

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

SUPPLEMENT
—TO—
THE HOSPITAL REVIEW
—•••—
DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,
AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL

OCTOBER, "I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME." 1883

ISSUED BY THE LADY MANAGERS.

The object of this Supplement to the regular issue of our Hospital paper is to convey in a definite form to our numerous friends, some information about our work and our wants. Many inquiries reach us about our Hospital and Nurses Training

School, and we have endeavored to answer these inquiries in the Paper we herewith submit. We also trust that it may reach some who may take a new or fresh interest in the Hospital. Any further information will be given to those desiring it.

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Rochester City Hospital. Announcement.

The Rochester City Hospital—an incorporated institution, but not supported by the City, as its name might imply, was opened in 1864 and has accommodations for one hundred and fifty patients. It is situated on West Avenue and Troup Street. Entrance for carriages is from Troup Street. The grounds embrace three acres in an unsurpassed location, and are so spacious as to suggest rural quiet and enjoyment. The Hospital wards are large, light, well ventilated, heated by steam, and are designed for medical and surgical cases of both sexes. Patients are here received on City or County orders, or on the recommendation of any of the Attending Physicians and Surgeons or Lady Managers. The charge to patients in the large wards is four dollars a week; in the private wards accommodating two or three patients each, six dollars a week; this includes board, medicines, and nursing; also, medical attendance to those unable to pay for it. The Lying-in department offers special advantages for the care of patients before, during and after confinement. Cases of contagious diseases are treated in isolated buildings. The entire upper floor of the Hospital is divided into twenty private rooms, well furnished, where private patients are received and treated. These rooms are reached by an elevator, and combine all the advantages of a first-class hotel with the quiet, trained nursing and attention of a Hospital. The charge to patients in private rooms is from ten to twelve dollars a week, which includes board, medicines, (exclusive of stimulants), and ordinary nursing. An extra charge is made for a private nurse. Private patients choose their own physician, who may be of any school. Applications for private rooms should be made to Mrs. M. A. Gilman, Recorder, at the Hospital. The sanitary condition of the buildings is deemed perfect, the drainage having recently been entirely reconstructed on the most approved principles. The Hospital, is open to patients from any part of the country. It is under the direction of the following Officers:

DIRECTORS.

Daniel W. Powers,	President.
Mortimer F. Reynolds,	Vice President.
Henry S. Hanford,	Sec'y and Treas.
Samuel Wilder,	} <i>Executive Committee.</i>
James Brackett,	
L. P. Ross,	
C. C. Morse,	
J. H. Brewster,	
G. H. Thompson,	Nathan Stein,
G. E. Mumford,	E. S. Ellenheimer,
J. J. Bausch,	G. H. Perkins,
S. J. Macy,	J. L. Angle,
W. H. Gorsline,	J. E. Pierpont,
	C. F. Pond,
	A. S. Hamilton

LADY MANAGERS.

Mrs. M. Strong,	President.
Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins,	Treasurer.
Mrs. M. M. Mathews,	Cor. Sec'y.
Mrs. D. B. Beach,	Recording Sec'y.
Mrs. Maltby Strong,	} <i>Executive Committee.</i>
Mrs. W. H. Perkins,	
Mrs. M. M. Mathews,	
Mrs. A. D. Smith,	
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney,	
Mrs. N. T. Rochester,	Mrs. M. Landsberg,
Mrs. G. F. Danforth,	Mrs. Freeman Clarke,
Mrs. J. H. Brewster,	Mrs. Myron Adams,
Mrs. Louis S. Chapin,	Mrs. Henry F. Smith,
Mrs. Clark Johnston,	Miss A. Mumford,
Mrs. Henry H. Morse,	Miss Anna E. M. Wild.

Medical Staff.

William S. Ely, M. D.	E. V. Stoddard, M. D.
John W. Whitbeck, M. D.	

Surgical Staff.

H. F. Montgomery, M. D.	David Little, M. D.
	H. H. Langworthy, M. D.
C. E. Rider, M. D.,	Ophthalmic and Au. Surgeon.

Resident Assistants.

F. H. Welles, M. D.,	A. J. Campbell, M. D.
Miss Frances E. Hebbard,	<i>Matron.</i>

Mrs. Mary A. Gilman, *Recorder.*

Miss L. A. Markham, *Supervising Nurse.*

Our Pavilions.

The late Mr. Harvey Hall, who was for some time before his death a patient in the Hospital, left us a bequest of \$500. With this sum the Hall Pavilion was erected last year in front of the east wing and at a distance from it.

Mr. E. C. Hall and Mr. S. W. Dibble, of New York, relatives of Mr. Harvey Hall, gave us respectively one hundred, and fifty dollars, which were used to complete and furnish the building. Since its erection it has been in constant use by patients, whom it is not deemed advisable to treat in the Hospital build-

ing proper. During the past spring another building has been erected similar to the Hall Pavilion, and for the same purpose. There were contributed for this structure, one hundred and seventy-five dollars each, by Dr. E. V. Stoddard, Dr. J. W. Whitbeck, and Dr. William S. Ely. Quiet, seclusion, and adequate care and nursing in cases of operations, or where isolation is advisable are perfectly combined in these pavilions. They are thoroughly fumigated, disinfected and ventilated, at the termination of each case treated in them.

Our Private Rooms.

These are a special feature of the Hospital, and in comfort and advantages offered, are not surpassed by any institution in the country. They are heated by steam, are well ventilated; and, having no pipes or plumbing connected with them, are free from any possible exposure to sewer gas.

We desire to call attention to the fact, about which there seems to be some doubt, that patients occupying private rooms, may employ any physicians whom they prefer, and it is intended that every facility shall be furnished to respectable physicians of any school of medicine for the care of their patients in our private rooms.

Rest, Massage and Electricity.

Special advantages are offered in our private rooms and wards for the treatment of cases of neurasthenia, or "nerve tire" and "womb-ills" by rest, massage and electricity.

The combined treatment referred to, was first brought to notice in a systematic manner by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia. It is specially beneficial in cases of nervous exhaustion occurring in women. The pupils of the Training School are taught Massage and Swedish movements, and those who are most proficient are assigned to patients needing these modes of treatment.

The Lying-In Department

Of the Hospital embraces a Ward and private rooms for the care of Lying-in women. Every opportunity is offered for quiet and seclusion in these cases. Good homes can generally be found for the infants of those who belong to the unfortunate class. Wet-nurses may be obtained at times from the Lying-in Ward. A charge of one dollar is to be paid to the Hospital for supplying a wet-nurse.

The Hospital Libraries

THE GENERAL LIBRARY.

The HOSPITAL is provided with a good Library of general reading for patients. Additions are being constantly made to the books on hand, and many of our citizens have made valuable contributions from their private libraries. As no one ever heard of a Library which contained too many books, we trust that our friends will continue to send us such volumes as they can spare. We want bright, cheerful, entertaining reading for our sick. Each volume when received is duly catalogued, numbered, and the name of the donor affixed to it.

THE MEDICAL LIBRARY.

We have also the nucleus of a Medical Library of special interest to the Medical and Surgical Staff. We remind physicians that we shall be happy to receive from them such medical works as they can spare during their lives, or may will to us at their decease. It is designed that there shall ultimately be a large collection of Medical and Surgical works at the Hospital for study and reference, which shall be made accessible and useful to all physicians, whether in city or country, who may care to consult them.

What Constitutes an Enduring Monument?

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:

It is a laudable 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, recognizing 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 think 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 recognize this noble charity and wish to have their names permanently associated with it. The constitution of the Hospital has been 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. Lady Managers.

We subjoin a copy of the contract which the Directors of the Hospital are prepared to execute with those parties who name a ward, or name and endow a perpetual free bed in a ward or private room, according to accompanying figures. 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 tablet, set in the wall. The Directors will furnish a guarantee duly attested, making the action binding for all time :

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 a Private Room 7,000 “	
“ Perpetual Bed in a Ward....	5,000 “
“ Bed during the lives of 2 donors 4,000 “	
“ Bed in a Private Ward for a year 300 “	
“ Bed in a General Ward for a year 200 “	

Copy of Contract.

This Indenture, made this —— day of —— A. D., 188—, between “The Rochester City Hospital,” a body corporate under Chapter 233 of the Laws of 1847, and the acts amendatory thereof, of the first part, and —— of the second part, witnesseth : That in consideration of the sum of —— dollars paid into the permanent fund of said Hospital by the party of the second part, the party of the first part hereby agrees and covenants that such name or inscription as the party of the second part may designate, duly inscribed on a metal or stone tablet, shall be attached to such bed or portion as said party of the second part may designate then being unendowed, which portion of said Hospital shall bear such name or inscription, publicly affixed to it for all time to come ; and said bed or portion shall be known by such name, in the clinical and other records of said Hospital, whenever reference is made to said bed or portion. And the said party of the first part, by this instrument doth further covenant and agree with the party of second part, that in case of damage or destruction of said Hospital by fire or other causes, and in case the same is repaired or rebuilt, the same portion, or an equivalent portion, of such Hospital structure as shall subse-

quently be erected, shall bear, and continue to bear said name or inscription, by which it shall be known.

The above fund being created by party of the second part with the design of maintaining a perpetual free bed in said Hospital, said party of the first part binds itself and its successors, not only to maintain such name or inscription, but also for the maintenance, the nursing, the medical and surgical care of the occupant of said free bed. Permission is hereby also given to party of second part to determine, and he shall have the right to determine who shall be the occupant of said free bed at all times; and said party of the second part may will, devise or bequeath such control of said free bed; provided, however, that the said party of the first part shall have the right to the use of said bed whenever the same shall be actually vacant. And on failure of the party of the first part to perform and fulfil said conditions or any part thereof, they, their successors or assigns, will pay to the party of the second part, his heirs, next of kin, personal representatives or assigns, the whole principal sum contributed on said conditions, to wit: — dollars on demand.

In witness whereof, parties of first part have caused these presents to be signed by their President, and their corporate seal to be hereto affixed, the day and year first above written.

STATE OF NEW YORK, }
COUNTY OF MONROE, } ss.
CITY OF ROCHESTER, }

On this — day of — 188—, — to me personally known, came before me who being by me sworn, did say that he resides in the city of Rochester, and is President of the Rochester City Hospital and of its Board of Directors; that the seal affixed to the following is the corporate seal of said Hospital and Board, and was there-to affixed by order of said Board of Directors, at a meeting thereof, duly convened; and that he signed the same as President of said Hospital and said Board of Directors, by virtue of a like order of said Board of Directors.

The "Erickson Perpetual Free Bed."

Soon after the above was published. Mrs. W. S. Nichols, of New York, and Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins, of Rochester,

daughters of the late Mr. Aaron Erickson, gave \$5,000 to the Hospital in memory of their father, and directed the sum to be applied to the endowment of a *Perpetual Free Bed*. A bed was selected in the upper female ward, and a neat marble tablet inscribed the "Erickson Perpetual Free Bed" was set in the wall.

The "Greenwood Perpetual Free Bed."

It gives us pleasure to state that very recently one of our most honored citizens, Mr. John Greenwood, has paid over to the Hospital the sum of \$5,000 for the endowment of another Perpetual Free Bed. This will be known as the "Greenwood Perpetual Free Bed."

We call attention to these worthy acts, and hope that others of our friends will by thus adding to our endowment fund prove themselves imperishable benefactors of the Hospital.

Training School for Nurses.

By an act of the Legislature the charter of the Hospital was so amended as to incorporate our Training School and make it a proper object for special bequests. It should be liberally endowed, and we trust that friends of the Hospital and friends of the sick will remember this feature of our work by liberal sums during their lives, or in their final testaments.

More Pupils to be Received.

The Training School for Nurses connected with the Hospital, has become one of its most important features. The instruction consists of frequent lectures by members of the Medical Staff, and practical instruction at the bedside by the Physicians and Supervising Nurse. During the first course of two years, eighty lectures on different subjects connected with nursing were delivered by members of the Medical Staff, while the experience gained by the pupils at the bedside has been found invaluable.

The second course of lectures, extending over the regular term of service of two years is now in progress. In view of the demand in the city for nurses, and the steadily increasing number of serious cases and important operations in the Hospital, it has been found necessary that the number of pupils in the School should be increased.

Conditions for Admission of Pupils to Training School for Nurses.

We publish the conditions for admission of pupils, and give also the Rules of the School. Pupils are desired who are healthy, intelligent and refined, and will come, if accepted, with a determination to devote themselves to a work which we deem as exalted and ennobling as any they can undertake.

Applicants must be single women; 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.

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.

Instructions to Applicants.

1. Application must be made in your own handwriting and addressed to Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Cor. Sec., 28 Spring street, Rochester, N. Y.

2. State your name in full, and present address.

3. State whether single, widowed or divorced. If widowed or divorced, state whether you have, or have had any children.

4. State the date and place of your birth.

5. State height and weight.

6. State where educated, when you left school, and what your occupations have been.

7. State whether perfectly strong and well.

8. Have you any fear of any disease to the care of which you might be assigned?

9. State whether you are a member of, or regular attendant at any church, and if so, name the denomination.

10. Give names and address of two persons to be referred to as to your character, and state how long each has known you.

Rules for Nurses in the Training School of the Rochester City Hospital.

I.

Nurses will be appointed by the Lady Managers, after the approval of the School Committee. Term of service is two years. A Diploma will be issued only to those nurses who pass a satisfactory examination upon the subjects taught during the course. Any nurse whose services are not satisfactory may be discharged at any time.

II.

Nurses will be subject to the Supervising Nurse, or such person as may be placed in charge by the Lady Managers, prompt obedience to whose orders will be required, and also to the Rules and Regulations of the Hospital. They will wear while on duty noiseless shoes, also caps and aprons, that they may be the more readily recognized.

III.

They will meet the Medical officers when they enter the wards, and be prepared to give such information about the patients as may be desired. They will maintain order in their respective wards, and report any impropriety on the part of the patients or helpers to the Supervising Nurse.

IV.

They shall keep an account of all articles sent to the laundry from their wards, and if not returned in proper condition, report the same to the Matron. Nurses will apply to the Matron for such articles, needed for the care of the sick, as are under her charge.

V.

Nurses on beginning their morning duties will see that all offensive vessels and articles are removed, and the patients prepared for their breakfast.

VI.

Written orders for extra diet prescribed by the Attending Physicians must be left in the office, in season for preparation. Nurses will be instructed during the term of service, in the preparation of such articles of diet as are suitable for invalids.

VII.

Nurses will do night duty at such times as the Supervising Nurse shall direct. Both the day and the night nurses will make such records and observations in writing as the Physicians or the Supervising Nurse may require.

VIII.

Particular attention must be given by the Nurses to their rooms, also to their clothing and persons (hair, teeth, finger-nails, &c.,) to make themselves entirely acceptable to the sick.

IX.

Should occasion require any Nurse to leave the ward, she must see that the proper person takes her place, as the wards must not be left without an attendant.

X.

Nurses must not leave the Hospital without permission of the Supervising Nurse. They will have a vacation of a fortnight each year, with the approval of the School Committee, unless the exigencies of the Hospital make their continuous presence necessary.

XI.

Nurses will be at their meals, if possible, in season. The Supervising Nurse will preside, and proper order and ladylike deportment will be expected. No Nurse shall order anything different from what is provided. The Supervising Nurse will see that any Nurse who is ill has proper diet.

XII.

Nurses will not, without permission, visit patients or Nurses in other wards. During the hours that Nurses are relieved from duty for purposes of rest, they will remain out of the wards.

XIII.

Nurses, deemed competent by the Attending Physician and the Supervising Nurse for private nursing, will, from time to time, be detailed on such duty in the Hospital, or in private families.

XIV.

The Supervising Nurse will not permit any pupil in the School to be absent from the Hospital after 9:30 P. M. without special permission, and without knowing where the Nurse is to be during such absence.

XV.

The Supervising Nurse will keep a written record of delinquencies on the part of each pupil in the School, and report the same monthly (or immediately when it is thought that the act is intentional) to the Committee in charge of the School, who will take proper action thereupon.

By "delinquencies" are meant all violations of rules or neglect of duty, or disregard of written or verbal instructions given from time to time by the Supervising Nurse.

Each pupil will be informed of the delinquency which it is the duty of the Supervising Nurse to record in compliance with these instructions.

XVI.

Nurses will readily see that they have chosen a work of great responsibility. Rules and the strict observance of them, are necessary for all who would excel, as they tend to the formation of regular habits and teach self-control, both of which a Nurse should cultivate.

Extract from Address at Commencement of Nurses School, April, 1883.

BY DR. WILLIAM S. ELY.

* * * *

It may surprise many, that two years can be employed in the acquisition of a knowledge which a nurse should possess. but we have not found that the time was too long. Besides daily bedside instruction and practical training, eighty lectures have been given by members of the Medical Staff on subjects connected with the work of the nurse. To these lectures I can only refer briefly and in part. They have related to the elements of anatomy and physiology—to the counting of the pulse and respiration, the use of the fever thermometer, the secretions, the administering of injections, the use of medicines and the various modes of relieving pain, the preparation of food, the care of patients during and after confinement, baths and attention to the skin, the application and dressing of blisters, the preparation of poultices, the care of patients before, during and after operations, the care of sur-

gical instruments, the preparation and application of bandages, the nursing of contagious diseases and typhoid fever, the care of the eye when diseased, and after operations, the nursing of sick children, hemorrhage, ventilation, disinfection, poisons, artificial respiration, massage, Swedish movements, passive motions, laying out of a dead body, etc. In addition to the foregoing, a nurses' diet kitchen has been established, where nurses are taught cooking for the sick, and where they are obliged to serve for a month, devoting their time exclusively to the preparation of articles of diet. Still further, we have endeavored to cultivate the faculty of observation, and to make it of practical value, by requiring the nurses to keep written records of cases in the intervals of the physician's visits, so that he could the better understand the condition of the patient during his absence. Each nurse has also served on night duty for two months or more, and furnished a daily written report of the condition of the patients and of the services she has rendered. During the night the entire care of all of the patients in the Hospital has devolved upon one or two night nurses. In such ways as these it has been our endeavor to develop the pupil's capacity for appreciating the condition of different patients, and contributing to their relief in a manner that would be impossible to those who do not possess such training. From time to time some of the more advanced pupils have been sent out to nurse in private families, and as far as we can learn have given satisfaction. The establishment of the Training School has proved an inestimable advantage to the Hospital. It has given us tact, refinement and skill in the care of public and private patients. For the training in question we have thus far admitted only women. It has been universally conceded that women are especially fitted for the duties of the sick room. While the advisability of their undertaking the work of doctors, lawyers and preachers is not fully settled, there has never been any doubt as to their superiority in ministering to the sick, suffering and dying. The aim has been to accept as pupils only those who were healthy, intelligent, refined and conscientious, the lack of these qualifications being deemed a sufficient cause for rejection.

* * *

Address to Graduating Class of Nurses at Commencement, April, 1883.

BY DR. H. F. MONTGOMERY.

YOUNG LADIES : It is my pleasant task to hand to you these testimonials of the faithful and satisfactory manner in which you have for two years performed your duties as pupils in the Training School for Nurses of the Rochester City Hospital. You are now about to leave its fostering care and to go forth alone on your mission of mercy. Like the soldier going forth to battle, you are about to encounter perils quite equal to his. You may be exposed day after day to contact with the most malignant and fatal diseases. As the physician goes without hesitation to meet these dangers, so must you. To refuse would bring dishonor on yourselves, and discredit on your calling.

Again at the bedside of your sick patient, you will be asked to render services of the most disagreeable, and under other circumstances menial character. Remember that the comfort and even life of your patient require that such service should be rendered, cheerfully, tenderly, and without a murmur, and also remember that you only, by your training and experience, can properly perform such service. Humanity requires it and it is honorable labor. You cannot decline it without bringing discredit upon the institution from which you graduate. Faithfully then performing your duty, you will have the sympathy and support of the Directors, the Lady Managers, and the Medical Officers of the Hospital, and you will be a blessing to mankind.

Nurses Diploma.

The following is the form of Diploma issued to the Nurses at the Commencement exercises held in the Spring of each year :

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

(Cut of Hospital.)

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES.

This is to certify that has pursued and satisfactorily completed the prescribed course of Instruction for the regular term of two years, at the Training School for Nurses of the Rochester City Hospital, and has upon examination given

satisfactory evidence of her qualifications as a Nurse. Given at the City of Rochester, New York, this day of in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and eighty

Signed by the President of the Board of Directors, Secretary, Executive Committee of Lady Managers, Medical and Surgical Staff, and bearing the seal of the Hospital.

Nurses Diet Kitchen.

The Nurses Diet Kitchen was opened about a year ago, and is designed to give the pupils of the Training School practical familiarity with the preparation of articles of diet for the sick. Each nurse is obliged to serve for a month or more in the Diet Kitchen. We mention only a portion of the articles prepared therein, from a list furnished to us by the Supervising Nurse:

Gruels of all kinds, beef-tea, beef-juice, chicken and mutton broth, oysters in various ways, plain omelets, broiled steak and chops, eggs, hominy, rice-porridge, lemon, orange and wine jellies, graham mush, tomatoes, potatoes, pears, apples, flaxseed tea, brown and gluten bread, and milk toast.

These and other articles as they are ordered by the attending Physicians, are transcribed by the Ward Nurses on proper blanks, which are then sent to the Nurse on duty in the Diet Kitchen.

Nurses for Private Patients in City or Country.

We shall continue to send some of our more advanced nurses to care for private patients in the city or beyond its limits, when the services of a trained nurse are desired. Application should be made by letter to the Supervising Nurse at the Hospital, and should state the nature of the case and the probable length of time the nurse will be required.

Nurses thus sent out, continue under the direction of the Hospital, and are subject to recall at any time if the exigencies of the Hospital require their presence. Payment is to be made to the Hospital. A charge of one dollar will be made for furnishing the nurse, and ten dollars per week for their services during their re-

tention. For time less than a week two dollars per day will be charged. Traveling expenses and washing where nurses are sent out of the city will be paid by persons engaging them.

We would respectfully suggest that in cases of acute illness, a nurse should not be relied on for the entire care of a patient for a longer period than 10, 12 or 14 hours out of the 24, according to the case; and that to ensure her health and vigilant care of the sick, she should have a proper amount of sleep, and opportunity for at least one hour's daily exercise in the open air. Nurses depended upon for night watching should be provided with a midnight lunch.

Nurses Detailed to Lay Out Dead Bodies.

Application has been made of late for the services of two of our trained nurses for laying out the bodies of friends or relatives, dying at private houses in the city. When relatives of deceased persons would prefer to commit this service to our nurses, rather than to friends or strangers, we request them to apply to the Supervising Nurse at the Hospital, who will furnish trustworthy and competent nurses for the purpose. The charge will be five dollars, to be paid to the Hospital.

Annual Donation.

As the annual expenses of the Rochester City Hospital far exceed the receipts from paying patients, and as the interest from the endowment fund is comparatively small, the Lady Managers are accustomed to hold an annual donation festival, the avails of which are devoted to the payment of the current expenses of the Hospital.

The first donation reception or "Thanksgiving Party," as it was then called, was held at the City Hospital, November 30th, 1866, and the second the following year, in the same place. In 1868, and for many succeeding years, the Lady Managers received their friends at Corinthian Hall; since then, through the liberality of Mr. D. W. Powers, the donation festivals have been held in Powers' building, till last year when the dining-room of the new Powers Hotel was dedicated by one of these festivals.

The annual donation reception, duly announced in the city papers, is held

soon after Thanksgiving, and is under the direction of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital, some of whom act as a reception committee. Mrs. William H. Perkins, the treasurer, receives the cash donations. Articles designed for Hospital use may be left at the Hospital. Donations to the Fancy Tables are sent before donation day to the ladies in charge. Contributions to the refreshment tables are received at the hall on the morning of donation day.

Refreshment tables, laden with the substantial and delicacies of the season, are provided and served by the ladies of many of the churches, uniting in this charity, and friends from the city and country are cordially invited to partake of the tempting viands, and offer their gifts to the Hospital. The price for a dinner is one dollar; for a supper fifty cents.

Fancy tables display a pleasing variety of artistic embroidery, decorated china, and useful and ornamental articles, and afford a timely opportunity for procuring Christmas gifts. Candy, flower and ice-cream tables, are pleasant features on donation day, and the mite boxes are then received and distributed.

The children manifest their interest in the Hospital by their contributions to the Children's Cot Table and Endowment Fund; by their fish ponds, their sibyl's fountains, and other devices to raise money.

The Treasurer of THE HOSPITAL REVIEW, Mrs. Robert Mathews, renews subscriptions to the REVIEW, and welcomes new subscribers. The city papers gratuitously notice and advertise our festivals, and citizens and friends by their contributions, their presence, their personal services, and the loaning of needed articles, unite in making our donation festivals noble offerings to this worthy charity.

Mite Boxes.

The Mite Boxes were first distributed at the Hospital donation December 9th, 1875, at the suggestion of one of the lady managers. The wants of the Hospital were so urgent, that it was hoped the receipts from this source would supply some of the more pressing demands, for which the regular monthly receipts were not available. The results have surpassed the most sanguine expectations. The following report shows the amount of money received and expended :

Received from Feb. 19,	
1876 to May 1, 1877	\$762 22
Received in 1878	566 67
" " 1879	485 27
" " 1880	305 64
" " 1881	252 08
" " 1882	204 64
" to Aug. 15, 1883	262 79
Borrowed.....	20 62
	<hr/>
	\$2,859 93

Paid for mite boxes...	187 79
Paid for ice-house	350 00
Filling it in '76, '77, '78	280 68
Paid for porte cochere	81 91
Oak posts for circle...	26 36
Paid for root house....	423 25
Repairs.....	77 75
Painting and blinds for east mansard	
Paid for morgue	379 38
Wire mattresses for iron bedsteads	662 16
	390 65-\$2,859 93

Will not such grand success prompt the friends of the Hospital to be ready to receive the Mite Boxes and thus do all in their power in this small way to help on the work ?

Children's Cot Fund.

A fund for the endowment of a child's free bed in our Hospital, to be called "The Children's Cot," was begun in February, 1877, the sum of \$2,647.04 having been received thus far towards the \$3,000 required, leaving \$352.96 still to be given,

The design of those who proposed the raising of this amount, was to interest young persons and children particularly, in the grand work of the Hospital, by giving them the opportunity of contributing both small and large sums of money, to be a perpetual benefit to Christ's little ones, deprived of necessary care in their own homes.

The acknowledgments indicate interest among a wide circle, and sums ranging from five cents to one hundred dollars have been given, and many children have brought their offerings, and in many instances their earnings, with radiant faces, feeling thus early in life, the pleasure of doing for others.

A special effort will be made at the coming Donation Festival to secure the needed \$352.96, and we earnestly invite and urge all children, and those interested in children, to send us generous offerings in money, or articles which may be advantageously sold to complete the fund.

Who will help us ?

The Hospital Review.

The Hospital Review is a monthly of sixteen pages, devoted to the interests of the sick and suffering in the Rochester City Hospital. It is issued on the 15th of each month, under the direction of a publishing committee, consisting of Mrs. Maltby Strong, Mrs. N. T. Rochester, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins and Mrs. M. M. Mathews.

It was first published by Mr. Wm. S. Falls, August 15th, 1864, when the care of the sick and wounded soldiers was the prominent feature of Hospital work. It then contained but eight pages, but in January, 1865, it assumed its present proportions, and for nineteen years it has made its monthly visits to its patrons.

Mrs. T. C. Arner, its first Editress, for 7 years, through its columns, sent out her heart-stirring appeals, first for the soldiers and then for other sick and suffering ones. In 1871 Mrs. Arner was succeeded by Miss E. G. Mathews.

Its third Editress was Miss Frances J. Munger, who zealously and efficiently discharged her duties from February 1873 till March, 1876, when Mrs. Seth H. Terry, the present Editress, took her place.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW is designed to be a channel of communication between the Hospital workers and the outside world. It seeks to impart to its readers a knowledge of Hospital work, and thus to awaken and increase their interest in it, to enlist their sympathy and co-operation, to make known the Hospital wants, hopes and aims, to receive answering responses, and to return thanks for favors, services and donations.

THE REVIEW has a Miscellaneous Department, containing original and selected articles, and stories to interest and benefit the young folks. It has also its advertising columns.

