not show their love so openly. Even where the feeling exists it is often guarded and restrained in its expression as if it were an unmanly thing to show such womanly tenderness. Yet no one ever thought of this manifestation of filial affection as unmanly. On the contrary, it gave a peculiar grace to the fine presence with which it was associated, and of which it was the chief ornament. It put the finishing touch on that picture of manly strength and beauty.

Mrs. Dodge is well known to our readers as the editor of *St. Nicholas*, the most popular magazine for children in the world. She has the genius of entertaining and delighting and instructing the little folk in greater perfection than any other writer we know. If she should count her friends, she must include the tens of thousands of children who look to her every month for so much of innocent delight. All these little people will be made sad by the news that a great sorrow has come to one whom they feel that they know so well, and regard as their personal friend and benefactor. And were it possible for them to express what they feel, there would be a procession of little mourners coming with flowers in their hands, to cast them on his new-made grave.

—[N. Y. Evangelist.

A Cool, Brave Boy.

Nine lives were lost by the burning of a tenement house in New York. A careless plumber, while thawing out frozen water-pipes with gasoline, upset a can of the inflammable liquid. In an instant there was an explosion, a blinding flash, and the lower part of the house was enveloped in flames.

The fire rushed through open doors and windows to the top story, seizing upon shutters, window frames, wooden floors of balconies, and licking them up as if they tissue paper. The fire escape was a ladder of flame. There was a rush of frightened men, women and children to the windows—then a wail of agony as they saw the flames threatening them from the iron ladder. Their shrieks for help nerved the firemen and policemen, but they could only pluck here and there a human brand from the burning.

The flames illuminated many a heroic act. In one room there was Charles McKenna, a lad of thirteen, his two little brothers, and a baby. The mother was sweeping in the yard, when the fire broke out. She rushed to the stairway; a solid sheet of flame barred her ascent. Returning to the yard she saw her children at a window.

"Jump, Charlie, throw them down," she shrieked. The little ones stretched their hands over the window-sill to the frantic mother. Charlie measured the distance with his eye—it was more than twenty feet. He hesitated. Just then a puff of smoke filled the room.

"Mamma, mamma!" cried the baby.

"Throw them out, Charlie; throw them out!" shrieked the mother in agony.

Wrapping the baby in a blanket, the cool boy flung it into his mother's arms. A score of firemen held up their hands to receive the little boys. Charlie wrapping them also in blankets, dropped them so carefully that each was caught by a sheltering arm.

A clothes-line hung between front and rear houses, near the window where Charlie stood. Letting himself down, he clutched it, and then, hand over hand, went forward, until reaching the middle of the yard, he dropped safely into the arms of the firemen.

Can anyone improve his condition by whining? If not whine not.

A prickly pear—Needles and pins.

Not Impromptu.

The day after Senator Hayne of South Carolina delivered his celebrated philippic against New England, and Massachusetts in particular, Daniel Webster answered it by the greatest speech of his life. All over the country surprise was expressed that such a masterly reply should have been composed within twelve hours.

But the fact was that Mr. Webster had been for years preparing that speech. One of its strongest constitutional arguments had been written a long time before as a professional opinion. No occasion had called for its public utterance until Mr. Hayne made one. Then the great orator had but to marshal forces already equipped, and hurl them at the assailant of his State.

A lady visiting the studio of Mr. Hunt, the artist, and seeing an elaborate charcoal picture, asked how long it took him to draw it.

"Well," answered Mr. Hunt, "I think it took me an hour or two; that is, I was about that time putting it on the paper there. But I suppose I ought to say that it took me forty years, as I've been drawing about that length of time."

An unenlightened public may believe in extemporaneous efforts; but the enlightened know that the labor of years is required to make one superior effort. The lesson is a plain one—improve every moment by work, for the hour is not foreseen when you may be called to do the great duty of your life.

From one sewing-machine factory in Hamilton, Ontario, a hundred thousand machines have been sold in Africa. It is not until we have seen orders from the agents of one great manufacturing establishment like this, that any adequate idea is formed of the extent to which our civilization is being introduced into that Dark Continent. We may well hope that when the native African is royally clad in long, flowing robes, made from American prints on American sewing-machines, he will be ready to listen to the Gospel from the lips of him who represents these material blessings. In South Africa there are now fifty thousand Christians, and yet Dr. Moffat waited many years before there was a single conversion.

The Maiden Queen.

The private character of the present Queen of England has been exceedingly lovely from her youth. Professor S. F. B. Morse was present, in 1838, at her coronation, with C. R. Leslie, the eminent American-English artist. Prof. Morse says that at that time Mr. Leslie related to him the following incident:

"When her predecessor, William IV., died, a messenger was immediately despatched by his Queen (then become, by his death, Queen Dowager, to Victoria, apprising her of the event. She immediately called for paper, and dictated a letter of condolence to the widow. Folding it she directed it 'To the Queen of England.' Her maid-of-honor in attendance noticing the inscription, said: 'Your majesty, you are Queen of England' 'Yes,' she replied, 'but the widowed Queen is not to be reminded of that fact first by me.'"

Christ in India.

The London *Freeman* mentions a remarkable lecture recently delivered at Calcutta by Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen, entitled "Who is Christ?" in which the power of Christianity in India was spoken of with singular emphasis and decision. In answer to the question "Who rules India?" Mr. Sen said:

"You are mistaken if you think that it is the ability of Lord Lytton in the Cabinet, or the military genius of Sir Frederick Haines in the field, that rules India. It is not politics, it is not diplomacy that has laid a firm hold of the Indian heart. It is not the glittering bayonet nor the fiery cannon that influences us. No; none of these can hold India in subjection. Armies never conquered the heart of a nation. You cannot deny that your hearts have been touched, conquered and subjugated by a superior power. That power is Christ. Christ rules British India, and not the British Government. England has sent us a tremendous moral force in the life and character of that mighty prophet to conquer and hold this vast empire. None but Jesus! none but Jesus! none but Jesus ever deserved this bright, this precious diadem—India; and Christ shall have it."

Hospital for Incurables.

If the columns of our newspapers so often blush and bleed with the records of violence and shame, they often beam also with the smiles of a princely, nay of a Christly beneficence. They now tell us that plans are preparing for the erection of a Hospital for Incurables in connection with the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania. The new edifice is to be built after the most approved fashion of hospital construction. It is to furnish place for one hundred beds, for the pitiable victims of chronic diseases who cannot elsewhere find suitable treatment. One year from this time it is expected that the shelter will open its doors for the reception of the sufferers. The whole expense for the new edifice—fifty thousand dollars—is the gift of Mr. Henry C. Gibson of Philadelphia.

Down of the Eider Duck.

In a country so poor as Iceland the down of the eider duck is an appreciable source of wealth, and the bird has been practically domesticated. Close to every little *handelstuds*, or trading station, if there is a convenient island, there is sure to be a colony of eider ducks, and the birds are to be seen by hundreds swimming and fluttering about their island home, or squatted upon its shores in conscious security from the foxes which infest the mainland. From the largest of these "duckeries" as much as three hundred pounds sterling is cleared annually, the down being worth about a sovereign per pound on an average. The ducks make their nests among the rough hummocks characteristic of all grassland in Iceland, laying their large, olive-green eggs upon neat little beds of down, "so soft and brown." They are perfectly tame, allowing themselves to be lifted off their eggs and replaced with only a few querulous notes of remonstrance. When the nest has been repeatedly robbed of the down, and the poor duck finds difficulty in replacing it, the drake comes to the rescue and recognizes his paternal responsibilities by furnishing a supply of down from his own breast.

Teach Me to Live!

Teach me to live! "Tis easier far to die—
Gently and silently to pass away—
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye
And waken in the glorious realms of day.

Teach me that harder lesson—how to live,
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life,
Arm me for conflict, now fresh vigor give,
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

LIVING FOR A PURPOSE.—Carlyle once asked an Edinburgh student—who tells the story in the Milwaukee *Sentinel*—what he was studying for. The youth replied that he had not quite made up his mind. There was a sudden lightning flash of the old Scotchman's eye, a sudden pulling down of the shaggy eyebrows, and the stern face grew sterner as he said: "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder; a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen well, but have a purpose; and having it throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you."

Man is not born to solve the problem of the universe, but to find out what he has to do; and to restrain himself within the limits of his comprehension.—[Goethe.

"Do you really believe that an ass ever spoke to Balaam?" queried a man who prided himself on his intellect. Coleridge, to whom the question was put, replied, "My friend, I have no doubt whatever that the story is true. I have been spoken to in the same way myself."

If thou wouldst trust, poor soul,
In Him who rules the whole,
Thou wouldst find peace and rest;
Wisdom and sight are well, but trust is best.

—[A. A. Proctor.

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.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1881.

A careful perusal is invited of the following announcement, made public by the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, and it is commended to the consideration of all who desire to add to the permanent fund of this most worthy institution:

What Constitutes an Enduring Monument?

It is characteristic of man that he should wish to perpetuate his name and works. The greater his accumulations the stronger is his desire that they should be associated in some way with himself after his own brief life is ended. By some, possessions are handed down to children, and it is hoped that thus a noble record will be preserved. By others, the end is sought by the erection of expensive tombs, or granite shafts, thought to be imperishable. A few, recognising how unsatisfactory are these efforts, give large sums during their life, in a way that bespeaks the highest philanthropy. The pleasure derived from money thus used can hardly be overestimated, but in a laudable effort to preserve the family name, we know of no plan so effective and so certain as an endowment fund to an educational or charitable object, with the name of the donor forever attached thereto. To justify this disposition of funds, the institution to which they are given should be in every sense of the word, *enduring*.

In looking about our city to determine what there is in it that is lasting and worthy of recognition, we thought of the City Hospital as a representative institution. Based on a condition of things which must always exist, it is becoming year by year more firmly established, and there can be no doubt that it will outlast the proudest mausoleum which man has yet erected. There is a reaction against costly memorial structures to the departed, which in no wise benefit the living, and a growing feeling that the noblest, the truest, the best testimonial that can be made by us while in this world, or left in departing

from it, is a benefaction to an enduring charity.

In view of the foregoing, the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital have decided to give to the Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds, in this institution, family names, by which they shall be known forever, in consideration of gifts varying in amount made to the institution by persons who recognise this noble charity and wish to have their names permanently associated with it. The constitution of the Hospital is to be so amended as to incorporate and confirm this action. If the building should be destroyed, a new one would be erected, and the names of Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds would go on unchanged.

In noticing this action, we commend it to a generous public as one which places within the means of a considerable number of people, an excellent opportunity to aid a noble charity, and at the same time, to perpetuate a family heritage in a way most exalted and ennobling, and more enduring than granite.

MRS. M. STRONG,
 MRS. W. H. PERKINS,
 MRS. M. M. MATHEWS,
 MRS. GEO. J. WHITNEY,
 MRS. A. D. SMITH,

Executive Com. of Lady Managers.

As soon as the amounts deemed proper for affixing names to the different parts of the Hospital can be determined, persons interested will have the privilege of naming the parts of the Hospital for which the sums given by them are adequate—and these names will go on forever—all of the records of the Hospital will embody them, and they will be inscribed, with a date if desired, upon a neat stone tablet to be designed by Mr. Cutler, set in the wall. The trustees will furnish a guarantee duly attested, making the action binding for all.

Training School for Nurses.

The Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital call attention to their action in establishing a Training School for Nurses. It places the Hospital in line with the best institutions of the kind in the world. The School should be as liberally endowed as are other schools of its kind. In every instance this branch of

Hospital work has been warmly approved. There is no way in which money can be better employed than by expending it in promoting the intelligent care of the sick. It is hoped that in time the community will be largely benefitted in being able to secure trained nurses when needed. We have received and acknowledged in another column, a gift from one who is fully aware of the increased expense attendant upon this effort to benefit the Hospital, the public, and the ladies who have undertaken the study of nursing as a profession, and desires to give some expression of his interest in this new branch of Hospital work.

Spring Hours With the Invalids.

Our last visit at the Hospital was on a spring morning, when the bright sunshine had tempted many of the invalids to stroll abroad, and we found comparatively few occupants in the Male Wards.

Eighteen were under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward, but we counted only eight within the rooms: Two of these patients had wives in the Female Wards; one of the two was recovering from an attack of pneumonia, the other was resting in an arm chair by the register, with another invalid near him who was feeble and infirm. The soldier, of whom we have often spoken, who had lost a leg, was seated near his cot, and not far off a convalescent was mending a pair of shoes. The two young boys, the one nearly blind, and the other who had recovered from an injury in the arm, were playful and happy. The young man who fell through the elevator at Cunningham's carriage factory had recovered, and gone back to work. The man internally injured by a fall on Exchange Street had died, and one of the victims of the Water Street explosion had returned to his friends.

Only three of the thirteen patients in

the Medical Ward were in their cots. One of these was recovering from pleura pneumonia, and spoke very gratefully of the tender care he had received at the Hospital; he was far away from friends and kindred, and was sick three weeks before he had proper care; he thought his life had been saved by coming to the Hospital. Our Scotch friend, Mr. K., was lying down, having, in addition to his other troubles, an acute pain in his face that had caused him to spend a sleepless night. A young man had had several epileptic fits and felt miserably. The sickest inmate of this Ward was a consumptive patient who had not been long at the Hospital, and who coughed so fearfully he could not lie down. Before coming to the Hospital he had spent ten nights in his chair; his wan, pale face told of past suffering. A young man with diseased lungs was walking on the Hospital lawn, and the nurse said his symptoms were more favorable than they had been. There were no fever patients. The Ward looked very pleasant and clean; the white pillows and blue spreads were neatly arranged on the cots.

In the Upper Female Ward a woman who had been brought in only the day previous, had died. A *post mortem* examination was to be held to learn the nature of her disease. Three patients were in bed. The paralytic patient from Brockport had so marvellously improved that she could go about on crutches; her limbs were still weak, but she was in a few days to return home after being fifteen months in the Hospital. Near her, in a lounging chair, sat a woman who had been very ill with diseased heart, who spoke in most grateful terms of the attention she had received at the Hospital, especially from Dr. Ely. A consumptive patient was very feeble; the nurse had placed her in a rocking chair while she made her bed, and she was so weak that this exhausted her; she was but twenty-

three years old, had been married at seventeen, and her three little girls had found homes with kind friends, while the mother had sought a refuge in the Hospital.

We found one baby and two waiting patients in the Lying-In-Ward.

In one of the rooms in the Lower Cross Ward a patient was recovering from erysipelas, and in the next room was Mary D., the young girl who has twice been encased in a plaster of Paris jacket, for a curvature of the spine. The past month she has been very ill, has not yet recovered strength to turn herself in bed, is not allowed to swallow food; she has a sweet face and is very patient; she hopes to be able to have another application of plaster of Paris.

In the Lower Female Ward were sixteen patients. Eight weeks since Mrs. K was brought in frightfully mangled by an engine on the State Line Road. With broken arm and ankle, bruised face and long deep wounds in her head, it seemed hardly possible she could survive, but she has recovered wonderfully. She now uses the right arm, which was broken, was sewing for amusement, had made an apron. Her ankle, which was broken, was encased, as was most of her limb below the knee, in plaster of Paris, and she was walking a little. Her scalp wounds had all healed but she had at times severe pain in the head. Her cure seems almost miraculous. The young woman who had fractured her limb by falling on the ice had so far recovered that she hardly limped in walking. The woman whose arm was amputated, after months of suffering, was doing well, but at times had acute pain, which, she said, seemed located in the hand that had been cut off. A rheumatic patient was improving. An aged paralytic was suffering a good deal of pain in her arm and face.

As we were leaving the Hospital a very sick man, accompanied by his wife and

nurse, was driven to the south door, and carefully lifted into a chair, and placed on the elevator. His heart was diseased and the noise of preparations for tearing down a house in his neighborhood had so distressed him, that he came to the Hospital to find a quiet resting place.

Our Little Folks.

The nurses tell us that Mary Kearn who was so long an occupant of the Children's Cot is really better than she has been, Long years of sickness have been hers, but the sweet child is very patient and always smiles when we speak to her. Her feet are still protected by woolen shoes as they are too tender to allow her to wear leather ones. Laura is well and has gone home. Little Willie still occupies the cot, and when we last saw him was relishing an apple.

The nurse tells us we must ask for a *high chair for Willie* to sit in at the table. Who will send us one?

Have the children forgotten our endowment fund?

Correction.

Last month we made some errors in acknowledging our indebtedness for favors, on the evening of the dramatic entertainment for the benefit of the City Hospital. We would now thank the Comedy Club, for the use of the hall; Mr. Matt Angle, for assistance in setting the stage; Messrs. J. E. Hayden & Co., for the use of furniture; and Mr. Isaac Teall, for chairs and other furniture.

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. E. V. Stoddard, 62 South Washington Street.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, March 8, 1881, of cerebral meningitis, Joel B. Bennett, aged 64 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, March 8, 1881, of peritonitis, Laurence Duggan.

At the Rochester City Hospital, March 29, 1881, of acute phthisis, Margaret M. Ragan, aged 38 years.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund,

Miss Catherine York, \$10 00
Monthly Subscription, 25

Receipts for the month, \$ 10 25
Previously acknowledged, 1301 00

Total Receipts, \$1311 25

Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, Birthday and Easter offerings are earnestly solicited for the Children's Cot Fund, 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.

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Monthly Reports.

1881. March 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 68
Received during month, . . . 39
Births, 1—108
Deaths, 3
Discharged, 29— 32

Remaining, Apr. 1st, 1881, 76

Receipts for the Review,

To MARCH 21st, 1881.

Mrs. R. B. Wolesley, Niagara Falls—By Miss Athearn, \$ 50
Mrs. W. J. Averill, Ogdensburg—By Mrs. S. H. Terry, 50
James Vick, advertisement—by William S. Falls, 10 00
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Alling & Cory, C. F. Paine & Co., Smith, Perkins & Co., Woodbury, Morse & Co., each \$5.00 for advertisement—By Mrs. C. E. Mathews, 20 00
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Mr. E. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Conser, 62 cents; Geo. H. Ely, Cleveland, Ohio, \$5.00; Miss A. Green, 62 cents; Mrs. E. P. Gould, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Ray, Batavia, 50 cents; Mrs. J. T. Tallman, Geneva, 60 cts.; Mrs. E. W. Williams, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Waite, 63 cts; Miss C. York, 60 cts.—By Mrs. Robert Mathews, 11 05

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.

Children's Department.

Poor Little Kit.

A STORY FROM LIFE.

It was a gala day on the avenue. All the fast horses in town were out showing their pace and the merry sleigh-riders shouted with mirth and enjoyment as they raced neck-and-neck, five teams deep, and when they came to a dead-lock it was still more fun. At one juncture, however, there were shouts that did not sound mirthful, a wild plunge among the thorough-breeds, and some policemen ran out from the side-walk and talked in authoritative tones, but the crowd was so dense no one could see what was going on among the noisy drivers and their plunging horses.

"It's only a couple of boys," said the beautiful Felicia Hutton, settling back among the luxurious white robes; "two of those horrid newsboys. They ought not to be allowed on the avenue at all. They're always getting under foot and frightening the horses—such good time as we are making, too—how disagreeable."

"Anybody killed?" asked one fine gentleman of another as they passed.

"Naw, two boys mixed up, that's all, one started to cross the street and fell, and tother got run over trying to save him, sweet Awabs, you know, can spaw a few—ta-ta."

"Got under the feet of a highflyer and spoiled his time," said another in a disgusted tone.

At sundown of that same day two poorly dressed boys applied for admission at the doors of Harper's Hospital and inquired for one of their number, who had been brought thither that same afternoon. They were permitted to see him for a few moments, and on tip-toe they entered the long, clean ward and sought out the narrow bed on which he lay. When they had awkwardly greeted him, they sat down upon the edge of the cot, and were much embarrassed with the strangeness of the scene, and painfully conscious of their own hands and feet; they were also rather shocked at their comrade's clean face; it looked so unnaturally white, with a dab of red on either cheek. Their eyes roved stealthily about over the other sick beds and their occupants.

"Say, old feller," began the biggest of

the two boys, addressing his sick comrade, "ain't you puttin' on a heap of style?"

"Where's Kit?" asked the sick boy, fretfully; why ain't he along of you?"

The two visitors looked at each other, and their faces grew downcast and troubled; they dug the toes of their boots into the clean floor at the bedside and shuffled uneasily, while both coughed violently in concert, then the big boy blurted out:

"Kit went on an errand, and he told me to tell you he would be up to-morrow, sure—he sez, sez he, tell Jim it's all right."

"You ain't gassin, be you? Kit didn't get hurt, nor nothing'?"

"He couldn't go errands ef he was hart, could he?" asked the other, doggedly; "an' here," improvising a lie for the occasion, "he sent yer this."

The sick and injured boy smiled as he took the big orange in his feverish hands, and turned it over.

"I knew Kit wasn't the boy to forgit me—here, you fels, take a bit—it's many a orange, and stick of candy, and bit of pie we've divided atween us afore this. Pore little Kit! He knowed as how I liked 'em; here, you take a squeeze," as he handed it back.

But the boys wouldn't touch it, and the sick patient put it under his pillow. Then he said in a strange, quavering voice:

"I want you fels to look after Kit, and don't you forgit it; when I gets well I'll pay back every cent; but it'll be a long time, fer I'm all mashed in; he's a little fel, and needs lookin' arter. Now, boys, don't go back on me, will you?"

"You needn't worry about Kit," said the spokesman of the two, looking away and digging violently at the floor, "he's all rite."

"Lord, I am so tired," said the sick boy. If it wasn't for Kit I'd as leve die as get well; but I promised mother as how I'd allns take care of the little chap, and I've done it; and he wasn't cut up nor bruised nor nuthin' when they pulled him out'n from under the hoss's hoofs?"

"Wasn't cut up nor bruised nor nuthin'" echoed the visitor, with his back to the bed.

"Good! Jes' you look arter him till I get outen this and I'll work my fingers off for ye. Lord, how dead tired I am."

He drifted away to sleep and the two boys left without waking him, but before

they went one of them slipped a little leather bag of marbles in his hand and the other put a few pennies wrapped in a dirty bit of newspaper close by, where he could see them on waking.

"He'll think Kit sent 'em," said one, as they softly retreated; "they were in Kit's pocket when the policeman found him—to think he doesn't know."

That night when the hospital doctor went his rounds he found the new boy wide awake but very still. To the familiar eye of the physician his symptoms were clearly defined.

"Well my boy," he said kindly, "what can I do for you?"

The boy's face lighted up. "I want to see Kit—send for Kit."

"Yes, yes," answered the doctor hastily; "but you must wait until morning."

"I don't—think—I—can—sir. I guess I'm booked—for—tother—place. It would be all right—if it wasn't for Kit. But I promised mother I'd take care of him, and what'll he do without me? I can't leave Kit."

"My boy, if you knew that you could not get well, would you feel very sorry?"

"Not for myself; only for Kit."

"But if I told you that Kit was well taken care of—that a rich man and kind father had sent for him and given him a beautiful home—"

"Now your gassin'," said the dying boy with his old fervor. "Dad ain't that sort, besides he broke mother's heart and Kit wouldn't speak to him ef he cum back."

"No earthly father, dear boy, but a heavenly one—the priest has told you of him, and the home he gives his children. He it is who has sent for Kit."

The sick boy made up his parched lips to whistle. "W-h-e-w," he said brokenly, "Kit's dead—killed arter all, when I tried so hard to save him!"

"He was dead when they took him up," said the doctor, "and not a bruise nor a broken limb—the shock killed him, and he is safe now with his Master—don't you believe that?"

But the boy did not heed him; his lips moved faintly, and the doctor, bending down, heard him say again, "Kit's dead!" Then there was a long silence, and before he left, the doctor turned the white sheet over the tranquil face, and Kit and his brother were together again.

—[*Detroit Free Press.*]

THE-HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY
THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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

TERMS—City, in Advance, including Postage, 62 cts.
By Mail, 60 "

[Entered at the Post Office at Rochester, N. Y. as second-class mail matter.]

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, No. 41 Atkinson Street.

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

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AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1881.

No. 10.

The Sister Months.

When April steps aside for May,
Like diamonds all the raindrops glisten;
Fresh violets open every day;
To some new bird each hour we listen.

The children with the streamlets sing.
When April stops at last her weeping;
And every happy growing thing
Laughs like a babe just roused from sleeping.

Yet April waters, year by year,
For laggard May her thirsty flowers;
And May, in gold of sunbeams clear,
Pays April for her silvery showers.

All flowers of spring are not May's own;
The crocus can not often kiss her;
The snow-drop, ere she comes, has flown;
The earliest violets always miss her.

For does May claim the whole of spring;
She leaves to April blossoms tender,
That closely to the warm turf cling,
Or swing from tree-boughs, high and slender.

And May-flowers bloom before May comes
To cheer, a little, April's sadness;
The peach-bud glows, the wild bee hums,
And wind-flowers wave in graceful gladness.

They are two sisters, side by side
Sharing the changes of the weather,
Playing at pretty seek-and-hide—
So far apart, so close together!

And May one moment meet,—
But farewell sighs their greetings smother;
And breezes tell, and birds repeat,
How May and April love each other.
Lucy Larcom, in St. Nicholas for May, 1881.

For the Hospital Review.

An Interesting Relic.

Anne Hampton Brewster in a recent letter to the *Boston Advertiser*, gives a very interesting sketch of a rare relic that has just been found in Rome.

As the workmen were making excavations on Monte Mario, and preparing for the foundations of one of thirteen fortresses that are to guard the city, they unexpectedly came upon a subterranean, sepulchral chamber. The monumental building that had covered it and the roof of the vault were gone, but within it were many urns and sarcophagi. The latter were of stone and contained the remains of five persons, and four urns held the ashes of some who had been cremated. The covers of the sarcophagi were all gone, the covers of the urns still remained but not in their proper places. If jewels or treasures had ever been deposited in them they had been removed. There were found "some fragments of lamps, *anfore*, one of the usual glass *balsamarii*, and a piece of a terra-cotta *freize* with an ornament of palms."

One of these urns had a peculiar interest associated with it, as it contained the ashes of Marcilla, daughter of Minicio Fundanus, who was consul at Rome, A. D. 107. Another was sacred to her mother.

This vault, recently unearthed, was the family tomb of Fundanus and the monu-

mental building stood on the highest point of Monte Mario, on land belonging to one of his country estates.

It was impossible to preserve the funeral vault and construct, on the same ground, the foundations for the fortress, but directions were given for the careful preservation of the contents of all the urns and sarcophagi; but the stupid workmen, obeying the letter and not the spirit of their instructions, mingled in one basket the contents of urns and sarcophagi, so that it was impossible to identify the ashes that had for two thousand years reposed in the marble urn of the young Marcilla.

The urns and sarcophagi in the Fundanus tomb have been removed to the municipal deposit at S. Francesca Romana, and will be placed in some museum for preservation.

The following letter written by Pliny the younger, nearly two thousand years ago, has immortalized Marcilla:

"I write to you oppressed with sadness. The youngest daughter of our friend Fundanus has just died. That maiden, so gay and gentle, so worthy of a long life—if there be immortality—worthy of living forever. She was only fourteen years old, but already showed the prudence of maturity, the gravity of a finished woman, without having lost that maidenly modesty, that virginal grace which are the charms of youth. With what frankness and at the same time modesty, she received us,—the friends whom she loved! To her maids, teachers, and masters how equal she was in affection, how diligent and attentive! What taste she showed in her studies! What intelligence in her readings! What wise reserve in her amusements! What moderation! What patience and courage even in her last illness! She was docile to the orders of the doctors; consoled her father and sisters. Even when the strength of her body was gone the vigorous spirit still remained. This strength of soul continued up to the last moment, neither the length of her illness, nor the fear of death, could overcome it. All these memories increase still more our grief and regret.

"O bitter and cruel death! O death, that circumstances render even more painful! She was on the eve of marrying one who is distinguished and worthy of her. The day of the wedding was fixed. We were already bidden to the feast. What grief stands in the place of so much joy. I cannot express to you what a shock it gave me when I heard that Fundanus himself—such luxuries of sorrow does grief

"invent!—had ordered the wedding vestment pearls and gems to be burned at the funeral with incense, balms and perfumes. He is learned and wise man; formed himself early by the profoundest studies. Now he despises all he ever learned, pays no heed to what he said to him, forgets even his own wise words of the past, Wisdom is nothing in the presence of this great grief and love!

"You will pardon, nay, even approve of my despair when you think of his supreme sorrow. He has lost a daughter who was the living picture of her father, not only in the features of her face, but also in her mind. If you were to him on the subject of this grief, which is so legitimate, remember not to be severe and strong, be tender and human. Time will contribute to the softening of his sorrow. A recent wound shrinks from the hand of the healer; after awhile it submits to the care, and at last sees it. Thus a keen affliction repulses and flies first from all consolations; soon it will desert and even find comfort in them when wisely referred."
Vale.

(Pliny to Marcellinus xiv. letter.)

H. S. T.

[The following story by Miss Phelps is quite suggestive. There are some invalids in our Wards to whom a visit would be almost as great a pleasure as Deb's was to her:]

Deb.

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

The solemn Androscooggin bell was ringing the mill girls in by broad sunlight, noon, when there came a knock at the door, and behind it the young lady whom I heard. Deb was startled by the knock, and frightened by the young lady. It was not often that visitors came to Brick Alley, and it was still less often that Brick Alley had a visitor that knocked.

This was a young lady for whom Deb's mother did fine washing. Deb's mother wiped her hands and placed a chair, as the young lady sat down. She was a straight lady, with strong feet, and brown feathers in her hat, and soft blue gloves upon her hand. She had come, she said, with that Cluny set, which she should need for a party this very night; indeed, she was in so much haste that she had hunted Deb's mother up, which was a matter of some difficulty—she never had the least idea where she lived before, and how crooked the streets were! But the lace was very yellow,

she saw, and would she be sure to have it done by 9 o'clock? and—

And then, turning her head suddenly, the straight young lady saw poor, crooked Deb in her high chair, with wonder in her eyes.

"I wonder if I frightened her," thought Deb. But she only wondered and did not speak.

"Is this your—"

"Yes," said Deb's mother, "the eldest. Fifteen years. I'll try my best, ma'am; but I don't know as I ought to promise." She spoke in a business-like tone, and turned the Cluny lace—a dainty collar and a pair of soft cuffs—about in her hands in a business-like way. A breath of some kind of scented wood struck in a little gust against Deb's face. She wondered how people could weave sweet smells into a piece of lace, and if the young lady knew; or if she knew how much pleasanter it was than the onions that Mrs. McMahony cooked for dinner every day in the week but Sunday, upon the first floor. But it gave her quite enough to do to wonder without speaking.

"Fifteen!" repeated the young lady standing up very straight and looking very sorry, "How long has she been—like—that?"

"Born so," said Deb's mother—"she's jest set in that chair ever since she has been big enough to sit at all. Would you try gum on these, miss?"

"But you never told me you had a crippled child?"

The young lady said this quickly.

"You have washed for me three years, and you never told me you had a crippled child!"

"You never asked me, Miss," said Deb's mother.

The young lady made no reply. She came and sat down on the edge of Deb's bed, close beside Deb's chair. She seemed to have forgotten her Cluny lace. She took Deb's hand up between her two soft, brown gloves, and her long brown feathers dropped and touched Deb's cheek. Deb hardly breathed, the feathers and the gloves, and the sweet smells of scented wood, and the young lady's sorry eyes—such very sorry eyes—were so close to the high chair.

"Fifteen years!" repeated the young lady, very low, "in that chair—that no-

body ever—poor little girl! But you could ride," said she suddenly.

"I don't know, ma'am," said Deb. "I never saw anybody ride but the grocer and the baker. I ain't like the grocer and the baker."

"You could be lifted, I mean," said the young lady, eagerly. "There is somebody who lifts you?"

"Mother sets me generally," said Deb. "Once, when she was very bad with a lame ankle, Jim McMahony set me. He's first floor—Jim McMahony."

"I shall be back here," said the young lady, still speaking very quickly, but speaking to Deb's mother now; "in just an hour I shall come in an easy sleigh, with warm robes. If you will have your daughter ready to take a ride with me, I shall be very much obliged to you."

The young lady finished her sentence as if she did not know what to say, and so said the truest thing she could think of which is what we all are in danger of doing at times.

"Well, I'm sure!" said Deb's mother, "Dabitra, tell the lady—"

But Dabitra could not tell the lady, for she was already out of the door, and down stairs, and away into the street. And, indeed, Deb could not have told the lady—has never told the lady—can never tell the lady.

If all of the blue summer skies, and the gold of summer sunlight, and the shine of summer stars fell down into your hands at once, for you to paint scrap-books with, should you know what to say?

Into the poor little scrap-book of Deb's life the colors of Heaven dropped, and blinded her on that bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride.