The subscription price, including postage, is sixty-two cents a year to residents in the city, and fifty cents to others. We are very anxious to obtain more subscribers. This Supplement will be sent to some who are not accustomed to receive the REVIEW. Please acknowledge it by sending your name, your address, and the price of a year's subscription to our Treasurer, Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring street, Rochester, N. Y.

Chapel Services.

For a year or two after the opening of the Hospital a short religious service was held every Sunday afternoon in one of the larger wards. As this was found injurious to some of the patients who needed absolute quiet, the service was transferred to the large upper hall. In the changes in the main building incident to the putting up of the west mansard, a room was set apart for a Chapel and furnished by the ladies of St. Peter's Church, with carpet, reading-desk, chairs and books. In the recent changes the chapel has been greatly improved, and a new carpet and cabinet organ have been provided.

For a few years, some of our city pastors took charge of the services, but for the last ten or more years, students from the Rochester Theological Seminary have conducted the Sunday afternoon services very faithfully and acceptably. Many of these young men have done efficient mission work, visiting the patients in the wards and during the week, and by reading or prayer, comforting the sick and dying. In the summer months the religious services have been conducted by the Young Men's Christian Association.

Wants.

Money, to carry on the various departments of the Hospital, is our great want, but everything that is useful in a family is acceptable. Donations are solicited of fuel, flour, provisions of every description, fresh and canned fruit and vegetables, eggs, butter, delicacies for the sick, pillows, sheets, pillowcases, towels, old quilts or bed-tidies, made of factory and cotton batting quilted together, second-hand clothing for males and females. We want also infants' clothing, old cotton and lint, for all of which there is a frequent demand.

St. Luke's Church Flower Mission.

This Mission was organized by some young ladies of the church named, in the summer of 1875. A committee of ladies meet every Saturday morning in St. Luke's Guild Room, to receive contributions of flowers, which they make into

bouquets and carry to the City Hospital, and every week each patient receives a bouquet of flowers. During the past summer 1,106 bouquets were distributed. In the summer time the ladies are dependent upon the kindness of their friends to supply them from their gardens and in winter the sum of 25 cents is collected from each of the active and honorary members. Contributions of money, flowers, fruit and delicacies are earnestly solicited, and may be sent any Saturday morning at 10 o'clock to St. Luke's Guild Room (in the rear of the church.) Only those who have witnessed the lighting up of wan and pale faces, as the visitor draws near with pleasant words and bright flowers, can appreciate the value of this humble mission.

Besides the contributions of flowers by the Flower Mission, many of the friends of the sick bring independent offerings of fruit, flowers, and delicacies, for which we are duly grateful.

A Hospital for Children Wanted.

There is not outside of New York and Albany counties, as far as we know, any Hospital in this State distinctively for children.

The necessity for a separate Hospital *o sick, injured and crippled children*, has been from time to time impressed upon the Lady Managers and they have had plans for such a structure made by Mr. A. J. Warner, the Architect, from designs furnished by Dr. William S. Ely. A site has been selected on the ample plot north of the present main building, and west of the main walk. The drawings are very perfect, and have been approved by the Directors, the medical and surgical staff, and all to whom they have been submitted. The building if erected will accommodate from 50 to 75 children. It will have two medical and two surgical wards, besides private wards, private rooms, a solarium, and every convenience required in the most complete modern Hospital. Architecturally the effect will be very pleasing.

We are waiting for some friend or friends of sick children to furnish the means for the erection of this structure as a memorial building, and to affix to it any name they deem proper, by which it shall be known forever.

All interested are invited to inspect the

plans and specifications at Dr. Ely's, 67 South Fitzhugh street, or to send for them if preferred.

Resident Assistants to Medical and Surgical Staff.

I. Two assistants to the Medical and Surgical staff are annually appointed by the Medical and Surgical staff from recent graduates in medicine. They shall be termed the Senior Assistant and Junior Assistant, and shall serve for one year, unless sooner discharged, entering upon their duties April 1st and September 1st respectively. They shall reside in the Hospital and render their professional services exclusively to its inmates, under the direction of the attending physicians and surgeons.

II. They shall carry out the instructions of the Staff of the Hospital with reference to the arrangement, care and treatment of patients; shall accompany the attending physician and surgeon as they may direct, and physicians visiting private patients on their stated visits.

III. The Senior Assistant shall have charge of the Dispensary and all medical and surgical appliances; shall see that prescriptions are promptly and carefully dispensed and that all instruments are in a serviceable condition.

IV. He shall maintain proper ventilation in the wards, observe that the nurses are efficient, and shall report any disorderly conduct on the part of patients or attendants to the attending physician and surgeon.

V. He may refuse admission to the Hospital to any case of contagious or infectious disease until the advice of the attending physician or surgeon can be obtained; in cases of emergency, shall act on his best judgment, sending without delay for one or more of the attending medical officers.

VI. He shall allow no person unconnected with the Hospital, unless invited by the attending physician or surgeon, to accompany them into the wards, or at any time to make an examination of patients.

VII. He shall keep a full clinical record of all cases in the Hospital, making such entries as the attending medical officers shall direct.

VIII. He shall make a daily morning and evening visit through the wards; shall notify the relatives or friends of patients

who may be seriously ill, and send for such religious adviser as the patient may desire.

IX. The Hospital shall at no time be left without the attendance of one of the assistants.

X. In the performance of the foregoing duties the Junior Assistant shall render such aid as may be desired by the Senior Assistant, and in the absence of the latter, will assume his duties.

Application for the position of Resident Assistant should be made to Dr. E. V. Stoddard, Secretary of the Staff, Rochester, N. Y.

Uses to be Made of the Supplement.

We ask all who are interested in our Hospital, to mail this Supplement to the REVIEW, after they have read it, to some of their friends or acquaintances, who may thus be attracted to our work, and may possibly be willing to help us.

Send it to charitably disposed individuals. Send it to some church society. Send it to friends of sick children who may be induced to subscribe to our Children's Cot Fund. Send it to those who may be interested in our Training School for Nurses. Send it to any one, who might prefer by endowing a bed or ward, to make an enduring living memorial in our Hospital to their dead, rather than to erect a perishable monument in a cemetery. Send it to those who may be induced to subscribe for the REVIEW. Send for more copies to use in some of the ways above suggested. A one cent postage stamp will send the paper anywhere. Let our friends notify us on a postal card, that they have thus disposed of their papers, and they will receive one or more copies of the same issue by return mail.

A Summary of Changes Made in Hospital.

The history of the Hospital has been one of steady growth and improvement.

Beginning with only a central building, additions have been made, until the present ample structure has been developed. The growth of the city, the demands of modern sanitary science, and changed views as to what constitutes proper care of the sick, have been duly recognized, and as

fast as funds would permit have determined many improvements. Though some of them are referred to at length in different articles of this Supplement, a summary of the more important may be of interest:

Erection of wings and East and West mansard, giving increased capacity for ward patients and twenty large private rooms for private patients.

Erection of a Morgue, distinct from main building.

Introduction of steam heat and ventilation.

Substitution of woven wire beds for straw ticks.

Establishment of Training School for Nurses.

Entire reconstruction of Hospital drainage. No sewers are now left in the building.

Erection of Pavilions for care of patients requiring isolation.

Construction of a hydraulic Elevator.

Fitting up of 12 rooms in Dome for Nurses quarters.

Establishment of Nurses Diet Kitchen.

Hours for Visitors.

Visitors will be admitted to the Hospital from 10 to 12 and from 2 to 4 daily. Visitors are not admitted on Sundays, except by special permission from the Matron or Supervising Nurse.

A Final Word.

Those who have read the foregoing articles, even hastily, will already have concluded that the development and management of such an institution must be attended with great expense. This indeed is the case. The actual outlay of the Hospital for maintenance alone is not far from *two thousand dollars a month*. And yet it could easily be shown that no institution in the country, of equal size, gives such care to its inmates for a less cost per week for each patient. For the larger part of this sum the Hospital is absolutely dependent on the generosity of its friends. One object of this publication is to make this generosity a more certain, constant and abundant source of supply.

The needs of the institution just now are more urgent than ever before, on account of the extraordinary indebtedness

for additions and improvements made during the past year. Among these may be mentioned the building of two new floors in the dome and the completion of twelve rooms for the accommodation of nurses; the erection of an elevator; the improved sewerage—all requiring at least *seven thousand dollars*. Though no moneys were, or promised to be, available to meet the expense incurred by these and other improvements, yet the Managers felt forced by the accumulating and importunate needs of the institution, to undertake the work.

This is the time, therefore, for a grand

and special rally of the benefactors of the Hospital to its support. No better conclusion to this supplement can be made than a fervent appeal to all, who have at heart the cause of the poor and the sick, to aid this noble work. No contribution will be so large that it cannot be profitably used, and none so small that it will not be gratefully received. "Be merciful after thy power. If thou hast much, give plenteously; if thou hast little, do thy diligence gladly to give of that little for so gatherest thou thyself a good reward in the day of necessity."

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

Vol. XX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1883.

No. 1.

Rochester City Hospital.

The Rochester City Hospital—an incorporated institution, but not supported by the City, as its name might imply—is situated on West Avenue and Troup Street. Entrance for carriages is from Troup Street. The grounds embrace three acres in an unsurpassed location. The Hospital wards are large, light, well ventilated, heated by steam, and are designed for medical and surgical cases of both sexes. Patients are here received on City or County orders, or on the recommendation of any of the Attending Physicians and Surgeons. The charge to patients in the large wards is four dollars a week; in the private wards accommodating two or three patients each, six dollars a week; this includes board, medicines, and nursing; also, medical attendance to those unable to pay for it. The Lying-in department offers special advantages for

the care of patients before, during and after confinement. Cases of contagious diseases are treated in isolated buildings. The entire upper floor of the Hospital is divided into twenty private rooms, well furnished, where private patients are received and treated. The charge to such patients is from ten to twelve dollars a week, which includes board, medicines, (exclusive of stimulants), and ordinary nursing. An extra charge is made for a private nurse. Private patients choose their own physician, who may be of any school. Applications for private rooms should be made to Mrs. M. A. Gilman, Recorder, at the Hospital. The sanitary condition of the buildings is deemed perfect, the drainage having recently been entirely reconstructed on the most approved principles. The Hospital, which is open to patients from any part of the country, is under the direction of the following officers:

DIRECTORS.

Daniel W. Powers,	President.
Mortimer F. Reynolds,	Vice President.
Henry S. Hanford,	Sec'y and Treas.
Samuel Wilder,	} <i>Executive Committee.</i>
James Brackett,	
L. P. Ross,	
C. C. Morse,	
J. H. Brewster,	
H. S. Hanford,	Nathan Stein,
G. H. Thompson,	E. S. Ettenheimer,
G. E. Mumford,	G. H. Perkins,
J. J. Bausch,	J. L. Angle,
S. J. Macy,	J. E. Pierpont,
	C. F. Pond,
	A. S. Hamilton,
	W. H. Gorsline.

LADY MANAGERS.

Mrs. M. Strong,	President.
Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins,	Treasurer.
Mrs. M. M. Mathews,	Cor Sec'y.
Mrs. D. B. Beach,	Recording Sec'y.
Mrs. Maltby Strong,	} <i>Executive Committee.</i>
Mrs. W. H. Perkins,	
Mrs. M. M. Mathews,	
Mrs. A. D. Smith,	
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney,	
Mrs. N. T. Rochester,	Mrs. M. Landsberg,
Mrs. G. F. Danforth,	Mrs. Freeman Clarke,
Mrs. J. H. Brewster,	Mrs. Myron Adams,
Mrs. Louis S. Chapin,	Mrs. Henry F. Smith,
Mrs. Clark Johnston,	Miss A. Mumford,
Mrs. Henry H. Morse,	Miss Anna Wild.

Attending Physicians.

William S. Ely, M. D.	E. V. Stoddard, M. D.
John 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.
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Resident Assistants.

F. H. Wells, M. D.,	A. J. Campbell, M. D.
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Matron.

Miss Frances E. Hebbard.

Recorder.

Mrs. Mary A. Gilman.

Supervising Nurse.

Miss L. A. Markham.

Angels' Wings.

BY MRS. MARY BRADLEY.

When the Summer days were warm, and sweet
With clover-bloom and ripening wheat,
We used to lie upon the grass
Within the flickering shadows spread
By leafy branches overhead,
And watch the bright clouds slowly pass.

They were so white against the blue,
With such a glory streaming through
Their silver fleeces, we were sure
They must, at least, be angels' wings;
And the mere fancy of such things
Kept childish speech and conduct pure.

We must not quarrel, when the skies,
For all we knew, were full of eyes
That watched to see if we were good;
And sometimes just the sight of one
White cloud illuminated by the sun
Availed to check an angry mood.

Now we are men and women grown, and men,
That were but careless children then;
Wise in our realistic lore,
The shining mystery we explain—
Only a vapor born of rain!—
And dream of angels' wings no more.

But are we wiser, after all?
Haply the world-worn hearts recall,
With something like a thrill of dread,
What time the Master undefiled
"Set in their mist a little child,"
And what the words were that He said.

It might—we silently infer—
It might perhaps be easier
The kingdom of the Lord to win,
If still in fair, blue Summer skies
We felt the watching angel eyes
That kept our childish hearts from sin.
—[*July Century.*]

Laying Turf in Summer.

Mr. Henderson says: "I find that turf can be successfully laid down, if necessary, in dry and hot summer weather, by simply covering it when finished, before it gets too dry, with about a quarter of an inch of light soil put through a half inch sieve. The grass begins to grow through the soil in a very few days."

Dr. Guthrie's favorite motto was:

I live for those that love me,
For those that know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my coming, too:
For the cause that needs assistance,
For the wrongs that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
For the good that I can do.

Malibran and Little Pierre.

In an humble room in one of the poorest streets of London, Pierre, a faithful French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew that nothing would be so grateful to his poor invalid mother as a good, sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own—one he had composed, both air and words—for the child was a genius.

He went to the window, and looking out saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madam Malibran would sing that night in public.

"O, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then pausing a moment, he clasped his hands, his eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed his yellow curls, and taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"Who did you say was waiting for me?" said Madam to her servant; "I am already worn out with company."

"It's only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls, who said if he can just see you he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment."

"O well, let him come!" said the beautiful singer, with a smile; "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child he walked straight to the lady, and bowing, said, "I came to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought, perhaps, that if you would sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, may be some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman arose from her seat. Very tall and stately she was. She took the little roll from his hand and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked; "you, a child! And the words? Would

you like to come to my concert?" she asked.

"Oh yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness; "but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening, and here is a crown with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets. Come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

When evening came and Pierre was admitted to the concert-hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so great a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks bewildered his eyes and brain.

At last she came, and the child sat with his glance riveted on her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless he waited; the band—the whole band—struck up a plaintive little melody. He knew it, it, and clasped his hands for joy. And O how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful. Many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song—O so touching!

Pierre walked home as if he were moving on the air.

What cared he for money now? The greatest singers in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madam Malibran. She laid her hands on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman, said, "your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning by the best publisher in London £300 for his little song, and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre here is to share the profits. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre, always mindful of Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his

mother's bedside and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

The memory of that prayer made the singer more tender-hearted, and she who was the idol of England's nobility, went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, he who stood beside her bed and smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was little Pierre of former days, now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.

Cholera.

Cholera, one of the most dreaded of all diseases, has this summer broken out in an epidemic form in Egypt and in China. Unlike some other plagues, it has a distinct tendency to spread from east to west. This peculiarity makes its appearance in the East a matter of importance and of danger to Europe and to America.

Asiatic cholera is a disease very unlike cholera-morbus, or any other malady which, to the ordinary observer, resembles it in symptoms. It was never known in Europe until some time after the beginning of the present century. Formerly it was confined to India and Persia.

Its first incursion into Europe was in the year 1830. It had been raging in Asia for about thirteen years at that time, gradually extending toward Europe. Entering the latter continent by way of Russia, it made its way the following year to England, and subsequently crossed the Atlantic and spread from Canada, where it gained a foothold in 1832, over a large part of the United States.

Another epidemic began in Bengal in 1841. Its spread was slow as before, and it only arrived in Europe in 1847. It ravaged large districts in Germany, England and France, passed on to America, which it reached in 1848, and caused thousands of deaths.

The only other great epidemic began in the birthplace of cholera, India, in 1865. Owing to the much more rapid means of communication, its journey was quickly made. Only a year after its outbreak the disease had reached New York. Although the greatest precautions were taken, it visited many parts of the country, but on the whole was the least destructive of the three epidemics.

Scientific men are inclined to ascribe to the outbreak of cholera a period of twelve years. In one of the cyclopædias it was predicted that the next visitation would begin between 1877 and 1879. As a matter of fact, there has been a prevalence of cholera for several years in India.

Now it appears on the direct line of travel to England and America; and while there is room for hope that the dreaded pestilence may be driven back, the chances are that it will continue on its journey until it reaches these countries. It therefore, becomes wise and necessary to consider what can be done to stop its ravages.

It is all in one word. Cholera thrives on dirt. It is a disease which filthiness encourages, which public and private cleanliness will render less powerful. Clean districts of a city, and cleanly persons, are not invariably exempt from it; but in a vast majority of cases the low and crowded regions of our cities are the fields for its greatest triumphs, and the dirty and degraded are its victims.

These are facts which are perfectly well-known, and they point the way to the necessary safe-guards against the pest. All cities and towns should make haste to see that their drainage systems and their methods of removing street dirt and offal are improved.

Owners of houses should inspect their own drains to be sure that nothing in the condition of their dwellings shall assist the progress of the disease if it should, unfortunately, reach our shores. Personal cleanliness should be always the rule of every one, old and young. But now there is an additional reason for it. Opinion is divided as to the way in which cholera is propagated. But it is certain that it is propagated from one place to another, and from one person to another. Therefore it is always wise to adopt the plan which has been adopted in Egypt that of a "sanitary cordon."

This consists in setting a guard around the infected district, allowing people neither to enter nor to leave it. In some cases the penalty of departing, thus endangering the people who are without the cordon, is instant death. The pickets have orders to shoot anybody who tries to escape.

Such a plan as that is much more easily carried out in a country like Egypt, where

there are few roads, than in this country. Here the only practicable method is to separate, or isolate, individual cases.

One thing ought to be impressed upon every one; that fear of the disease renders a person more liable to become its victim. Avoid it, but do not dread it. In its early stages it can usually be controlled, and the rate of mortality need not be great if medical aid is summoned at once. —*Youth's Companion*.

Hints to Bathers.

The accidents and ill-effects which occasionally happen to bathers in the ocean would be effectually guarded against should the bather heed the following hints: "Enter the water when the body is comfortably warm; exercise actively during your stay in the water. If air and water are both cold, shorten the time of the bath. If lips or finger-nails become blue, leave the water *at once*."

"Children should bathe from two to fifteen minutes, according to their condition of health. Never force a child into the water; the fright costs more than the bath effects."

"A short, sharp run on leaving the water will aid the good effect of the bath. always wash the salt from the hair."

"Mid-day is the *best* time to bathe for health; but any time will do except just after a meal. Flannel makes the best bathing-suit."

"Move into the water quickly, and far enough to dip the person, *head* and all. Once in and honestly wet, keep moving."

"Before dressing rub the skin thoroughly with rough towels. If convenient, eat a slight lunch after the bath."

"Children may generally bathe every day without harm. If suffering from illness or disease, do not bathe without the advice of a physician."

"It is not safe to swim in a heavy surf when the tide is running out, or when there are strong currents running in the general line of the shore."

"When holes are known to exist, *always* bathe in company. For most people once a day is quite often enough to be in the water. Avoid bathing by moonlight, except in company."—*Summer Note-Book*.

The Beautiful Day.

"We did not mean to do wrong," she said,
With a mist in her eyes of tears unshed,
Like the haze of the midsummer weather,
"We thought you would all be as happy as we;
But something 'most always goes wrong, you
see,
When we have our play-time together."

"Before the dew on the grass was dry,
We were out this morning, Reuben and I,
And truly, I think that never—
For all that you and Mamma may say—
Will there be again such a happy day
In all the days of forever!

"The sunshine was yellow as gold, and the skies
Were as sleepy and blue as the baby's eyes;
And a soft little wind was blowing
And rocking the daisy-buds to and fro:
We played that the meadows were white with
snow,
Where the crowding blossoms were growing."

"The birds and the bees flew about in the sun,
And there was not a thing that was sorry—not
one,
That dear morning dawn in the meadow.
But *we* could not bear to think—Reuben and I—
That our beautiful day would be done, by and by,
And our sunshiny world dark with shadow,"

"So into the hall we quietly stepped,
It was cool and still, and a sunbeam crept
Through the door, and the birds were sing-
ing.
We stole as softly as we could go
To the clock at the foot of the stairs, you know,
With its big, bright pendulum swinging."

"We knew that the sun dropped down out of
heaven,
And brought the night, when the clock struck
seven—
For so I had heard Mamma saying;
And we turned back the hands till they pointed
to ten,
And our beautiful day began over again,
And then ran away to our playing."

"I'm afraid I can't tell you the rest," she said,
With a sorrowful droop of the fair little head,
And the misty brown eyes overflowing.
"We had only been out such a few minutes
more,
When, just as it always had happened before,
We found that our dear day was going."

"The shadows grew long, and the blue skies
were gray,
And the bees and the butterflies all flew away,
And the dew on the grasses was falling.
The sun did not shine in the sky any more,
And the birds did not sing, and away by the door
We heard Mamma's voice to us calling.

"But the night will be done, I suppose, by and
by ;

And we have been thinking—Reuben and I—
That perhaps,"—and she smiled through her
sorrow,—

"Perhaps it may be, after all, better so,
For if to-day lasted forever, you know,
There would never be any to-morrow !"

—[Margaret Johnson, in *St. Nicholas* for August.

The Kremlin.

The ancient palaces of the Czar at Moscow, known as the Kremlin, are probably the most gorgeous examples of man's capacity to adorn and beautify that exist on the face of the globe. A New York *Herald* correspondent says : A walk through the halls of the Kremlin as prepared for the imperial pageant reveals splendors almost impossible to describe. To talk of them as reception rooms suggests nothing of the lavish beauty of decoration and the imperial splendor of the different halls and saloons. Every fresco has been restored, every carving regilded. All the embroideries, brocades, tapestries have been especially made for the occasion. Baron Kohn had the direction of all the heraldic decoration. His taste in everything that concerns antiquity, ceremonials, and the science of imperial display is evident, from the great golden throne and draperies, over which the black eagle is seen in flight, down to the tabards of the heralds and the badges of the pursuivants.

In the Banquet Hall the embroidered cloth, which surrounds the lower tier and falls to the raised dais on which the buffet stands, is of crimson velvet, and is covered with the most elaborate embroidery of Byzantine design in colors and three tones in gold. This table cover and carpet, which covers the floor of the halls, about seventy feet square, are the work of nuns, whose signatures are found in it, worked in Slav characters. In the right corner rises a throne of carved black oak, its roof supported, for it is almost a build-

ing in itself, by four pillars and raised on three steps. The whole is covered with crimson plush, backed with draperies of cloth of gold and ermine. A small table, which is also covered with crimson plush, stands before the imperial seats.

The floor of the Hall St. Alexandre is probably the finest piece of marqueterie known. Every kind of colored wood is used to produce the most intricate patterns of scroll and flower.

The Throne Room ; so much magnificence is displayed in this floor, that one is scarcely prepared for the rich display which meets the spectator in the Throne Room or Salle Saint Andre. Architecture and decoration combine the severity of a Gothic abbey with the marvel of the Renaissance, a resplendant shrine. At the far end of the hall rises a shrine in gold, for indeed it is more like a shrine than a canopy. It has gold draperies on a silver and gold background, on which are the arms of the Emperor of All the Russias. The Throne is supported by the gold griffins of the house of Romanoff, fringed with black, gold, and silver, the colors of the imperial standard. Enormous gilt chandeliers, each supporting thousands of wax lights, the wicks of which are all connected so as to light up simultaneously, hang from the roof and fall with weblike grace. Imagination can picture them ablaze and fill the glorious palace with splendors of royalty, courtiers, and the fairest dames.

Indian Longevity.

H. H. describes "The Present Condition of the Mission Indians of Southern California" in the *August Century*, and speaks as follows of two aged San Gabriel women : "A few rods from the old mission church of San Gabriel, in a hut made of bundles of the tule reeds lashed to sycamore poles, as the San Gabriel Indians made them a hundred years ago, live two old Indian women, Laura and Benjamina. Laura is one hundred and two years old, Benjamina one hundred and seventeen. The record of their baptisms is still to be seen in the church books ; so there can be no dispute as to their age. It seems not at all incredible, however. If I had been told that Benjamina was a three-thousand-year-old Nile mummy, resuscitated by some mysterious process, I should not

have demurred much at the tale. The first time I saw them, the two were crouching over a fire on the ground, under a sort of booth porch, in front of their hovel. Laura was making a feint of grinding acorn meal in a stone bowl; Benjamina was raking the ashes, with her claw-like old fingers, for hot coals to start the fire afresh; her skin was like an elephant's, shriveled, black, hanging in folds and welts on her neck and breast and bony arms; it was not like anything human; her shrunken eyes, bright as beads, peered out from under thickets of coarse grizzled gray hair. Laura wore a white cloth band around her head, tied on with a strip of scarlet flannel; above that, a tattered black shawl, which gave her the look of an aged imp. Old baskets, old pots, old pans, old stone mortars and pestles, broken tiles and bricks, rags, straw, boxes, legless chairs—in short, all conceivable rubbish—were strewn about or piled up in the place, making the weirdest of backgrounds for the aged cronies' figures. Inside the hut were two bedsteads and a few boxes, baskets, and nets; and drying grapes and peppers hung on the walls. A few feet away was another hut, only a trifle better than this; four generations were living in the two. Benjamina's step-daughter, aged eighty, was a fine creature. With a white band straight around her forehead close to the eyebrows and a gay plaid handkerchief thrown on above it, falling squarely each side of her face, she looked like an old Bedouin sheik.

"Our Mexican friend remembered Laura as she was fifty years ago. She was then, even at fifty-two, celebrated as one of the swiftest runners and best ball-players in all the San Gabriel games. She was a singer, too, in the choir. Coaxing her up on her feet, patting her shoulders, entreating and caressing her as one would a child, he succeeded in persuading her to chant the Lord's Prayer and part of the litanies, as she had been wont to do it in the old days. It was a grotesque and incredible sight. The more she stirred and sang and lifted her arms, the less alive she looked. We asked the step-daughter if they were happy and wished to live. Laughing, she repeated the question to them. 'Oh, yes, we wish to live forever,' they replied. They were greatly terrified, the daughter said, when the railway cars first ran through San Gabriel. They thought it

was the devil bringing fire to burn up the world. Their chief solace is tobacco. To beg it, Benjamina will creep about the village by the hour, bent double over her staff, tottering at every step. They sit for the most part silent, motionless, on the ground; their knees drawn up, their hands clasped over them, their heads sunk on their breasts. In my drives in the San Gabriel valley, I often saw them sitting thus, as if they were dead. The sight had an indescribable fascination. It seemed that to be able to penetrate into the recesses of their thoughts would be to lay bold upon secrets as old as the earth."

The Dying Adams.

The famous passage in the last chapter of Ecclesiastes, describing old age and death, is an example of universal poetry. Almost all intelligent nations have expressed these facts in similar imagery. The use of it by one of our Presidents in his last days is quoted in the papers as "an illustration of John Adams' force of language and striking figures of speech, though perhaps unconsciously, he was indebted to Solomon for most of his 'figures.'"

Just before the venerable ex-President's death, Daniel Webster called on him at his home in Quincy, and, found him reclining on a sofa, breathing with great difficulty.

"I am glad to see you, sir," said Mr. Webster, "and I hope you are getting along pretty well."

"Ah, sir!" answered Mr. Adams, drawing a long breath, "quite the contrary. I find I am a poor tenant, occupying a house much shattered by time; it sways and trembles with every wind, and has, in fact, gone almost to decay; and what is worse, sir, the landlord, as near as I can find out, don't intend to make any repairs."

John Adams died on the *Fourth of July*, 1826, the "jubilee" anniversary of our national birthday. Almost the last words of the old Signer of the Declaration were, "Independence forever."

A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding-day; "When the went a-court-ing I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open. Now that thee is married, I tell thee to keep them half shut."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1883.

A New Heading.