In just an hour the sleigh was there, with the easiest cushions, and the warmest robes, and bells—the merriest of bells!—and the straight young lady. And Jim McMahony was there; and he carried her down stairs to "set" her. And her mother was there, and wrapped her all up in an old red shawl, for Deb had no "things" like other little girls. The young lady had remembered that, and she had brought the prettiest little white hood that Deb had ever seen, and Deb's face looked like a bruised day-lily bud between the shining wool, but Deb could not see that; and Mrs. McMahony was there, paring onions at the door, to wish her good luck; and

all the little McMahoneys were there, and all the children who did wonder, and the grocer turned in at the alley corner, and the baker stopped as he turned out, and everybody stood and smiled to see her start. The white horse pawed the snow, and he held up his head—Deb had never seen such a horse—and the young lady had gathered the reins into her brown gloves and the sleigh bells cried for joy—how they cried!—and away they went, and Deb was out of the alley in a minute, and the people in the alley hurrahed, and burrahed, and hurrahed to see her go.

That bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride! How warm the little white hood was! How the cushions sank beneath her, and the fur robes opened like feathers to the touch of her poor thin hands? How the bell sang to the icicles, and the slated roofs and sky, and the people's faces smiled at her.

"What's the matter?" asked the young lady; for Deb drew the great wolf's robe over her face and head, sat so for a minute, still and hidden. The young lady thought she was frightened.

"But I only want to cry a little," said Deb's little smothered voice. "I must cry a little first."

When she had cried a little she held up her head, and the shine of her pretty white hood grew faint beside the shine of her eyes and her cheeks. The bewildering, beautiful, blessed ride!

Streets, and a crowd, and church spires were in it—yes, and a wedding and a funeral, too; all things that Deb had seen in her high chair in the daytime with her eyes shut, she saw in the sleigh on that ride with her eyes opened wide.

She was very still. The young lady did not talk to her, and she did not talk to the young lady. The horse held up his head. It seemed to Deb to be flying. She thought that he must be like the awful beautiful horse in Revelation. She felt as if she could take her to Heaven just as well as not, if the young lady's brown gloves should only pull the rein that way.

They rode and rode. In and out of the merry streets, through and through the singing bells, about and about the great church spires—all over, and over, and over the laughing town. They rode to the river, and the young lady stopped the white horse so that Deb could look

across, and up and down at the shining stream and the shining bank.

"There is so much of it," said Deb, softly, thinking of the crack of it that she had seen between two houses for fifteen years. For the crack seemed to her very much like fifteen years in a high chair and the long, broad-shouldered silvered river seemed to her very much like this world about which she had wondered.

They rode to the mills, and Deb trembled to look up to their frowning walls, and to meet their hundred eyes; but some of the girls who wore the little pink bows, and who knew her, came nodding to look down out of them, and she left off trembling to laugh; then, in a minute, she trembled again, for, all at once, without any warning, the great Androscoggin bell pealed the time just over her head, and swallowed her up in sound. She turned pale with delighted terror, and then flushed with terrified delight.

Did it pray, or cry, or laugh? Deb did not know. It seemed to her that if the white horse would carry her into the great heart of that bell, she never need sit in a high chair at a window again, but ride and ride with the young lady. It seemed to her like forever and forever.

They turned away from Androscoggin without speaking, and rode and rode. Daylight dimmed, and dusk dropped, and see! all the town blazed with lights. They rode and rode to see the lights. Deb could not speak, there were so many lights.

And still she could not speak when they rode into Brick alley, and Jim McMahoney and her mother, and the children who did not wonder, came out to meet her and take her back to her high chair.

She was too happy to speak. She need never wonder any more. She could remember.

But the young lady did not want her to speak. She touched her white horse and was gone in a minute; and when Androscoggin bell rang them to sleep that night—for the young lady forgot to ask for her Cluny, and was too tired to go to the party—I am sure I cannot tell which was the happier, she or Deb.

Why are balloons in the air like vagabonds? Because they have no visible means of support.

Argyll's Beautiful Grandmother.

The Duke of Argyll, a Christian scholar and statesman, not long since paid the United States a flying visit. He was struck by the great wealth displayed in the public and private buildings of our large cities. New York, he says, has more costly and ostentatious houses than London. He was amazed at the extent of the stores for the sale of jewelry and women's attire. He doubts if there can be found in any capital of the Old World such establishments.

The scale of luxurious expenditure they indicate prompts him, as a political economist, to seek for the basis of the wealth that supports it.

"The growing wealth of America," he says, "is founded on the secure possession of every element which can yield boundless returns, not only to industry, but above all, to capital shrewdly used."

The Duke, though frankly stating his thoughts as to the luxuriousness of American women, has not as yet given us the impressions their beauty made upon him. He should, however, by hereditary right, be a judge of female beauty. For his grandmother was one of the three handsomest women of her day.

She was Miss Elizabeth Gunning, the second of three Irish sisters, whose only fortune was their marvellous beauty. That made the eldest Countess of Coventry, and the second Duchess of Hamilton, and, subsequently, Duchess of Argyll.

The story of the way Elizabeth was wooed and won by the dissipated Duke of Hamilton illustrates the "high life" which marked the reign of George II.

The Duke fell in love with the Irish beauty at a masquerade. Subsequently he met her at a grand party, where his mind was so divided between courting and gambling that he lost a thousand pounds at cards. Two nights after he called at her mother's house, and finding Elizabeth alone, persuaded her to marry him then and there.

A parson was called in, but he refused to perform the ceremony, as the Duke had provided neither the marriage-license nor the wedding-ring. The impatient lover threatened to send for the archbishop, and the parson, fearing lest he might lose his fee, married them with a ring of the bed-curtains.

The Duchess, a few days after the marriage, was presented at court. A crowd gathered to see the beautiful woman who consented to be married with a bed-curtain ring. Noble men and noble ladies pressed into the royal drawing-room and clambered into chairs and on tables to catch a glimpse of her.

The desire to see her begot an epidemic, which raged not only in London, but throughout England. Mobs gathered in front of the Duke's house to see the Duchess get into her *sédan* chair. The theatre was packed whenever she was present. During her journey to Scotland, crowds flocked before the inns to see her pass. "Seven hundred people," writes Horace Walpole, "sat up all night in and about an inn in Yorkshire, to see her get into her post-chaise the next morning."

After the death of the Duke of Hamilton, Elizabeth married John, Duke of Argyll. By that union she became grandmother of the nobleman who received such pleasant impressions from his first visit to the United States, and who, by his personal appearance, illustrates the law of heredity.

Daniel Webster's Wish.

Daniel Webster's favorite son, Major Edward Webster, died in Mexico, during our war with that nation. His remains were brought to Boston. The Rev. Dr. Lothrop, who officiated at the funeral, says that his call on Mr. Webster, the next day, was one of the memorable hours of his life:

It was approaching dusk; the light in the room was a struggle between the fire-light and the waning light outside. Mr. Webster came into the room with a subdued, yet grand and solemn air; our greeting was a silent pressure of the hands, and we sat down.

I did not feel that it was for me to speak first in his presence, and he did not speak, and I watched his face. He looked at me not as expecting or demanding that I should speak, but as if my simple presence was an expression of sympathy grateful to him.

At length, after the silence seemed to me to become very oppressive, though I suppose it did not last very long, he turned to me and said,—

"I feel at this hour, Mr. Lothrop, that

all that gives dignity and glory to man, is contained in the religion of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, and I could wish that on my tombstone at Marshfield, where I hope to be buried, after my name and the date of my birth and death, there might be simply this inscription,—

“He was a believer in the gospel of Christ,” the best thing that can be said of any man.”

He then went on, I, of course, having only a very secondary part in the conversation, to speak of the strength and comfort which his Christian faith afforded him, and then of Christ's wonderful life, character and instruction as a help, guidance and inspiration to any one who would so pass through this life as to be prepared for a future and higher life.

The “Boss” System Among Esquimaux Dogs.

There is always one bully in every team, who gets all the choice bits that are stolen by the others, and generally manages to keep fat, no matter how short they are of provisions. He waits for the others to make the raid, and then stands on the outside to take it away from them. These bullies are in several grades. There is the chief, of whom all are afraid, and then there is the next in rank, of whom all are afraid but the chief; a third, of whom all are afraid but two, and so on down. Sometimes the food is cut into small pieces and thrown out upon the ice for all to help themselves, and then there is a rough-and-tumble fight, and snarling and growling, as if a whole cage of hyenas had broken loose. But here the bullies have no advantage; indeed, the advantage is with the small lively fellows that slip in and get the meat while the big ones are fighting. When a dog manages to steal a piece of meat he has a lively time of it, for soon every other dog in camp is after him, and he has to eat it on the run, if at all, headed off at every turn by one of the bullies, and whining and choking at the same time. It certainly is one of the most comical exhibitions ever witnessed.

—[From “Among the Esquimaux with Schwatka,” Scribner for May.

When is a doctor most annoyed?
When he is out of patients.

Cradle Songs.

The most popular of German lullabies is a truly Teutonic mixture of piety, wonder-lore, and homeliness. Wagner has introduced the music to which it is sung in his “Siegfried Idyl.” We have to thank a Heidelberg friend for the text:

“Sleep, baby, sleep;

Your father tends the sheep;

Your mother shakes the branches small,
Whence happy dreams in showers fall;

Sleep, baby, sleep.

“Sleep, baby, sleep;

The sky is full of sheep;

The stars the lambs of heaven are,

For whom the shepherd moon doth care;

Sleep, baby, sleep.

“Sleep, baby, sleep;

The Christ-child owns a sheep;

He is Himself the lamb of God;

The world to save, to death He trod;

Sleep, baby, sleep.”

In Denmark children are sung to sleep with a cradle hymn which is believed (so we are informed by a youthful correspondent) to be “very old.” It has seven stanzas, of which the first runs “Sleep sweetly, little child; lie quiet and still; as sweetly sleep as the bird in the wood, as the flowers in the meadow. God the Father has said ‘Angels stand on watch where mine, the little ones, are in bed.’” A correspondent at Warsaw (still more youthful) sends us the even-song of Polish children:

“The stars shine forth from the blue sky;
How great and wondrous is God's might!
Shine, stars, through all eternity,
His witness in the night.

“O Lord, thy tired children keep;
Keep us who know and feel Thy might;
Turn Thine eye on us as we sleep,
And give us all good night.

“Shine stars, God's sentinels on high,
Proclaimers of His power and might;
May all things evil from us fly—
O stars, good night, good night!”

—[*Fraser's Magazine.*

“You have given your tears, said the preacher,
Heart alms we should never despise;
But the open palm, my children,
Is more than weeping eyes.”

—[*Paul H. Hayns.*

Origin of the Name "Artemus Ward."

There has been not a little speculation as to how Brown came by his *nom de plume*, "Artemus Ward." Doctor Shattuck says, that having some confidential business with him during one of his last visits to Waterford, he took the occasion to inquire in particular about it. Brown said it was in this wise: While engaged at the *Plain-Dealer* office, in Cleveland, Ohio, he made the acquaintance of an eccentric old gentleman whose actual name was Artemus Ward, though assuming some more pretentious titles. This man was in the show business, having a few "wax figgers," birds, "snaix," and a kangaroo. While waiting on the printers for his bills, he amused Brown by telling an endless number of anecdotes, all of which were duly treasured up. Among these were some of the incidents in Brown's article entitled "Edwin Forrest as *Othello*." He referred to the following as one of the contributions of the original Artemus Ward:

"Ed was actin' at Niblo's Garding, but let that pass. I sot down in the pit, took out my spectacles, and commenced peroooin' the evenin's bill. * * * As I was peroooin' the bill, a grave young man who sot near me, axed me if I'd ever seen Forrest dance the Essence of Old Virginny."

"He's immense in that," sed the young man. He also does a fair champion jig, the young man continnered, 'but his Big Thing is the Essence of Old Virginny.'

"Sez I:

"Fair youth, do you know what I'd do with you if you was my sun?"

"No," sez he.

"Wall," sez I, I'd appint your funeral to-morrow arternoon, and the *korps* should be ready! You're too smart to live on this yearth."

The old man claimed himself to be the hero of this story. Brown, however, wanted the credit of correcting the spelling and of dressing the stories up in good literary style. Pleased with the name, he attached it to several of his comic productions, and finding that it took with the public, adopted "A. Ward" as his own.

—[*Scribner for May.*]

What kind of a ship has two mates and no captain? Courtship.

The "Biglow Papers."

Our young readers are not so well acquainted with Mr. James Russell Lowell's "Biglow Papers" as their fathers and mothers were. Those keen and comical Yankee political rhymes were very popular thirty or thirty-five years ago. They were full of anti-slavery sentiment, and were first directed against the supporters of the Mexican War. A writer in *Harper's Monthly*, giving the history of them, says:

When Charles Sumner saw the first Biglow poem in the *Courier*, he exclaimed to a friend, "This Yankee poet has the true spirit. He puts the case admirably. I wish, however, he could have used good English."

Hosea Biglow kept up the warfare, and each poem was furnished with a preface and notes by an imaginary Parson Wilbur. First, a Mexican war recruit gave his amusing experiences from the field. Then came "What Mr. Robinson Thinks." This tickled the public amazingly, and—

"John P.

Robinson he

Sez he wunt vote for Guvener B."

was in every one's mouth, like the "What, never?" of "Pinafore."

Mr. Robinson was a refined and studious man, unhappily on the wrong side of a moral question, and was not a little annoyed, by his "bad eminence;" but he is preserved in the Biglow amber like an anti-Pharaonic fly.

He went abroad, perhaps to get out of hearing, but as soon as he landed at Liverpool and got to his hotel, he heard a child in an adjoining room idly singing. He listened. Yes, it was true; the detested refrain had got across the ocean. It was—

"John P.

Robinson he,"

that the baby ruffian was trolling. He sailed to the Mediterranean, and stopped at Malta. While looking at the ruins of the works of the Templars, he observed a party of Englishmen not far distant, and presently another infantile voice sang,—

"But John P.

Robinson he

Sez they don't know everythin' down in Judee."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1881.

A careful perusal is invited of the following announcement, made public by the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, and it is commended to the consideration of all who desire to add to the permanent fund of this most worthy institution:

What Constitutes an Enduring Monument?

It is characteristic of man that he should wish to perpetuate his name and works. The greater his accumulations the stronger is his desire that they should be associated in some way with himself after his own brief life is ended. By some, possessions are handed down to children, and it is hoped that thus a noble record will be preserved. By others, the end is sought by the erection of expensive tombs, or granite shafts, thought to be imperishable. A few, recognising how unsatisfactory are these efforts, give large sums during their life, in a way that bespeaks the highest philanthropy. The pleasure derived from money thus used can hardly be overestimated, but in a laudable effort to preserve the family name, we know of no plan so effective and so certain as an endowment fund to an educational or charitable object, with the name of the donor forever attached thereto. To justify this disposition of funds, the institution to which they are given should be in every sense of the word, *enduring*.

In looking about our city to determine what there is in it that is lasting and worthy of recognition, we thought of the City Hospital as a representative institution. Based on a condition of things which must always exist, it is becoming year by year more firmly established, and there can be no doubt that it will outlast the proudest mausoleum which man has yet erected. There is a reaction against costly memorial structures to the departed, which in no wise benefit the living, and a growing feeling that the noblest, the truest, the best testimonial that can be made by us while in this world, or left in departing from it, is a benefaction to an enduring charity.

In view of the foregoing, the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital have decided to give to the Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds, in this institution, family names, by which they shall be known forever, in consideration of gifts varying in amount made to the institution by persons who recognise this noble charity and wish to have their names permanently associated with it. The constitution of the Hospital is to be so amended as to incorporate and confirm this action. If the building should be destroyed, a new one would be erected, and the names of Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds would go on unchanged.

In noticing this action, we commend it to a generous public as one which places within the means of a considerable number of people, an excellent opportunity to aid a noble charity, and at the same time, to perpetuate a family heritage in a way most exalted and ennobling, and more enduring than granite.

MRS. M. STRONG,
MRS. W. H. PERKINS,
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS,
MRS. GEO. J. WHITNEY,
MRS. A. D. SMITH,

Executive Com. of Lady Managers.

The following amounts have been affixed by the Trustees of the City Hospital, to be given by those interested in the Institution, as memorials or gifts, to perpetuate the family name, or endow a bed or room for all time or for a year:

Naming of the large Wards,.....	\$10,000 each.
" end Wards,.....	5,000 "
" small Wards,.....	3,000 "
" Private Rooms,.....	2,000 "
" a Bed in a Ward,.....	500 "
For a Perpetual Bed in Private Room,	7,000
" Bed during the lives of 2 donors	4,000
Perpetual Bed in a Ward,....	5,000
For use of a Bed in a Ward for a year,	300

What more enduring monument when marble has crumbled into dust? What more pleasing testimonial can be given to the memory of the departed than such provision, for all time, for the sick and suffering?

What more praise-worthy charity, what more acceptable thank-offering for blessings bestowed, or evils averted could be made, than to erect a building on our ample Hospital grounds for the care of sick and disabled children for whom we have not room?

In what better way can churches provide for their sick poor than by an annual subscription of three hundred dollars?

An Afternoon at the Hospital.