The present number commences the twentieth volume of the HOSPITAL REVIEW. Nineteen years have gone by, since this little messenger first began to report the work and needs of the City Hospital. With the growth of our city has come a corresponding demand for more room for the invalids, and we have enlarged our borders but still we are cramped, and our needs are pressing.

Through the kindness of our antiring friend, Dr. William S. Ely, we this month present our readers with a new heading to our paper, and give them, on the first page, a picture of the City Hospital and a portion of the Hospital grounds north of it. To those familiar with this institution this wood cut needs no explanation, but others may be interested to know that this view represents the Hospital as seen from the North or West Avenue entrance. Large halls in the center extend from the north to the south of the building. The kitchens, laundry, several dining-rooms, and heating apparatus are in the basement. In the east wing the first floor is used as a Male Surgical Ward, and the one above it as a Male Medical Ward. The Female Wards and Chapel are in the West Wing. The rooms in the Mansard are for private patients. Apartments are now being constructed in the dome for sleeping rooms for some of the employees of the institution. The public Wards occupy the entire width of the building, so that they all have the south sunshine and are well-ventilated. The private rooms and an adjoining hall, where the patients can exercise, also extend the entire width of the edifice.

South of the East Wing is a small building used as a morgue. North of the

East Wing are two pavilions not represented in the picture, where cases requiring isolation are treated. One of these, the Hall Pavilion, is a memorial building, the other was erected by members of the Medical staff.

We have ample grounds, and beneath the shadow of overhanging trees the patients seek recreation and fresh air. We hope ere long some friend of the charity will erect on our west lawn a Child's Hospital. The little ones are knocking at our doors. We cannot refuse them, and it is not well to place them in our public wards. They often disturb older and nervous patients, and sometimes hear things of which they should be ignorant. The man or woman who would build for us a Child's Hospital would supply a most pressing need. Whose name shall be immortalized in Rochester by the erection of a Child's Hospital?

The Invalids.

On the last Saturday of July we visited the City Hospital and found fourteen under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward. One of these was a laborer whose foot was crushed by a stone that fell on it from the elevated railroad track. The foot was frightfully mangled, and the man was very unwilling to lose it, saying he would about as soon part with his life as his foot, but, the surgical staff decided it was absolutely necessary to take off the foot, so the poor man yielded, and amputation was performed and he was doing well. He was on a cot in a tent as was also a Pole with a swollen knee. A colored man, a paralytic, was improving and was walking with the use of a cane. A man recovering from gastric fever was sitting up and for the first time since his sickness was dressed. A youth who works for "Peanut Joe," had had his lip badly cut by a glass that was thrown at him, but the wound was healing. A man bitten by a dog had

been under treatment and had left the Hospital. An Italian who accidentally had been shot had recovered and left, as had also another Italian with a dislocated shoulder. The man whose arm had been amputated, in consequence of a railroad accident, had gone home. No death had occurred in the Ward during the month.

There were but ten patients in the Male Medical Ward and none of these was very sick. Only one was confined to the cot, and there had been no death during the month in the Ward. There were no fever patients. A rheumatic patient who had been confined to his bed for six weeks was improving, and was up every day for an hour or more.

Twelve patients were under treatment in the Upper Female Ward, but three of whom were confined to their beds. One patient, a consumptive, was receiving the kind ministries of friends, and was evidently nearing the dark river. An aged woman who had but little use of her limbs was improving and sitting up every day.

Two babies and two mothers occupied the Lying-in-Ward.

In the Lower Female Ward sixteen persons were receiving treatment. Miss C. who has been in the hospital since October with a broken thigh and cancers, and who has suffered greatly, has at last been relieved from her pains. No other death has occurred and no patient was very low.

Our Little Folks.

Our last visit at the Hospital was at dinner time, and as we entered the Lower Female Ward the two nurses each had in her arms a little child, whom she was feeding. One of them was the little Nellie of whom we spoke last month. She is gaining fast, looks plump and healthy, and the doctor says will not lose her leg. The other was a new patient, a little boy five years old, who a few months ago came from England. In some way his collar

bone was broken, probably by being trodden upon in play with his brother. His arm was confined so that he could not use it and the nurse was cutting up his food. The little boy from the Orphan Asylum with broken leg has recovered and gone to his mother.

The girl, who was so badly burnt had so far recovered that she went out on the lawn, but she accidentally scratched her sore limb, and this had put her back so that she was again confined to her bed. A very bright eight years' old colored boy had a large tumor on his side.

A family from St. Louis who were going to the seashore were delayed in Rochester by the sickness of their child. It was brought to the Hospital, and as her disease proved to be scarlet fever she was placed in one of our pavilions. Some of her friends remained with her, but she was not very sick and has now left.

Mary Doctan, the little girl from West Bloomfield, who for a long while occupied the Children's Cot and was under treatment for sore eyes, has gone home to her mother, who writes: "Mary is not so fleshy now as when she came home. She was very lonesome for about a week; she was talking all the time about her little bed; she wished she had it up here. She wanted me to be a night nurse and she made a cap for me. Sometimes she says she is going back to the hospital. She sends her love and a kiss to you all." It is pleasant to know the little ones who are helped at the Hospital have pleasant memories of their life within it.

Our New Elevator.

Preparations are now being made in our Hospital for the introduction of a new elevator. Mr. A. J. Johnson has kindly donated an elevator car and machinery as a memorial of his nephew, Lieut. James P. Sprague, who died in the Hospital September 15th, 1881. Mrs. Joseph Medbery has offered to give two hundred dol-

lars, provided four others will contribute each the same amount, to defray the necessary expenses of putting the elevator into the building. Who will aid us by such gifts?

A Fine Stand.

Curran & Goler, apothecaries, are now occupying their new store in Powers Hotel, corner West Main and Fitzhugh streets. This is an excellent stand for them. They have fine facilities for conducting their business. Their store is open night and day, and a competent person is always on hand to put up prescriptions. Their well lighted quarters afford an excellent opportunity for the display of their fine surgical instruments, crutches, trusses, bandages, supporters, surgical appliances, vaccine virus, toilet articles, perfumery, soaps, and everything in their line of business. They also offer a large variety of mineral waters so tempting and healthy at this season of the year.

Lovejoy's.

Everybody knows where to go to find Lovejoy's candies, but the Westsiders will be glad to learn he has opened another store, in addition to his old one, and that in Powers Hotel, next to main entrance, West Main street, they can find all varieties of his pure, tempting candies, and also a soda fountain with mineral waters, and an ice cream stand where Teall's ice cream is constantly on hand.

Donations.

We are indebted to Miss Storrs, daughter of the late Wm. C. Storrs, for a valuable donation of carpets, rugs, pillows, blankets, and other acceptable household articles.

Wanted.

Will not our kind friends bring into the Hospital, tomatoes, apples, melons, and vegetables and other garden products? We much need them—fresh ones.

Children's Cot Fund.

Interest on deposit.....	\$ 25 42
Previously acknowledged.....	2,574 62
Total receipts.....	\$2,600 04

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, July 3, 1883, William T. Clarke, aged 66.

At Rochester City Hospital, July 5, 1883, of Pleuró Pneumonia, Otis N. Wilcox, aged 67.

At Rochester City Hospital, July 6, 1883, of Cancerous Infiltration of the Lungs, Lonisa A. Coddeng, aged 40.

At Rochester City Hospital, July 6, 1873, of old age, Samuel McCandles, aged 75.

At Rochester City Hospital, July 31, of Consumption, Mary Ireland, aged 38.

Donations.

Mr. E. A. Frost—Reading matter, book, periodicals, &c.

Mrs. G. J. Whitney—Dressing gown, fans.

Miss Storrs—Pillows, blankets, bedding, chairs, brackets, kitchen utensils, rugs, carpeting, books, and sundry other household effects.

Mrs. Wm. Corning—One-half bushel currants.

Mrs. H. E. Hooker—One-half bushel currants.

Mrs. Judge Stull—Quantity vegetables.

Mr. K. P. Shedd—Seven boxes raspberries.

Mrs. S. F. Jenkins—Nine books.

Mrs. Osgood—Two pairs children slippers.

Miss Mumford—Second-hand clothing, reading matter.

A Friend—Second-hand clothing.

Haskins & Smith—Directory for 1883.

Mrs. Alverson, of Geneseo—Old cotton.

Mrs. Cumming—Old cotton.

Friends—Old cotton.

Mr. Foehner—\$1.50 cash.

Monthly Report.

1883. July 1, No. Patients in Hos-	
pital,	91
Received during month, ..	34
Births,	1—126
Deaths,	5
Discharged,	47
Remaining Aug. 1st, 1883, 74—126	

Numbers and Contents of Returned Mite Boxes.

No. 486	\$1 00
" 497	38
" 342	1 03
" 310	85
" 343	61
" 48	2 97
" 329	79
" 399	19
" 11	72
" 365	2 91
" 500	56
" 527	1 12

Receipts for the Review.

JULY, 1883.

Mrs. W. Clarke, Morristown—By Mrs. S. H. Terry	\$ 50
M. L. Filkins—By Mrs. Dr. Strong	62
Mrs. C. G. Starweather—By Mrs. M. A. Gilman	62
Mrs. W. P. Lomb—By Dr. W. S. Ely	75
D. Gordon, adv., \$15.00; H. C. Wisner, adv., \$5.00—By Mrs. C. H. Angel	20 00
Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co., adv., \$26 00; C. Cauley & Co., adv., \$5.00; Curran & Goler, adv., \$5.00; J. Fahy & Co., adv., \$5.00; W. H. Glenney & Co., adv., \$5.00; I. A. Lovejoy, adv., \$5.00; S. B. Roby & Co., adv., \$5.00; Scrantom, Wetmore & Co., adv., \$5.00—By Mrs. C. E. Mathews	61 00
Mrs. W. Eastwood, 62 cents; Mrs. J. T. Fox, 62 cents; Mrs. G. McKittrick, Brooklyn, 50 cents; Mrs. H. F. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. J. B. Ward, 62 cents—By Collector	2 98
Mrs. J. P. Pitkin, Portage, 65 cents; Miss M. E. Porter, 63 cents; Mrs. Geo. W. Pratt, 62 cents—By Treasurer	1 90

The Pouched Gopher.

The pouched gopher, pocket gopher, or pouched rat (*Geomys bursarius*, Rich.) of the Northwestern States is a small rodent ten to twelve inches long, including the tail. Its color is reddish-brown above, paler beneath, with a plumbeous tinge along the vertebral region. This little animal is remarkable for its large head, which is almost as thick as its body, for its large incisors, which project from its mouth, and for its cheek pouches, which are very large, which extend as far back as the shoulders, and are lined with short hair. These pouches are capable of distention, and are used mainly or wholly to convey food into the burrows, to be stored up or eaten at leisure. The animal's paws, which are short, terminate in strong and sharp claws.

The gopher leads a subterranean life, digging burrows in which it remains most

of the time. Outside of these excavations are usually seen here and there, heaps of earth similar to those made by the mole, but which are usually closer together and arranged in a zigzag manner.

From the observations of those who have examined these subterranean galleries made by the gopher, it appears that they first run longitudinally and then meet in one center in common, where they end in several circular galleries, in the midst of which is situated the principal chamber, this being usually at the depth of from three to five feet beneath the surface of the earth. This chamber is capacious, and is lined with soft grass. This is the covert and nest of the animal, in which it remains asleep during a great part of the winter. These little animals scarcely ever leave their retreat except in summer, and then only in fine weather, when they go out to gather food, as well as material to line their dwellings. Their motions above ground are heavy and awkward, and, when they chance to turn over on their back, they have difficulty in regaining their feet. Under ground they move with greater facility, and they burrow as quickly as the mole.

These rodents cause great havoc in planted grounds, since they gnaw off all the roots that come in their way. They have been known to ravage whole fields of tuberous plants. Many attempts have been made to keep gophers in captivity, but they almost always succeed in gnawing through their cages and escaping. Audubon had one which, having got into one of his boots, found it more convenient to gnaw through the toe and get out in that way than to turn about and make its exit through the leg, where it had entered.

Over-Study.

Those who, in eagerness to cultivate their pupils' minds, are reckless of their bodies, do not remember that success in the world depends much more upon energy than upon information, and that a policy which in cramming with information undermines energy is self-defeating. The strong will and untiring activity which result from abundant animal vigor go far to compensate even for great defects of education; and when joined to that quite adequate education which may be obtained without sacrificing health, they insure an easy vic-

tory over competitors enfeebled by excessive study—prodigies of learning though they may be. A comparatively small and ill-made engine, worked at high pressure, will do more than a larger and well finished one worked at low pressure. What folly is it, then, while finishing the engine, so to damage the boiler that it will not generate steam! Once more, the system is a mistake, as involving a false estimate of welfare in life. Even supposing it were a means to success, instead of a means to worldly failure, yet, in the entailed ill health, it would inflict more than an equivalent curse. What boots it to have attained wealth if wealth is accompanied by ceaseless ailments? What is the worth of distinction if it has brought hypochondria? Surely none needs telling that a good digestion, a bounding pulse and high spirits are elements of happiness no external advantages can outbalance. Chronic bodily disorder casts a gloom over the brightest prospects, while the vivacity of strong health gilds even misfortune. We contend, then, that this over education is vicious in every way—vicious, as giving knowledge that will soon be forgotten; vicious, as producing a disgust for knowledge; vicious, as neglecting that organization of knowledge which is more important than its acquisition; vicious, as weakening or destroying that energy without which a trained intellect is useless; vicious, as entailing that ill health for which even success would not compensate, and which makes failure doubly bitter.—*Herbert Spencer.*

Lord do thou choose for me, not only the whole state and condition of being, but every little and great accident of it. Keep me safe by thy grace, and then use what instrument Thou pleasest for bringing me to Thee. Lord, I am not solicitous of the passage, so I may get to Thee.—*Bishop Jeremy Taylor.*

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages all about me forgotten,
Save truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

—*Bonar.*

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" N. T. ROCHESTER, " Dr. MATHEWS.

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XVI. Interest dividends will be made and declared semi-annually in each year on the first days of June and December, at the rate of not exceeding four per cent. per annum, on all deposits of five dollars and upwards, to the full amount allowed by the law, which shall have been made six months previous to the first days of June and December and a ratable proportion on all such deposits as shall have been made three months next previous to those days, but no interest shall be paid on fractional parts of a dollar. No interest shall be paid on any sum withdrawn previous to the first days of June or December during the period which may have elapsed since the last dividend.

Adopted June 5th, 1882.

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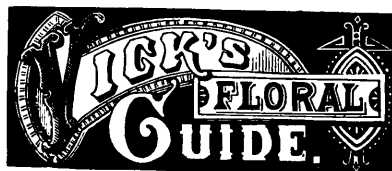
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XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum will be allowed on the first days of March, June, September and December in each year, for all sums that shall have remained on deposit since the preceding quarter-day, and such interest shall be 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.

XVII. On the first Tuesday of June and December, in each year, a dividend shall be declared out of the net profits or each depositor, at the rate specified in the next preceding article; and all such dividends which shall not be drawn, will be added to the principal, and draw interest from the day it was computed, which will be on the first days of June and December, in each year.

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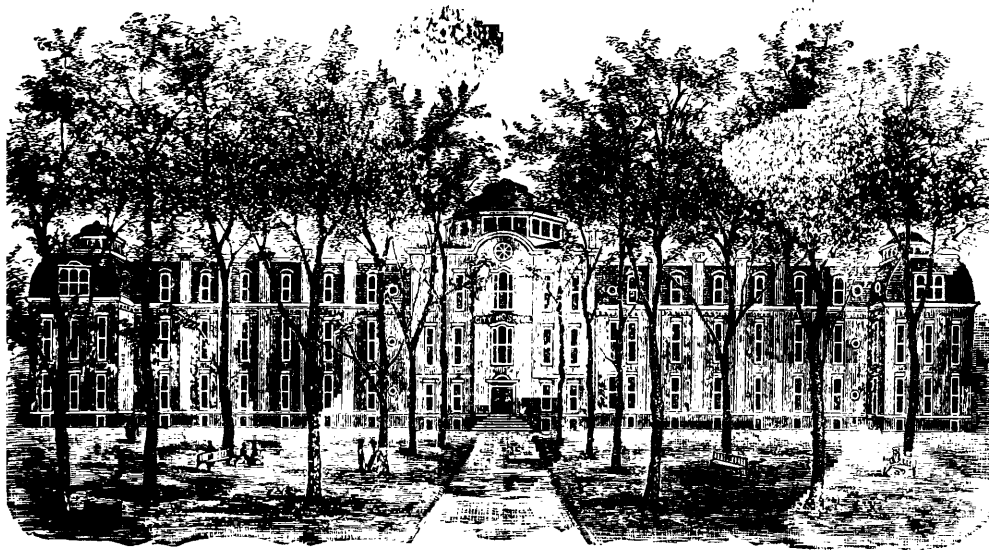
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1883.

No. 2.

Rochester City Hospital.

The Rochester City Hospital—an incorporated institution, but not supported by the City, as its name might imply—is situated on West Avenue and Troup Street. Entrance for carriages is from Troup Street. The grounds embrace three acres in an unsurpassed location. The Hospital wards are large, light, well ventilated, heated by steam, and are designed for medical and surgical cases of both sexes. Patients are here received on City or County orders, or on the recommendation of any of the Attending Physicians and Surgeons. The charge to patients in the large wards is four dollars a week; in the private wards accommodating two or three patients each, six dollars a week; this includes board, medicines, and nursing; also, medical attendance to those unable to pay for it. The Lying-in department offers special advantages for

the care of patients before, during and after confinement. Cases of contagious diseases are treated in isolated buildings. The entire upper floor of the Hospital is divided into twenty private rooms, well furnished, where private patients are received and treated. The charge to such patients is from ten to twelve dollars a week, which includes board, medicines, (exclusive of stimulants), and ordinary nursing. An extra charge is made for a private nurse. Private patients choose their own physician, who may be of any school. Applications for private rooms should be made to Mrs. M. A. Gilman, Recorder, at the Hospital. The sanitary condition of the buildings is deemed perfect, the drainage having recently been entirely reconstructed on the most approved principles. The Hospital, which is open to patients from any part of the country, is under the direction of the following officers:

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Mrs. Mary A. Gilman.

Supervising Nurse.

Miss L. A. Markham.

Words.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

A little, tender word,
 Wrapped in a little rhyme,
 Sent out upon the passing air,
 As seeds are scattered everywhere
 In the sweet summer-time.

A little, idle word,
 Breathed in an idle hour;
 Between two laughs that word was said,
 Forgotten as soon as uttered,
 And yet the word had power.

Away they sped, the words
 One like a winged seed,
 Lit on a soul which gave it room,
 And straight began to bud and bloom
 In lovely word and deed.

The other careless word,
 Borne on an evil air,
 Found a rich soil and ripened fast
 Its rank and poisonous growths, and cast
 Fresh seeds to work elsewhere.

The speakers of the words,
 Passed by and marked, one day,
 The fragrant blossoms, dewy wet,
 The bairful flowers thickly set
 In clustering array.

And neither knew his word:
 One smiled, and one did sigh.
 "How strange and sad," one said, "it is
 People should do such things as this,
 I'm glad it was not I."

And, "What a wondrous word
 To reach so far, so high"
 The other said, "What joy 'twould be
 To send out words so helpfully;
 I wish that it were I."

Sea-Side Correspondence.

Charles Grant's Sea Cottage.

LONG SANDS, YORK, MAINE.

In July we passed a week at W
 Hampton, Long Island. We found
 large boarding house a very pleasant cir
 evidently people of ample means, who
 left the ceremony of city life behind
 its proper place, and whose genial, kind
 welcome gave the stranger very quick
 a home feeling among them. A ride
 three-quarters of a mile conveyed
 bathers daily to and from the beach. Th
 is composed of coarse, loose, yellow
 sand, not susceptible of packing,
 drifting under the pressure of wave
 current, so that the beach is continual
 changing its shape. It is convex
 sometimes a strong current cuts direc

across it. During our stay it was a steep bank, and the heavy waves broke almost against it. Ropes were fastened for a support to bathers, but, while clinging firmly to them, the force of the water may leave its impress in black and blue on one's arms for days succeeding. The under current is very strong. One day the bathing-master decided that no bather should venture in. For the swimmer, if strong and on the alert, it is a fine place. The warmth of the water enables him to remain in a long time, and the sudden descent carries him quickly beyond his depth and past the breakers.

Extensive bays separate the south shore of Long Island from the main land, so that there are literally no "dwellers by the sea." Our path to the beach crossed brackish (not salt) meadows, and a bridge over the bay, on the farther side of which are low sand dunes, such as we had seen on the coast of Holland, and beyond the bath-houses and beach.

The country of Long Island is a monstrous sandy stretch, with low trees and shrubs, and destitute of rocks. To New Yorkers West Hampton seems a charming place of rest. But we yearned with a half home-sickness for the rough New England coast, with its bracing air. So we turned our faces eastward, ending our journey at the old, familiar spot on the Long Sands of York. Here we sit by day and moonlit eve on the piazza, close to the sea, or in two minutes' walk reach the rocks on the beach, and watch the waves come in and dash the spray over them. A large party has just been gathered here at full tide, this fullest tide of the month according to the moon. Another party went a mile westward to Roaring Rock, where the waves dash into a long, deep fissure in the rocks, and in receding, roll back the pebbles at the bottom with a musical rumble. Just beyond, where high rocks jut far out into the water, the wanderer must be on

his guard lest a sudden breeze dash over him an unwished-for sea-bath. A stroll to the east of Sea Cottage over the long beach, differing, as some say, eight hundred feet in width with the change of tide, with its fine grey-tinted sand, so grateful to the eye; then up and along the edge of a bold promontory, where the breeze gives one new vigor, or scramble down again to the little ferry-boat for a three-minutes' passage; then up the long stair-way to "The Nubble," with its pretty garden, where eschscholtzias, drummond phlox, petunias, sweet-peas, marigold, gladioli and sweet abyssum clothe the rocks with living beauty; then another climb to the top of the light-house, where the keeper carefully uncovers a wee bit of the large glass lantern, watching, with jealous eye, lest some rude finger touch its finely polished surface; then a "stooping to conquer," as we squeeze through the low door to the outside of the tower, and a look off to Bald Head Cliff, Boon Island and the Isle of Shoals. All this is a morning's pastime. Or you may take your seat with a pleasant party in a big open wagon, and drive seven miles to Bald Head Cliff, a marvelous formation of trap rock, where the strata have been so tilted as to stand perpendicularly, thus forming natural walls and series of steps, crowned by Pulpit Rock, and projecting into the sea. The rocks there abound in natural aquaria, where one may study the star-fish and anemone in their native home.

If the country has power to entice you from the sea-side, a few minutes walk will take you to the woods. Carry your basket with you and bring some berries for supper. Or ride on horseback beside the fertile fields near the York river, and visit the remains of the old Junkins' Garrison House, with its immense chimneys and thick "hewn timber walls dovetailed and dowelled together." The old apple tree brought from England in a box has at last

perished after about two and a half centuries of fruit-bearing. Or drive in a mountain wagon to the foot of Agamentiens, a noted land-mark for mariners, 680 feet in height. This was first discovered by Gosnold in 1602. Landing at the Nubble, he named it Savage Rock. An easy foot-climb gives one an outlook on mountain, country, sea and neighboring beaches.

Thus you will see that York Long Sands combines sea and country, mountain, river, wood and valley, within easy reach.

Tiny flowers of various species nestle near the rocks; the modest hair bell, the blushing hardback, the cheery golden rod and the gay cardinal flower greet us in our walks, and the beach is so often so thickly strewn with green and scarlet seaweed, of such delicate beauty that we only cease collecting from the very "embarrassment of riches."

For the swimmer, accustomed to warmer latitudes, the water is too cold and the beach slopes so almost imperceptibly that a long reach of shallow water must be traversed before it is deep enough for his purpose. But for bathing it is especially safe. Standing not over waist-deep in water, the waves break about one's neck and head; they are seldom heavy and the undertow is very slight. Bathing is not as exciting as with a heavier surf, but it is less exhausting.

C. L. S.

The Vision of Christ.

BY PROF. AUSTIN PHELPS.

Dannecker, the German sculptor, occupied eight years upon a marble statue of Christ. He had previously exercised his genius upon subjects taken from the Greek and Roman mythology, and had won a great reputation. The celebrated statue of Ariadne, in the garden of Herr Bethman at Frankfort, is his work. Critics of art have given him rank with Michael Angelo and Canova.

When he had labored two years upon his statue of Christ, the work was apparently finished. He called into his studio a little girl, and directing her attention to the statue, asked her "Who is that?" She replied "A great man." His artistic eye had been deceived. He had failed, and his two years of labor had been thrown away. But he began anew; and after a year or two had passed, he again invited the child into his studio, and repeated the inquiry "Who is that?" This time, he was not disappointed. After looking in silence for a while, her curiosity deepened into awe and thankfulness, and bursting into tears, she said in low and gentle tones "Suffer little children to come unto Me." It was enough. The untutored instinct of the child had divined his meaning, and he knew that his work was a success.

He believed then, and ever afterward, that he was inspired by God to do that thing. He thought that he had seen a vision of Christ in his solitary vigils. He had but transferred to the marble the image which the Lord had shown him. His rising fame attracted the attention of Napoleon, and he was requested to make a statue of Venus, similar to the Ariadne, for the gallery of the Louvre. He refused, saying "A man who has seen Christ would commit a sacrilege if he should employ his art in the carving of a Pagan goddess. My art is henceforth a consecrated thing."

Is there not an experience of communion with God in Christ, not uncommon to mature believers, which is equivalent to a vision of the Lord, and which renders life and life's work, even its humblest occupations, sacred? Italian and Spanish art contains many works in painting and sculpture on subjects derived from Scriptural biography and history, to which their authors have given years of toil, and on which they labored in a state of religious fervor. Some of them believed that their artistic vision was illumined by the Holy Ghost. The privilege of every Christian life is not less exalted.

The Scriptures seem to assure us of this: "Our fellowship is with the Father and with His Son Jesus Christ." "Your life is hid with Christ in God." "He that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." Such words, if they mean anything, mean something unutterably great.

It is no prerogative of any elect few. The lowliest not less than the loftiest life may have this element of an infinite dignity. A profoundly prayerful life is by that single feature of it lifted into sympathy with God. A mean thing cannot be made noble by it, but a small thing can be made great. The work of a laundress or bricklayer may attract the respect of angels.

Hugh Miller, when working at his trade as a stone-mason, used to say that his was a grand calling, because the routine of it gave to a first-class workman so much time and force for silent communion with God. It was in such communion that he laid the foundation of that dignity of character which afterward made him the companion of philosophers and the instructor of princes. It matters little what may be a man's employment in life. The whole life is ennobled and adorned by it if it is done as in a vision of Christ. "In His Name," was the watchword of the Waldenses, and their form of salutation when they met and parted. It expressed their supreme idea of life, and of all that made it worth living. They said it at their weddings, and repeated it at their funerals. It was their formula in baptism and at the Lord's Supper, and it lifted to the same altitude of dignity their work in the fields and vineyards. When have wise men ever discovered a theory of life more magnificent and inspiring? No being in the universe has a more exalted occasion for self-respect than one who lives in a vision of Christ. The apostle could find no more honorable words in which to depict the life of Moses, than to say of it "He endured as seeing Him who is invincible.—*My Portfolio.*

A Compassionate Politician.

A politician, when he wants a place for one of his henchmen, is no more reluctant to turn out its occupant than Cooley Khah, of Benegal, was to put a live cat in the breeches of a non-paying tenant. There are, however, exceptions to all rules, and the Autobiography of Thurlow Weed shows that he was an exceptional politician: In 1861, a number of New York merchants asked Mr. Weed to secure a Consular appointment for a veteran clerk, who, being an Englishman, wanted to go home to end his days there. He says:

Mr. Seward requested his son Frederick, the Assistant Secretary, to find a place for him. I went to the department with Frederick, and in looking over his Consular register carefully, his eye finally rested on Falmouth, where, upon examination, he found that the Consul was an Englishman, and had held the office for more than twenty years.

It was decided, therefore, that one Englishman should give place to another, that other being an Americanized Englishman.

I reported this determination to the Secretary, who immediately sent my friend's name to the President, and when the messenger returned with Mr. Lincoln's approval, Mr. Hunter, the chief clerk, was directed to fill up the commission and obtain the President's signature in time for me to take it to New York that afternoon.