Our last visit to the Hospital was on the afternoon of May the second, and though winter garments were comfortable, we welcomed the bright sunshine, the bursting buds of the horse-chestnut, and the fresh green twigs of the weeping willow, as the harbingers of spring, and we were sure that the invalids in the Hospital Wards were cheered by the thought that the long, cold winter was over.

It was the afternoon of the monthly meeting of the Managers, and as we visited the Wards they were deliberating on Hospital business in the parlor.

As we entered the reception room our attention was at once attracted to a new picture hanging over the mantel. It was a photograph of the late Dr. Whitbeck, presented to the Hospital by one of his patients, Mrs. W. H. Gorsline. This is the third portrait that adorns the walls of this room; those of Dr. Dean and Dr. Ely hanging side by side on its north side. Appropriate decorations are these, for our City Hospital, that for so many years was blessed by the ministries of these beloved physicians who have rested from their labors.

Our first visit was to the Male Surgical Ward where were thirteen patients under treatment. Miss D., the nurse, was herself suffering from an inflammation of one eye, but this did not interfere with her duties. We missed the two little boys who for so long have welcomed us to this Ward; one of them, the blind boy, had returned home to Eagle Village and the other had also gone home. One aged man eighty-four years old, who had suffered from ulcerated feet, had died. Only two patients were in bed. One of these was a Mr. Thorn of Syracuse, who, nearly four weeks before, was injured near Brockport on the railroad, striking, as was supposed, his head against a bridge. He was insensible when brought to the Hospital

and had been so much of the time since, but was conscious when we saw him and improving. His wife was by his side and for weeks had not left him, occupying at night a couch beside him; they both expressed much gratitude for the treatment Mr. T. had received in the Ward.

In the Cross Ward we found an aged patient in bed; two years since he had a stroke of paralysis; his wife, an inmate of the Female Ward, was sewing beside him and looked very comfortable.

Seventeen patients occupy cots in the Male Medical Ward. One of these was a colored man, a consumptive, another a German with diseased lungs, who is obliged to keep in an upright position in his chair or cot by night as well as by day. One patient had diseased heart and lungs, another was dropsical, two of the inmates were Dr. Rider's patients, he was just operating on one for cataract and had a fortnight before operated upon another for the same disease. One patient had died in the Ward during the month. He came to the Hospital and gave his name as William Thompson, said he was born in Canada, and was thirty-nine years old. He came himself to the Hospital and was found in the hall in so feeble a condition that he could not give much account of himself; he had chills, was delirious and needed constant attention, and probably had been ill some days with pneumonia before he came to the Hospital. He was placed in the room formerly occupied by Mr. Male, and as the nurse was standing at the door with her back towards him she heard a noise, turned round and found he had got out from his bed and out of the window, and was holding on to it by his hands. She ran to rescue him, took him by the hands, and another patient caught hold by the shirt sleeve, but they could not save him. He fell to the ground and broke a bone in his foot. The shock probably hastened his death, which took place twenty-four hours afterwards.

In the Lying-In-Ward we found two babies and three waiting patients.

In the Upper Female Ward there had been many changes. Mrs. W., the paralytic patient, had left and gone to her home, and good news had been received from her. One new patient was being treated for debility, another had a bad eye and was improving under Dr. Rider's treatment; one had a sore foot and weak eyes. A patient with diseased heart was in bed resting, looking comfortable and amusing herself with a book. One woman had diseased lungs, and Mrs. H. was more unwell than usual having had chills every other day. There were fourteen patients in this Ward.

In the Lower Female Ward we found sixteen patients. One of these had a felon, one a sore limb, some were paralytics. Mrs. H. was receiving a visit from her husband, an inmate of one of the Male Wards. Little Mary D. who has a curvature of the spine, who has worn the plaster of Paris jackets, and who for the past few months has been very ill, looked bright and happy, and said she had been sitting up and was free from pain. She had just had a supporter for her spine put around her and seemed pleased with it. She was not strong enough to have another plaster of Paris jacket applied to her. Her bright face was pleasant to look upon, and she said she prayed for patience for she was sometimes tempted to repine, because when the sunshine was so bright and beautiful she could not go out and enjoy it. The woman who had slipped on the ice and broken her limb had recovered and gone home, and the one whose arm was amputated had also left much improved. The patient who was so sick with erysipelas had also gone home well.

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 Children's Cot.

We have a sad tale this month to record, for dear little Willie Brady who for nearly three months has occupied the Cot, has suddenly left us. He had improved greatly and become quite a pet in the Ward, was full of fun and frolic and everybody loved him. The medicines which the physicians order for the patients are kept by the nurses under lock and key, but one patient had had erysipelas, and had used carbolic acid to bathe her limb. She kept the bottle containing this in a box under the bed, and on Sabbath afternoon, when many of the inmates of the Ward were in the chapel, little Willie got hold of this bottle and before any one knew it, he had swallowed some of its contents. Physicians at once were summoned and remedies used, but they could not save him, and on Monday evening Willie breathed his last in the arms of the nurse he loved so well. His mother, who was sick in the Lower Female Ward, was with him most of the day on Monday, and she is still an inmate of the Hospital. She told us she did not wish to bring him back but it was hard to part with him.

We have another little one in the Hospital only two years and four months old. He has a diseased spine and also bronchitis. He has been for some time in the Hubbell Park Orphan Asylum. He has come to the Hospital and his mother is with him. He seemed very restless and uncomfortable, and we felt he was very sick.

Little Mary Kearn is much better; she goes out every pleasant day to play on the lawn. She has been home and spent a week with her mother. The two little boys who have been for some months in the Lower Male Ward, have both gone home, so that now we have only two little children in the Hospital.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Monthly subscription, 25
Previously acknowledged..... 1311 25

Total Receipts.....\$1311 50

Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, Birthday and Easter offerings are earnestly solicited for the Children's Cot Fund, 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.

Spring Flowers.

We are sorry that the Flower Mission has been given up, but we are sure there are many who can occasionally send flowers to our invalids. We saw on our last visit to the Hospital a withered bunch of arbutus flowers and buds, that were kept and prized by a sweet young girl who has been a great sufferer, and who still spends most of her time in her cot. She is the one who has a diseased spine and has worn the plaster of Paris jackets. She longs to go out into the sunshine, and we are sure wild flowers or any others will be welcomed by her, and by many of the inmates of the Hospital. A few violets, anemones, crocuses or any spring flowers awaken pleasant memories in those who can no longer visit the wild wood and gather the spring treasures.

Our Young Friend.

We are indebted to our little friend, Mary Reed, of Perry, for a large amount of old cotton that will be very useful for the Hospital. She went around among her friends and collected this, and we thank her for her trouble and thoughtfulness. This is not the first favor we have received from Mary, for it was she who obtained many subscribers for the *Hospital Review*, and we dare say she will sometime get more for us.

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

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 4, 1881, of softening of the brain, Frederick W. Collins, aged 79 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 9, 1881, from injury to spine, Mrs. Eliza McL. Belgrave, aged 43 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 16, 1881, of consumption, Mrs. Cora B. Stewart, aged 23 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 23, of pneumonia, William Thompson, aged 39 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 25, of senile gangrene, Alinow Bradley, aged 85 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 25, of carbolic acid poison, William M. Brady, 2 years and 7 months.

Cash Donations.

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A Friend,..... 10 00
MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

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Monthly Reports.

1881. April 1, No. Patients in Hospital,	76
Received during month, . . .	39
Births,	1—116
Deaths,	6
Discharged,	34— 40
Remaining, May 1st, 1881,	76

Look Up, Not Down.

Life to some is full of sorrow—
Half is real, half they borrow;
Full of rocks and full of ledges,
Corners sharp, and cutting edges.
Though the joy-bells may be ringing,
Not a song you'll hear them singing;
Seeing never makes them wise,
Looking out from downcast eyes.

All in vain the sun is shining,
Waters sparkling, blossoms twining;
They but see through these same sorrows
Sad to-days and worse to-morrows;
See the clouds that must pass over;
See the weeds among the clover—
Everything and anything
But the gold the sunbeams bring.

Draining from the bitter fountain,
Lo! yon molehill seems a mountain;
Drops of dew and drops of rain
Swell into the mighty main.
All in vain the blessings shower,
And the mercies fail with power,
Gathering chaff, ye tread the wheat,
Rich and loyal 'neath your feet.

Let it not be so, my neighbor;
Look up, as you love and labor.
Not for one alone woe's vials—
Every one has cares and trials.
Joy and pain are linked together,
Like the fair and cloudy weather;
May we have—O! let us pray—
Faith and patience for to-day.

—[The Advance.

I can look back on my sicknesses as the best times of my life. Don't fret about the future. *He* carried our sicknesses and healed our infirmities. You know infirmity means a weakness after sickness. Think of the cheering lines of our hymn: 'His touch has still its *ancient* power.' When I rose up from my sick bed they told me I should *never* be able to enter a hospital

or do work again. I was fretting over this when a good friend came to me and told me only to take a day's burden and not look forward; and it was such a help. I got up every day feeling sure I should have strength and grace for the day's trial. May it be said of you, dear, they took knowledge of her that she had been with Jesus. May He reveal Himself in all His beauty is the prayer of your sincere friend.

SISTER DORA.

Cellar Floors.

Wooden floors should not be placed in cellars. It is not easy to tell what a cellar floor may conceal from sight, and it should always be remembered that the air of a cellar circulates freely through the house.

A plank cellar-floor of a family in a neighboring city had not been taken up for over ten years. The "cellar smell" was strong, notwithstanding almost daily ventilation even in winter.

On removing the floor, there was found beneath it large quantities of saw-dust, decomposed to a moist, impalpable powder. The stirring-up connected with its removal resulted in several members of the family being taken with severe tonsillitis. A cemented floor since given to the same cellar has rendered the air in the cellar as pure as that in any room in the house.

A family near the one already mentioned was troubled with constantly recurring attacks of sickness. After receiving correct ideas of domestic hygiene, the "head of the family" had his premises carefully examined. An expert first found under the L-floor an old, disused cistern, the water of which was thickly covered with decayed matter.

The air in the parlor—though care was constantly taken that this room should be aired—having a very disagreeable odor, the expert went into the front cellar, which was neat, and clean, and well warmed. There, having pried up a plank, the man found a soft mass of deep black mud, the product of decay. The family at once sought other quarters, and have since enjoyed good health.

When is fact like a universal patent?
When it is "patent to all."

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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" N. T. ROCHESTER,

Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
" Dr. MATHEWS.

TERMS—City, in Advance, including Postage, 62 cts.
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[Entered at the Post Office at Rochester, N. Y. as second-class mail matter.]

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to Mrs. S. H. Terry, Editress, No. 41 Atkinson Street.

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

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AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1881.

No. 11.

Little Barbara's Hymn.

A mother stood by her spinning wheel
Winding the yarn on an ancient reel.
As she counted the threads in the twilight dim
She murmured the words of a quaint old hymn :
"Whether we sleep or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Little Barbara, watching the spinning wheel,
And keeping time with her toe and wheel
To the hum of the thread and her mother's song,
Sang in her own sweet voice ere long :
"Whether we sleep or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

That night in her dreams as she sleeping lay,
Over and over the scenes of the day
Came back, till she seemed to hear again
The hum of the thread and the quaint old strain,
"Whether we sleep or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Next morning, with bounding heart and feet,
Little Barbara walked in the crowded street,
And up to her lips, as she passed along,
Rose the tender words of her mother's song :
"Whether we sleep or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

A wanderer sat on a wayside stone,
Weary and sighing, sick and lone,
But he raised his head with a look of cheer
As the gentle tones fell on his ear :
"Whether we sleep or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Once again as the day passed by,
And the shades of the even-time drew nigh,
Like the voice of a friend or the carrol of birds,
Came back to his thoughts the wholesome words,
"Whether we sleep or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Toiling all day in a crowded room,
A worker stood at her noisy loom ;
A voice came up through the ceaseless din,
These words at the window floated in :
"Whether we sleep or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

A mourner sat by her loved one's side,
The sun seemed darkened, the world was drear,
But her sobs were stilled and her cheek grew dry
As she listened to Barbara, passing by :
"Whether we sleep or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Alike in all hearts, as the years went on,
The infant voice rose up anon,
In the grateful words that cheered their way,
Of the hymn that Barbara sang that day :
"Whether we sleep or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

Perhaps, when the labor of life is done,
And they lay down their labors, one by one,
Forgetting forever these days of pain,
They will up together the sweet refrain :
"Whether we sleep or whether we wake,
We are His who gave His life for our sake."

—[*Friends Review.*]

Paintings in the Catacombs and Christian Art in Mosaics.

The earliest works of Christian art in Italy are the wall-paintings of the Catacombs. At first these were merely abstract symbols: the Laburnum, the Alpha and Omega, the fish, used as the sign for the name of Christ. Then more pictorial emblems were painted: the dove, representing the Christian soul freed from the body; the peacock or phoenix, type of immortality; the sheep, signifying the

soul in the earthly life. This last emblem stands in immediate connection with the earliest representations of Christ as the Good Shepherd. This is the favorite subject of the Catacomb paintings. He is depicted as a beautiful youth in shepherd's dress, carrying a lamb on his shoulders, or leaning on his staff in the midst of a flock, or playing on a shepherd's pipe, while the sheep listen to him. The idea of these pictures is certainly Biblical; but the artistic form is supposed to have been taken from an old Greek statue of Mercury carrying a kid, which existed at Tanagra. For it must be observed with regard to the art of the early Church that once having gained the right to exist, it adopted without hesitation materials and forms which had been invented by the heathen. Proceeding on the principle that what God hath cleansed, man may not call unclean, the Christians repeated in their religious pictures the types of face, the methods of expression, the artistic mannerisms, which are found in the wall-paintings of Herculaneum and Pompeii. They personified the sun and the moon, the earth and the sea, mountains and rivers. They even adopted the heathen myths. In a beautiful painting from the ceiling of the tomb of St. Domitilla, Christ is represented in the character of Orpheus playing upon his lyre, while trees bend toward him, and wild beasts gather at his feet.

Mingled with these symbols and allegories we find the first beginning of sacred historical painting. The subjects are chosen impartially from both Testaments, with this difference, that the scenes from the Old are used in a purely typical relation to the New Dispensation. Noah in the Ark typifies the Christian saved in the ship of the Church; the history of Jonah prefigures the ministry and the resurrection of Christ; Daniel in the lion's den is an encouragement to Christian martyrs. The most common New Testament subjects are the Nativity (with the ox and ass kneeling), the Adoration of the Magi, the miracle at Cana, Christ healing the paralytic, multiplying the loaves and fishes, and, most frequently, the raising of Lazarus from the dead. Lazarus is represented as a mummy appearing at an open door, before which Jesus stands with a wand in His hand.

The spirit of all these pictures is purely

symbolical. They do not depict, they simply suggest, their subjects. They presuppose in the mind of the beholder the knowledge of a certain event which they shall recall to him by a mystic sign for his comfort and encouragement. For this is the aim and temper of the Catacomb paintings: to strengthen and console. They pass by the passion and death of the Lord, to dwell upon the themes of gladness and consolation—resurrection, miracles, deliverance, hope. They are joyful and confident. They are flowers blossoming in darkness, stunted, delicate, imperfect, but full of marvellous brightness, an unextinguishable life.

Transplanted in the fifth century to the full daylight of the great basilicas, Christian art blossomed out into the strange, rich splendor of mosaic. This was the painting of the Middle Ages—"the painting for eternity," as Ghirlandajo called it. In the spacious churches which began to spring up as if by magic all over Christendom, apse and triumphal arch glowed with blue and purple and gold; rhythmic groups of majestic figures and splendid symbols gleamed down upon the worshippers. The subjects chosen for these mosaics were mystical, rather than historical. Christ seated in solemn light in the midst of the four-and-twenty elders; Christ coming in glory on the clouds of sunset, greeted by saints and evangelists; the Lamb on the hill of Zion, at whose foot flow the four rivers of Paradise, while the twelve sheep issue from the gates of Bethlehem and Jerusalem on either hand; mystic palm-trees, sparkling with gold and jewels and the immortal phoenix; and Jordan with shining waves—these were the themes chosen by the Christians to give light and magnificence to their first temples. But among the earliest mosaics there were also some historical scenes, although the material limitations of the art prevented anything more than an imperfect and suggestive style of treatment. In the baptistry of St. Giovanni in Fonte, at Ravenna, there is a mosaic of the baptism of Jesus, in which the river Jordan is personified as an old man with urn and reed.

The most interesting group of old Christian mosaics is in the noble basilica of St. Maria Maggiore, at Rome. They are almost as brilliant to-day as when they were made. A frieze of vivid Old

Testament pictures surmounts the pillars of the nave, increasing in splendor until they reach the chancel arch. Here is the great mosaic of the Lamb seated on the throne of the Apocalypse, and on either side smaller scenes from the New Testament. They represent the Annunciation one of the earliest pictures of this subject, the Angel appearing to Zacharias, the Massacre of the Innocents, the Presentation, the Adoration of the Magi, and Herod receiving the head of John the Baptist.

The picture of the Adoration is especially interesting for the light which it throws upon the position of the early Church in regard to Mariolatry. In the mosaic as it was originally made, the Christ-Child alone occupied a throne or seat of honor. In another chair, opposite to His, was seated a man with a long blue mantle veiling his head. This was meant to be the oldest of the Wise Men. The two others, in Oriental dress, were seen approaching from the same side, and behind the seat of the Child stood His mother. In the last century Pope Benedict XIV. caused the upright figure to be erased, and a halo to be put around the head of the seated figure, transforming it into the Virgin Mary. This illustrates very beautifully the great change which has taken place in the Roman Church in regard to the dignity assigned to the mother of Christ.

In these mosaics of the earlier and Western school, we see a striving after individual character and personality in the expression of face and figure. The artist is no longer content with the symbolical representation of Christ as the Good Shepherd. He wishes to invent a noble countenance, a sublime form, which shall be worthy to embody the Redeemer of the world before His worshippers. This tendency finds its climax in the great mosaic of St. Cosmo Damiano, in Rome (526-530). The mighty Christ, who looks down from the dark blue apsis into the poor, dingy little church, is clothed with majesty; His head with its dark beard and flowing hair, is strong and solemn as that of a youthful Jupiter Capitolinus, yet lighted with a mild benignity which befits the all-merciful Saviour of men.—[Henry J. Van Dyke, Jr., in *Harper's Magazine*.

Laughing Rix.

"Ha, ha, ha, good evenings! Hows you do? Ha, ha, ha!"

This was the salutation of a fat, dumpy, rosy little Dutchman, whose head alone came into the room where I was sitting in a friend's house.

"Is that man an idiot?" I asked.

"Far from it," was the reply. "He can teach all of us wisdom. But he is in trouble to-night; I know by his laughing so."

"That's a strange sign of trouble." I said.

"Yes, but you shall hear his philosophy. Rix, come in!" my friend called.

He had modestly vanished on seeing a stranger in the room.

The little man entered, laughing as if he were witnessing a comedy, and said, "I brings home you vatch all mend, so he vill gepe dime like de down glock."

"Well, what work have you on hand next?"

"I has no mores of vork now. Ha, ha, ha,—ha,—ha!" and he went off into a peal of laughter which frightened me, as I saw nothing to laugh at.

"What have you been doing since I saw you last?" asked his friend.

"Ha, ha, ha! I have been do most of any ting. Von sick man, he vill dat I sit all night in chair and look at he, and give me dollar vor all nights. I lifts him so goot he love me, and say, 'Got bless!' den I gives young lady lesson on guitar in evening, and I breaks up de Madame Dane manures-heap and pours him all over de garden next days. Den I mends your vatch and—and!"

"Well, what have you to do to-morrow?" asked his friend.

"Ha, ha, ha! I's got no tings more to do to-morrow; but den,—ha, ha, ha!"

"I hope you have some money if you have no work ahead?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" He put his hands on his sides to support himself and laughed again, and then said, "I go spend mine one dollar for bread and medicine for zick vife, and got none cent in bocket. But Got he is goot, and mine heart is strong,—ha, ha, ha!"

"Come, Rix, tell my friend why you always laugh when you're in trouble," said the gentleman.

"Oh, ha, sir, I no calls *dis* drouble!

'Cause bocket got no monies in him is no drouble; death, he is drouble, and have bad soons is drouble, and have goot vife zick is drouble; but no money is not drouble, 'cause Got give me goot arm and goot heart, and He up dere have all de gold in de hills, and de cows on de field, and he mine Fader and mine Got.

"You wants to hear vy I laughs ven I got no vork and no monies? I dell you.

"Ven I was young in mine own gountry, I zometime very sad 'cause I say, 'I be all dimes poor.' Zometime zick and lame, and cannot go school mit boys, nor dance on de green mit de girls. Den I cry tears out of mine eyes, and have sad face, and zighs and groans!

"One days, old beggar man be comes to mine fader house and say, 'What ail me?'

"Mine fader he shake head and say, 'He gloomish.'

"Den old beggar, say 'What? forgot dere is von Got over all? Ven you sighs, and groans, and cry tears 'cause you can't has evrythings—dat is de enemy of you soul tempts you to blame Got!

"Now, mine poy,' says he, shlappin' me on mine shoul'er, 'whenever you feels dat comin', go out into Got's sunshine and loog up and say, "I vill no more weep and zigh, but will laugh for joy 'cause Got's earth is green, and His corn grow, and His water free, and 'cause he is my Fader, and will not forgets me.

"Vell, I jumps up and runs out mitout my stick,—I been lame that dimes,—and I see de grass green, and de water blue, and de sky bright, and feels life in me, and I crys, "Away, mine enemy!" and den I laugh so loud de neighbors runs out and says,—

"Rix, he goes mad!" But I says 'no.'

"Nex' day mine uncle as pay de doctor for care me, and who drives me to town mit his donkey, he go die quick, and mine heart pegin to say, 'You no more be cured now!' But I push back de sighs, and I laughs, and I thanks Got I got breath to laugh mit!

"Vell, I gets vell, and grows up, and marries, and comes to America to earn honest bread. But I gets here, and den comes hard dimes and no vorks, and mine goot vife be sick! De tears and sighs 'gins to come, and I feel de bad enemy say,—

"Now, dis time you go starve, and you sick vife starve too.'

"Den I jumps up and shakes my vist in his face, and laugh out, and say, 'Ha, ha, ha! You knows I's all right, and I knows dat too!' And when he hear me laughs, he runs off, and soon vork comes for me.

"It is a small ting to laugh when bread and vork is blenty; but it is goot, goot to him as can laugh when dere be no vork, no pread, no monies! I finds to laugh such dimes drive off de bad enemy as say I go starve now.

"When one vork gone, and all done, some more man gomes and say,—

"Rix, I wants mine vatch mend; or mine daughder she wants you teach guitar;' and if no vatch and no daughder, den he say, 'Rix, come saw wood, or hoe fields, or spread' manures, or weed onions, or zomethin';' and ven I cannot mend vatch mit mine own drade dat I learn in my own gountry, den I vill do *all tings* 'fore I starves!"

"But you have 'no things' at all to do now," said his friend.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ven I goes home now, mine vife will says to me,—

"Rix, man's been here for you go vork!" Dat is always de vay, so my heart strong in Got; and I laughs to drive off de bad enemy dat vill say I got no Got to gare for me. I dells you, goot friend, dere is very much good in such a laugh as"

Here there was a loud knock at the back door, and the next moment a rough voice was heard asking,—

"Is Rix here? Tell him he's wanted for a week up at Sanderson's farm—right off."

Rix burst out laughing, made a bound for the kitchen, and was gone.

But he left a lesson behind him. Although neither my friend nor myself cared to laugh away our cares, we did desire to keep up such a bright spirit and high heart as his through them all.

—[*Youth's Companion.*

If you would be strong, conquer yourself.

He dines sumptuously who dines out of debt.

No man can be free unless he governs himself.

Children are the strongest pillars of the temple of wedded love.

Trust.

Searching for strawberries ready to eat,
Finding them crimson, and large, and sweet,
What do you think I found at my feet,
Deep in the green hill-side?

Four brown sparrows—the cunning things—
Feathered on back, and breast, and wings,
Proud with the dignity plumage brings.
Opening their four mouths wide.

Stooping lower to scan my prize,
Watching the motion with curious eyes,
Dropping my berries in glad surprise,
A plaintive sound I heard.

And looking up at the mournful call,
I spied on a branch near the old stone wall,
Trembling and fluttering, ready to fall,
The poor little mother bird.

With grief and terror her heart was wrung;
And while to the slender bough she clung,
She felt that the lives of her birdlings hung
On a still more slender thread.

‘Ah, Birdie,’ I said, “if you only knew
My heart was tender, and warm, and true!”
But the thought that I loved her birdlings, too,
Never entered her small brown head.

And so through this world of ours we go,
Bearing our burdens of needless woe;
Many a heart beating heavy and slow
Under its load of care.

But oh? if we only, only knew
That God was tender, warm and true,
And that he loved us through and through,
Our hearts would be lighter than air.

A Noble Offering.

The superintendent of one of the street car railways leading out of New York into the country, told a touching story to a friend the other day which found its way into a city paper.

Sitting alone in his office one day, a strange gentleman entered, who proved to be an officer in the army. He carried a little box in his hand. After some hesitation, he said, conquering great agitation:

“I have a great favor to ask you. I had a little boy, and I’ve lost him. He was all the world to me. When he was alive, my wife used to search my pockets every night, and whatever loose change

she found she would put away for the baby. Well, he’s gone. Here is the box. We talked the matter over, and came to the conclusion we could not do better than to bring the money to you to pay the fares of poor, sick children out of town. It would please him to know that he is helping to save the lives of other poor children. As soon as the box is empty, we will fill it. While we live, we will keep up the bank.

The box has been twice emptied and filled, and hundreds of sick or dying children have owed to this dead baby their one breath of fresh summer air.

How much more tender and true is such a memorial of the beloved dead, than a pretentious monument, or even a painted church window, beautiful though they be? In England, it is a frequent practice to build and furnish a life-saving station on the coast, in remembrance of a friend who is gone, and in this country, memorial beds in hospitals are becoming a usual way of keeping in memory those we have lost.

Surely, if the dead can look back on earth, they are better pleased to know that kind, living deeds are done in their name, than to see them emblazoned on cold stone in forgotten graveyards.

A Romantic Wedding.

Romantic weddings are frequent enough now-a-days; but years ago they might not have been so common. An anecdote is told of Dean Swift, who, being overtaken by a thunder-shower one day, took shelter under a tree where he found a party of young girls waiting for the rain to cease.

One young girl was weeping, and the Dean learned that she was on her way to church to be married to a young man who was with her. “Never mind; I’ll marry you,” said the Dean; and took up his prayer-book, and then and there performed the ceremony; and to make the thing complete, he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and with his pencil wrote and signed a certificate, which he handed to the bride. It was as follows:

“Under a tree in stormy weather,
I married this man and woman together;
Let none but Him who rules the thunder
Sever this man and woman asunder.”

Rest When Your Head Aches.

Dr. Day says in a late lecture :

Whatever be the plan of treatment decided upon, rest is the first principle to inculcate in very severe headache. Rest, which the busy man and anxious mother cannot obtain so long as they can manage to keep about, is one of the first remedies for every headache, and we should never cease to enforce it.

The brain, when excited, as much needs quiet and repose as a fractured limb, or an inflamed eye; it is obvious that the chances of shortening the seizure and arresting the pain will depend on our power to have this carried out actually. It is a practical lesson to keep steadily in view, in that there may lurk behind a simple headache some lesion of unknown magnitude, which may remain stationary if quietude can be maintained.

There is a point worth attending to in the treatment of all headaches. It is that the head be elevated at night, and the pillow hard; for, if it be soft, the head sinks into it, and becomes hot; which with some people is enough to provoke an attack in the morning if sleep has been long and heavy.

Feeding the Sick.

Some people seem to have a superstition in the matter of forcing sick people to eat. 'Doctor, he wont eat,' says one.

'Well, then let him alone.'

'But if he don't eat he will die.'

'No he wont die. Wait till he wants it and then food will do him some good.'

People don't die for want of food, and when they are ill the stomach can't digest food; it will not take it.

Then comes the cry "He must eat," and neighbors send in jellies, custards (i. e., hard-baked eggs, as bad as hard-boiled), even pies and cakes to tempt the patient's appetite. No! let the appetite alone, and when it does come it will take plain food. We have known families fare luxuriously on tempting things sent to a sick member, when they were too sensible to give it and kill the patient.

Said a sensible man, "When I do not feel well I go without eating and it generally cures me." Half the medicine might be saved if people followed this

rule, and almost the other half, if they would eat proper food in proper quantity. It would be very hard for doctors, but then some of them would have to seek some other employment.

How Victoria Received the News.

How the Princess Victoria received the news of the death of William IV. which made her Queen of Great Britain, is told in the "Diary of a Lady of Quality," from which we make the following extract:

On the twentieth, at 2 P. M., the scene closed, and, in a very short time, the Archbishop of Canterbury and Lord Conyngham, the Chamberlain, set out to communicate the event to the young sovereign.

They reached Kensington Palace at about five; they knocked, they rang, they thumped, for a considerable time before they could rouse the porter at the gates; they were again kept waiting in the courtyard, and then turned into one of the lower rooms, and seemed forgotten by everybody.

They rang the bell, and desired that the attendant of the Princess Victoria might be sent to inform her royal highness that they requested an audience on business of importance.

After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep, she would not venture to disturb her.

Then they said, "We come to the Queen on business of State, and even her sleep must give way to that!"

It did; and to prove that she did not keep them waiting, in a few minutes she came into the room in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her night cap thrown off, and her hair falling upon her shoulders—her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but collected and dignified.

The Archbishop of Canterbury informed her of the demise of King William, and formally announced to her that she was, in law and right, successor to the deceased monarch.

The sovereignty of the most powerful nation of the earth lay at the feet of a girl of eighteen.

She was deeply agitated at the formidable words so fraught with blessings or

calamity. The first words addressed by the Queen to the Archbishop were to request his Grace to pray for her.

They knelt together, and Victoria inaugurated her reign, like the young King of Israel in the olden time, by asking from the Most High, who ruleth in the kingdom of men, an understanding heart to judge so great a people, who could not be numbered nor counted for multitude.

Wife.

What do you think the beautiful word "wife" comes from? It is the word in which the English and Latin language conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of that dreadful word *femme*. But what do you think it comes from? The great value of Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be housewives or housemoths, remember that. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes or embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay. Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow-worm in the night-cold grass may be the fire at her foot; but home is where she is; and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar and painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else are homeless. This I believe to be the woman's true place and power.—[*Ruskin*.]

Dr. Holmes on Poetry to Order.

[FROM THE READING NEWS.]

Some time ago, Miss Annie Lawrence, one of the younger pupils of the high school, wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes, stating that the Old South Literary Society was about to discuss his life and works, and asking if he could send a little poetical contribution for the occasion. The reply of the genial author is very characteristic, and we reproduce it:

My Dear Young Lady:—If you knew how many letters I have to write every day, you would say: "Poor, dear man, how tired he must be!" We that make hymes are expected to turn them on as

you turn on water through a faucet—when-ever it is wanted. But writing poetry is like shooting ducks or geese—you may load up and paddle off, and watch all the morning, and never see a single duck or goose, except yourself as reflected in the water.

So, my dear young lady, I will only say that I should like very much to please you and a great many other young friends—and old ones—by writing all sorts of odes, elegies, epics, epigrams, etc., but I have to content myself by disappointing you and them with a little scrap of a note like this, sweetened with good-will and good wishes, and nothing else in the world to pay for postage stamps wasted on me. Believe me, very truly your friend,

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

[The following lines were found under the pillow of a soldier who was lying dead in a hospital near Port Royal, South Carolina:]

I lay me down to sleep,
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head
That only asks to rest
Unquestioning, upon
A loving breast.

My good, right hand forgets
Its cunning now.
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold
Nor strong—all that is past.
I'm ready not to do
At last, at last.

My half day's work is done.
And this is all my part.
I give a patient God
My patient heart.

And grasp His banner still
Tho' all its blue be dim.
These stripes no less than stars
Lead after Him.

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.

A careful perusal is invited of the following announcement, made public by the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, and it is commended to the consideration of all who desire to add to the permanent fund of this most worthy institution:

What Constitutes an Enduring Monument?

It is characteristic of man that he should wish to perpetuate his name and works. The greater his accumulations the stronger is his desire that they should be associated in some way with himself after his own brief life is ended. By some, possessions are handed down to children, and it is hoped that thus a noble record will be preserved. By others, the end is sought by the erection of expensive tombs, or granite shafts, thought to be imperishable. A few, recognising how unsatisfactory are these efforts, give large sums during their life, in a way that bespeaks the highest philanthropy. The pleasure derived from money thus used can hardly be overestimated, but in a laudable effort to preserve the family name, we know of no plan so effective and so certain as an endowment fund to an educational or charitable object, with the name of the donor forever attached thereto. To justify this disposition of funds, the institution to which they are given should be in every sense of the word, *enduring*.

In looking about our city to determine what there is in it that is lasting and worthy of recognition, we thought of the City Hospital as a representative institution. Based on a condition of things which must always exist, it is becoming year by year more firmly established, and there can be no doubt that it will outlast the proudest mausoleum which man has yet erected. There is a reaction against costly memorial structures to the departed, which in no wise benefit the living, and a growing feeling that the noblest, the truest, the best testimonial that can be made by us while in this world, or left in departing from it, is a benefaction to an enduring charity.