Between four and five o'clock, P. M., I went to Mr. Hunter for the commission, which lay before him on his desk. He rose somewhat deliberately (as was his manner), took the commission in his hand and delivered it to me without speaking, but with evident reluctance.

I said, "Is it all right, Mr. Hunter?" He replied:

"I have obeyed orders."

"But," I added, "you do not seem pleased. Is there anything wrong about the appointment?"

"I have nothing to say about the appointment, but I have never discharged a duty since I came into this department with so much regret." He said:

"The first commission that I filled out when I came into this office, twenty-six years ago, was for Mr. Fox, our Consul at Falmouth, who succeeded his then recently deceased father, who received his appointment from President Washington.

"The Consular accounts of Mr. Fox are as neatly and accurately kept as those of Gen. Washington during the Revolution. I think he is the best Consul in the service of the Government. You will judge, therefore, whether the removal of such a Consul is not calculated to occasion regret."

When he finished, while he stood looking at me with his pen in his hand, I deliberately tore the commission into strips, threw them into the waste-paper basket, and left the department for the cars,

When I explained in New York what had occurred at Washington, it was approved, not only by the gentleman who had asked me to interest myself, but by the applicant himself.

A Shrewd Doctor.

A charming account of every-day life in Persia has been written by Dr. Wills, an English physician, who resided in that country for many years. In it he gives us many curious incidents of Persian mendacity, and states that the habit of telling falsehoods is so generally recognized, that a native does not feel insulted when he is accused of it.

The mendacity is especially common, of course, when some object can be gained by it, and he mentions an instance of it in the case of a baker, whom he had cured of a cataract in the eye:

For this cure I was rewarded with the sum of four pounds, and as the man was a thriving tradesman and well-to do, I thought him the obliged party; but he regretted the four pounds.

One day, as I was sitting in the dispensary surrounded by a crowd of sick and their friends and relatives, a melancholy procession entered the room. The baker, with a rag of different color over each eye, and a huge white bandage around his head, was led, or rather supported, into the apartment; and on my expressing astonishment, his relatives informed me that his sight was quite gone through my unfortunate treatment, and he had come to get his four pounds back, and any compensation for the loss of his eyes that I might be pleased to make would be thankfully accepted.

"Ah, sahib, dear sahib, I am now stone blind," he said.

Here, with extended arms, he advanced my table, and the assembled crowd shook their heads. I had some difficulty getting him to remove his many bandages; but on looking at his eyes I saw that his vision, as I had supposed, was extremely good. I naturally was very angry, for, when the ingratitude of the man alone, I felt that he was to be robbed of the credit of his cure in so public a manner, I did not long to decide what to do. Among other antiquated instruments had accumulated in the dispensary a large amputating knife in a leather

box. I got this box from the cupboard and placed it before me. Taking my seat, with the man on the other side of my table, I addressed him:

"Of course, if I have deprived you of your sight, it is only fair that I should remunerate you and return you the money you have paid me."

A beatific smile spread over his face.

"Ah, sahib, I know you are a great and generous sahib. I am sure you would not wrong a poor Mussulman. O sahib, I want nothing but justice."

"And what, my friend, do you consider justice?"

"O sahib, doctor sahib, if you would refund the four pounds that I paid, and give me, say forty pounds, even less for my eyes, I should pray for you—yes, I and my family, we should all pray for you."

Here the supporters and family chimed in, "Yes, he has spoken well," and the crowd of interested patients and their friends whispered approbation.

"Yes," said I, "this is what ought to be done, there is no denying it, in the case you describe. But"—and here I began to shout—"but what should be done to a man who comes here with a lie in his mouth? Know you, bystanders, that this man is a liar; he sees perfectly!"

Here the patient shook off his supporters, and grasped my table, turning pale.

"Ah," I shouted, "you dog, I will enlighten your eyes," and opening suddenly the morocco case, I produced the huge glittering old amputating knife, and brandished it in his face. Without a word he nimbly turned and fled down my staircase, pursued by my servants, the two sentries, and the more active of my patients' friends.

The Conquest of Pain.

It is said that even the most acute physical pain can be overcome by a determined effort of the will, and in a recent number of a medical journal Dr. Carpenter quotes several corroborative instances.

Dr. Edward H. Clarke suffered from a fatal malady which produced the most agonizing pain, and yet he could determinately withdraw his consciousness, so to speak, from that pain by fixing it upon another object, that object being the working out of his own mental train of thought in the composition of a book.

This is well known to have been the case also with regard to Sir Walter Scott, who, during a very severe and painful illness, dictated the "Bride of Lammermoor." The most remarkable fact about the composition of this work was that, after his recovery, he entirely forgot all that he had done, the book on its publication coming to him as an entirely new work with which he had nothing whatever to do. He only remembered the general outline of the story upon which he had composed his novel; this he had heard in early life, and it remained with him, but of the working up of this story into the novel, while he lay on his sofa contending with paroxysms of agony, he had no recollection.

Thus, in the case of Walter Scott, as in that of Dr. E. H. Clarke, we see the effect of determined fixation of the attention upon a train of ideas in mastering physical pain.

Another most remarkable example of the same thing is in the case of Robert Hall, a celebrated preacher. He used to go into the pulpit suffering the most agonizing pain, which was found after his death to have resulted from a large calculus in his kidney, with projecting points, the terrible suffering produced by which every medical man will at once appreciate; and was obliged habitually to take some of the largest doses of opium that were ever administered. But from the moment he began his extempore sermon (the introductory service having been performed by his colleague), he seemed utterly unconscious of his condition.

"During the latter portion of his life, which was passed in Bristol," says Dr. Carpenter, "I was often his hearer; and like every one else, was most deeply interested in his discourses, while at times quite carried away by the torrent of his eluquence. I was assured by eye-witnesses that when he went down into the vestry he would sometimes roll on the floor in agony, though during his pulpit address he had ceased altogether to feel pain."

Will and faith together can indeed work wonders.

An Old Inventor.

Capt. John Ericson, who, by building the monitor, revolutionized naval architecture, has passed his eightieth year, yet

he is young physically and mentally. He gives twelve hours a day to brain-work, and that, too, of the most wearing kind—invention. His vigor and health prove that the hardest sort of mental labor is not injurious, provided the worker lives temperately and takes sufficient physical exercise.

Capt. Ericson—he was formerly an officer in the Swedish army, hence his title—rises at seven o'clock, winter and summer, takes a cold bath, and then performs gymnastic exercises for two hours. At nine he eats a hearty breakfast of poached eggs and coarse brown-bread. After breakfast he works until half-past four o'clock, when he eats a substantial dinner of vegetables.

He goes from the dinner-table to the drawing board, where he works till ten o'clock. He then walks for two hours and goes to bed at midnight. The moment his head touches the pillow he falls into a sound sleep. He does not eat between the two meals, drinks nothing but weak tea, milk, and ice-water, and neither smokes nor shews tobacco.

Capt. Ericson, though an octogenarian, is now engaged perfecting his solar engine, which is an attempt to use the sun's rays as a direct motive-power. If he succeeds, he will give a great boon to the tropics.

Speak kindly in the morning; it will lighten all the cares of the day, turn sorrow into gladness, make household, professional, and all other affairs move along more smoothly, giving peace to the one who thus speaks, and grateful joy to the one who hears. Speak kindly at the evening hour, for it may be that before the dawn of another day, some tenderly loved one may finish his or her span of life for this world, and then it will be too late to recall an unkind word, or even to seek forgiveness for an injury inflicted upon the heart of a loved friend departed.

In a world where there is so much to be done, how happy that there is so large a portion of daylight—in a world where there is so much to be suffered, how merciful that there is so much night.—*Blunt.*

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPT. 15, 1883.

Hospital Patients.

On the fifth of September we visited the Hospital and found fewer persons than usual receiving Hospital treatment, and many of the occupants of the Wards were enjoying the September air and sunshine, on the lawn or outside of the Hospital premises.

Of the nine persons under treatment in the Male Medical Ward but two were confined to their cots; two others were quite sick, one recovering from an inflammatory disease, and the other had been suffering from apoplexy. There were no fever patients.

There were twenty invalids in the Male Surgical Ward, and one death had occurred in it in August. A man with a gun-shot wound was moving about briskly with the help of a crutch. The man whose leg was amputated about six weeks before had gone down street; his stump had healed remarkably well. The rheumatic colored man was improving. Several patients with chronic diseases had changed but little during the month.

In the Lying-In-Ward we found one young mother with a feeble infant that weighed less than five pounds.

There were but eight patients in the Upper Female Ward, and none had died since our last report, and none was confined all the time to the cot. The aged rheumatic patient, known as "Grand-mother," was able to sit up while taking her meals. She had a malformation of the knee joint. One patient had a tumor in the side; another paralysis. Mrs. M., so long an inmate of the Hospital, still suffers from sore limbs and is obliged to keep them constantly bandaged.

Twelve patients are under treatment in the Lower Female Ward. Mrs. P. was bright and cheerful as usual, crocheting a cat, and chatting with another patient who was preparing bandages for her own swollen limbs. A patient with tumors had had one of them removed, but had several others and was filled with pain, unless under the influence of morphine. Mrs. W., for years a faithful nurse in the Hospital had been nursing in a private family, had overworked and had come to the Hospital for rest. The woman from Pittsford who, had two surgical operations performed upon her, went home very grateful for the benefit she had secured at the Hospital.

The Little Folks.

Little Nellie, the bright child who has so long been a pet in the Lower Female Ward, has so far recovered that she walks nicely with the aid of one crutch. She has gone home to her mother. The day she left the Hospital another little girl, four years old, came; she had an abscess, but she remained only a week, for though contented when her mother was not with her, she cried so much when her mother came to see her that she took her home. Caty Hogle, who six months ago came to the Asylum suffering from a burnt leg; is still confined to her bed. Her clothes took fire while carrying out some hot ashes and it has been very hard to get new flesh to form over the portion that was burnt. She told us that there was now raw flesh thirteen inches long and eight inches wide on her limb. This has to be dressed about three times a week. At first this was very painful, but now she bears it bravely. Her bed is near a window that looks out on the Hospital lawn, and she is much interested in watching the young people who there play lawn tennis. She is very patient, bright and cheerful. She said to us, with a sweet smile lighting up her face: "I like to see them play

lawn tennis, but I like the Hospital better; I should get very lonesome if they were not so good to me."

It is for such children as these that we are seeking to endow our Child's Cot, and we hope this year to complete the endowment. We need less than four hundred dollars and we trust everybody who has given an offering to this fund will send us something, and those who have not will aid us, so that on Donation Day we can report that the three thousand dollars we started for has been raised. We ask for thank offerings from mothers whose little ones have been spared through the summer, when so many homes have been darkened by the death of beloved ones. We ask also for memorial offerings from those whose little ones have been taken to the fold of the Good Shepherd, and other gifts from all who love and pity the sick poor children who need Hospital care. We have a Child's Cot Table on Donation Day and any fancy or useful articles contributed to this will be acceptable.

Children's Cot Fund.

Mrs. W. C. Rowley, by Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney.....	\$ 1 00
Interest on investment.....	15 00
Previously acknowledged.....	2,600 04

Total receipts..... \$2,616 04

A Sad Scene

As we were about leaving the Hospital, on the fifth of September, a delivery wagon drove up to the south entrance bearing the prostrate form of an aged man. The blood was flowing from a wound above the temple, and an ashy pallor, suffusing face and hands, indicated that his wounds were no slight ones. In removing him to a stretcher the House physicians found that both his legs were broken, and Drs. Little and Montgomery at once responded to a call from the telephone and hastened to the Hospital. The

man was evidently in a dying condition and the House physicians tried to revive him by stimulants. A Catholic priest visited him and was recognized by the dying man. While the surgeons were examining the sufferer, the wife who but an hour before had been with him arrived, and as the surgeons left him, saying no human power could help him, she was by the priest conducted into the presence of her aged husband. She had attended a funeral with him, he had come home and dined with her, and they walked out together, and parted an hour before, and now said she, "*We attended a funeral together and his is the next.*" Her shrieks were heart-rending, but he for whom she mourned was unconscious of her grief. The unfortunate man was Patrick Slattery. He was formerly a flag-man on the Central Railroad. While talking with some men who were painting the iron elevated track bridge over Hill street, he saw a freight train approaching and jumped to the next track, but failed to see another engine that struck and threw him onto a pile of timbers below, from which protruded several large spikes, one of which penetrated his skull and caused the fearful wound on the head. He was sixty-two years old.

Bequest.

We are this month reminded, by the bequest of \$100.00 from Mrs. Rebecca Rosenblatt, of the interest she and her husband long manifested in Hospital work, and of their readiness to aid us.

Our Wants.

Please send us some picked lint—apples and tomatoes are always acceptable, and so are infant's clothing and old bed-quilts, or new ones made of factory and cotton-wool.

A Rare Treat.

Several weeks since Mrs. Henry C. Roberts and Mrs. Charles H. Babcock sent their carriages, and Mrs. Clark Johnston

came with hers, and treated our invalids to a ride. The carriages were filled several times, and some patients who had not been out to ride for years, and others who had long been confined to the Hospital greatly enjoyed their afternoon drive. It was a rare pleasure, fully appreciated by our feeble friends, and we trust the example of these kind ladies will be followed by others.

Wanted.

Will not our kind friends bring into the Hospital, tomatoes, apples, melons, and vegetables and other garden products? We much need them.

Receipts for the REVIEW for August and September will be acknowledged together in October.

Cash Receipts.

Bequest of the late Mrs. Rebecca Rosenblatt.....	\$100 00
Donation Box.....	5 64
Interest on Bond for Child's Cot.....	15 00
Mrs W. H. PERKINS, Treas.	

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital Aug. 5th, of Cancer in Neck, Mrs. Frederica Widmer, aged 43.

At Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 26th, of Consumption, Mrs. Fannie Staples, aged 36.

Donations.

Mrs. Corning—Half-bush. apples.
Mrs. B. Brown—Two bush. apples.
Unknown—Half-bush. apples.
Mr. Foehner—\$1.50 cash.
Miss Samie Breck—Clock for Pavilion.
A Friend—Infant's clothing.
Miss Butts—Second-hand clothing.
Mr. O. Craig—Second-hand clothing.
Mrs. S. D. Perkins—Second-hand clothing.
Mr. E. Brewster—One basket peaches.
Mr. A. W. Mudge—Graphics.
Miss Alice Peck—Youth's Friend.
Mrs. Jos. Frost—Harper's Magazine.
Mrs. C. Dewey—Reading matter.
Mrs. Wm. Aikenhead—Reading matter.
Mrs. L. F. Ward—Reading matter.
Mrs. J. P. Hovey—Second-hand shirts.
Mrs. Alex. McVean, Mrs. F. Clarke, Mrs. L. F. Ward—Old cotton.

Monthly Report.

1883. August 1, No. Patients in Hospital.....	74
Received during month, ..	35
Births.....	0
Deaths.....	2
Discharged.....	33
Remaining Sept. 1st, 1883, 74—109	

The September Century.

Unusual variety and range in illustrations and reading matter and out-of-door quality befitting the season are the distinctive qualities of the September Century. A fine portrait of Robert Burns is the frontispiece. It is after a daguerreotype owned by Mr. Edmund C. Stedman and made from a miniature which belonged to the sister of Burns. In the same number is a delightful account of "A Burns Pilgrimage," by H. H., who relates several anecdotes freshly gleaned in the poet's country.

A richly illustrated paper on "Cape Cod," by F. Mitchell, transforms that curious hook of seasand into a homely Yankee paradise, where the fields are green, the woods are filled with birds, the villages are quaint and prosperous, and the inhabitants are honest and witty. The article has a colonial flavor, which allies it to Dr. Edward Eggleston's illustrated historical paper, in the same number, on "Indian War in the Colonies." This is a careful paper of thrilling interest, based on much original search. Striking pictures also accompany Lieutenant Schwatka's account of "A Musk-Ox Hunt," which was an incident in his Arctic expedition in 1879. Of popular scientific interest are Ernest Ingersoll's account of "Professor Agassiz's Laboratory," at Newport, with a portrait of Alexander Agassiz; and "The Tragedies of the Nests," by John Burroughs, who describes in his inimitable manner the dangers that threaten the birds in the housekeeping season. Accompanying the latter is a full page engraving by Elbridge Kingsley; the picture was drawn with the graver, like the striking engravings by the same hand, which were published in recent numbers of the Century,

Employ the gift thou hast,
Whate'er it be, with true and earnest care,
And this endeavor shall not be the last,
Each good performed another shall prepare.

—Mrs. Guernsey.

Children's Department.

The True Story of Little Boy Blue.

BY CARLOTTA PERRY.

Little Boy Blue, so the story goes,
One morning in Summer fell fast asleep,
When he should have been, as every one
knows,
Watching the cows and sheep.

All of you children remember what
Came of the nap on that Summer morn;
How the sheep got into the meadow-lot,
The cows got into the corn.

Neglecting a duty is wrong, of course,
But I've always felt, if we could but know,
That the matter was made a great deal worse
Than it should have been; and so

I find, in my sifting, that there was one
More to blame than little Boy Blue.
I'm anxious to have full justice done,
And so I know are you.

The one to blame I have found to be,
I'm sorry to say it, Little Bo-Peep;
But you will remember, perhaps, that she
Had trouble about her sheep.

Well, Little Bo-Peep came tripping along,
The sheep she tended were running at large;
Little Boy Blue sat singing a song,
Faithfully minding his charge.

Said Little Bo-Peep; "It's a burning shame
That you should sit here from week to week.
Just leave your work, and we'll play a game
Of—well, of hide and seek."

It was dull work, and he liked to play
Better, I'm sure, than to eat or sleep;
He liked the bloom of the Summer day;
He liked—he liked Bo-Peep.

And so, with many a laugh and shout,
They hid from each other—now here, now
there;

And whether the cows were in or out
Bo-Peep had never a care,

"I will hide once more," said the little maid,
"You shall not find me this time, I say
Shut your eyes up tight." Boy Blue obeyed,
"Under this stack of hay."

"Now, wait till I call," said Miss Bo-Peep,
And over the meadows she slipped away,
With never a thought for cows or sheep—
Alas! alas! the day.

And long and patiently waited he
For the blithesome call from her rosy lip.
He waited in vain—quite like, you see,
The boy on the burning ship.

She let down the bars, did Miss Bo-Peep—
Such trifles as bars she held in scorn—
And into the meadows went the sheep,
And the cows went into the corn.

By and by, when they found Boy Blue
In the merest doze, he took the blame.
It was very fine, I think, don't you?
Not to mention Bo-Peep's name.

Thus it has happened that all these years
He has borne the blame she ought to share.
Since I know the truth of it, it appears
To me to be only fair

To tell the story from shore to shore,
From sea to sea, and from sun to sun,
Because, as I think I said before,
I like to see justice done.

And, whatever you've read or seen or heard,
Believe me, children, I tell the true
And only genuine (take my word)
Story of Little Boy Blue.
MILWAUKIE, Wis.

"I Want my Mother."

Among all the death-scenes of our Civil War there were no sadder ones than those of sacrificed boyhood. Premature patriotism, or perhaps mere passion for adventure, led many lads to run away from home to join the volunteer service, whom the better judgment of company commanders should have sent back. The frequent sorrowful result is truly pictured in the *Philadelphia Times*. In 1863, Mrs. Mary Caldwell Fisher, the wife of Judge Fisher, left New York city, for Gettysburg, to succor the wounded, of whom twenty thousand had been left in sight of Round Top. After nearly twenty years have passed Mrs. Fisher recalls a scene that was deeply impressed upon her mind during the week spent among the sufferers at Gettysburg:

One beautiful evening, after a long day's hard work, one of my boys came to me and

said, "There is a 'little chap' out there who heard there was a woman from his home, and he wants to see you."

I found him at the furthest extremity of the hospital, with a half-dozen other hopeless cases. He was a lovely boy, scarcely more than a child, who had run away from his home in Providence, R. I., to join the "drum corps."

He was a pet among the soldiers, who nursed him as tenderly as possible, but could poorly supply a mother's loving care. How he longed for one more look at her dear face! He was so frail and slight it was a marvel how he could have endured the fatigue and privations so long.

He was not disfigured by wounds, but constant marches and insufficient food had exhausted his strength, and he had no vitality to resist the sharp attack of fever. He was perfectly conscious, but too weak to say much.

I asked the poor child what I could do for him.

"Oh, I want my mother!"

I sat down on the ground and taking him in my arms tried to comfort him. He turned his face to me, saying, "I am so tired!" laid his head against me and appeared to sleep.

The last rays of the sun touched the lovely features of the dying boy. The shadows vanished in the gathering darkness. Silence, unbroken save by the moan of some poor victim, succeeded the hum of the busy day.

Fainter and fainter grew the breath, and more feeble the clasp of the little hand, when suddenly rousing he opened his eyes, and looking long and earnestly in my face, said: "Kiss me, lady, before I die!"

Clinging still closer to the stranger, who could faintly represent the fond mother's tenderness he craved, he dropped his heavy lids and slept away his brief life as peacefully as a child goes to sleep in its mother's arms.

I gently laid the lifeless form on the hard earth and left him to a soldier's burial and a nameless grave. Poor fellow, what an atom he seemed to be in all that mass of wretched, suffering, dying humanity! Yet he was all the world to the heart of that mother who wept and prayed for her darling's safe return to the distant home that never again would echo his boyish step or ringing laugh.

"Dialects of love are many,

Though the language be but one ;

Study all you can, or any,

While life's precious school-hours run.

"Seldom can the heart be lonely

If it seek a lonelier still,

Self-forgetting, seeking only

Emptier cups of love to fill."

And every deed of love for the poor is as if we did it unto Him, and the reward is sure and rich.

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" N. T. ROCHESTER, " Dr. MATHEWS.

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Adopted June 5th, 1892.

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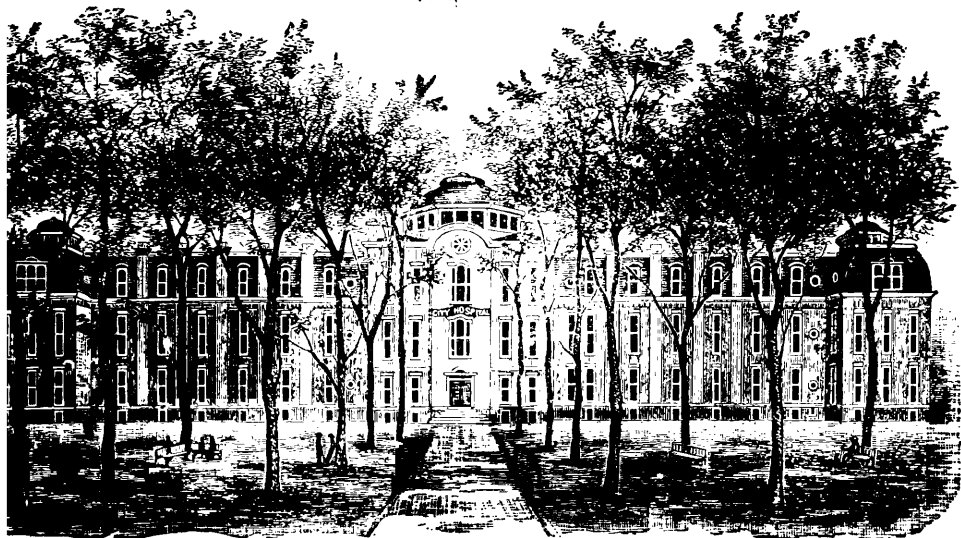
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



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AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1883.

No. 3.

The Little Quakeress.

**Brown-eyed Ruth, the Quaker's daughter,
In her dress of simple gray,
Walked beside her quiet grandpa
Mid the garden flowers of May.**

**Beds of tulips bright and golden,
Hyacinths of every shade,
Pansies, like sweet childish faces
Looking up to greet the maid.**

**How they reveled in the sunshine,
While 'mid clumps of violets blue,
Filling all the air with fragrance,
Glistened still the morning dew.**

**Then outspoke the little maiden,
Looking at her dress of gray,
Grandpa, can thee tell the reason
Why God made the flowers so gay,**

**While we wear the quiet colors
That thee knows we never meet,
E'en in clover or the daisies
That we trample under feet ?**

Seems to me a Quaker garden

**Should not grow such colors bright."
Roguishly the brown eyes twinkled,
While her grandpa laughed outright.**

**" True it is, my little daughter,
Flowers wear not the Quaker gray ;
But they neither toil nor labor
For their beautiful array,**

**" Feeling neither pride nor envy,
'Mong their sister flowers, thee knows ;
Well content to be a daisy,
Or a tall and queenly rose.**

**" Keeping still the same old fashions
Of their grandmothers of yore :
Else how should we know the flowers,
If each spring new tints they wore ?**

**" Even so the Quaker maiden
Should be all content to-day,
As a tulip or a pansy,
In her dress of simple gray."**

Once again the brown eyes twinkled ;

"Grandpa, thee is always right ;

So thee sees, by thy own showing,
Some may dress in colors bright,

"Those whom thee calls worldly people,
In their purple and their gold,
Are no gayer than these pansies
Or their grandmothers of old.

"Yet thee knows I am contented
With this quiet life of ours,
Still, for all, I'm glad, dear grandpa,
That there are no Quaker flowers."

—[*The Record*

For the *Hospital Review*.

Lakeside Musings.

October still finds us at our lakeside home, and though the bright days entice us to linger, the cold evenings remind us we must soon depart for warmer abodes.

To-day we are prisoners in doors ; the rain is pattering on roof and window pane, and we keep close quarters, but we are seldom lonely here. He who dwelt by the lakeside, and there called His disciples to leave their nets and become fishers of men, and to Galilee's surging billows said : "Peace, be still," always seems nearer to us here than in our city home, and His presence dispels all gloom.

October's first morning whitened our grass with hoar-frost, and vapors rising from the waters looked like a mantle of fleecy clouds that was resting on Ontario's broad bosom.

The summer of 1883 has been an exceptional one in our lakeside life, and while our social privileges have never been so great, we have missed much of the inspiration and zest that excessive heat imparts to bathing, boating, and fishing. We must not forget one delightful Saturday evening in September, when the lake looked like a mirror of molten glass, and

every cloud and color in the sky was reflected in its placid waters, and as we rowed from Windsor Beach to the pier, we seemed to be gliding over opal, blue, purple, and greenish seas, while the nearly full moon above was painted in the watery depths.

Three new cottages this year have graced our shores, and we have welcomed as permanent dwellers among us some new and some old friends, and the boarding house has given us the pleasant companionship of guests who bear their testimony to the invigorating qualities of our pure air.

Our Sabbath morning praise service has been a delightful feature in our summer life, and sometimes seventy of the cottagers, for an hour, have united in it.

"The Mighty Dollar Club" has quickened the social element among us, and given us some delightful gatherings and pleasant memories. First, came the games and dancing at the boarding house, then in hospitable homes we had our charade and tableaux party, and a tissu paper party, where, from this frail fabric, deft fingers had fashioned tasteful, inexpensive and artistic costumes. Then came our grand masquerade with fun for old and young, then the musical and literary entertainment, and last of all, the sheet and pillow case party.

The little autocrats of the nursery have, as usual, played their part and filled their places in our summer homes. One little one has been our next door neighbor and lingered with us till the close of September. We call her the model baby, for she is fat plump and hearty, hardly knows how

to cry, and though this has been her second, teething summer, she has but once patronized a physician. Across the way, the pattering of nimble feet has reminded us that our first lakeside baby is fast losing her babyhood, and younger scions from the same stock have sought and found health and refreshment under the welcoming roof and broad wings of "The Oaks."

H. S. T.

Cured by Laughter.

In a treatise on laughter Joubert gives a curious instance. A patient being low with fever, and the physician in attendance at a loss as to how he should produce reaction, had ordered a dose of rhubarb, but after the medicine had been prepared, fearing its debilitating effects, the order was countermanded. Not long after a pet monkey belonging to the patient, that had been in the room all the while, seeing the goblet, slipped slyly up, and touched it to his lips. The first taste was probably novel, and he made a comical grimace. Another sip, and he got the sweet of the syrup. Alas! His vision brightened. He cast a glance around, and then drank it to the bottom where he got the full strength of the rhubarb. Mercy! What a face he made! The visage of the disgusted monkey spoke volumes as he tried to spit out the horrible taste, but finding that impossible, he seized the goblet and hurled it to the floor, smashing it into a hundred pieces. The scene was so ludicrous that the sick man burst into a fit of laughter that lasted until his nurse came in. And when he tried to tell her he laughed again, until he sank back exhausted in a profuse perspiration which lasted until he fell asleep. When he awoke, the fever was broken and he recovered.