In view of the foregoing, the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital have decided to give to the Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds, in this institution, family names, by which they shall be

known forever, in consideration of gifts varying in amount made to the institution by persons who recognise this noble charity and wish to have their names permanently associated with it. The constitution of the Hospital is to be so amended as to incorporate and confirm this action. If the building should be destroyed, a new one would be erected, and the names of Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds would go on unchanged.

In noticing this action, we commend it to a generous public as one which places within the means of a considerable number of people, an excellent opportunity to aid a noble charity, and at the same time, to perpetuate a family heritage in a way most exalted and ennobling, and more enduring than granite.

MRS. M. STRONG,
MRS. W. H. PERKINS,
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS,
MRS. GEO. J. WHITNEY,
MRS. A. D. SMITH,

Executive Com. of Lady Managers.

The following amounts have been affixed by the Trustees and Lady Managers of the City Hospital, to be given by those interested in the Institution, as memorials or gifts, to perpetuate the family name, or endow a bed or room for all time or for a year:

Naming of the large Wards,.....	\$10,000 each.
" end Wards,	5,000 "
" small Wards,	3,000 "
" Private Rooms,	2,000 "
" a Bed in a Ward,	500 "
For a Perpetual Bed in Private Room, ..	7,000
" Perpetual Bed in a Ward,	5,000
" Bed during the lives of 2 donors ..	4,000
For a bed in a Private Ward for a year, ..	300
" Bed in a General Ward for a year, ..	200

What more enduring monument when marble has crumbled into dust? What more pleasing testimonial can be given to the memory of the departed than such provision, for all time, for the sick and suffering?

What more praise-worthy charity, what more acceptable thank-offering for blessings bestowed, or evils averted could be made, than to erect a building on our ample Hospital grounds for the care of sick and disabled children for whom we have not room?

In what better way can churches provide for their sick poor than by an annual subscription of two or three hundred dollars?

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1881.

Erickson Memorial Bed.

It will gratify the friends of the late Mr. Aaron Erickson to know that his name is to be perpetually associated with the Hospital. From the different places offered by the Lady Managers for memorializing gifts, Mrs. G. H. Perkins of this city, and Mrs. W. S. Nichols of New York City, have decided that the sum of \$5,000 given by them last winter in memory of their father, shall be appropriated for a perpetual free bed in a Ward. Mr. Cutler has been requested to prepare a design for a marble tablet, on which will be inscribed :

*Erickson
Perpetual Free Bed,
January 27th, 1880.*

Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Nichols will have the privilege during their lifetime of placing any person they may desire in this bed, such person to be cared for, nursed and furnished medical attendance, without expense.

At their death, if they so desire, they may will this right to another.

The Memorial Bed.

What more beautiful tribute can filial affections offer, to the memory of a beloved father, than that that has enshrined forever the name of Erickson as a perpetual blessing to the sick and suffering in our city. When his children and children's children shall rest from their labors, the mural marble tablet will still recall the name of the early friend and officer of the City Hospital, and seem to echo and illustrate the words of the Sage of Marshfield, "I still live."

The gift of Mr. Erickson's daughters is the first endowment to the Memorial Fund.

Mr. M. F. Reynolds, the second who contributed to this, has not yet decided how his gift shall be appropriated.

We trust that the example set by our friends may be contagious, and that soon our Hospital will be liberally endowed by those who seek, by memorial offerings, to perpetuate some honored name, and at the same time bless the sick and needy who come to our Institution for comfort and healing.

Summer Hours with the Invalids.

Our last visit at the Hospital was on a lovely morning when many of the invalids had been tempted out to enjoy the bright sunshine. The settees, lawn and hammocks were more attractive to many of them than the Hospital Wards, where for weeks and months some of them had been confined.

Our first visit was in the Male Surgical Ward, where we found a German, who, a few hours before, had been taken from the canal nearly drowned. He had been resuscitated. The poor man had been sorely afflicted. He was suffering from inflammation or some disease of the eye, and two fingers that had recently been cut off were not entirely healed. A patient in this Ward, an aged man of eighty-one, had lost his son and wife, and the affliction had impaired his intellect, and as he was taking exercise on the lawn, the assistant nurse was watching him, lest he should wander away from the Institution. We were much interested in a middle aged man, a sailor, who, after a somewhat eventful life, was suffering from a frog felon that for about six weeks had incapacitated him for work, and as he was improving he was very anxious to get employment. He was an Englishman, and about four months since in sailing from Cuba to Madeira, he was wrecked near the latter island. He had formerly been the owner of a small yawl and lost

that and everything he owned on the southern coast of Africa. Five or six years ago he was on the "Fairy Queen," a ship going from Australia to England. A hundred persons were on board, and when nearing England almost in sight of some of their homes, the vessel was wrecked on Shields Bank, and more than half the persons on board were lost. He thought he had had enough of sea life, and was anxious to obtain work as soon as able, and we hope he will soon find employment. When we were at the Hospital, directing the May number of the *Review*, we visited this Ward, and found the sailor then folding some of the papers. His hand was then so painful he could neither eat nor sleep, but yet he seemed anxious to do what he could in return for Hospital care. He said to us he would soon be ready to work, and hoped some place would open itself to him. An aged man was troubled with nervous prostration, and another old man, a paralytic, was feeble and in his rolling chair, and near him was his wife, an occupant of one of the Female Wards. The man from Syracuse, injured on the railroad, had improved and returned home. Two patients with ulcers were gaining. There were twelve under treatment in this Ward, but two of whom were confined to their beds.

In the Male Medical Ward we found four men quite sick. Two of these, the one a consumptive and the other a dropsical patient, had been unable to remain in a reclining position, but they were more comfortable and in bed most of the time. A new patient was suffering from dyspepsia, and one man very ill could not retain any food on his stomach. One man was convalescing from malarial fever. There were sixteen who slept in this Ward, but through the pleasant days many of them spend most of their time on the lawn.

Sixteen invalids occupied the Upper Female Ward; most of them were convalescent. Two of these were paralytics,

one had erysipelas and swoolen limbs, one was recovering from a scalded foot and had her little babe, a child of fifteen months old, with her.

In the Lying-In Ward were two mothers and their babies and one waiting patient.

In the Lower Female Ward we found most of the inmates in the Eastern room as the cleaners were busy with their soap and scrubbing brushes in the Western room. A new nurse was in charge of this Ward and some of the patients were very greatly delighted with her and extolled her kindness, patience and efficiency. There were sixteen patients under treatment, three of whom were quite sick. Mary, the young girl with diseased spine, had walked in from the Cross Ward, and was much more comfortable than she had been; one woman was afflicted with cancer. One had sore throat, one was recovering from a surgical operation, one had paralysis.

Hospital Training School.

The Lady Managers of the City Hospital wish two more nurses. Applicants be must single; between twenty and thirty-five years of age; having a good education; perfect health, and unexceptionable moral character. Practical instructions will be given by the physicians and surgeons and supervising nurse. Time of instruction, two years.

Applications to be made in writing, to Mrs. C. E. Mathews, 28 Spring street, Rochester.

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. E. V. Stoddard, 62 South Washington Street.

The Children's Cot.

What has become of the little folks who used to send in contributions for the Cot Fund? We hope they have not forgotten us. Vacation is near by, and our young friends will have plenty of time to get up entertainments and make fancy articles for the benefit of the Cot, and we hope they will remember us. Are there not some who have recovered from some severe illness, who will send us thank offerings?

We begin to think that instead of a Cot for the children we shall need a Child's Ward, for so many little folks need our care, and the children disturb older persons in the Ward with them.

When last we visited the Hospital a little girl came in with her mother, and was waiting for Dr. Whitbeck to examine her and direct what treatment was proper for her. She had symptoms of malarial fever; had such distress in her head that she could not at home be kept in bed at night, but walked the room in great pain.

Little Mary Kearn, the German child with sore feet and hands, is still in the Hospital, but so much better that on pleasant days she is allowed to play on the lawn and swing in a hammock.

We have now two wee babies that were born in the Hospital, and two young children that have been brought in from the Orphan Asylum. One of these, a little girl 15 months old, had come in with her mother who had scalded her foot, and the little thing was very playful and happy. The other, a few months older, came in with bronchitis and curvature of the spine and seemed very sick. The mother came to take care of him. He is much better now, but we fear he will need tender nursing for a long time. His back was very weak and the spine was crooked, and so the physician put on him a thin woven shirt, and over this a jacket of plaster of Paris. This will tend to

strengthen the back and keep the spine straight, and the child is so improved by this treatment that he is beginning to walk and the mother is going out to work, leaving her child at the Hospital.

Remember, dear children, as you are looking forward to summer pleasures during vacation, how many little ones there may be who need your sympathy and gifts, who are sick and helpless, and by your contributions may be cared for in the City Hospital.

Since the above was in type, we have received twenty dollars, from Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Milne, who, visiting in Morristown New Jersey, have seen our little paper and opened their hearts to our needs. Their gift is very welcome.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Mr. & Mrs. Alexander Milne, New York,	\$ 20 00
Mrs. Thos. Chester,	1 00
Monthly subscription,	25
Interest on loan,	15 00

Receipts for the month,	\$36 25
Previously acknowledged,	\$1311 50

Total Receipts.....\$1347 75

Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving, Birthday and Easter offerings are earnestly solicited for the Children's Cot Fund, 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.

Timely Gifts.

Our sister charities, the Industrial School and Hubbell Park Orphan Asylum, have recently received valuable contributions from some of our wealthy citizens, that have enlarged their borders and increased their means of usefulness. We congratulate them on the Sibley-Watson wing and the Potter addition, that will perpetuate the names of those whose hearts have responded to the needs of our little ones. We see by a Salem paper that an old friend of ours, Miss Mary Anderson, a resident of Salem, Mass., who died some time since, after making be-

quests to many charitable objects, left the residue of her estate to the Salem Hospital, and that this charity has just realized from this bequest forty-two thousand dollars.

We love to record these timely gifts, hoping the example may be suggestive, and that institutions in need of funds may reap some benefit.

We said the other day to one of our Hospital physicians that we were very anxious to have a Children's Ward in our Hospital. He responded, "We need it greatly, but most of all we need a Hospital for contagious and infectious diseases." If a child afflicted with scarlet fever is brought to our Hospital we cannot open our doors to it. If a patient sick with malignant erysipelas comes to us we cannot receive him. If a servant girl has diphtheria we do not dare to welcome her. What we need is a small building on our grounds to meet cases like these.

Who will help us now? *Our needs are pressing.*

New Carpets.

Some of our apartments at the Hospital are quite improved by new carpets that have recently been placed upon their floors. The Ladies of the Baptist Church originally entirely furnished the parlor, and now they have re-carpeted this. The Union Blues have put a new carpet on the room they so tastefully furnished several years since; Mrs. Hiram Sibley has donated a new carpet for the Atkinson room; and the Ladies of the First Presbyterian Church have re-carpeted their room.

We are very thankful for these new tokens of interest in this Institution.

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.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 8, 1881, of peritonitis, Catharine M. Lewis, aged 40 yrs.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 18, 1881, of phthisis pulmonalis, Thomas Holeday, aged 28 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 27, 1881, of disease of the heart, Charles W. Brown, aged 45 years.

Donations.

Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford—Second-hand Clothing.
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Miss M. Ward—Old Cotton.
Mrs. D. H. Griffith—Games, Bagatelle, &c.
Mrs. D. A. Watson—Three jars Pickles.

Receipts for the Review,

To JUNE 1st, 1881.

O. B. Weber—by Mrs. W. H. Perkins, . . .	62
Miss Elwood, for Mrs. D. F. Worcester—by Mrs. S. H. Terry,	70
Mrs. H. Briar, Gaines, 62 cents; Mrs. C. C. Beaman, 62cents; Miss D. Cossett, 62 cents; Mrs. R. N. Field, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Hinchey, 62 cts; Miss K. Pat- ten, 63 cts.; Mrs. J. L. Pixley, 62 cts.; Miss C. Smalley, 62 cents; Mrs. Clarke Woodworth, 62 cents—by Miss Pixley, \$5 59	
Mrs. J. Marburger—by Mrs. Robert Math- ews,	63

Monthly Reports.

1881. May 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 76	
Received during month, . . .	34
Births,	2—112
Deaths,	3
Discharged,	36— 39
Remaining, June 1st, 1881, . . .	73

Take my soul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind and will,
All my goods and all my hours,
All I know and all I feel,
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart and make it new.

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.

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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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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XVII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1881.

No. 12.

Musings.

BY CHARLOTTE E. RICKER.

God's angels are asleep to-night,
No silver lamps are lit on high,
Or do the rain drops quench their light!
Or these wild winds that sob and sigh!

All darkness through those distant streets,
All silence on this shadowed shore;
Night clasps the hand of morn, and greets
Her, as they pass at midnight's door.

The Autumn's gaudy, 'outcast leaves
Go softly whispering past;
The parent branch leans low, and grieves;
She cannot hold them fast.

The lily stem is lying low
Upon the garden bed,
Her fair-faced children, long ago
Were numbered with the dead.

Whence comes that tender plaintive note
That drifts along my way?

Its echoes round me softly float;
"We pass away! We pass away!"

We pass away; as stars that fall;
As flowers, that droop and die;
As winds that through the tree-tops call;
As leaves: we know not why.

We only know, that we may shine
Far brighter than the stars,
When Day has left her wonted shrine,
And Night has dropped her bars.

And when the last sweet flowret dies,
The last leaf turns to dust,
Our gardens are beyond the skies,
In Thee, O God, we trust.

The Boston Flower Mission of 1880.

A modest paragraph which I noticed in one of the Boston daily papers of last year, announcing that the Flower and Fruit Mission had closed its labors for the season, brought vividly to my mind the beginning of this sweet charity, and the far-reaching effects which grew out of one girl's thought.

I don't believe Helen Tinkham, the morning she gave a flower apiece to half-a-dozen eager, clamoring children on Boston Common, as she crossed it coming from the Providence Depot, dreamed what the result of it would be; that from the thought thus awakened would spring up one of the most comforting missions, that should not only make lighter and more cheerful the homes of suffering and toil of many in her own city, but which should send its beneficence all over the country, and across the water even, to the poor and sick of crowded cities.

Another season of blossoms is at hand. The record of this Flower Mission is one worth telling, and well worth considering.

Ten years ago, as the young girl referred to above, was coming in from a visit to friends in the country, with her hands filled with the perfume-laden spoils of summer, she was met by a group of children, poor and neglected, who crowded about her begging for "just one flower, please." As she stopped and gave them each one from her bunch, she noticed how the look of delight came into all the faces, while the eyes fairly danced with happiness.

She thought then of all the flowers in many beautiful gardens about the city, which faded on their stems, giving little

pleasure to any one. She recalled the hills and meadows that she knew, covered over with wild flowers that could be had for the picking, and she realized that there were thousands in her own city to whom a simple flower would bring as much of happiness and delight as it had to the few children.

There were other poor children, crowded down in the alleys and courts, about the wharves and in other poor portions of the town; there were the patients in the hospitals, longing, no doubt, to get out into God's own sunshine, and live amid the blossoms and sweet smells of the country; there were the sewing-girls, by hundreds, in hot, close rooms under roofs on which the summer sun poured pitilessly; and sadder than all, there were the inmates of the jails and the prisons.

Such a mission would require no outlay of money. A few hours daily taken from something else could well be put into this work of comfort.

The plan, as it gradually took shape within the girl's mind, was, to have some central point in the city to which contributions of flowers might be sent, when, she should have had the opportunity of asking for them and whence they should be distributed; then to engage the interest of other girls, for she could not do her work alone.

She talked to several ladies, who entered into the plan as enthusiastically as she could wish, and they agreed to devote two mornings of each week to the work.

The next thing to do was to notify people that their flowers were wanted, and induce them to send them. The way she took to do this was to interest the Boston clergymen in her work, and get them to read the notice from their pulpits.

One clergyman offered the use of his chapel as the headquarters of the mission, as it had a central location, and his offer was gladly accepted.

The chapel was opened for the first time on the tenth of May 1869, and the few young ladies who gathered there received thirteen contributions of flowers, and making them up into little bunches, carried them to eight hospitals and thirty-six invalids, of whom they had heard through the various pastors and city visitors.

Contributions increased, and the work grew apace, so that the average distribu-

tion for that summer was one hundred and twenty-one bunches a day.

In 1876 the work had grown, so that the average number of bunches distributed daily was three hundred and seventy. Since that time the number has almost doubled.

There is no prettier sight in the world than was presented last year in the Hollis Street Chapel, the headquarters of this work, every Monday and Thursday morning from the first of May till the last of October.

The doors were opened at eight o'clock, and two or more of the committee were on hand to receive the contributions, which came pouring in from that hour until eleven o'clock, when the chapel was one mass of bloom.

Let us glance at the scene. From nine to ten the workers arrive, and then busy fingers are at work putting the bunches together. These as they are made are put into tanks of water, on the top of which a frame is placed filled with holes, each large enough to receive a bunch of flowers, keeping the stems in the water but preventing the petals from getting wet. As soon as these tanks are filled the committee of distribution start on their rounds. Baskets are piled high with bouquets, and off the sweet burden-bearers go to the Dispensary and Out Kitchens first of all, for here they find the poor and sick. All the time the workers are busy at the flowers, and usually by noon all are made up.

Several ladies became so interested that they took turns in sending their carriages to make the rounds of the hospitals and more distant quarters of the city, and thus facilitate the work of the young missionaries.

They found no trouble about getting flowers; in many of the towns about Boston the school-children formed flower-gathering bands, and passed all their Wednesday and Saturday afternoons of the summer scouring the fields and woods for wild flowers to send to Hollis Street.

Many of the persons who sent contributions arranged the flowers themselves, and that was a great labor-saving for the workers in Boston.

The flowers, at first, came almost entirely from the suburbs directly about the city, Roxbury, Dorchester, Milton, Brookline and Cambridge. Afterwards one hundred

and fourteen towns assisted in the work. Old Berkshire hills sent contributions, and so did Hampden, Franklin and Worcester counties. Cape Cod responded, and matched her offerings with those from Cape Ann. It would seem as though the heart of the whole commonwealth beat to the thought of the one girl whose heart was first stirred in this matter.

New Hampshire and Vermont joined the workers, and sent many baskets of flowers to Boston for the poor and sick.

I would like to have the time to tell you of the effect this Mission has had in many ways. City visitors tell me that the sight of a rose or other flower, blossoming in a cracked tumbler or broken bottle has shamed many a careless woman, and roused many a discouraged one to cleanliness and neatness; that it has softened rough speech, and cleared clouded faces. And if a slip finds its way into some of the bunches, you have no idea how it is treasured and coaxed into growth.

It has done a wonderful work, this Flower Mission, in a quiet, unobtrusive way, and hundreds of souls have not only been made happier, but better for it.

But the work has been even more far-reaching than this; since the pioneer mission was opened, others have been formed in Cambridge, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, Indianapolis, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Cincinnati, Brooklyn, Salem and Louisville in our own country, and in Great Britain at Hull, London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Leeds, Glasgow and Bristol there are flower missions.

From Paris and some of the German cities, letters have been received asking for instructions, with assurances that the missions should be started as soon as the right way could be found.

It all grew out of the thought of one girl, neither rich nor influential; only an earnest worker with a sympathetic heart, a helpful brain, and willing hands. If she had "despised the day of small things," I should not have had this story to tell.

SALLIE JOY WHITE.

—[*Youth's Companion*.]

If I have not a broken and contrite heart, God's mercy will never be mine; but if God had not manifested His mercy in Christ, infinite and free, I could never have a broken, contrite heart.—[*Arnot*.]

A Feejee Coral Reef,

The first essential is to go in a boat which draws very little water, and which has no new paint to be considered. Then when the tide is low, and the sea without a ripple, you float idly over the coral beds, suffering your boat to lie at rest or drift with the current, as a stroke of the oars would disturb the clear surface of the water beneath which lie such inexhaustible stores of loveliness. Every sort and kind of coral grow together there, from the outstretched branches which look like garden shrubs, to the great tables of solid coral, on which lie strewn shells and sponges, and heaps of brain and mushroom coral.

These living shrubs assume every shade of color; some are delicate pink or blue, others of a brilliant mauve; some pale primrose. But vain is the attempt to carry home these beautiful flowers of the sea; their color is their life. It is, in fact, simply a gelatinous slime, which drips away as the living creatures melt away and die when exposed to the upper air. So the corals we see at home are merely skeletons, and very poor substitutes for the lovely objects we see and covet in their native condition.

Besides, like everything in that submarine garden, much of its charm is derived from the medium through which we behold it—the clear translucent water, which spreads a glamour of enchantment over objects already beautiful, glorifying the scarlet coral-lines and the waving branches of green and brown weed, wherein play exquisite fish of all vivid hues and sizes, from the tiniest gem-like atoms which flash in the light like sapphires and rubies, to the great big-headed parrot-fish, which has strong white teeth specially adapted for crunching the coral, and thence extracting the insects on which he feeds.

We saw a great number of large starfish, of the deepest Albert blue, and innumerable other beautiful things, which gained greatly in interest from being shown to me by one so familiar with them all as is Mr. Layard. How you would delight in such an afternoon as this has been, and how the boys would revel in it! It is not altogether pleasant however, to try walking on the reef, and you generally have to get natives to dive for anything particularly good. They

never seem afraid of the many sharp teeth and stinging creatures which may dart out from the coral; and not being troubled by overmuch raiment, they dive out like fishes (though as a general rule, they do dislike wetting their hair.) To them the reef is an endless source of amusement and profit, and at low tide there are generally some canoes lying in the shallow water while the girls and young men are hunting for the spoils of the sea, which they carry in three-cornered baskets, slung from the waist. Of course they do not care to spoil their simple raiment with salt-water, so a considerable portion of their dress on these occasions consists of deep fringes and garlands of many-colored leaves, which are a most becoming drapery, with their rich brown skin and tawny head.

The existence of these barrier reefs is an unspeakable benefit to the isles, supplying them with natural breakwaters and harbors, surrounding each with a lagoon of calm, shallow water, on which the smallest boats can ply as safely as on an inland lake, and within shelter of which they can in most places pass from one isle to another. There is invariably a passage through the reef opposite the mouth of any river, as the coral insect cannot live within the influence of fresh water. Thus an entrance is secured to the haven of rest, and a very straight and narrow way it often is, and one which calls for careful steering, when the angry breakers are dashing in mad fury on the reef on either side; great rolling waves curling upward in a succession of mighty walls of green water, and falling in such a surging cataract of foam as would make short work of the luckless canoe that should drift within their reach. Once inside the reef, all is secure, save when some unusual storm troubles even these calm waters, as it might ruffle the surface of any lake.

It is hard to realize that these mighty sea-walls are indeed the work of microscopic insects—star-like creatures, invisible to the naked eye; but so it is. It is said that they cannot live at a greater depth than thirty fathoms, yet the height of the coral walls is in many cases double or triple this measurement, and in some cases a sheer descent of two hundred fathoms has been found. The inference is that many of these isles as well as the ocean bed from which the coral rises, are gradually subsid-

ing, and the insects are continually working upward. In some cases the island has altogether disappeared, and there remains only a circular or crescent-shaped reef, perhaps fringed with cocoa-palms, encircling a calm lagoon of clear green water, the sea all around being of the deepest blue. These are called *atolls*, and are sometimes many miles in circumference. Some scarcely rise above the water-level, and only a ring of white coral sand betrays their existence.

"Oil on the Waters."

The frequent expression to "pour oil on the troubled waters" has its authority not in fable or poetic fancy, but in fact. Capt. Betts, of the *King Cenric*, a ship of one thousand four hundred and ninety tons, which lately arrived at Bombay from Liverpool with a cargo of coal, used common pine oil in a heavy gale of wind to prevent the sea breaking on board, and with perfect success.

The gale continued for nearly five days, and raged with determined fury. It had lasted some time, when the chief officer bethought himself of a plan he had seen tried upon some occasions when in the Atlantic trade to prevent the sea breaking in. He got out two canvas clothes-bags, into which he poured two gallons of oil.

He punctured the bags slightly, and hung one over each quarter, towing them along. The effect was magical. The waves no longer broke against the poop and sides of the ship; but yards away where the oil had slowly spread itself over the water and in the wake of the vessel was a large space of calm water.

The crew were thus able to repair damages with greater ease; the ship was relieved from those tremendous shocks received from the mass of waters which had burst over her quarters and stern, and the danger was considerably lessened.

The two bags lasted two days; after which, the first of the gale having expended itself, no more oil was used. Four gallons of oil scarcely worth thirty shillings, perhaps, here saved the *King Cenric*, her cargo and the lives and property of the crew.

To worship rightly is to love each other; each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

The Two Buckets.

Two buckets in an ancient well got talking once together,

And after sundry wise remarks—no doubt about the weather—

"Look here" quoth one "this life we lead I don't exactly like;

Upon my word, I'm half inclined to venture on a strike:

For—do you mind?—however full we both come up the well,

We go down empty—always shall, for aught that I can tell."

"That's true," the other said; "but then—the way it looks to me—

However empty we go down, we come up full you see."

Wise little bucket! If we each would look at life that way,

Would dwarf its ills and magnify its blessings day by day,

The world would be a happier place, since we should all decide

Only the buckets full to count, and let the empty slide.

His Second Choice.

BY ELLA A. DRINKWATER.

"Hester!" exclaimed Aunt Susan, ceasing her rocking and knitting, and sitting upright. "Do you know what your husband will do when you are dead?"

"What do you mean?" was the startled reply.

"He will go and marry the sweetest tempered girl he can find."

"O, auntie!" Hester began.

"Don't interrupt me until I have finished," said Aunt Susan, leaning back and taking up her knitting. "She may not be as pretty as you are, but she will be good-natured. She may not be as bright as you are, but she will be good-natured. She may not be as good a housekeeper as you are, in fact I think she will not, but she will be good-natured. She may not even love him as well as you do, but she will be good-natured."

"Why, auntie—"

"That isn't all," continued Aunt Susan. "Every day you live you are making your husband more and more in love with that good-natured woman who may take your place some day. After

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison left you the other evening the only remark your husband made about them was, 'She is a sweet woman.'"

"Ah, auntie—"

"That isn't all," composedly resumed Aunt Susan. "To-day your husband was half across the kitchen floor bringing you the first ripe peaches, and all you did was to look up and say, 'There, Will, just see your muddy tracks on my clean floor. I won't have my clean floor all tracked up.' Some men would have thrown the peaches out of the window. One day you screwed up your face when he kissed you because his moustache was damp, and said, 'I never want you to kiss me again.' When he empties anything, you tell him not to spill it, when he lifts anything, you tell him not to break it. From morning until night your sharp voice is heard complaining and fault-finding. And last Winter, when you were so sick, you scolded him for allowing the pump to freeze, and took no notice when he said, 'I was so anxious about you that I could not think of the pump.'"

"But, auntie—"

"Harken, child. The strongest, most intellectual man of them all cares more for a woman's tenderness than for anything else in this world, and without this the cleverest woman and the most perfect housekeeper is sure to lose her husband's affection in time. There may be a few more men like your Will, as gentle and loving and chivalrous, as forgetful of self, and so satisfied with loving, that their affection will die a long, struggling death; but, in most cases, it takes but a few years of fretfulness and fault-finding to turn a husband's love to irritated indifference."

"Well, auntie—"

"Yes, well! You are not dead yet, and that sweet-tempered woman has not yet been found, so you have time to become so serene and sweet that your husband can never imagine that there is a better tempered woman in existence."

—[*Advocate and Guardian.*]

A New Orleans man lately cabled to a friend in Cuba "Send me one or two monkeys." The reply came back "Shipped you 75; will send the rest as soon as can be found." The telegram had gone "Send me 102 monkeys."

Very Human.

The following statement, made by a correspondent of *Nature*, living at Cambridge, Mass., indicates that if cats do reason, they are very human in the use of their reasoning powers. He says that a lady, a friend of his, was at one time matron of a hospital for poor women and children, which was maintained by subscription.

One of the inmates was a blind girl, who was there not as a patient, but temporarily, till a home could be found for her. She had learned to feed herself, and at meal-times, a tray containing her dinner was placed on her knees, as she sat in a comfortable chair for her special convenience in feeding herself.

One day, while she was eating, the pet cat of the establishment placed herself before the girl, and looked long and earnestly at her, so earnestly that the matron, fearing the animal meditated some mischief to the girl, took her out of the room.

Again, the next day, at the same hour, the cat entered the room, but this time walked quietly to the girl's side, reared herself on her hind legs, and stealthily reached out her paw to the plate, selected and seized a morsel that pleased her, and, silently as she came, departed to enjoy her stolen meal.

The girl did not notice her loss, and when told of it by her companions, laughed very heartily. It is evident that the cat, from observation, had entirely satisfied herself that the girl could not see, and by a process of reasoning, decided she could steal a good dinner by the practical use of her knowledge.

Paper Air-Cushions.

Instead of India-rubber, the Japanese use paper for making air-cushions.

These cushions roll up smaller than the India-rubber ones, do not stick together after being wet, and having no odor, are more agreeable for pillows. Moreover, their strength is marvelous, considering the material of which they are made. A man weighing one hundred and sixty pounds may stand on one without bursting it. They are waterproof, too, and make good life-preservers.

Two Brave Little Girls.

A long time ago, in the Indian country, two little girls slipped away from the fort, and went down into a hollow, to pick berries. It was Emmy, a girl of seven years, with Bessie, her sister, not yet six.

All at once, the sun flashed on something bright, and Emmy knew that the pretty painted things she had seen crawling among the bushes must be hostile Indians, with gleaming weapons in their hands. She did not cry out, nor in any way let them know that she had seen them. But she looked all about, saw that some of the creeping Indians already were between her and the fort, and—went on picking berries, as before.

Soon, she called aloud to Bessie, with a steady voice: "Don't you think it is going to rain?" So they both turned and walked toward the fort. They reached the tall grass, and, suddenly, Emmy dropped to the ground, pulling down Bessie, too.

"What are you looking for?" asked the little sister, in surprise.

Then Emmy whispered to Bessie, and both of them stole silently and quickly on hands and knees through the long grass, until they came to the road, when they started up, ran swiftly to the fort, dashed through the entrance, and had the gate safely closed behind them!

Those girls are quite old now, but they remember very well the day they saved themselves, the fort which their father commanded, and the soldiers and other people in it, besides.—["*Jack-in-the-Pulpit*," *St. Nicholas* for July, 1881.

QUITE A CHANGE.—In the last *Independent* is a letter from Dr. Chauncey, of Boston, written sixty-eight years ago, in which he says, 'that all the printers in Boston have not type enough to print an edition of the Bible; and if they had they could not procure the paper needful without sending for it to Europe; and if they had both type and paper, the Bibles could not be made as cheap as they could be imported from Europe.'

Such a statement must make the Bostonians of the present day, smile; and it strikingly shows the greatness of the change from that day to this!

The Soldier's Prayer.

It was the evening after a great battle. Among the many who had bowed to the conqueror Death that night, was a youth in the first freshness of mature life. The strong limbs lay listless, and the dark hair was matted with gore on the pale, broad forehead. His eyes were closed. As one who ministered to the sufferer bent over him he thought him dead; but the white lips moved, and slowly, in weak tones, he repeated,

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

As he finished he opened his eyes and meeting the pitying gaze of a brother soldier, he exclaimed, "My mother taught me that when I was a little boy, and I have said it every night since I can remember. Before the morning dawns I believe God will take my soul for 'Jesus' sake'; but before I die I want to send a message to my mother."

He was taken to a temporary hospital, a letter was written to his mother, which he dictated, full of Christian faith and filial love. Just as the sun arose his spirit went home, his last articulate words being

"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

So died William B—. The prayer of childhood was the prayer of manhood. He learned it at his mother's knee in his infancy, and he whispered it in dying, when his manly life ebbed away on a distant battle-field. God bless the saintly words, alike loved and repeated by high and low, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, old and young. Happy the soul that can repeat it with the holy fervor of the dying soldier.

—[Dr. H. Bonar.]

CHARLES RIVER IN EMBROIDERY—The beautiful piece of embroidery made by Mrs. Oliver Wendell Holmes, recently on exhibition at the Boston Art Museum, has been sold for \$500. It was the Charles River wrought in dark blue satin.

The worst and most unendurable of all our ills are the imaginary ones.

The Rovers.

"I will return," the swallow said,
"To my old nest once more;
My home beneath the spreading eaves,
Of yon gray cottage, framed in leaves,
Awaits me as of yore."
She sped across the scented land
One blue and breezy day;
But where the house was wont to stand
A heap of ruins lay.

"I will return," the rover said,
"To my old love once more;
So true she is that well I know
The heart that held me long ago
Awaits me as of yore."
He came when south winds sighing pass
O'er fields of cowslips gold;
But underneath the trembling grass
Her heart lay still and cold.

—[Time.]

A few years ago a gentleman called upon a Boston philanthropist, whose fame as an orator rivals Hugo's as a poet. He found him dwelling in a plain house located in a most unfashionable street. Its simple furniture and the absence from the walls of pictures and engravings surprised the gentleman. Knowing the philanthropist's culture and æsthetic taste, and that his means permitted the indulgence, he could not refrain from expressing his surprise.