A Cuff on the Head.

A cuff on the head is hardly matter enough to make a schoolboy cry out; but however slight, the blow is sometimes serious enough in its results to cause the unlucky lad's death. Lord Justice Thesiger died the other day from the results of a blow on the ear by a wave whilst bathing. Boys

seldom know how easily damaged the ear is, and how delicate the structure of the bone is beneath it; and it is therefore well for them to learn that a trifling blow which elsewhere would do no harm, may on that part of the body lead to results they would all deplore. It would be worth while for boys, and indeed for school-masters sometimes, to take the trouble to learn where punishment might be inflicted without worse results following than the production of that temporary pain which, from the schoolmaster's point of view, has so great a tendency to encourage boys in their work. To those who thus tempt boys to love their lessons we would give a caution—avoid the head the spine, and the front of the body.

The Star Nosed Mole.

The star-nosed mole is strictly an American animal, and its genus is confined to America alone. Its great peculiarity lies in the strange formation of its nose, or rather its nasal appendages. The muzzle, which is a kind of cartilaginous disk, sending out about 20 fibers or feelers, when viewed from the front has the appearance of a star, hence the common name, "star-nosed." The two cartilaginous fibers situated beneath the nostrils are the shortest. The use of this radiating process has not been fully ascertained, but it is quite probable that it is extremely sensitive, and is used for detecting the presence of its prey. It always touches or feels an object with this "star" before swallowing it.

The star-nose is subterranean in its habits, and rarely quits the ground, at least during the day, and hence it is seldom seen. It is generally found in moist valleys along the banks of streams, and consequently does not damage gardens and lawns by digging furrows through them, like the common mole. Its food consists of earth worms, and the grubs of beetles, cicadas, and other ground dwelling insects. In captivity it will eat raw meat of any kind.

During the breeding season the tail of the star-nose becomes greatly enlarged, and this form has been described as a new species. Its fore feet, like all the moles, are very powerful for the size of the animal, and are formed for burrowing in the ground. It makes rapid progress in soft

earth, but upon the surface its movements are awkward and slow.

Its nest is large, and composed of withered grasses and leaves, and is mostly situated in an excavation beneath a stump or log. In the very young animals, the radiations on the nose are but slightly developed.

Its eyes are small and rudimentary, almost concealed in the fur, and it is extremely doubtful whether they have the power of vision even in the slightest degree. In their dark burrows eyes would be of no use to them; on the contrary, they would be a source of inconvenience, inasmuch as they would continually be irritated by sand and dirt. There is an orifice in place of an external ear, which does not project beyond the skin.

The body is covered with dense soft fur, brownish black above, a shade lighter beneath. The length of the body of the star-nose is about 5 inches, and of the tail 3 inches.—[*C. Few Seiss, in Scientific American.*]

The Botanical Garden in Washington is possessed of a rare curiosity in the flower kingdom. It is a Holy Ghost or Dove flower in bloom. This curiosity is from Panama, and blooms annually. The plant grows from a bulb about the size of one's hand, and spring up in a single stalk, which is the size of a pipe-stem, and is about three and one-half feet high. At the top of the stalk, and for a space of probably six inches along its sides near the top, the flowers are located. They are about two and one-half inches in circumference, white as snow, appearing rather like white wax or marble, and of the shape of a cup, with the mouth inclined outwardly. At the bottom of this cup-shaped blossom is the most lovely specimen of nature's art. It is the dove, which occupies a sitting posture, with wings extended upward, and exhibiting the first half of the dove. In front of the dove is an altar slightly sprinkled with diminutive dots of maroon coloring, and this is the only color about the bloom. At the base of the stalk are three shoots, or leaves, like the shoots to new corn. There are twenty-five of the cups on the stem, and the fragrance is very delicate and sweet. It is a great curiosity, and is attracting a large number of visitors.—[*Washington Herald.*]

The Porter's Coat.

Many as are the ills to which society if heir, they would be still more numerous were it not for the words of common comfort and the small courtesies which pass between man and man. These benefit both the giver and the receiver.

In 1826, while Mr. Thurlow Weed was at Washington, he received an invitation to dine with Henry Clay.

"I hope you will accept Mr. Clay's invitation, sir," said the porter of the hotel where he was stopping.

"How did you know that I had an invitation from Mr. Clay?" asked Mr. Weed.

"O sir, the letter came through the office, and we know Mr. Clay's handwriting," answered the porter.

"Gentlemen," he added, "sometimes come to Washington on business without bringing their dress-coats with them. Possibly, you may have forgotten yours. If you did, you would do me a great favor by accepting one that I haven't worn, and one which would fit you nicely."

The porter had divined the truth. Mr. Weed had not brought a dress-coat, and was regretting the necessity of declining the invitation on that reason. He accepted the coat which the porter had delicately offered, and dined with Mr. Clay.

In 1840, after the election of General Harrison, Mr. Weed again visited Washington. In passing through the Treasury Department, he met Brady, the porter, whose coat he had once worn.

He had received a clerkship in the department from Gen. Jackson, and expected to lose his place, as the "spoils belonged to the victors."

On parting from him, Mr. Weed went to Mr. Ewing, the Secretary of the Treasury, and related to him the peculiar obligation under which he had placed himself to Brady. The amused Secretary cheerfully consented to retain the thoughtful porter in his situation.

The Youngest Drummer Boy.

But the Twelfth Indiana regiment possessed a pet of whom it may be said that he enjoyed a renown scarcely second to that of the wide-famed Wisconsin eagle. This was "Little Tommy," as he was familiarly called in those days—the youngest drummer-boy and, so far as the writer's knowledge goes, the youngest enlisted man in the Union Army. The writer well remembers having seen him on several occasions. His diminutive size and child-like appearance, as well as his remarkable skill and grace in handling the drum-sticks, never failed to make an impression not soon to fade from the memory. Some brief and honorable mention of "Little Tommy," the pride of the Twelfth Indiana regiment, should not be omitted in these "Recollections of a Drummer-boy."

Thomas Hubler was born in Fort Wayne, Allen county, Indiana, October 9, 1851. When two years of age, the family removed to Warsaw, Indiana. On the outbreak of the war, his father, who had been a German soldier of the truest type, raised a company of men in response to President Lincoln's first call for 75,000 troops. "Little Tommy" was among the first to enlist in his father's company, the date of enrollment being April 19, 1861. He was then nine years and six months old.

The regiment to which the company was assigned was with the Army of the Potomac throughout all its campaigns in Maryland and Virginia. At the expiration of its term of service, in August, 1862, "Little Tommy" re-enlisted and served to the end of the war, having been present in some twenty-six battles. He was greatly beloved by all the men of his regiment, with whom he was a constant favorite. It is thought that he beat the first "long roll" of the civil war. He is still living in Warsaw, Indiana, and bids fair to be the latest survivor of the great army of which he was

the youngest member. With the swift advancing years, the ranks of the soldiers of the late war are rapidly being thinned out, and those who yet remain are fast showing signs of age. "The boys in blue" are thus, as the years go by, almost imperceptibly turning into "the boys in gray;" and as "Little Tommy," the youngest of them all, sounded their first reveille, so may he yet live to beat their last tattoo.—*From "Recollections of a Drummer-boy," in St. NICHOLAS for October.*

Names of Countries.

The following countries were originally named by the Phœnicians, the greatest commercial people in the world, the names, in the Phœnician language, signifying something characteristic of the places which they designate: Europe signifies a country of white complexion, so named because the inhabitants were of a lighter complexion than those of Asia and Africa. Asia signifies between or in the middle, from the fact that the geographers placed it between Europe and Africa. Africa, the land of corn, or ears. It was celebrated for its abundance of corn and all sorts of grain. Liberia, thirsty or dry—very characteristic. Spain, a country of rabbits or conies. It was once so infested with these animals that it sued Augustus for an army to destroy them. Italy, a country of pitch, from its yielding great quantities of black pitch. Gaul, modern France, signifies yellow-haired, as yellow hair characterizes its inhabitants. Hibernia is utmost, or last, habitations, for beyond this, westward, the Phœnicians never extend their voyages. Britain, the country of tin, great quantities being found on it and adjacent islands. The Greeks called it Albion, which signifies in the Phœnician tongue either white or high mountains, from the whiteness of its shores, or the high rocks on the western coast. Corsica, a woody place. Sardinia, the footsteps of men, which it resembles. Syracuse, bad savor, so-called from the unwholesome marsh on which it stood. Rhodes, serpents or dragons, which it produced in abundance. Sicily, the country of grapes. Scylla, the whirlpool of destruction. Ætna, a furnace, or dark or smoky.

The Lord and the Shilling.

The following which happened lately at one of our fashionable hotels, proves that virtue is sometimes substantially rewarded. One evening rather late a gentleman, a great admirer of man's best friend, saw some magnificent dogs in the care of a hall porter. Having entered into conversation with the temporary keeper, he learned that the owner had left no instructions as to their being fed; he therefore took upon himself to order a repast for them. They were still enjoying it when the owner returned, and the good Samaritan, going up, told him that he had been admiring his dogs, and had ordered them to be fed. "Oh, thank you! Here, take this;" and the owner's gratitude took the tangible shape of an English shilling. The gentleman smilingly took the proffered reward, and said: "I am Lord—, and I most heartily thank you for the first shilling I ever earned. I shall have a hole drilled in it, and wear it as a charm. It may bring luck." "Oh, my lord! I cannot tell you how sorry I am at my blunder. Please accept my apology!" "I beg you not to apologize. You have made me feel quite proud, and the shilling I will keep as an heir-loom in my family, where we have never had much opportunity of earning money."

—*London Truth.*

Curious Epitaph.

Church was married four times, and his wives were all buried in a certain graveyard. It became necessary to remove the remains of the dear departed ones to another cemetery. Church undertook the work himself; but in carrying the sainted dead in a furniture car the bones unfortunately got mixed, and when re-interment began even Church himself was unable to tell which was Emily and which was Hannah. After doing the best he could he had the four graves closed. Being a strictly accurate man, he felt it would be wrong to use the old headstone when he was not certain that Hannah's dust was all under her tomb-stone.

So in order to be precise, he had a new set made, with such inscriptions as these: "Here lies Hannah Church (and probably part of Emily), who was born," etc. "Sacred to the memory of Emily Church (who seems to be mixed with Matilda), who was born," etc.

"Stranger, pause and drop a tear,
 For Emily Church lies buried here,
 Mingled in some perplexing manner
 With Mary, Matilda, and probably Hannah."

Her Amendment.

If a woman may not "propose," she may at least give a hint to a bashful suitor:

A member of the English House of Commons, who had been paying attention to a young lady for a long while, had taken her to attend the House until she was perfectly posted up in its rules.

On the last day of the session, as they came out, he bought her a bouquet, saying, "May I offer you my handful of flowers?" Promptly she replied, "I move to amend by omitting all after the word hand."

He blushing accepted the amendment, and they adopted it unanimously.

Virginia is making flour of peanuts, of which she raises 2,000,000 bushels this year. Peanuts, so called in the old Dominion, were introduced from Africa, and are known in North Carolina as ground peas, in Tennessee as goobars, and in Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi as pinders.

"I can't do it!" never did anything.
 "I will do it!" has worked wonders.

"So the blessed sowers' gladness,
 In the free and royal grace,
 Shall be crowned with added glory,
 Woven with their earthly story,
 Linked with time and place.

"Glad surprise! for every service
 Overflowing their reward!
 No more sowing, no more weeping,
 Only grand and glorious reaping
 All the blessing of the Lord."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCT. 15, 1883.

October with the Invalids.

On the fourth of October we visited the Hospital and found nineteen under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward. Four of these were confined to their cots; one of whom had a compound fracture of the leg and the bone was also splintered. The man was driving a horse that become frightened, ran into a ditch, twisted the harness, and kicked and broke the driver's leg. On the next cot was another man, a carpenter by trade, who had fractured a leg by falling from the roof of Mr. Alfred Ely's new house. One man had had a chill, had had temporary delirium, and was still very sick. An Italian, who had a rib broken by a blow from a sledge hammer, had remained a few days and had left. The boy with a gun-shot wound in the foot had also gone away. The old colored man, long a servant in Gen. Martindale's family, who was afflicted with paralysis and rheumatism, was rapidly improving. A patient of Dr. Rider was receiving treatment for inflammation of the eye.

Eleven patients were occupying the Made Medical Ward and one death had occurred in September. The man who died was only a short time in the Hospital. An aged minister, ninety years old, was soundly sleeping in one cot. Two Italians who could not speak English were under treatment; the one for diseased spleen, and the other for rheumatism; they were nearly well and expected to leave soon. A young

man of twenty years of age, a consumptive, was rapidly failing.

In the Female Medical Ward we found eighteen patients. One of these was a paralytic, who had been but a short time in the Hospital and was at first delirious. We were greatly interested in a young mother of seventeen years of age, who was under treatment for weakness of the nerves. She was bright, pretty and attractive. She was married at thirteen and became a mother two months before she was fifteen years of age. She now has an infant four months old, but he was not with her. She has never been able to nurse her children. A girl of nineteen was recovering from peritonitis and another patient from fever. The aged woman, known as "Grandmother," looked very comfortable; she was seated in a rocking chair and feeding herself. An English woman, a new patient, had a tumor. One woman was waiting for a surgical operation. An eye patient had had a cataract removed and the operation proved a success. A Jewess was consumptive.

Fifteen persons were receiving Hospital treatment in the Female Surgical Ward. Three of these were the children to whom we have elsewhere alluded. One blind woman had had an operation performed by Dr. Rider and she hoped it would prove successful. A German woman who had fallen and hurt her hip, and who had overworked, was for some days confined to her cot, but was then up and dressed. There were some rheumatic and some paralytic patients, who for a long time had been receiving Hospital care. One woman who had many tumors was longing for the hour of

her release; she spoke most gratefully of the care she had received during her suffering, and especially of the kindness of the physicians. She knew where to look for comfort while passing through the dark waters, and was anxiously waiting a summons to depart. Our Lying-in-ward was empty.

The Little Folks.

Dear children we want you all to help us now complete our endowment fund for the Children's Cot. We need just \$352.96 and before we say good bye to 1883, we desire to raise this money. Save up your pennies and your dollars, get up some parlor entertainment for our benefit, or make articles for the Children's Cot table on Donation Day, and then *bring in your offerings.*

When we visit the sick children in the Hospital, we think if we could take you all with us, you would open wide your hearts and purses and quickly come to our aid.

We would lead you to the Female Surgical Ward, and show you Rosa Ehlin, a little German girl, twelve years old, who has the same cot Nellie occupied so long. Rosa for a long while has been at the Industrial School, confined to her bed most of the time since the second week in July, with an abscess on her left leg. She has been but a few weeks in the Hospital, and for a long while may be on her cot. She can sit up and use her needle. Mary D., a patient with spine complaint, is teaching her how to do fancy work. Rosa has a sweet face, dark eyes and hair, and a pleasant smile.

In the next cot to Rosa's, is Julia Sugru, who is eight years old. She has a bright, plump face and short hair, and we mistook her for a boy. She has a broken thigh and two heavy weights are tied to her leg, to stretch it, because without them her limb in healing would become shorter than the other one. She has to be nursed very carefully, and the Hospital with its trained nurses is just the place for her; a little neglect now might make her a cripple for life. If you were to ask Julia how she broke her thigh, she would tell you, she was running away and a dog ran against her, knocked her down and broke her leg. The nurse says she is a very patient child and quite a pet in the ward.

In another room we would show you Kitty Hogle, the girl with a burnt leg, who for seven months has been under Hospital treatment. We have often spoken of her. She is the one whose clothes took fire when she was carrying out hot ashes to empty them. She has a room by herself, and if the nurse were to lift the bed clothes, you could see the poor burnt leg. It has been bandaged and dressed for a long while, but now the physicians are trying a new treatment, exposing it to the air, in hopes that the sores will heal more quickly. She has a pillow to support her leg, and oakum and cloths put under it to catch what discharges from it, and a large wire framework placed over the limb, to protect it and give it the air and prevent anything from touching it. Now you see the Hospital is just the place for Kitty, because everything needed for her is at hand, and the nurses know how to wash and dress the sores and keep the air of her room pure.

We told you last month about a sick baby that never weighed over five pounds. He has died since we saw him.

The colored boy with a swelling on his side was so comfortable that he had gone to the fair with one of the nurses.

In the Male Medical Ward is a boy eighteen years old, who has been blind six years. His blindness was caused by measles. Dr. Rider operated upon one eye and we hope he yet may be able to see. He has been for some time at the State School for the Blind at Batavia, and is learning to play the cornet. He is a member of the Batavia asylum band. He goes all around the Hospital ward without assistance though he is perfectly blind.

Now dear children you see how greatly we need a Children's department in our Hospital, and we want you to complete our Cot fund as quickly as possible, and then we must start for building wards. These girls and boys have great benefit from Hospital nursing, but they may learn things in the general wards which will not make them better girls or boys.

Memorial gifts and thank offerings for the Cot Fund are most acceptable

Note of Thanks.

MR. JOHN GREENWOOD—*Dear Sir*:—"Blessed be the man that provideth for the sick and needy; the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble." These are words more full of power and unction, than any which the ladies of the Hospital can frame or use in returning their thanks for your generous gift of (\$5,000) five thousand dollars for a free bed for the destitute sick. Could our citizens, upon whom God has so profusely showed earthly prosperity know and feel the anxiety which overwhelms the lady man

agers, and tempts them at times to resign their care, when there is no money to meet the expenses and the work must go on or close our doors, we are sure they would follow your noble example; or if they knew the delight and happiness which such gifts bring to their overburdened hearts, abundant provision would be made for these pressing needs.

Please accept our sincere thanks, and may God's choicest blessing rest upon you and yours, is our fervent prayer.

By order of the Board,

MRS. C. E. MATHEWS,

Cor. Sec.

October, 1883.

Supplement to Hospital Review.

We would call special attention to the supplement that accompanies the present number of the HOSPITAL REVIEW. It has been prepared with great care, and contains very valuable and reliable information regarding the Rochester City Hospital. It is sent to all subscribers to the REVIEW, and to many others. We desire to circulate it extensively through western New York, and to bring it to the notice of those who come in contact with the sick and suffering, and also of those who may be ready to aid in enlarging our sphere of usefulness.

Please read the Supplement, lend it to your friends, and preserve it carefully for future use.

Copies of it may be obtained gratuitously, on application to Mrs. Mary A. Gilman, Recorder, City Hospital, Rochester, N. Y.

Cash Donations.

Mr. John Greenwood,.....\$2,000,
completing the gift of \$5,000 to endow a *Perpetual Free Bed*.

A Friend.....\$5 00
MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

Please remember that fruit, vegetables, infants' clothing and old cotton are always acceptable.

Our Chapel.

By the introduction of our new elevator, the chapel door, opening on the south side of the chapel, has been closed. The same door has been placed on the east side of the room, and this, opening on the main hall, greatly improves the looks of the chapel, gives more light to it, and more available room in the hall. The whole interior of the chapel has been cleansed and painted, the desk for the preacher has been placed on the south side. The old door, through the kindness of St. Peter's church, has been recovered with red cloth and gilt mouldings, a new carpet has also been donated by the same, and this matches in color the door cloth. The shabby couches are to be recovered and we hope to have a new organ. The arches of the chapel door are covered with a preparation of transparent paper, an imitation of stained glass, the gift of Mr. S. E. Tompkins.

Our New Rooms.

We have just completed twelve new rooms in the dome of the Hospital, and delightful rooms they are, commanding fine views of the city and surrounding country, far away from impure air, dust and city noises. When our elevator is completed easy access will be had to them. These rooms are arranged in two stories, the lower ones surrounding a large enclosure used as a trunk room. These apartments have been partially furnished and are to be occupied by our nurses. Any odd pieces of second hand furniture will be very acceptable, especially bureaus, tables, bedding, rugs or strips of carpet, etc. One room is to be

fitted up as a nurses' sitting room. We have a table and the old organ in it. Please send us some second hand furniture.

Donation Day.

We trust all our friends will be in readiness for our Annual Donation Festival which is announced for Thursday, December 13th.

Stylish Millinery.

C. Cauley & Co. offer an attractive display of fall millinery, at their new store 48 and 50 State street, and all who are not supplied with hats and bonnets for the season will be sure to find something adapted to their tastes.

For the young ladies they have a great variety of the fashionable, high crowned, London round hats, in felt, in all the new shades with trimmings and birds to match. We saw a very stylish Havana brown hat, of this shape, trimmed with velvet of the same shade, and a fancy brown bird with bird of Paradise tail; another of gray felt, with gray silk trimmings, and a soft-plumaged, gray sea-bird, its red bill and feet giving a dash of warm color that was quite effective; a dark blue felt with blue and garnet ostrich tips and aigrettes was very pretty. A cap style of drab felt was trimmed with garnet terry velvet, and large drab wing. A turban of Havana brown had a knot of velvet, and on either side a bird's wing of fancy color shaded down to white. A gay jockey cap had a puffed velvet rim, and a soft crown and trimming of Scotch plaid, in satin, and a gold and brown bird. A Lady Gainsborough hat of seal brown felt was faced with brown

velvet, trimmed with two shades of steel colored ottoman silk, and almost covered with rich ostrich feathers in steel and brown colors.

We saw among many stylish bonnets, a small garnet velvet, with fancy feathers, lace strings and trimmings; a black velvet with plaited front, a soft crown dotted with pearl and steel beads and trimmed with steel and white lace.

A soft crowned hat with steel velvet front had a chenille and silver crown, silver and grey pompon and feathers; another of the same style was of garnet velvet with crown of garnet chenille and beads. An imported ecru felt hat had seal brown polka dots of velvet, was faced with brown and had a shaded brown bird. A golden brown striped velvet had a crown and coronet of brown chenille, and a cluster of ecru tips; and ottoman strings. A close cap shaped bonnet of green velvet had a soft crown dotted with gold beads, an orange pompon and aigrette and green velvet strings.

An evening hat of soft pink plush was trimmed with pink bugles and pink and white lace barb and strings; a white embossed velvet with puffed front and soft crown was trimmed with white lace, feathers and aigrettes.

C. Cauley & Co. have a large stock of silk and royal velvets in all desirable shades, new laces of chenille and gold and chenille and silver, and an endless variety of fancy feathers and birds. Give them a call.

The Circulation of the Century.

In "Topics of the Time," of the October CENTURY, the editor says: "The magazine enters upon its fourteenth annual 'fall campaign,' we are happy to say, with a circulation and an audience numbering thousands beyond those of the last or of any former year in its history."

Receipts for the Review.

AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER, 1883.

Mrs. William Aikenhead—By Mrs. M. A. Gilman.....	\$ 63
Mrs. J. N. Pomeroy, San Francisco, Cal.—By Mrs. W. H. Perkins.....	1 00
Mrs. J. B. Adams, Geneseo, 50 cents; Mrs. W. V. Baker, Troy, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Goddard, York, 50 cents; Mrs. Charles Jones, Geneseo, \$1.00; Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, (3 subs.) \$1.86; Mrs. F. Roderick, East Pembroke, \$1.00—By Mrs. Robert Mathews.....	5 36

Childrens' Cot Fund.

Walter Sill.....	\$ 1 00
Proceeds of a Fair.....	30 00
Previously Acknowledged.....	2,616 04
Total receipts.....	\$2,647 04

Donations.

Mrs. K. P. Shedd—1 bushel Tomatoes, 1 bushel Bleeker Plums, $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel Pears.	
Mrs. O. Craig—1 bushel Pears, package Sugar, 1 bushel Tomatoes, 1-2 bushel Apples.	
Mrs. Robert Mathews—4 quarts Canned Pears.	
Mrs. R. Griffith—Gentlemen's Dressing Gown Old Linen.	
Mrs. L. Farrar—2 Ladies Wrappers, Flannel Underwear.	
Mrs. C. E. Mathews—Extension Dining Table.	
Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Bedstead, Bed and Couch.	
Mrs. P. W. Cornell—7 Knit Bathing Mittens, 1 Knit Wash Cloth.	
Several Persons—Old Cotton.	
Mrs. Weldon—Pictorials.	
A. W. Mudge—Graphics.	
Master Walter Mudge—"Youths' Companions."	
Mrs. Parsons—Reading Matter.	
Mrs. A. Van Dyke—Many Bouquets.	
St. Luke's Flower Mission—Flowers every Saturday.	
Miss — 1 box Picked Lint.	
Mrs. Henry Moore—Pansies.	
Friends—3 baskets of Peaches.	
Unknown Friends—3 baskets of Peaches.	

Monthly Report.

1883. Sept. 1, No. Patients in Hospital,	74
Received during month, ..	47
Births,	0
Deaths,	5
Discharged,	43
Remaining Sept. 1st, 1883, 73—121	

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 2d, 1883, from railroad accident, William Haston, aged about 25 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 5, 1883, from railroad accident, Patrick Slaterry, aged 63 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 18, 1883, William Richer, aged nearly three months.

At Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 19th, 1883 of peritonitis, following typhoid fever, Waldo E. Brainard, aged 21 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 27th, 1883 of senile decay, Milo D. Coddling, aged 68 years.

The Boat the Gnats Build.

Did you ever hear about the wonderful boats the gnats build? They lay their eggs in the water, and the eggs float until it is time for them to hatch. You can see these little egg rafts on almost any pool in summer.

The eggs are so heavy that one alone would sink. The cunning mother fastens them all together until they form a hollow boat. It will not upset, even if it is filled with water. The upper end of these eggs is pointed, and looks very much like a powder flask.

One egg is glued to another, pointed end up, until the boat is finished. And how many eggs do you think it takes? From two hundred and fifty to three hundred. When the young are hatched they always come from the under side, leaving the empty boat afloat.

These eggs are very, very small. First they are white, then green, then a dark gray. They swim just like little fishes, and hatch in two days. Then they change again into a kind of sheath. In another week this sheath bursts open and lets out a winged mosquito. It is all ready for work. There are so many of them born in a summer, that were it not for the birds and larger insects, we should be "eaten up alive."—*Our Little Ones.*

I do wish that all tired people did but know the infinite rest there is in fencing off the six days from the seventh—in anchoring the business ships of our daily life as the Saturday draws to its close, leaving them to ride peacefully upon the flow or the ebb until Monday morning comes again.—*Anna Warner.*

Little Jack Horner, sat in a corner,
Crying for something to eat.
In came Mother Hubbard
And went to her cupboard,
And brought him a nice piece of meat.
Then little Jack Horner came out of his corner,
And threw his nice meat on the floor.
I want some mince pies, the naughty boy cries;
As he banged on the dining-room door.
I won't take cold ham, give me raspberry jam.
Then old Mother Hubbard said no!
If a boy cannot eat, such nice wholesome meat,
Then to bed without food he must go.
Then little Jack Horner, who cried in the corner,
Was washed clean and put into bed,
And when it was light, he awoke just right,
And was glad to get plain meat and bread.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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

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

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XVI. Interest dividends will be made and declared semi-annually in each year on the first days of June and December, at the rate of not exceeding four per cent. per annum, on all deposits of five dollars and upwards, to the full amount allowed by the law, which shall have been made six months previous to the first days of June and December and a ratable proportion on all such deposits as shall have been made three months next previous to those days, but no interest shall be paid on fractional parts of a dollar. No interest shall be paid on any sum withdrawn previous to the first days of June or December during the period which may have elapsed since the last dividend.

Adopted June 6th, 1832.

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XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum 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.

XVII. On the first Tuesday of June and December, in each year, a dividend shall be declared out of the net profits or each depositor, at the rate specified in the next preceding article; and all such dividends which shall not be drawn, will be added to the principal, and draw interest from the day it was computed, which will be on the first days of June and December, in each year.