"Yes, I know," said the philanthropist—we give the substance of his reply, not his words—"and I at once thought of indulging my taste for fine pictures and engravings. But at one of our anti-slavery meetings the subscription paper, after it had been passed around, was handed to me.

"I saw that poor sewing-women, earning five or six dollars a week, had subscribed from two to ten dollars, and that working-men had put their names down for ten and twenty dollars, when their income was not six hundred dollars a year.

Those subscriptions prevented me from hanging pictures on my walls then, and I have never seen the day since when I was rich enough to buy them and remain loyal to my charities."

Our happiness does not consist in being without passions, but in having control of them.

A careful perusal is invited of the following announcement, made public by the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, and it is commended to the consideration of all who desire to add to the permanent fund of this most worthy institution:

What Constitutes an Enduring Monument?

It is characteristic of man that he should wish to perpetuate his name and works. The greater his accumulations the stronger is his desire that they should be associated in some way with himself after his own brief life is ended. By some, possessions are handed down to children, and it is hoped that thus a noble record will be preserved. By others, the end is sought by the erection of expensive tombs, or granite shafts, thought to be imperishable. A few, recognising how unsatisfactory are these efforts, give large sums during their life, in a way that bespeaks the highest philanthropy. The pleasure derived from money thus used can hardly be overestimated, but in a laudable effort to preserve the family name, we know of no plan so effective and so certain as an endowment fund to an educational or charitable object, with the name of the donor forever attached thereto. To justify this disposition of funds, the institution to which they are given should be in every sense of the word, *enduring*.

In looking about our city to determine what there is in it that is lasting and worthy of recognition, we thought of the City Hospital as a representative institution. Based on a condition of things which must always exist, it is becoming year by year more firmly established, and there can be no doubt that it will outlast the proudest mausoleum which man has yet erected. There is a reaction against costly memorial structures to the departed, which in no wise benefit the living, and a growing feeling that the noblest, the truest, the best testimonial that can be made by us while in this world, or left in departing from it, is a benefaction to an enduring charity.

In view of the foregoing, the Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital have decided to give to the Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds, in this institution, family names, by which they shall be

known forever, in consideration of gifts varying in amount made to the institution by persons who recognise this noble charity and wish to have their names permanently associated with it. The constitution of the Hospital is to be so amended as to incorporate and confirm this action. If the building should be destroyed, a new one would be erected, and the names of Wards, Halls, Private Rooms and Beds would go on unchanged.

In noticing this action, we commend it to a generous public as one which places within the means of a considerable number of people, an excellent opportunity to aid a noble charity, and at the same time, to perpetuate a family heritage in a way most exalted and ennobling, and more enduring than granite.

MRS. M. STRONG,
MRS. W. H. PERKINS,
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS,
MRS. GEO. J. WHITNEY,
MRS. A. D. SMITH,
Executive Com. of Lady Managers.

The following amounts have been affixed by the Trustees and Lady Managers of the City Hospital, to be given by those interested in the Institution, as memorials or gifts, to perpetuate the family name, or endow a bed or room for all time or for a year:

Naming of, the large Wards,.....	\$10,000 each
" end Wards,.....	5,000 "
" small Wards,.....	3,000 "
" Private Rooms,.....	2,000 "
" a Bed in a Ward,....	500 "
For a Perpetual Bed in Private Room,.....	7,000
" Perpetual Bed in a Ward,....	5,000
Bed during the lives of 2 donors	4,000
For a bed in a Private Ward for a year,.....	300
" Bed in a General Ward for a year,.....	200

What more enduring monument when marble has crumbled into dust? What more pleasing testimonial can be given to the memory of the departed than such provision, for all time, for the sick and suffering?

What more praise-worthy charity, what more acceptable thank-offering for blessings bestowed, or evils averted could be made, than to erect a building on our ample Hospital grounds for the care of sick and disabled children for whom we have not room?

In what better way can churches provide for their sick poor than by an annual subscription of two or three hundred dollars?

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1881.

Summer at the Hospital.

Yesterday we left our lakeside cottage for a visit to the City Hospital, and as the steam car whirled us rapidly past the hill sides, glorified with the deep golden tinted asclepias and crimson wood-lilies, we longed to cull some of these gorgeous flowers and carry them to our invalid friends within the Wards of the City Hospital. We felt half disposed to inveigh against the modern modes of travel and longed for the "one-hoss-shay" in which in our childhood we had often passed through New England groves, where we were permitted to alight and gather woodland treasures, while the old "hoss" contentedly grazed.

We entered the Hospital grounds from West Avenue, and there we found summer verdure. The varied tints of the locust, horse-chestnut, maple and elm were pleasant to the eye, and their shadows were grateful to the invalids who were lounging on the settees or stretched on the freshly mown lawn.

Within the public Wards we found no patients very low. There were thirteen females in the Female Medical Wards, but one of whom was confined all the time to her bed. Another was suffering from chronic ailments, and a recent attack of neuralgia in the region of the heart, and spent most of her time on her cot. There were three new patients, one of whom was afflicted with rheumatism.

In the Lying-In-Ward there were two waiting patients but no babies.

The Lower Female Wards had thirteen under treatment; two of these were paralytic, one had cancer; another was aged and infirm; one was improving after a surgical operation which had several times

been repeated, and would require much patience before a cure was effected. Mrs. B. had been taken out in her rolling chair and was visiting a friend. No new patients had been received during the month, and no persons were very low.

There were thirteen patients in the Male Surgical Ward. Several of these were under treatment for accidents. A youth had been run over by the street cars and had broken his arm; one man was improving who had broken his hip, and another was suffering from a broken leg. Two patients had ulcers; one was a paralytic, who was more comfortable than we found him on our last visit. Mr. H. was feeble and aged. The sailor had recovered and taken French leave.

There were two deaths last month in the Male Medical Ward. The one had diseased lungs, the other internal cancer. An aged man was afflicted with Bright's disease and dropsy, his limbs were swollen and bandaged. Near him was a man under treatment for jaundice. Three of the invalids kept their beds most of time. One of these was a consumptive, who was more comfortable than when last we saw him.

The Children's Cot.

When we went to the Hospital to direct the June number of the *Hospital Review*, we were attracted to a corner in the Upper Female Ward where the sweet song of some of its inmates had collected a number of patients.

Beside the Children's Cot sat little Mary Kearn and an older girl, who joined her in singing the following hymn. It sounded so sweetly that we copied it, thinking some of the little ones who have sent donations to the Cot fund, would love to learn the song that was sung to us by the little German girl who so long slept in the cot:

Yield not to temptation,
 For yielding is sin,
 Each victory will help you
 Some other to win;
 Fight manfully onward,
 Dark passions subdue,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.
Chorus—Ask the Saviour to help you,
 Comfort, strengthen and keep you,
 He is willing to aid you,
 He will carry you through.

Shun evil companions,
 Bad language disdain,
 God's name hold in reverence,
 Nor take it in vain;
 Be thoughtful and earnest,
 Kind hearted and true,
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.
 To him that o'er cometh
 God giveth a crown,
 Through faith we shall conquer,
 Though often cast down,
 He who is our Savior
 Our strength will renew;
 Look ever to Jesus,
 He'll carry you through.

We asked the young girl who accompanied Mary in the song, how long she had been in the Hospital, and as we talked with her, we found her mind was not sound, and since then the poor girl has been taken to an insane asylum. She seemed very happy while singing with Mary, but she was not a proper inmate for the City Hospital, and has been taken where we hope her fearful malady may be cured.

We copied the hymn we have had printed for you in the reception room of the Hospital, and as we finished it we found little Mary near us. She had come down to bring back some books to the library, and to get out others for the patients to read. Little Mary loves to do what she can to make others happy; she never refuses to sing for them, and though her feet are tender she loves to do errands for those around her.

We have now in the Hospital the little

boy who came to us from the Orphan Asylum with a curvature of the spine. He still wears a plaster of Paris jacket, and is much improved by his Hospital care. We saw him a few days since in the arms of an aged woman who made quite a pet of the little fellow.

Mary Kearn has lately made her mother a visit, and was at home when last we visited the Hospital.

Dear children, don't forget our Cot fund. Help us all you can.

Contributions to Children's Cot Fund.

Interest on deposit,.....	\$4 90
July subscription,.....	25

Receipts for the month,.....	\$ 5 15
Previously acknowledged.....	1347 75

Total Receipts.....	\$1352 90
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Christmas, New Years, Thanksgiving. Birthday and Easter offerings are earnestly solicited for the Children's Cot Fund, 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.

It affords us much pleasure to record the following item, and we hope other churches may follow this example:

At the offertory of St. Luke's Church July 3d, the third Sunday after Trinity, there was placed on the alms plate Two Hundred Dollars, to maintain a bed in a ward of the Rochester City Hospital, to be known as "St. Luke's Bed."

Definite provision is thus made for any of St. Luke's people who may need to avail themselves in sickness, of the benefit of Hospital treatment and care.

This amount was so freely and cheerfully given, by a small proportion of the members of the congregation, that it was found unnecessary to make a very general solicitation.

 Please send us some infant's clothing. We often have little ones who are unprovided for.

A Valuable Gift.

One of our patients, who died last month, found quite a difficulty in obtaining a comfortable position, either in his chair or on his cot, and friends brought for his use an adjustable chair that was for the brief time he occupied it a great relief to him. The chair was so admirably adapted to the needs of some of the sick in our Hospital, that it greatly pleased the physicians, and Mr. J. J. Bausch has kindly donated it to the Hospital.

Its frame work is of iron and black walnut; it is upholstered on the arms, but the body of the chair is of double cane work. It is so made that it can be converted into a bed or arranged as a chair, and can be elevated at different angles to suit the needs of the invalid. We doubt not many a sufferer will have reason to thank Mr. Bausch for his most useful donation.

Thanks.

We are indebted to Mr. J. G. Cutler for designing an appropriate mural tablet for the Erickson Memorial Bed, selected and endowed by Mrs. W. S. Nichols and Mrs. G. H. Perkins. They will have the privilege, during their life time, of placing any person in this bed to be cared for, nursed and furnished medical attendance without expense; and if they so desire, at their death they may will this right to another.

Donations.

Mrs. Freeman Clarke—Four Feather Pillows, Second-hand Clothing, Old Linen and Cotton.
Mrs. M. Strong—New and Second-hand Clothing.
Mrs. John C. Nash—Second-hand Clothing, Old Linen and Cotton.
Miss Clarke and Miss Van Voorhis—Second-hand Clothing and Flowers.
Mrs. Arthur Robinson—Second-hand Clothing.
Mrs. P. Lee—Old Linen and Cotton.
Mrs. S. H. Terry—Reading Matter.
Mrs. F. Gorton—"Graphics."
Mrs. McMaster—Old Cotton.
Mrs. A. D. Smith—Reversible Lounge and New Rocking Chair.

Mr. J. J. Bausch—New Invalid's Chair.
Mrs. Dickinson—Glasses of Jelly and Reading Matter.
Mrs. E. A. Witherall—Thirty quarts of Strawberries.
Mrs. Edward Ray—Fifteen quarts Strawberries.
Mrs. Hooker—One jar Pickles, 1 can Berries.

Cash Donations.

Mrs. J. W. Howe's legacy,\$1000 00
St. Luke's Church, to endow a Ward Bed for one year—By Mrs. Dr. Mathews, 200 00
Sale of Lamp donated by Mrs. Bache Emmett, of New York City, 35 00
Mrs. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

Receipts for the Review,

TO JULY 1st, 1881.

Miss M. Hotts, Gates—By Miss Pixley, . \$ 50
Mrs. J. C. Jones, Pawlet, Vt.—By Dr. W. S. Ely, 1 00
Mrs. D. Gardner, New York—By Mrs. S. H. Terry, 50
D. Deavenport, advertisement, \$5 00; J. Schellier, advertisement, \$5.00; K. P. Shedd, advertisement, \$5.00; H. C. Wisner, advertisement, \$5.00—By Mrs. A. D. Smith, 20 00
H. Likly & Co., advertisement, \$5.00; Mechanics' Savings Bank, advertisement, \$15.00; S. Rosenblatt & Co., advertisement, \$5.00; Sherlock & Sloan, advertisement, \$5.00; Woodworth & Sons, advertisement, \$5.00—By Mrs. Clark Johnston, 35 00
Mrs. H. W. Brown, 62 cents; Mrs. T. Bacon, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Y. Baker, 62c.; Mrs. S. M. Benjamin, \$1.25; Mrs. E. G. Billings, 62 cts; Miss E. D. Brown, c.; Mrs. S. E. Brace, 62 cents; Mrs. C. H. Chapin, 62 cents; Mrs. Oscar Craig, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Cleary, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Collins, 62 cents; Mrs. Louis Chapin, 62 cents; E. C. Dunshee, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Durand, 62 cents; Mrs. M. E. Deavenport, 62 cents; Miss C. Gardiner, \$1.25; Mrs. E. Harris, \$1.86; Miss Hunter, 62 cents; Mrs. R. Hopwood, 62 cents; Edmund W. Hills, 62 cents; Mrs. M. D. L. Hayes, 62 c.; Mrs. W. S. Little, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Lowry, 62 cents; Mrs. McQuatters, \$1.00; Mrs. A. Moseley, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Millman, 62 c.; Mrs. J. C. Nash, 62 cents; Miss Porter, 62 cents; Mrs. N. A. Stone, 62 cents; Mrs. O. S. Stall, 62 cents; Mrs. H. R. Selden, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. Moreau Smith, Mrs. J. Dawes, 62c.; Mrs. P. Epstein, 62c.; 62 cents; Mrs. E. L. Thomas, \$1.25; Mrs. C. E. Upton, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Wilson, 62 cents—By Collector, 26 45
Mrs. C. A. Cleveland, Kirkwood, Mo., 65 cents; Miss F. Gregory, \$1.25; Mrs. P. B. Lee, 62 cents; Mrs. L. H. Morgan, 65 cents; Miss Mather, Sodus Centre, \$1.00; Mr. F. Ritter, \$1.25; Arthur G. Sill, Sodus Point, \$1.00—By Treasurer, 6 42

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 2, 1881, from railroad accident, John Scott, aged 14 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 3, 1881, of pneumonia, George Hoenicka, aged 58 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 4, 1881, of cancer of Omentum, Frederick Ulrich, aged 51 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, June 11, 1881, of senile decay, Harvey Hall, aged 89 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 26, 1881, of Bright's disease of kidneys, George A. Petry, aged 35 years.

Monthly Reports.

1881. June 1, No. Patients in Hospital,	73
Received during month, ..	44
Births,	1—118
Deaths,	5
Discharged,	38—43
Remaining, July 1st, 1881,	75

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. E. V. Stoddard, 62 South Washington Street.

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

Good Life, Long Life.

He liveth long, who liveth well;
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of the things truly done each day.

Then fill each hour with what will last,
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow love, and test its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright,
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light.

—[H. Bonar.

MT. BLANC PUDDING.—Dissolve 1 box of Gelatine in 1 pint of boiling water. Leave in a warm place until dissolved, then add juice of two lemons and two cups of sugar. Let it stand, until it becomes a soft jelly, then add the whites of three eggs well beaten. Beat all together thoroughly and pour into a mould. Make a soft custard with the yolks of the eggs and a pint of milk. Sweeten and flavor to the taste, and pour round the pudding when served.

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The name of the corporation formerly known as Scribner & Co., (publishers of Scribner's Monthly, St. Nicholas, "The Spiritual Songs Series" of hymn and tune books, "Songs for the Sanctuary," etc.) has now been changed to the Century Co. The title of Scribner's Monthly will become The Century, with the next volume. St. Nicholas is slightly changed as to its sub-title, being now St. Nicholas, an Illustrated Magazine for Young Folks. The July numbers of these magazines are the first to bear the new corporation imprint.

Scribner for July contains a paper of special and timely interest, "The People's Problem," in which the writer takes the ground that the time has come for the people of this country to exercise their right to "alter the government."

Besides a wealth of literary and illustrated matter, there are also, in this number, the concluding chapters of two brilliant novelettes, "Madame Delphine," by George W. Cable (begun in May), and "A Fearful Responsibility," by W. D. Howells (begun in June). The May, June and July numbers, containing these two complete novelettes, are offered for \$1.00.

On the 25th of June will be published the July number of St. Nicholas, containing many brilliant features for vacation-time, including chapters of two capital serials for boys by Rossiter Johnson and W. O. Stoddard; "How to Stock and Keep a Fresh-Water Aquarium"; a full page portrait of Dengremon, the boy violinist; "Stories of Art and Artists," with some exquisite reproductions, etc.

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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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