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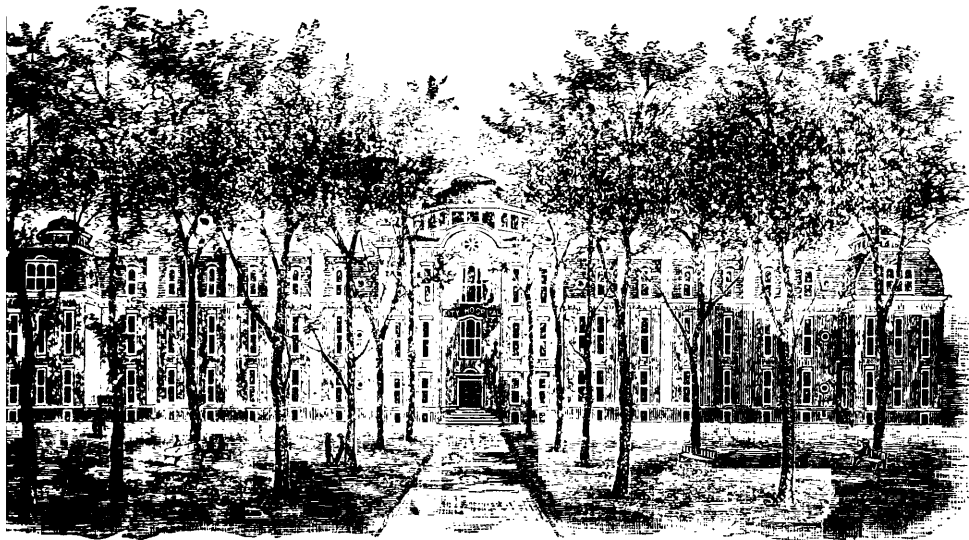
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Fresh Fish, Lobsters, Clams, Scallops,

PICKLED PIGS FEET, TONGUE, TRIPE,

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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1883.

No. 4.

For the Hospital Review.

Sunset.

BY BERTHA SCRANTON POOL.

A warm night wind begins to stir
Among the woods, and runs to meet
The daisies in the meadow grass.
Blurred outlines of the hills, and wheat.
Fields full of golden shadow ; in
The West a flush of color, like
A welcome on the cheek we love,
One star against the deepened blue,
A slender moon above.

See where night darkens and the woods
In moving masses seem
To chide life's petty aims, and mock
Ambition's early dream ;
What is the swift breeze telling, to
The grasses and the grain ?
day is dead ! another day,
Lived all too oft in vain !

Dying to fainter tints ; and now
The hills are out of sight.
A world of mists and shadows held
Close to the breast of night.
Ah tranquil country places, lend
Your spell of peace to those
Who struggle and who faint in life !
God's healing for their woes !

The Home of Martin Luther

BY REV. F. N. ZABRISKIE, D. D.

Luther's home at Wittenberg was a very humble cottage ; but it was bright and cosy, with vines running over the windows, the chambers neatly kept, the little parlor opening out into a garden, in which the proprietor busied himself and took a special pride. He supplied his own table with vegetables and fruit, and—what was considered quite as important—with flowers. He boasts of his melons, squashes

and cucumbers, and he writes to a friend that he "shall be crowned with roses" if he will come and see him. There was one gift which he said he could never decline—seeds for his garden. He constructed arbors, and kept a pretty fountain playing in the middle of the garden.

In that home he was himself its "fountain of joy." He had his fits of depression, for his health was never good, his labors were exhausting, and his responsibilities crushing; but he seldom showed them there. Cheerfulness was one of his most marked traits—He never lost his hopefulness, and rarely his flow of spirits.

He not only would not mope, but he kept open the vent and safety valve of his humor. He enjoyed fun, and made it. Often would he set the table in a roar with his quaint and witty sayings, and make the garden ring with his romps with the children. He would have his play and recreation. Amusement was as needful to his mind, he said, as food was to his body. He loved a game of chess; he busied himself in turning with a lathe; he enjoyed open-air exercise, such as throwing at a mark. He betook himself at all times to music as a resource and mental refreshment.

He must have been capital company. He had hosts of friends, and his cottage was a centre of attraction.

He was fond of companionship. "I am often glad to have even a child to speak to," he says. He goes further still, and confesses that, rather than be too long alone, he was wont to take great comfort in running out to the pig-pen to look at the sturdy fellows there and hear them grunt. He found still better company, as well as better music, in his flute, on which he played the popular and patriotic songs of his day, and the more solemn anthems and chorals of the church.

Luther's correspondence was very extensive. His letters to his wife and children are as delightful as any of Goethe's correspondence. Catherine he would address as "my Rib." To his children he would write little allegories and fables, and quaint and simple conceits, embodying wholesome instruction and admonition.

He was a firm and faithful father. On one occasion he would not suffer his son to appear before him for three days, and till he had humbled himself and written an

apology, and yet he was his children's favorite comrade. His recorded sayings of and to them give us some of our sunniest, as well as profoundest, glimpses of the nature of the man. He and they would talk together with a prattling simplicity about Jesus and the Father and heaven. "My little Magdalene and Hans," he said, "are my effectual intercessors." When his infant child was brought to him in the nurse's arms, his blessing was: "Go thy way and be good. Money I shall not bequeath thee, but I shall leave thee a rich God, who will not forsake thee." When his infant daughter Elizabeth died, he writes: "How sick and wounded she has left my heart, almost as tender as a woman's, pray the Lord for me."

The death-bed scene of Magdalene, fourteen years old, is one of the most beautiful passages in Christian biography. "O, how I love her!" he exclaimed. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." He opened his Bible at Isaiah 26:19, and tried to strengthen his own heart. And then he went to the child and said, "My darling little Magdalene, thou would'st stay with thy father; but thou wilt gladly go to thy Father in heaven?" "Yes, dear papa, as God pleases." As the end drew near, he said, "My daughter, enter thou into thy resting-place in peace!" She turned her dying eyes towards him, and said with sweet simplicity, "Yes, papa." Then the strong man bowed himself by the little bedside, weeping bitterly, and prayed for her soul and his. And, rising up, he took her in his arms, and there she fell asleep. He wrote brave and beautiful letters, though "quivering with vengeance against death," and inscribed over her grave in Latin the following epitaph:

"Here sleep I, Luther's little daughter Magdalene,
And rest with all the saints, in my little bed;
I was the child of death, and born of a sinful stock.
But by thy blood redeemed, O Christ, I am alive."

It is hard to tear ourselves from that bright and beautiful home, the happy harbor of God's saint on earth, the "behind the clouds" where the sun still shone in the stormiest day. The emblem of that home was to be found in a picture which he had before him on his study wall, of the infant Jesus in the arms of his mother. Childhood and motherhood were the sweet sacraments of that home-religion. He al-

ludes to the fact that, when Adam's helpmeet was brought to him, he did not call her his wife, but *Eva*—the mother; he was inspired to call her by the most beautiful the most glorious of names. He laid his injunctions upon Cranach never to introduce women into his caricatures, but to "spare them for the sake of our mothers."

He cared tenderly for his parents to the last, and had the joy of bringing them into the light of the gospel.

His relations with his servants were kind and companionable. "Dear Kathie," he writes, "when we have no more money, we must give the silver tankards;" and actually did give them, when he had no other means of helping the deserving poor.

He was generous in all ways, as well as just. Having reason, as he thought, to suspect that one Jerome Baumgartner, a student, had the heart of Catherine von Bora, he wrote to the young man before proposing to her himself, and invited him to come and take her as one having a prior right, though she was under his own protection and hospitality.

He was thoroughly contented with his lot, and overflowed continually with thankfulness and keen enjoyment of God's most common and daily mercies.

The union of love and fear which he felt towards God as his Father is illustrated in the following, which is as characteristic as it is charming, and illustrative of his own parental relations with his children. "When I am sitting and writing, my little son Hans sometimes sings a little song to me the while; if he makes it too loud I tell him so, and then he still sings on, but makes it softer, crowing on with a sweet little subdued voice, slyly watching me all the time. So would God have it with us, that we should be always rejoicing, yet with fear and reverence before him.—*New York Observer*.

I do wish that all tired people did but know the infinite rest there is in fencing off the sixth day from the seventh—in anchoring the business ships of our daily life as the Saturday draws to its close, leaving them to ride peacefully upon the flow of the ebb until Monday morning comes again.—[*Anna Warner*.

Many who find the day too long think life too short.

The Sixty-first Annual Report of the Rochester Female Charitable Society for the Relief of the SICK POOR.

LADIES: In the retrospect of the year that closes to-day, each one of you could add more interest to the review of its work, by the simple recital of the various incidents that have come within your observation, than is possible in the necessarily brief summary of an Annual Report.

In looking at the results we are continually reminded that the object of this society is the relief of the worthy sick poor, leaving the vicious and the pauper classes to other charitable or corrective agencies, public or private. While it is not wise to encourage pauperism by helping those who can and ought to help themselves, there are numbers in every city, who, exhausted by their struggle for bare subsistence become an easy prey to disease, without vice or fault of their own. It is among this class principally that for so many years this society has been the Good Samaritan, often leaving only its twopenny to procure some remedy or comfort which without it could not have been obtained. In the survey of the past year we record with gratitude that so few changes have been made in our board. We miss from our meetings the gentle presence of Mrs. W. Barron Williams, who, as Directress, had long been connected with the society. "Quiet in manner, resolute in purpose and diligent in practice, she did what she found to do with all her might. With a love that embraced all classes and conditions of men, she fulfilled the law of Christ in bearing one another's burdens, comforting the afflicted, ministering to the poor and sick. She is affectionately remembered by her fellow workers and her memory is blessed." Mrs. Frederick Starr, an efficient Directress in former years, has also passed into rest. Our monthly meetings have been well attended,

the average number present, however, not being quite so large as in the last few years. All cases of sickness reported have been duly considered by the Directresses, and acted upon without partiality, with discriminating charity, and as strict economy as the circumstances would admit. As our society is visible by no outward sign, comparatively little is known by the public of the quiet work done in many of the streets and alleys of the city by our visitors—self-denying, practical women—in ministering to the worthy sick poor; providing in many cases good food, often times more necessary than medicines for weary, over-burdened women, feeble children and the aged; and trying by sympathy and a cheering word to impart hope and courage to the disheartened, and in ways as multiform as the needs of humanity, endeavoring to alleviate distress.

The fervent expressions of gratitude frequently uttered by beneficiaries, and their manifestations of a refined spirit, are far removed from the thankless importunities of professional paupers. It should be the aim of visitors to encourage a return to self-dependence as soon as possible, and to prevent the depauperating influence of alms continued beyond the necessity for them.

About the usual number of persons have been assisted, between three and four hundred, several visitors having districts requiring the expenditure of much time and aid, and others not being called upon during the year.

We have received an addition to our Memorial Fund of \$1,000 from the late Mrs. N. B. Northrop, the interest to be used for the worthy poor. The income from our permanent investments is insufficient, and we are obliged to depend upon the annual contributions from thoughtful and charitably disposed persons, to furnish us with means for our work. Our collectors, in performing their

duty, can render us more efficient service by thoroughly canvassing their districts, and calling upon residents whose names have not appeared upon their books. In all our efforts for the uplifting of soul and healing of disease in those with whom we come in contact in our frequent visits among the poor, let us not forget the truth expressed by another, that "All acts of charity and mercy done here below, are but fragments and derivatives of that one great act of mercy which the Saviour came on earth to perform."

We cannot enumerate all the benefits received from our friends, for which we give them hearty thanks; but we would especially remember the ladies of the Presbyterian Society of Scottsville for work done; St. Luke's Church for a place of meeting for the past year, and the daily papers for continued favors, and to Mr. E. R. Andrews for printing.

Respectfully submitted,

HELEN M. CRAIG, Secretary.

Rochester, November 6, 1883.

Treasurer's Report.

<i>Dr.</i>	
Cash on hand November 1, 1882....	\$1,920 12
Individual donations	1,492 00
Interest on investments	1,100 00
Interest on investments in hands of Trustees	341 76
Interest on Puncost legacy.....	84 04
Interest on Woodbury legacy.....	10 00
Interest on bank deposits.....	52 32
Returned by visitors.....	2 80
Ward Collections and membership fees	432 53
Church collections.....	546 98
Total	\$5,982 55
<i>Cr.</i>	
Paid visitors orders	\$2,876 26
Bills for dry goods.....	65 61
Postage and stationary.....	4 08
Paid express charges, etc.....	4 02
Expenses of appeal.....	11 55
E. R. Andrews, printing.....	9 00
Cash on hand, November 1, 1883....	3,013 00
Total	\$5,982 55
Received by F. A. Whittlesey as trustee, from the estate of James S. Andrews	\$1,000 00
MRS. H. P. BREWSTER, Treas.	
November 6, 1883.	

Twentieth Annual Report of the Hospital Committee to the Female Charitable Society.

A petition for an act to incorporate the Rochester City Hospital was presented to the Legislature of the State of New York, and passed May 7th, 1847.

Dr. J. B. Elwood, Wm. Pitkin, Isaac Hills, Thomas H. Rochester, Patrick Kearney, Dr. E. M. Moore, John Williams, E. T. Smith, D. R. Barton, Frederick Starr, Ralph Lester, composed the body corporate. At a meeting of these Directors held June 11th, 1847, twelve others were chosen. Dr. James Webster, Wm. Brewster, L. A. Ward, J. H. Thompson, Jonathan Childs, Everard Peck, Aristarchus Champion, Jared Newell, Alex. Kelsey, Jacob Gould, F. F. Backus, Dr. H. F. Montgomery, making a total of twenty-three. Of this number only two are now living. In 1851 the Common Council of Rochester conveyed to the Directors the ground upon which the Hospital now stands.

In 1855 the Common Council passed a resolution to transfer to the Directors the residue of a fund called the Alms House fund, provided \$5,000 should be raised for the same purpose. The ladies of the Charitable Society, who by their visitations among the sick poor, felt so keenly the great need of a Hospital, resolved to solicit this amount, and by their energy and perseverance succeeded in raising \$5,000, and placed it at the disposal of the Directors, for the erection of the Hospital. In 1857 the Directors finding it impossible to secure a clear title to the ground, again applied to the Legislature, and obtained a perfect title free from all claims. The transfer of the Alms House fund was made, plans drawn and the building placed under contract. This was completed in the fall of 1862, exhausting all the funds, and with regret it was closed until means should be furnished to open it. Encouraged by a donation of one thousand dollars from the Trustees of the Rochester Collegiate Institute in the summer of 1863, it was thought best to put in ten or more beds and open the building for patients, provided the ladies of the Charitable Society would assume the management. The ladies readily accepted the charge, but the funds in the treasury would only place the building in readiness for the furniture. Again the ladies resolved to raise the necessary funds to furnish and place the building in working order. The response which met them was so hearty and generous they were inspired with hope, which they had not dared to indulge. The various churches and individuals undertook the furnishing of rooms and wards with zeal emulating each other. Every want was provided for the body which thought could suggest, while the walls bore testimony that the higher and more ennobling wants of the soul were not forgotten. January 29th, 1864, our citizens were invited to see the Hospital in readiness for the sick and suffering. Had a doubt existed of the desire and necessity for a Hospital it was dispelled as the eager crowd gathered within its walls.

February 1st, 1864, the first patient was received, and during the year 119 were admitted. Throughout the length and breadth of our

land "was there a voice heard, lamentation and weeping and great mourning, for the sound of the battle was in the land," and arrangements were made by the Directors to receive the sick and wounded from the battle fields. This implied many changes in the rooms and wards detracting from their beauty. But with this compensation, that we could minister to the wants of men whose patriotism could not be doubted, and whose endurance of suffering and privation seemed almost superhuman. Every available space in the dome and below was filled with soldiers, save two female wards. A few of our citizens, appreciating the inadequacy of the hospital for our needs, decided to enlarge its capacity, and ere the second year passed the east wing was completed, adding between 60 and 70 beds.

A suggestion for a west wing was made and donations were received, but not until the summer of 1871 was this west portion completed. July 28, 1871, the public were again invited to visit the hospital. The private rooms in the west wing were furnished by the various churches and individuals; one each by St. Luke's, Plymouth, Central, First Presbyterian, First Baptist, and St. Paul's Church two rooms. Mrs. George J. Whitney and Mrs. George W. Smith one, Mrs. M. F. Reynolds one, Mr. Greentree one, the Union Blues one, and the Hebrew Benevolent Society a private ward. No pains or expense has been spared in thus furnishing. Such gratification and delight did this afford, that three days later the following notice appeared in the city papers, July 31, 1871. "At a meeting of the Directors of the City Hospital it was decided to put a mansard roof on the east wing." In December, 1874, the Directors resolved, on account of the low state of the finances, to "dispense with our Superintendent, the ladies and Matron to supply his place." In January, 1875, a suggestion was made by one of the lady Managers, Mrs. George J. Whitney, to help the hospital by the distribution of mite boxes among the friends of the institution, and from this source has been received \$2,849.31, and expended in the erection of a morgue, ice house, wire mattresses, blinds, roof house, etc. Mrs. Robert Mathews suggested that through the Hospital Review there might be raised \$3,000 to endow a child's cot. This has already reached the sum of \$2667.29, leaving only \$332.71 to complete the endowment.

A gift of \$100 from Mrs. Boyd of California, placed at the disposal of the Corresponding Secretary at her suggestion, in memory of Mrs. T. C. Arner, first editress of the REVIEW, was made the nucleus of a memorial fund which now amounts to \$680.

Our endowment fund from the gifts and bequests: Mr. Lewis Brooks, \$10,000; Hon. J. Field, \$5,000; Hon. A. Reynolds, \$1,000; M. F. Reynolds, \$2,000; Miss Baldwin, \$1,500; Miss Smith, of Utica, \$600; Judge and Mrs. Howe, \$2,000. Free beds now number four. Female Charitable Society, \$1,200; Firemen's bed, \$1,500; "Erickson perpetual free bed" by Mrs. Wm. S. Nichols, of New York, and Mrs. G. H. Perkins, \$5,000, and the "Greenwood perpetual free bed" by Mr. John Greenwood

\$5,000, adding several more private rooms. One was furnished by Miss Dunlap, and one by Mrs. Hiram Sibley, in memory of her daughter, Mrs. H. F. Atkinson. In 1879 the east mansard was completed and yet more room was needed, and the past summer this want has been met by the erection of two floors and the completion of twelve rooms in the dome. The elevator so kindly given by Mr. A. J. Johnson has been placed in running order, much to the delight of all interested in the Hospital, and greatly to the comfort of the feeble patient, weary nurses, and care-takers, who no longer need to struggle in their ascent to the upper rooms and wards. Could the generous donor know how often he is blessed for his thoughtful gift, surely he would feel amply repaid.

There has also been during the year an entire reconstruction of the sewer, so long imperfect and demanding consideration. The Hall pavilion has been followed by another, the funds given by three of our medical staff—Dr. W. S. Ely, Dr. E. V. Stoddard and Dr. J. B. Whitbeck. Thus have they increased our obligations to them, not only by giving their services to the suffering poor, but thus providing needed room for isolated cases. There have been several bequests made to the Hospital, only one of which has been received. From the estate of Mr. J. S. Andrews \$1,000. Mr. Andrews has always been a friend, not only to the Hospital, but to the various charitable associations, and thus has embalmed his memory.

The improvements have been made at great expense, with only faith and trust in the treasury. We cannot say "we have not a shadow of debt," but the demand of a growing city for greater Hospital facilities and the welfare of a much larger and increasing number of severe cases has required us to go on; for must our Hospital work cease? Must we not go forward?

Number of patients remaining in	
Hospital Oct. 1st, 1882....	77
Received during the year.....	478
Births.....	19
	—574
Discharged during the year....	447
Deaths.....	55
Remaining Oct. 1st, 1883.....	72
	—574

Of this number there were self supporting.....	378
Supported entirely by charity..	28
By the City patients.....	70
By the County patients.....	42
Charitable Society bed.....	2
Firemen's Association bed....	2
St. Luke's Church.....	2
Erickson's Perpetual Free Bed..	4
Cigar Makers' Union.....	2
Episcopal Church, Genesee....	1
Pittsford, Monroe Co.....	4
Orleans Co. 1; Wayne Co. 1;	
Ontario Co. 1; Chili 1; Iron-	
dequoit 1; Mumford 1; Lyons	
1; U. S. Army 1; I. O. O. F.	
1; Street Railroad 1; Roches-	
ter & Pittsburg R. R. 1; Buf-	
falo, N. Y. & Philadelphia R.	
R. 1.....	12

With gratitude we acknowledge the receipt of \$2,000 from Mr. John Greenwood to complete the sum of \$5,000 for a perpetual free bed. To Mr. Powers we return also our thanks for improvements in the east mansard. Our circle of workers, year after year, is broken by death. Mrs. W. B. Williams and Mrs. S. W. Updike have "ceased from their labors." Faithful, earnest workers, how we miss them. "Be still, and know that I am God."

"A few more years,
 A few more broken sighs and tears,
 And we, enlisted with the dead,
 Shall follow where their footsteps led."

We tender our grateful acknowledgments to all who have aided us; to the Democrat and Chronicle, Herald, Union and Tribune for the use of their columns, which we do not know that we could do without, so valuable are they to us.

The annual Donation Festival will be held in Powers' Block, December 6th, during the day and evening.

Will not the ladies of the Charitable Society aid us with their handiwork and presence. The HOSPITAL REVIEW will give more extended notice of our wants—our fancy and refreshment tables and our "Children's Cot," which we hope to see bountifully supplied with fancy and useful articles for Christmas and with choice viands and delicacies for this Festival dinner.

MRS. C. E. MATHEWS, COR. SEC.

Graduates of the Training School for Nurses at the City Hospital.

ROCHESTER, Sept. 30th, 1883.

Mrs. C. E. Mathews, Secretary :

DEAR MADAM : At a meeting of the Staff of the Rochester City Hospital, held to-day, the following resolution was unanimously adopted :

"The following named nurses, Misses C. E. Sherman, S. E. Tyler, K. A. Hathaway, A. J. Conroy, M. E. Dyson, have passed a satisfactory final examination in the subjects taught in the Training School, and we recommend that its Diploma be granted to them accordingly."

I am instructed to inform the Lady Managers of the action of the Staff.

Very truly yours,
 E. V. STODDARD, Sec'y of Staff.

Miss C. E. Sherman, who has just completed her course in our Training School for Nurses, has been appointed Supervising Nurse of the Hospital in Orange, New Jersey. This speaks well for Miss S. and also for our Training School.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOV. 15, 1883.

Hospital Patients.

On the fifth of November we visited the Hospital, and in the Male Surgical Ward found many cases that excited our sympathy. The first patient we saw was Mr. Worden, who, four weeks before, while working with a fellow laborer near Macedon, had been blown up by the premature discharge of a blast, and by a similar accident in the same place two days later four men were killed. Mr. Worden and his companion were brought to the City Hospital; the latter soon died, and it was thought Mr. W. could not survive. His leg was badly broken, and he was otherwise injured, and for two weeks he was unconscious and so restless that the healing of his wounds was retarded. Now he is doing well and said, quite cheerfully, that as soon as the limb was sufficiently improved to admit of the removal of the weight attached to it, he should feel very comfortable. Beside the next couch sat a youth of seventeen with pallid face, a wound beneath the left eye, and a bandaged head. His was truly a sad story. He was motherless and resided with his father in the south part of Rochester. A little past midnight a visitor sought shelter beneath their roof, and returned their hospitality by inflicting fatal wounds on the father and less severe ones on the son. The father, a man of sixty-four years, died the next morning, and the youth was brought to the City Hospital. He is doing well, but still bears the marks of violence. A young man twenty years old, a brakeman on the Genesee Valley Canal road, while coupling cars at Cuba, had his arm crushed and the bones broken. Ten days after the accident he was brought to the Hospital, and he contrasted the treat-

ment he was there receiving with that he had at Cuba. His arm was resting on a pillow, and twice a day was subjected to a cleansing process that was improving its condition. Another youth, nineteen years of age, working at Maple Grove, on the West Shore railroad, had cut his leg with an adze. For a fortnight he continued at his work, but an ulcer had compelled him to keep quiet, and he had found a refuge at the Hospital. A German was suffering from losing the top of his fingers. The man whose leg had been broken by the kick of a horse, and the man who had fallen from Mr. Ely's house, were both up, dressed and able to get around by the use of crutches. They were in the Cross Ward with the colored paralytic, who seemed to be enjoying himself with a fiddle. Of the twenty patients in the Male Surgical Ward three were confined to their beds.

Eleven persons were under treatment in the Male Medical Ward, two of whom were confined to their cots. One man had died the night before with pneumonia; he was only a short time in the Hospital. One patient was an aged minister of ninety, another was convalescing from fever. An Italian was on his cot. The blind boy had had a second operation on his eye and was doing well. One man had received an injury in his eye from a chip of steel from a locomotive on which he was working. A third eye patient had his eyes injured by taking cold after scarlet fever.

There were sixteen patients in the Lower Female Ward. One was suffering from granulated eye-lids; another, a woman seventy-five years old, the week before had undergone the operation of iridectomy, and her sight was thereby improved. One patient had a difficulty with her head, another had a sore wrist, and one had a tumor. The woman with many tumors had died. The young mother, seventeen years

old, with two children, had undergone a surgical operation and gone home greatly benefitted.

Of the sixteen patients in the Upper Female Ward two were convalescing from fevers and one from pleurisy; one was suffering from catarrh another from dropsy. "Grandmother," the aged rheumatic patient, had changed but little. The nurse in charge of this Ward had recently for two months been night nurse, and had gained ten pounds.

In the Lying-In-Ward were two mothers and two babies. One woman had gone home with her seventeenth child.

Annual Festival.

The Donation Festival of the Rochester City Hospital will be held in Powers' Building Thursday, December 6th, 1883, during the day and evening.

The Lady Managers extend to all our citizens and neighboring towns, a cordial invitation to aid them in this benevolent work. We look to the gentlemen as well as ladies and children to encourage us and by their presence and gifts, manifest their interest in this labor of love. We hope to see them, one and all, and will bid them welcome.

Articles for the Fancy and Flower Tables will be most thankfully received by Mrs. George J. Whitney, Lake avenue for the "Children's Cot" table by Mrs. C. H. Angel, 53 East avenue, or by any of the Lady Managers.

Mrs. W. H. Perkins, the Treasurer, will be most happy to receive the cash donations, to relieve the anxiety caused by an empty treasury—and free the Hospital from every embarrassment.

The Country Store will be in charge of Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, who will be happy to sell her wares of all kinds to any purchasers.

Mrs. Robert Mathews, who has charge of the "Children's Cot Fund," and is Treasurer of the HOSPITAL REVIEW, will

receive, with thanks, donations for the former, and subscriptions for the latter.

Dinner will be served from 12 M; supper from 6 P. M.

The tables will be furnished with the most palatable viands, dainties and luxuries which can be procured.

Refreshments are earnestly solicited, and may be sent to the Hall by the rear elevator, Thursday morning, as early as possible, where ladies will be in waiting to receive them.

Donations for any object may be sent to any of the Lady Managers:

Mrs. M. Strong,	Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins,
Mrs. M. M. Mathews,	Mrs. N. T. Rochester,
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney,	Mrs. A. D. Smith,
Mrs. Freeman Clarke,	Mrs. Geo. F. Danforth,
Mrs. D. B. Beach,	Mrs. J. H. Brewster,
Mrs. Clark Johnston,	Mrs. Henry H. Morse,
Mrs. Myron Adams,	Mrs. Henry F. Smith,
Mrs. M. Landsberg,	Miss A. E. M. Wild,
Miss A. Mumford,	Mrs. L. S. Chapin,

Offering for the Children's Cot, at the First Presbyterian Church.

At a praise service, commemorating the Four Hundredth Anniversary of Luther's birth, held Sunday evening, Nov. 11th, in the First Presbyterian Church, the pulpit, platform and their surroundings were tastefully and profusely adorned with rare and beautiful plants. The tall fronds of the palm trees, the soft, feathery foliage of the ferns, the pure white of the stately callas, the rich, velvety green of the begonias, the drooping, variegated vincas, the graceful smilax, the gay flowers of the cactus, and the bright berries of the mountain ash, lent their charms to make one of the most beautiful church decorations we have ever seen.

The arch back of the pulpit was crowned with a floral device, containing the first line of Luther's great historic poem:

"EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT."

When in the progress of the praise service this hymn, so closely associated with the Reformation, had been sung, the Pastor, Rev. Dr. C.E. Robinson, alluded to the

large place children occupied in the great heart of Luther, and spoke of the delight with which the Reformer left the sterner duties of life to mingle in the sports of the little ones. Luther's great sorrow at the sickness and death of his little daughter was touchingly portrayed. Dr. R. referred to the appropriate and artistic decorations, and stated that a lady, a member of his congregation, who delighted in beautifying the house of the Lord, and under whose direction they were made, had offered to defray their entire expense, if a collection could be taken up, during the evening, for the Children's Cot at the City Hospital. Dr. R. suggested that the object, the endowment of a free bed for sick children, was one that would have lain very near the heart of Luther, and that if the offering were at all proportionate to the generosity of the floral adornments, the Cot Fund would reap a handsome benefit. The collection was taken up after the singing of one of Luther's Christmas carols, written for his children, A. D. 1535, of which the following is the closing verse:

"Oh! dearest Jesus, Holy Child!
Make thee a bed, pure, undefiled,
Within my heart, that it may be
A quiet chamber, kept for thee."

The offering amounted to \$108.25. In addition to this Scranton & Wetmore contributed five dollars, and Herman L. Ensign two dollars, to the Cot Fund.

May she whose generosity prompted this offering find her own pathway strewn with flowers, and may it be long ere the shadow of sickness or disease shall cross her threshold.

The Little Folks.

Rosa Eblin, the little German girl with an abscess on her left leg, is still confined to the bed; Julia Sugru, the child with a broken thigh, is up and goes around with her crutch; Katie Hogle, the one who was so badly burnt, is still in bed, but her limb is slowly healing. The blind boy has had a second operation, and the col-

ored boy, eight years old, with a tumor is no worse. He is a smart little fellow, a bright child and a great pet in the household.

The Children's Cot Fund.

Once more, dear children, do we ask your help to complete our Endowment Fund. Your busy fingers and warm hearts have thus far aided us, and we need only \$332.71 to complete the \$3,000. We trust every child who reads the REVIEW will send us in an offering on Donation Day. We hope mothers whose little ones are in the upper fold will send us memorial gifts, and those whose children have been spared will make thank offerings. Let us next month be able to rejoice because on Donation Day, December 6th, 1883, the Endowment Fund is completed. Help us, one and all. Let every friend of sick children remember the Cot Fund.

Since the above was written, we have received the collection from the Praise Service in commemoration of Luther's birth day, which is elsewhere acknowledged.

The Chapel.

Our chapel has lately been renovated, and is now a very pleasant place for the Sabbath service.

A contribution of \$128.56 from members of St. Peter's Church was appropriated to the painting and carpeting of the rooms and the covering of four lounges. This amount was donated by Mrs. Lorenzo Ely, Mrs. David Little, Mrs. Levi Ward, Mrs. J. E. Hayden, Mrs. Wm. H. Ward, Mrs. A. S. Maun, Mrs. J. G. Cutler, Mrs. C. C. Merriman, Mrs. Wm. S. Kimball, Mrs. J. S. Morgan, Mrs. Cornelius R. Parsons, Mrs. M. W. Cooke, Mrs. John Van Voorhis, Mrs. Harvey W. Brown, Mrs. A. D. Smith, Mrs. Freeman Clarke, Miss Mary Ward, and Mrs. J. W. Stebbins. Mackie & Co. donated \$60 on the organ.

Words of Sympathy.

The following extract from a letter indicates the sympathy felt for our sufferers by one whose warm heart yearns to lessen their burdens:

I received a copy of the *HOSPITAL REVIEW*, and have felt quite interested in the little paper. I see by the donations that you receive reading matter, and I would like to help the poor sufferers a little if I might. Please send me the address of two or three of the invalids at the Hospital, to whom good reading would be a help and comfort. If there are any such patients I would like to know the poorest and most lonely ones, for I can truly sympathize with them. I have been an invalid for more than eleven years, and never leave my room or go out of doors. If I could only help some poor sufferers to pass the lonely hours more pleasantly it would make me very happy. I could send them leaflets, and papers, and sometimes write to them, if they would be glad to have me. I love Jesus and all of His poor children, for I am poor, too, but I will do all I can if you will tell me what will be best to send. I think it is nice to get something all my own. I would like to send something to the sick ones.

Since the above was in type, we hear our sympathizing friend has sent offerings to several of the invalids alluded to in the October number of the *REVIEW*. We doubt not her gifts, and the interest that prompted them, will be very cheering to those remembered by her.

Childrens' Cot Fund.

Patience.....	\$ 25
"In memory of our darling boy"— Mrs. Robert P. Hayca, Orange, N. J.	10 00
A friend, in memory of L. D. K....	10 00
	\$20 25
Previously Acknowledged.....	2,647 04

Total receipts..... \$2,667 29

We urgently plead for \$332 71, to complete this endowment. Who will help us?

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, October 6, 1883, of cancer, Miss P. Lavinea Allen, aged 41 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, October 6, 1883, from shock produced by premature discharge of blast, Thomas McGirk, aged 32 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, October 20, 1883, of consumption, James A. Lamoureux, aged 21 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, October 27th, 1883, railroad accident, Daniel Loughlin, aged 28 years.

Cash Donations.

Donation on organ, Mackie & Co. \$60 00
 W. H. Mandeville, Olean, N. Y., to apply on elevator 25 00
 MRS W. H. PERKINS, Treas.

Receipts for the Review.

OCTOBER, 1883.

Miss F. H. Bryan, Philadelphia—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester.....\$ 50
 Rev. J. Richards, Spearfish, Dakota—By Mrs. S. H. Terry..... 1 00
 Mrs. M. Foulds, 50 cents; Mr. Lomb, 62 cents, Mrs. W. H. Mandeville, Olean, \$1.00—By Mrs. M. A. Gilman..... 2 12
 Mrs. H. Gillespy, Saugerties, 50 cents; Mrs. E. W. Holmes, Boston, 50 cents; Mrs. W. H. Lord, Great Falls, N. H., 50 cents; Mrs. A. Manvel, St. Paul, Minn., \$2.00; Mrs. W. R. Sheffield, Saugerties, 50 cents; Mrs. I. W. Searing, Saugerties, 50 cents; Mrs. C. Smith, Andover, Mass., 50 cents; Mrs. L. S. Tuckerman, Salem, Mass., \$2.00—By Mrs. Dr. Stroug..... 7 00
 Mrs. T. Bacon, 62 cents; Mrs. G. C. Buell, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Bellows, 62 cents; Mrs. J. G. Cutler, 62 cents; Mrs. D. L. Covilla, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Collins, 62 cents; Mrs. A. M. Cory, 62 cents; D. Davenport, 62 cents; Mrs. P. Rpsstein, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Furman, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Hopwood, 62 cents; Mrs. H. B. Hathaway, 62 cents; E. W. Hills, 62 cents; Mrs. Hiram Hoyt, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Hart, 62 cents; Mrs. W. P. Latz, 62 cents; Mrs. A. W. Mudge, 62 cents; Mr. P. McConnell, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Milliman, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Moseley, 62 cents; Miss S. Newell, \$1.25; Mrs. Thos. Oliver, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Rowley, 62 cents; Mrs. E. J. Raymond, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Rapalje, 62 cents; Mrs. F. E. Peek, 62 cents—By collector 16 75
 Mrs. N. Dann, East Avon, \$1.00; Miss Granger, Canandaigua, \$1.00; Mrs. J. Ganson, Buffalo, \$1.00; Miss L. L. Jones, Genesee, \$2.00; Mrs. R. B. Lyman, \$2.00; Mrs. Patience Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. C. D. Miller, \$2.00; Mrs. J.

Z. Newcomb, 62 cents; Mrs. S. R. Seward, 62 cents; Mrs. W. T. Scott, Geneva, 50 cents; Mrs. J. W. Swift, \$1.00; Mrs. F. D. Ward, Genesee, \$2.00—By Treasurer..... 14 36

Donations.

Union Clothing Company—25 Pumpkin Pies.
 Mrs. Dr. Mathews—6 Dining-room Chairs.
 Mr. K. P. Shedd—1 bushel Prunes, 1 bushel Tomatoes, 2 bushel Pears.
 Mrs. S. J. Macy— $\frac{1}{4}$ bushel Pears.
 Miss Butts—3 bushels Grapes, 1 bushel Pears.
 Mr. S. B. Roby—10 bushels kindling Wood.
 Mrs. Loop—Set Bed-room Furniture.
 A Friend—Clothing for men.
 Mrs. W. A. Stephens—Second-hand Clothing.
 Mrs. H. Stedman—Second-hand Clothing.
 Mrs. Lawton—Flowers.
 Mrs. Taylor—Second-hand Clothing, old Cotton.
 Mrs. Newman—Old Cotton.
 Mrs. G. F. Danforth—Second-hand Clothing.
 Miss Hamilton and Mrs. Perkins—Reading matter.
 A. W. Mudge—"Graphic."
 P. Ferry, 28 W. Main st., Powers Hotel Block—1 barrel of Bread.
 S. J. Macy—Complete set of Cooper's Novels
 Mrs. Bertha S. Pool—Large collection of magazines, including Harper's, Scribner's, Good Words, and the Century.
 R. M. Myers & Co. —Wrapping paper for REVIEW.

Monthly Report.

1883. Oct. 1, No. Patients in Hospital, 73
 Received during month, .. 57
 Births, 2—132
 Deaths, 4
 Discharged, 43
 Remaining Sept. 1st, 1883, 85—139

At a meeting of the Directors, held at the Hospital, November 2d, 1883, Dr. Charles A. Dewey was appointed "Assistant Visiting Physician and Surgeon."

Eye Patients.

An unusually large number of persons, suffering from diseased eyes, are now availing themselves of Dr. Rider's skillful services.

Wanted

A mother to adopt a female infant, now in the City Hospital.

New Pupils.

Miss N. A. Lewis and Miss E. Hollister have recently entered our Training School for Nurses.

The address of Nurses who have graduated at our Training School can be obtained at the City Hospital.

Mr. S. J. Macy has just added to our library a complete set of Cooper's novels, bound in calf.

Dr. F. H. Welles has recovered, returned to the Hospital and resumed his duties.

The Century Programme for 1883-'84.

The programme for the fourteenth year of this magazine, and the third under the new name, is if anything more interesting and popular than ever. With every season, THE CENTURY shows a decided gain in circulation. The new number begins with November, and, when possible, subscriptions should begin with that issue. The following are some of the features of the coming year.

A New Novel by George W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days," etc., entitled "Dr. Sevier," a story of New Orleans life, the time being the eve of the late Civil War.

"Life in the Thirteen Colonies," by Edward Eggleston, separate illustrated papers on subjects connected with the early history of this country.

Three stories by Henry James, of various lengths, to appear through the year.

The New Astronomy, untechnical articles, by Prof. S. P. Langley, describing the most interesting of recent discoveries in the sun and stars.

A Novelette by H. H. Boyesen, author of "Gunnar, etc. A vivid and sparkling story.

The New Era in American Architecture, a series of papers descriptive of the best work of American architects in Public Buildings, City and Country Houses. etc. To be profusely illustrated.

A Novelette by Robert Grant, author of "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," etc., entitled "An Average Man,"—a story of New York.

The Bread-winners, one of the most remarkable novels of the day, to be completed in January.

"Christianity and Wealth," with other essays, by the author of the Christian League of Connecticut," etc., on the application of Christian morals to the present phases of modern life.

Coasting About the Gulf of St. Lawrence, a series of entertaining articles, profusely illustrated.

Scenes from the Novelists, Hawthorne, George Eliot, and Cable, with authentic drawings.

On the Track of Ulysses, the record of a yacht-

cruise in the Mediterranean, identifying the route of Ulysses on his return from the Trojan war.

"Garfield in England," extracts from his private journal kept during a trip to Europe in 1867.

"The Silverado Squatters," by Robert Louis Stevenson, author of "New Arabian Nights."

There will be papers on outdoor England by John Burroughs and others, a beautifully illustrated series on Dante, a number of papers by the eminent French novelist Alphonse Daudet, articles on art and archaeology by Charles Dudley Warner and others, illustrated papers on sport and adventure, short stories by the leading writers, essays on timely subjects, etc., etc.

Subscription price \$4.00 a year; single numbers sold everywhere, at 35 cents each. All dealers receive subscriptions, or remittance may be made direct to the publishers by postal or express order, registered letter, bank check, or draft.

SPECIAL OFFERS.

To enable new subscribers to begin with the first volume under THE CENTURY name, we make the following special offers:

New subscribers beginning with November 1883, may obtain the magazine for one year from date, and the twenty-four previous numbers, unbound, for \$8.00. Regular price for three years, \$12.00.

Or, if preferred, a subscription and the twenty-four numbers BOUND IN FOUR ELEGANT VOLUMES will be furnished for \$10. Regular price, \$16.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

St. Nicholas—Edited by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge.

The *New York Tribune* once said: "In the avalanche of immoral literature that threatens the children, some strong, vitally wholesome, and really attractive magazine is required for them, and ST. NICHOLAS has reached a higher platform, and commands for this service wider resources in art and letters, than any of its predecessors or contemporaries." The reference to the wide resources in art and letters commanded by ST. NICHOLAS was never more fully illustrated than by the extraordinary list of attractions which that magazine announces for 1884. The following will be some of the leading contributors:

Louisa M. Alcott, J. T. Trowbridge,
 Captain Mayne Reid, Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen,
 Maurice Thompson, Frank R. Stockton,
 Charles Dudley Warner, Joaquin Miller,
 Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney
 Julian Hawthorne, Celia Thaxter,
 Mary Mapes Dodge, Lieut. Frederick Schwatka,
 Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, E. S. Brooks,
 George W. Cable, Chas. G. Leland,
 Susan Faimore Cooper, John G. Whittier,
 "H. H." W. O. Stoddard, C. P. Cranch,

and scores of other distinguished writers. The best artists and engravers illustrate the magazine. It has been truly said that the reading of ST. NICHOLAS is "A LIBERAL EDUCATION" for the boys and girls who are fortunate enough to have it. In no other book or periodical is in-

struction so happily blended with recreation and amusement.

The price is \$3.00 a year, or 25 cents a number. Book-sellers, news-dealers, and post-masters receive subscriptions, or remittance may be made direct to the publishers, by money or express order, bank check, draft or registered letter.

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK, N. Y.

"Women, after all, gentlemen, are the great props and comfort of our existence.—[*Pickwick Papers.*]

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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

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. 2 Tremont 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.

James F. O'Neil, Book & Job Printer,
 Butts' Block, south entrance, over 6 State Street.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr. Sq., 1 insertion	\$1 00	Quarter Column,.....	\$10 00
Three Months,....	2 00	One Third Column,....	12 00
Six Months,.....	8 00	Half Column, 1 Year,	16 00
One Year,.....	5 00	One Column, 1 Year,	26 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

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HOWE & ROGERS are offering a complete assortment of all the new and choice designs of the season, of Scotch and American axminster, Wilton's moquette, velvet, body and tapestry Brussels, three ply, ingrains, hemp, rugs, matting, mats, oil cloths, linoleum, etc. Carpet purchasers will find at their store much the largest and choicest stock to select from, and all at the lowest market prices, at 37 state street.

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I shall place on sale several odd lots of the above named goods from my

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AT VERY
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Incorporated April 21, 1831.

XVI. Interest dividends will be made and declared semi-annually in each year on the first days of June and December, at the rate of not exceeding four per cent. per annum, on all deposits of five dollars and upwards, to the full amount allowed by the law, which shall have been made six months previous to the first days of June and December, and a ratable proportion on all such deposits as shall have been made three months next previous to those days, but no interest shall be paid on fractional parts of a dollar. No interest shall be paid on any sum withdrawn previous to the first days of June or December during the period which may have elapsed since the last dividend.

Adopted June 5th, 1892.

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The reputation of this Dye House since 1828 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards, and even the cut of our building, to mislead and humbug the public.

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

I have **NO AGENTS** in the country. You can do your business directly with me, at the same expense as through an Agent.

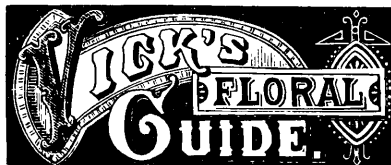
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LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WOOLEN GARMENTS Cleansed or colored without Ripping, and pressed nicely Also **FEATHERS** and **KID GLOVES** cleansed or dyed.

Silk, Woolen or Cotton Goods of every description dyed all colors, and finished with neatness and despatch, on very reasonable terms. Goods dyed Black every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. Goods returned in one week.

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REFITTED and remodeled. We guarantee the same satisfaction to customers which we have ever given. Lace Curtains is one of our specialties. Orders left at either place will be promptly attended to.

SAMUEL DUNN, Proprietor.

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ESTABLISHED, 1838.

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Sole Agents for the Celebrated BOREL & COURVOISIER WATCH, & LAZARUS & MORRIS' PERFECTED SPECTACLES. my '73.

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80 STATE and 41, 43 and 47 MILL STREETS,
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S. B. ROBY.

[mar. '73.]

R. W. CARY.

Mechanics' Saving Bank

13 & 15 Exchange St., Rochester, N.Y.

OFFICERS:

PATRICK BARRY, President,
SAMUEL WILDER, } Vice Presidents.
JAS. M. WHITNEY, }
JNO. H. ROCHESTER, Sec'y & Treas.
F. A. WHITTLESEY, Attorney,
ARTHUR LUETCHFORD, Teller,
GEO. B. MONTGOMERY, Book-keeper.

TRUSTEES:

Patrick Barry,	James M. Whitney,
George G. Cooper,	Samuel Sloan,
Samuel Wilder,	J. J. Bausch,
Ezra R. Andrews,	F. A. Whittlesey,
Oliver Allen,	Edward M. Smith,
Chas. E. Fitch,	Emory B. Chace,
Ira L. Otis,	Isaac W. Butts,
	A. G. Yates.

XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum 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.

XVII. On the first Tuesday of June and December, in each year, a dividend shall be declared out of the net profits on each depositor, at the rate specified in the next preceding article; and all such dividends which shall not be drawn, will be added to the principal, and draw interest from the day it was computed, which will be on the first days of June and December, in each year.

E. H. COOK & CO.

PLUMBING,

Steam Warming and Gas Fitting.

REMOVAL!

TO 21, 23, 25 MILL ST.

E. H. Cook & Co.,

PLUMBING,

Steam Warming, Gas Fitting.

PROMPT SERVICE,

SKILLED MECHANICS,

REASONABLE PRICES!

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,

DRALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

LARD, HAMS,

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

Jan. '67

ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

Embracing Materials for

OIL AND WATER COLOR PAINTING LEAD PEN-
OIL 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.

THE UNION CLOTHING CO

Makes a Specialty of

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS.

THE TALL BUILDING.

W. H. GLENNY & CO.

Importers of

Crockery, China & Glass,

Fancy Goods, Plated Ware, Lamps, &c.

85 EAST MAIN STREET.

Don't forget our BARGAIN COUNTER.

GEO. B. WATKINS, Manager.

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.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1883.

No. 5.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1883.

Donation Festival.

Our annual Donation Festival came off on Thursday, December 6th, and the ample and attractive quarters provided by our untiring friend and benefactor, Mr. D. W. Powers, in Powers' Hall and the adjacent apartments, contributed greatly to the comfort and pleasure of hosts and guests.

The Managers of the City Hospital gratefully appreciate the spirit and enthusiasm with which all entered into the work, and also the generous responses to their appeal, that mark the festival as a red-letter day in the hospital calendar.

At the south side of Powers' Hall the

Treasurer and some of the Reception Committee welcomed their friends. At their left was the Treasurer of the Hospital Review. On the west side of the hall were the tables of the Universalist and Plymouth churches, and the oyster and coffee table of Mrs. Oscar Craig, Miss Fannie Alling, Mrs. Azel Backus, Mrs. S. S. Avery, and Mrs. E. A. Wood. The alcove on the north side was occupied by the table of St. Peter's church, Christ church and St. Paul's church, and the general receiving table, where Messrs. S. W. Upkike, H. P. Brewster M. Dolanty and A. O. Gordon officiated as carvers. On the east side of the hall were the tables of the Baptist, Brick, Methodist, St. Luke's and the First Presbyterian churches. We missed the tables of our Hebrew friends who have so long aided in Hospital Festivals, but

they did not forget us, and, through Mr. L. Adler, Mr. J. Shatz and Mrs. M. Landsberg, generously contributed to our treasury; we were glad to welcome new workers from the Universalist church.

In the hall south of Powers' Hall were the refreshment table of Mrs. J. H. Brewster, the Fancy and Flower tables of Mrs. G. J. Whitney, the Children's Cot table of Mrs. C. H. Angel, and the Mite Box table of Misses A. S. Mumford and Sallie Hall.

In rooms opening from this hall were "Snap & Ketchum's Country Store;" the linen store of Mrs. Myron Adams, Miss A. E. M. Wilde, Mrs. George H. Perkins, Mrs. Wm. Hoyt, and Mrs. Byron Smith; Mrs. G. J. Whitney's "Afternoon Tea and Sugar Plum" apartments, and the annex to the Children's Cot table, where Master Laurance Angel and Miss Bessie Backus displayed their twenty-five cent toys.

Our space will not allow us to speak as we would like to do of the tempting viands, the tastefully arranged and well served tables. The linen department offered some choice specimens of table and bed linen, of bureau, sideboard and buffet covers. The Country Store proved a very attractive feature of the festival; the ancient dress and hearty welcome of Mrs. Ketchum, the smartness of young Snap, her partner, the successor of the defunct Ketchum, and the quaint costumes and ready wit of their clerks, from Goose-neck Corners, added much to the jollity of the day.

On the Children's Cot table we noticed a nicely furnished doll's bedstead and bureau, from Mrs. C. E. Fitch; an embroidered sofa pillow, from Mrs. L. A. Ward, and some cards ornamented with scallop shells and sea weeds, by Mrs. Edgerton's little girls, who also donated nine tiny dolls in scallop shells.

Among the many beautiful contributions to Mrs. G. J. Whitney's Fancy table were a dozen China plates, from Mr. Wm. Lycett, New York, decorated with orchids and gold and silver leaves; an ebony screen with applique plush pomegranates on an olive satin ground,

the work of Mrs. Mary C. Haskell; a cherry umbrella stand, mahogany finish, with two panels of tea chest wrapping, gilded, and two of Lincrosta Walton, decorated with copper colored, dark and light green bronzes, the work of Mr. C. C. Burns. Mrs. J. D. Fiske, of New York, donated two baby pillows and afghans, of silk bordered with plush and chenille and trimmed with lace; the one pink, the other blue. The pink set was embroidered with white clover blossoms and leaves, and the words: "The clover blossoms kiss thy feet, they are so sweet." The blue was embroidered with ox-eyed daisies and the motto: "May the daisies never trip thee." Linen bed-spreads and shams with drawn work embroidery were trimmed with Russian lace. A baby spread of linen represented a baby fast asleep among the daisies with a lamb nestling beneath her arm, and above, her were embroidered the words, "Hush thee! hush thee! baby mine." A straw trout basket was fitted up as a wall pocket, trimmed with cardinal plush and silk, and cardinal and gilt balls. Among Miss L. Whitney's artistic china was a beautiful *tete-a-tete* set decorated with black-berries.

Donations, notices and reports, crowded out of this paper, will appear in the next Hospital Review.

Thanks.

The Managers of the City Hospital tender their grateful acknowledgments to Mr. D. W. Powers, for the free use of apartments in Powers' Building, and the services of his employees on Donation Day and the two evenings of the Hospital benefit; to Mr. Dellon M. Dewey, jr., for arranging and taking charge of the evening entertainments, and to all who took part with him in the pleasing and successful presentation of "Iolanthe," and to Mr. Tom Carl and Mrs. John Kuhlman for the use of costumes; to Trotter, Geddes & Co for the use, putting up and taking away, of two ranges and cooking utensils, and the services of Harry Trotter and George Cykendall; to the Municipal Gas Co., for the use, putting up and removal of two gas stoves; to C. J. Hayden & Co., and Hayden & Havens for the use of tables; to the Western Union Telegraph Co.

for the services of a Messenger one-half day; to Mr. Wm. Mains for services on Donation Day and the previous day; to W. H. Glenny & Co. for the use of dishes and donation of others; to Mr. I. Teall for the use of dishes and table ornaments; to Mr. Charles Hansen for ice; to S. B. Stuart & Co. for one-half ton coal; to Mr. K. P. Shedd for cartage and use of baskets; to Mr. A. Hopeman, for building a stage for the evening's entertainment; to Mr. James Field, for the use of canvas; to Mr. Geo. King, for valuable personal services; to the editors and proprietors of the city papers for advertisements and notices, and to all who in any way contributed to the success of the Donation Festival.

RECEIPTS AT DONATION FESTIVAL

HELD AT

Powers' Hall, Dec. 6th, 1883.

CASH DONATIONS.

St. Luke's Sunday School	\$500 00
D. W. Powers	200 00
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr	200 00
Burke, Fitz Simons, Hone & Co.	100 00
Sargent & Greenleaf	100 00
Erickson, Jennings & Co.	100 00
F. Clarke	100 00
A friend	100 00
S. J. Macy	100 00
George E. Mumford	100 00
H. S. Potter	100 00
Mrs. A. H. Medbury	100 00
Samuel Wilder	100 00
George Ellwanger	100 00
Hamilton & Mathews	100 00
D. A. Watson	100 00
A. G. Yates	100 00
H. Bartholomay	100 00
M. F. Reynolds	100 00
George C. Buell	100 00
Hough & Ford	100 00
Henry Gorsline	100 00
L. P. Ross	100 00
Hollister & Co.	100 00
Brewster, Gordon & Co.	100 00
Smith, Perkins & Co.	100 00
Dr. William S. Ely	100 00
L. S. Graves & Son	50 00
James Vick	50 00
Scrantom, Wetmore & Co.	50 00
Brewster, Crittenden & Co.	50 00
J. W. Gillis	50 00
S. Sloan	50 00
Mack & Co.	50 00
H. H. Craig	50 00
W. L. Halsey	50 00
Steam Gauge and Lantern Co.	50 00
C. B. Woodworth	50 00
C. J. Hayden & Co.	50 00
A. W. Mudge	50 00
Alfred Wright	50 00
Howe & Rogers	50 00
Charles F. Pond	50 00
Julius T. Andrews	50 00
E. T. Curtis	50 00
Mrs. A. Reynolds	50 00

Patrick Barry	\$50 00
E. V. Stoddard, M. D.	50 00
James C. Hart	50 00
W. S. Kimball	50 00
Mrs. A. Carter Wilder	50 00
R. D. Benedict, N. Y.	50 00
R. S. Kenyon	25 00
Junius Judson	25 00
Hayden, Havens & Co.	25 00
W. D. McGuire	25 00
Levi Hey	25 00
Taylor Bros.	25 00
D. Armstrong & Co.	25 00
H. A. Strong	25 00
S. L. Brewster	25 00
DeWitt Butts	25 00
Donald Gordon	25 00
James Field	25 00
B. E. Chase	25 00
J. Fahy	25 00
M. D. L. Hayes	25 00
Williams & Hoyt	25 00
Brooks & Reynolds	25 00
C. S. Baker	25 00
F. A. Whittlesey	25 00
Alexander Thompson	25 00
Mrs. C. L. Ely	25 00
George S. Riley	25 00
H. C. Gorton	25 00
Est. J. Woodbury	25 00
A. S. Mann & Co.	25 00
F. W. Elwood	25 00
Miss A. S. Mumford	25 00
S. B. Roby	25 00
C. A. Hayden	25 00
William Alling	25 00
Mrs. C. Dewey	25 00
K. P. Shedd	25 00
W. B. Douglas	25 00
John H. Rochester	25 00
John Greenwood	25 00
S. D. Walbridge	25 00
Henry Likly & Co.	25 00
Mrs. Wm. Corning	25 00
Est. Wm. Churchill	20 00
Nathan Stein	20 00
E. S. Ettenheimer	20 00
Nathan Levi	20 00
J. J. Bausch	20 00
Frederick Cook	20 00
Mrs. Maltby Strong	20 00
Oscar Craig	20 00
Mr. and Mrs. A. Bell	20 00
Tennis Club	16 00
H. F. Atkinson	15 00
D. & A. Rosenberg	15 00
James L. Stewart	15 00
B. Herman	15 00
Whitmore, Rauber & Co.	15 00
William Eastwood	10 00
E. H. Stanton	10 00
P. Cox	10 00
C. T. Moore	10 00
Glen Bros.	10 00
Ettenheimer & Co.	10 00
H. Lomb	10 00
John Weis	10 00
Fred. Goetzman	10 00
Louis Ernst & Son	10 00
Mrs. Wm. McKennen	10 00

Mrs. Elizabeth Rau.....	\$10 00
W. H. Reid.....	10 00
Edward Brewster.....	10 00
Mrs. D. K. Robinson.....	10 00
F. L. Durand.....	10 00
Mrs. W. R. Macao.....	10 00
Mrs. C. Johnston.....	10 00
F. M. McFarlin.....	10 00
Mrs. Ross-Lewin.....	10 00
Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society, by	
Mrs. Lempert, Mrs. Stern and Mrs.	
Moore.....	10 00
Miss Newell.....	10 00
Mrs. H. Osgood.....	10 00
" C. H. Babcock.....	10 00
" John Siddons.....	10 00
" Joseph Curtis.....	10 00
" J. C. Nash.....	10 00
" D. M. Childs.....	10 00
A friend.....	10 00
W. H. Ward.....	10 00
A friend.....	10 00
George Weldon.....	10 00
L. H. Northrup.....	10 00
Adam Vogel.....	10 00
Wm. C. Loup.....	8 00
Seth Green.....	5 00
Buck & Sanger.....	5 00
Henry Rice.....	5 00
Joseph Wile.....	5 00
Leo Stern.....	5 00
Jacob Ettenheimer.....	5 00
Cash.....	5 00
J. A. Van Ingen.....	5 00
J. J. Wagner.....	5 00
C. E. Wehle.....	5 00
M. Koeth.....	5 00
George C. Maurer.....	5 00
F. H. Clement.....	5 00
Philip Wile.....	5 00
H. E. Light.....	5 00
Mrs. Dr. C. E. Robinson.....	5 00
" George Weldon.....	5 00
" Theodore Bacon.....	5 00
James McCabe.....	5 00
Mrs. N. T. Rochester.....	5 00
J. M. Davy.....	5 00
H. S. Hanford.....	5 00
Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, sr.....	5 00
Mr. Vredenburg.....	5 00
J. R. Chamberlin.....	5 00
Mrs. M. B. Anderson.....	5 00
S. E. Tompkins.....	5 00
Mrs. W. C. Rowley.....	5 00
" M. N. Ross.....	5 00
" R. H. Furman.....	5 00
" J. Hill.....	5 00
" F. Delano.....	5 00
Barr & Creelman.....	5 00
Haskin & Smith.....	5 00
Jacob Marburger.....	3 00
John Mogridge.....	3 00
Gilbert Parker.....	2 00
Cash.....	2 00
Cash.....	2 00
Mrs. M. B. Allen King.....	2 00
" John A. Collier.....	2 00
" J. Nichols.....	2 00
" Hallett.....	2 00
H. F. Atwood.....	1 00

Miss E. A. French.....	\$1 00
H. F. Seymour.....	1 00
Mrs. C. Wait.....	1 00
A friend.....	1 00
C. B. Thorne.....	50
COLLECTION MADE BY MR. L. ADLER, MRS.	
J. SHATZ AND MRS. DR. LANDSBERG.	
L. Adler.....	50 00
Michaels, Koch & Sterne.....	50 00
L. Garson.....	20 00
Israel Stern.....	20 00
Kauffman, Dinkelspiel & Co.....	15 00
Strouss, Moore & Beirs.....	15 00
Garson, Meyer & Co.....	15 00
Lichtenstein, Rothschild & Co.....	10 00
I. M. Sloman.....	10 00
Max Brickner.....	10 00
S. Stern.....	5 00
Joseph Bier.....	5 00
Herman Rosenberg.....	5 00
M. Schwartz.....	5 00
B. Herman.....	5 00
I. Rice.....	5 00
H. Stern.....	5 00
Mrs. E. Wolf.....	5 00
" H. Bachman.....	5 00
" Henry Rosenberg.....	5 00
" Tichnor & Jacobi.....	5 00
H. J. Katz.....	5 00
Mrs. J. W. Rosenthal.....	5 00
Henry Leiter.....	5 00
Herman Cohen.....	3 00
Mrs. Kirstein.....	3 00
Dr. Landsberg.....	3 00
Max Lowenthal.....	3 00
Simon Stettheimer.....	3 00
Mrs. M. L. Gutman.....	3 00
Mrs. J. Shatz.....	3 00
Mrs. Lipsky.....	3 00
Mrs. Steinfeld.....	3 00
Mrs. D. Garson.....	3 00
Mr. & Mrs. Sol Wile.....	2 50
H. Goodman, Jr.....	2 00
Mrs. Moses Hays.....	2 00
Mrs. Benjamin.....	2 00
Mrs. Jacob Meyers.....	2 00
Charles Blum.....	2 00
George Rosenberg.....	2 00
J. Thalheimer.....	2 00
Mrs. L. Block.....	2 00
Mrs. I. Baum.....	2 00
Mrs. I. Thalheimer.....	2 00
H. A. Hays.....	2 00
H. Rosenberg.....	2 00
A. Block.....	2 00
Mrs. M. Dinkelspiel.....	2 00
Mrs. I. Weil.....	2 00
Mrs. G. Weil.....	2 00
A. Sichel.....	2 00
A friend.....	1 50
Mrs. E. Moore.....	1 50
Mrs. Mahler.....	1 50
Mrs. Fred Hayes.....	1 50
Henry Garson.....	1 00
Mrs. Van Berg.....	1 00
Mrs. Bronner.....	1 00
Mrs. Blum.....	1 00
Mrs. Mannheimer.....	1 00
Mrs. I. Bier.....	1 00
Mrs. Eva Stern.....	1 00

Mrs. N. Stern	\$1 00
Mrs. Weinberg	1 00
Mrs. L. Oppenheimer	1 00
Mrs. A. Oppenheimer	1 00
Mrs. A. Wollf	1 00
Mrs. L. Rice	1 00
Mrs. Friedlander	1 00
Mrs. Fechenbach	1 00
Mrs. S. Marks	1 00
Mrs. S. Goldschmidt	1 00
Mrs. M. Goldschmidt	1 00
Mrs. M. L. Garson	1 00
Mrs. Hockstetter	1 00
Mrs. J. Katz	1 00
Mrs. H. Schwartz	1 00
Mrs. A. Hays	1 00
Mrs. M. Hays	1 00
Mrs. Auspacher	1 00
Mrs. N. Newhafer	1 00
Mrs. A. Pickard	1 00
Mrs. A. Fechenbach	1 00
“ Moses Hayes	1 00
“ S. Stein	1 00
“ A. Dinkelspiel	1 00
“ M. David	1 00
Mr. L. Mock	1 00
“ F. Mock	1 00
“ M. Mock	1 00
“ Julius Lempert	1 00
L. Griesheimer	1 00
B. Steefel	1 00
Mrs. H. Goodman	1 00
“ M. Berg	1 00
“ W. Miller	1 00
“ S. Guggenheimer	1 00
“ S. Adler	1 00
N. Holz	1 00
Mrs. L. Holz	1 00
L. Holz	1 00
N. Goldwater	1 00
M. Goldwater	1 00
Mrs. E. Leveberger	1 00
“ A. Beir	1 00
Lewis Stern	1 00
Mr. Blumenstiel	1 00
Mrs. Brunswick	75
“ Newhafer	50
“ S. Abeles	50
“ J. Goodman	50
“ August	50
“ M. A. Garson	50
“ L. Garland	50
Total cash donations	\$6727 75

Mrs. Whitney's fancy table	\$625 00
Mrs. Adams	300 00
Mrs. Hamilton	210 00
Iolanthe	322 00
Mite Fund	\$2507 02
Memorial Fund	\$120 64
Children's Cot Table	6 00
Donations to Child's Cot	140 00
Mr. Otis N. Wilcox Bequest	42 94
	1000 00

DONATIONS ON BILLS.

Woodbury, Booth & Pryor	130 56
Boston on account	4 00
R. G. Boyd on account	10 00
Mrs. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.	

Children's Cot Fund.

Miss Eliza A. Story, Salem, Mass.	\$10 00
Mrs. E. P. Willis	5 00
A friend, Elizabeth, N. J.	5 00
The Luther Centennial Celebration at the First Presbyterian Church, including \$2.00 from Mr. H. L. Ensign and \$5.00 from Mr. Albert Walker	116 25
Interest on deposit	31 81
“Punch and Judy” show by Walter and John Bush, Roy and Tom Cuming and Philip Mumford	1 51
Mrs W. W. Webb	5 00
Grace Elliott and Mary Lawrance	5 00
Savings in “Katie's Bank” from the children, Thanksgiving, 1893	12 00
Elizabeth R. Messenger's fifth offering	13
Fred, Fannie, Georgie and Rosie Gray	1 18
Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, Brockport	10 00
Jeannette Huntington	1 38
Mrs. A. Porter, Niagara Falls, for her grandchildren	10 00
Fred C. Depuy	1 00
Isabel Hart's fourth offering	10 00
Christmas offering from Lizzie, Horace, Willie and Baby McGuire	2 00
Grace B. Terry, in memory of W. C. T.	2 00
Mr James Brackett	4 38
Amon and Marjorie Bronson	2 00
Children's Cot Table, at Donation, by Mrs. C. H. Angel	140 00

Receipts since November 1st	\$ 374 64
Previously acknowledged	2,667 29

Grand total completing this Fund. . . \$3,041 93

Children's Pavilion Building Fund

Transferred from Children's Cot Fund	\$41 93
“A brick” for the Children's Pavilion	25
“Another brick”	25
“A third brick”	25
Mrs. Joseph Ward for “a brick”	25
Miss Fannie Ward for “a brick”	25
Mrs. S. M. Bentley, Holyoke, Mass., for bricks	5 00
Miss Grace Coffin	1 00
A friend	25

Total receipts. . . \$49 43

Receipts from Refreshment Tables.

Universalist	\$133 00
Methodist	103 00
St. Luke's	120 50
St. Peter's & Christ's	108 00
First Pres. Church	81 30
Plymouth	86 00
Baptist	121 20
Brick	96 50
Mrs. John H. Brewster	192 07
Ice Cream	8 45

\$1050 02

Donations for Refreshment and Fancy Tables.

The Table of Mrs. J. C. Hart, Mrs. H. H. Morse, Mrs. J. H. Brewster, Mrs. C. F. Pond and Mrs. H. F. Smith.

Mrs. James C. Hart—Pickled oysters.
 " Charles E. Robinson—Currant jelly.
 " Henry H. Morse—Ducks, pickles, cake.
 " Henry F. Smith—Cake.
 " John H. Brewster—Chicken pie, biscuits, pickles, oranges, lemons.
 Mr. James Pitkin—Grapes.
 Miss A. S. Mumford—Chicken pie, salad.
 Mrs. Van Epps—Wine jelly.
 " Charles C. Morse—Wine jelly, cake.
 " Henry Benton—Mince pies.
 " D. W. Powers—Mince pies.
 " S. L. Brewster—Turkey, biscuits.
 " C. E. Pond—Four dishes Charlotte Russe.
 " A. Erickson—Flowers, grapes, pears, pickles.
 " A. S. Mann—Ham.
 " Charles Watson—Saratoga potatoes, biscuits.
 " William S. Little—Saratoga potatoes, chocolate cake.
 " David Gordon—Chicken salad.
 Miss Lizzie Ryan—Boned turkey.
 Mrs. A. M. Hastings—Turkey.
 " G. F. Danforth—Ducks.
 " Eugene Curtis—Cake.
 " Wm. S. Kimball—Mashed potatoes.
 Mr. I. Teall—Chicken salad.
 Mrs. S. B. Roby—Cranberries, biscuits.
 " Horace Brewster—Biscuits.
 " Charles S. Baker—Charlotte Russe.
 " J. R. Chamberlin—Cake.
 " Wm. Babcock—Cream.
 Mr. Higgins—Olives.
 Mrs. Joseph Curtis—Ducks.
 " Charles E. Hart—Ducks.
 Miss Butts—Mince pies.
 Mrs. H. Austin Brewster—Chicken pie.
 " Wm. Alling—Biscuits.
 " J. H. Howe—Mince pies.
 " S. Brewster—Turkey.
 " H. H. Morse—\$5.00.
 " J. Durand—Saratoga potatoes.
 " S. J. Macy—Salad.
 " J. W. Whitbeck—Turkey.
 Miss M. Cogswell—Two chickens.
 Mr. Fred. Schlegel—Use of plants.
 Alling & Cory—Paper.
 Mrs. W. C. Rowley—Two mince pies.

The Universalist Church Table of Mrs. E. B. Chace, Mrs. H. S. Hanford, Mrs. F. C. McFarlin, Mrs. E. J. Sugru and Mrs. George Sweet.

Mrs. Asa Saxe—Chicken salad.
 " S. E. Brace—Chicken salad.
 " C. A. Benedict—Chicken salad, flowers.
 " George W. Crouch—Chicken salad.
 " H. P. Wisner—Two dishes chicken salad.
 " E. B. Chace—Chicken salad, Saratoga potatoes, two moulds cranberry jelly, three dishes scalloped oysters, Angel's food, piccalilli.

Mrs. Sarah Bly—Chicken salad.
 " George Sweet—Chicken salad, olives.
 " A. V. Pells—Charlotte Russe.
 " F. C. McFarlin—Charlotte Russe.
 " H. S. Hanford—Charlotte Russe.
 " E. J. Sugru—Charlotte Russe, olives, mashed potatoes, squash.
 " R. C. Knapp—Three dishes Charlotte Russe, two dishes scalloped oysters.
 " E. H. Miller—Charlotte Russe.
 " James Sargent—Charlotte Russe, turkey, fifty rolls.
 " D. Hovey—Two dishes Charlotte Russe.
 " J. M. Dunning—Charlotte Russe.
 " M. Z. Sweet—Turkey.
 " Chauncey Perry—Turkey.
 " Thomas Bolton—Turkey.
 " W. F. Balkam—Turkey.
 Miss Amanda Benton—Saratoga potatoes.
 A friend—Saratoga potatoes.
 Mrs. Benjamin McFarlin—Chicken pie.
 " Mrs. M. N. Van Zandt—Chicken pie.
 " Stephen Remington—Chicken pie, grape jelly.
 " George W. Crouch, Jr.—Two ducks.
 " I. F. Force—Two ducks, mashed potatoes.
 " Seth Green—Cranberry jelly, scalloped oysters.
 " H. F. Hart—Two moulds cranberry jelly, chocolate cake.
 " W. R. Gray—Wine jelly.
 Mr. E. J. Sugru—One dozen oranges, apples.
 " J. C. Gray—Malaga grapes.
 " D. D. Campbell—One dozen oranges.
 Mrs. R. Clinton—One and a half dozen oranges, five pounds Malaga grapes.
 " J. A. Hinds—Two dozen oranges, five pounds Malaga grapes.
 Mr. Addison Richmond—Two dozen celery.
 Mrs. N. Foote—One and a half dozen celery.
 Zimmer Brothers—One dozen celery.
 Mrs. F. M. McFarlin—One half dozen celery.
 " G. B. Montgomery—Scalloped oysters.
 " James S. Graham—Two dishes scalloped oysters.
 " Fred Cook—Scalloped oysters, cake.
 " H. O. Hall—Ham.
 " N. S. Phelps—Four berry pies, fifty biscuits.
 " Wm. I. Hanford—Four pumpkin pies.
 " D. J. McLennon—Four mince pies.
 " S. J. Lovcraft—Fifty biscuits, two loaves bread.
 " Wm. C. Dickinson—Seventy-five Parker House rolls.
 " Fred Cook—Cake.
 " B. P. Smith—Cake.
 " H. F. Van Dake—Chocolate cake.
 " M. E. Otis—Cocoanut cake.
 " Thomas Raines—Lemon jelly cake.
 " A. B. Grover—Cake.
 " F. Ritter—Cocoanut cakes.
 " J. S. Irwin—Sponge cake, pickles.
 " Sarah J. Gifford—Pickles.
 " H. S. Greenleaf—\$5.00.
 " J. A. Stull—\$4.00.
 A friend—\$3.00.
 Mrs. Chapman—\$1.00.
 " Hough—\$1.00.
 " J. Z. Culver—50 cents.

The Plymouth Church Table of Mrs. L. P. Ross,
Mrs. W. R. Seward, Mrs. M. D. L. Hayes, Mrs.
D. R. Clark, Mrs. George Wanzer, Mrs. H. M.
Moseley, Mrs. Linton, Misses Hooker, Kent,
Emerson, Ness and Moseley.

- Mrs. F. Sherwood—Three pumpkin pies.
" H. M. Moseley—Three mince pies, dough-
nuts.
" W. R. Seward—Three mince pies, rolls,
fruit.
" D. R. Clark—Cake, cranberry jelly.
" George Wanzer—Turkey.
" Williams—Cabbage salad.
Voght & Austin—Ham.
Mrs. J. N. Tubbs Cream.
" Quinby—Ham.
" Atwood—Baked beans and tongue.
" Joseph Farley—Turkey.
" Wm. N. Emerson—Chicken pie.
" Jerome Keyes—Two dishes Charlotte
Russe.
" H. E. Hooker—Charlotte Russe, Saratoga
potatoes.
" M. Stilwell—Scalloped oysters.
" M. D. L. Hayes—Turkey butter balls.
" Charles E. Hoyt—Turkey.
" C. E. Darrow—Biscuits, wine jelly.
" E. Darrow—Two squash pies.
" Myron Adams—Celery.
Miss Hattie Hyde—Chicken pie.
Mrs. C. E. Booth—Two dishes Charlotte
Russe.
" Henry Brewster—Saratoga potatoes.
" F. Griswold—Biscuits.
" S. Hollister—Shell oysters.
" W. S. Osgood—Scalloped oysters.
Cook Brothers—Pair of ducks.
Mrs. E. W. Peck—Two dishes chicken salad.
" A. M. Mosier—Chicken pie, mashed po-
tatoes.
Miss Mate Smith—Cake.
Mrs. J. C. Bertholf—Chicken salad.
Miss Mattie Porter—\$1.
Mrs. S. W. Gage—\$1.
" S. F. Hcas—Scalloped oysters.
" J. H. Kent—Pair of ducks.
" J. B. Moseley—Chicken salad, wine jelly.
" D. A. Robbins—Charlotte Russe.
" G. Phillips—Scalloped oysters.
" H. C. Wisner—Charlotte Russe.
" B. H. Clark—Turkey.
" Reynolds—Cake.
" L. P. Ross—Chicken salad, wine jelly,
Malaga grapes, bananas, paper napkins.

The First Presbyterian Church Table of Mrs. E.
P. Gould, Mrs. J. T. Fox, Mrs. Elmer Smith,
Mrs. A. M. Bennett and Mrs. B. B. Mitchell.

- Mrs. C. E. Robinson—Three bowls jelly.
Mr. T. Aldrich—Three dozen oranges, fourteen
pounds grapes, two gallons oysters, bana-
nas.
Mrs. E. P. Gould—Charlotte Russe, jelly, pick-
led peaches.
Mr. Wm. Merz—Five lbs. grapes.
Mrs. E. Furman—Charlotte Russe.
Messrs. Kloborg & Graf—Charlotte Russe,
cake.
Mrs. G. E. Jennings—Oranges, grapes.
Mr. J. M. Backus—Olives.

- Mrs. D. M. Childs—Charlotte Russe.
" A. M. Bennett—One-half bu. Saratoga
potatoes, two mince pies.
" J. T. Fox—Pickled oysters.
" J. Durand—Flowers, cake.
Mr. F. Schlegel—Flowers.
Mrs. James Nichols—Cranberries.
" B. L. Sheldon—Turkey.
" H. F. Bush—One hundred biscuits.
" J. C. Nash—Charlotte Russe.
Miss C. Gould—Plum pudding.
Mrs. E. Smith—Chicken salad.
" B. B. Mitchell—Chicken salad.
" D. M. Hough—Turkey.
" D. Gordon—grapes.
" C. J. Hayden—Mince pies.
" Oscar Craig—Chicken pie.
" H. Bradstreet—Black bean soup.
" L. M. Loss—Ducks.
" H. Pond—Biscuits, jelly.
" W. H. RossLewin—Chicken pie.
" G. McAllaster—Biscuits.
" H. Roberts—Cake, jelly.
" H. G. Williams—Charlotte Russe.
" A. W. Riley—Turkey.
" M. A. Gilman—Turkey.
Mr. I. Teall—Chicken salad, use of silver
epergne.
Mrs. S. D. Walbridge—Chicken pie.
" C. B. Woodworth—Cake.
Mr. Roberts—Huyler's candy.

The St. Luke's Church Table of Misses Belle
Eastman, Cornie Hoyt, Laura Hawks and
Mrs. C. P. Ford.

- Mrs. Frank Brewster—Pickled oysters.
" J. M. Backus—Grapes, oranges.
" S. B. Raymond—Olives, pickles.
" W. H. Perkins—Saratoga potatoes.
" Ira Bellows—Olives.
" C. H. Babcock—Charlotte Russe.
" Alfred Ely—Two dishes Charlotte Russe.
" A. J. Johnson—Charlotte Russe.
" Robert Mathews—Rolls, two ducks.
" Alex. Thompson—Chicken salad.
" J. H. Rochester—Turkey.
" Seward Whittlesey—Rolls.
Scrantom & Wetmore—One hundred Japanese
napkins.
Mrs. Wm. Churchill—Tongue, cranberries.
" F. Gorton—Chicken salad.
Miss Minnie Montgomery—Butter balls.
Mrs. A. Erickson—Pears, grapes, jelly, pickles.
" P. Brewster—Two dishes Charlotte Russe.
" Josiah Anstice—Turkey.
" L. Rogers—Olives.
Miss S. Frost—Cake, flowers.
Mrs. J. O. Howard—Ducks, Saratoga potatoes.
" H. B. Hathaway—Chicken salad.
" Charles Potter—Charlotte Russe, pickles.
" Henry Howe—Ham sandwiches.
Miss Gilkison—Cake.
Mrs. Henry Montgomery—One qt. cream, rolls.
" H. M. Dayfoot—Saratoga potatoes, lemon
jelly.
" George Fisher—Apple sauce, celery, Sara-
toga potatoes.
" Henry Anstice—\$2.00.
" H. F. Montgomery—One gal. select oys-
ters.

Mrs. D. A. Watson—\$5.00.
 " Howard Osgood—\$5.00.
 " P. Farley—One doz. celery.
 " G. J. Whitney—Turkey, rolls.
 " S. J. Macy—Turkey.
 Miss Anna E. M. Wilde—Turkey, Saratoga potatoes, celery, cranberries.
 Mrs. W. G. Rowley—Cake.
 Miss Fannie Whittlesey—Cake.
 " P. Ely—Celery, two moulds of jelly, biscuits.
 Mrs. E. M. Moore—Chicken salad.
 " Clinton Rogers—Turkey.
 " Quincy Van Voorhis—Chicken pie.
 " Edward Williams—Chicken pie.
 " Charles T. Chapin—Olives.
 " Wm. Kingman—Chicken salad.
 Miss Anderson—Cake.
 " Laura Hawks—Two mince pies.
 Mrs. A. E. Hoyt—Charlotte Russe.
 " John C. Moore—Two doz. oranges, five lbs. grapes, two qts. cream.
 " E. V. Stoddard—Ham.
 " J. M. Whitney—Rolls.
 " C. P. Ford—Scalloped oysters.
 " J. A. Eastman—Scalloped oysters, jelly.
 " W. A. Rebasz—\$1.00.

The Methodist Church Table of Mrs. Charles W. Gray, Mrs. Nelson L. Butten, Mrs. L. A. Lattimore, Mrs. Charles Salmon, Mrs. C. W. Cushing, Mrs. L. T. Foote, Mrs. R. C. Brownlee, Mrs. Alida Wright, Mrs. F. W. Tully, Jr., Mrs. James Gray, Mrs. Fred Beach and Mrs. Sanford French.

Mrs. Nehemiah Osborn—Turkey.
 " H. G. Thayer—Turkey.
 " L. S. Fulton—Turkey.
 " Isaac Gibbard—Chicken pie.
 " Mary Vick—Chicken pie.
 " J. C. Gray—Chicken pie, cake.
 " D. W. Wright—Scalloped oysters, biscuit, jelly, and cabbage salad.
 " Fred Beach—Scalloped oysters.
 " C. W. Gray—Scalloped oysters, pickles and cranberries.
 " Mrs. A. B. Lamberton—Ham and pies.
 " S. A. Lattimore—Two dishes of Charlotte Russe.
 " G. B. Watkins—Chicken salad.
 " Dr. Cameron—\$1.00.
 " S. H. Lowe—Sugar.
 Mr. R. W. Chambers—Pies.
 Mrs. Wm. Witherspoon—Biscuit.
 " Sanford French—Cake, pickles.
 " F. C. Taylor—Cake.
 " Henry Harrison—Charlotte Russe and brown bread.
 " James Leonard—Brown bread.
 " T. G. Young—Sponge Cake.
 " E. Occumpaugh—Charlotte Russe.
 Mr. D. Davenport—Basket of fruit.
 Mrs. R. H. Miller—Cake.
 " A. L. Brooks—Cake.
 " J. Howland—Flowers.
 " H. S. Hebard—Charlotte Russe.
 " C. S. Baker—Charlotte Russe.
 " W. Lamb—Basket of fruit.
 Messrs. Kloborg and Graf—Cake.
 Mr. Henry Wray—Turkey and pineapple.

Mrs. Leat—Turkey.
 " A. L. Stevens—Chicken pie, loaf of cake.
 " F. W. Tully, jr.—Two dishes lobster salad, pickles, cranberries.
 " N. L. Button—Chicken pie, cake, jelly, milk, Charlotte Russe, French pickles.
 " Whybrew—Cake and lemon pie.
 " Davis—Charlotte Russe, wine jelly.
 Mr. Cramer—100 napkins.
 Mrs. Smith—Flowers, \$1.00.
 " Loomis—\$2.00.
 " Maxon & Saunders—Two jars pickles.
 " Bennett—Bread and biscuit.
 " Cooling—Cake.
 " J. McConnell—Turkey.
 " J. White—Two loaves bread.
 " J. Dana—Two glasses jelly.
 " C. Ross—\$1.00.
 " S. R. Moore—Can pickles.
 Miss M. A. Allen—Two chickens.
 Mrs. W. H. Brown—Tongue, cake, biscuit.
 Mr. James Baker—Turkey.
 Mr. John Baker—Oranges.
 Mrs. Henry Baker—Cake.
 " Thompson—Cabbage salad.
 Mr. Peacock—Two doz. bunches celery.
 Mrs. Stevenson—Cake.
 " Philander Davis—Oranges, hot mashed potatoes.
 " Hiram Davis—Turkey.
 " Charles Salmon—Fruit, flowers.
 " John W. Wright—Charlotte Russe.
 " William Morrison—Mince pies and celery.
 " J. M. Morrison—Chicken salad.
 " Mrs. J. Cummings—Chicken pie.
 " N. P. Osborn—Chicken pie.
 " R. W. Corris—Turkey.
 " Wm. Manning—Scalloped oysters.
 " E. G. Laney—Charlotte Russe.
 " Dr. A. and A. F. Mandeville—Turkey.
 " J. H. Aikenhead—Two tongues.
 " Richard Tremaine—Charlotte Russe.
 Miss Mamie Ellison—Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. H. S. Brown—Jelly and celery.

The Brick Church Table of Mrs. T. A. Newton, Mrs. F. W. Embry, Mrs. D. T. Hunt, Mrs. E. D. Chapin, Mrs. J. T. Roberts and Mrs. W. H. Mathews.

Theo. F. Aldrich—Fruit, oysters.
 S. J. Arnold—Turkey.
 Mrs. Charles E. Angle—\$1.00.
 " C. P. Bromley—Ham.
 " A. S. Clarke—Chicken salad.
 " Louis Chapin—Biscuits.
 " E. D. Chapin—Saratoga potatoes, flowers.
 " S. J. Curtice—Pickles, jelly.
 " I. S. Disbrow—Chicken pie.
 " F. W. Embry—Chicken pie, cabbage salad coconut pie.
 " W. H. Gorsline—Two ducks.
 " D. T. Hunt—Mince pies, scalloped oysters.
 " Clark Johnston—Wine jelly, cranberries.
 " A. M. Lindsay—Three dishes Charlotte Russe, olives.
 " Robert Liddle—Salmon salad.
 " H. S. Mackie—Two ducks.
 " I. L. Otis—Biscuits, cranberries.

Mrs. T. A. Newton—Charlotte Russe, pickles, jelly, biscuits.
 Reynolds—Turkey.
 Miss Remington—Cake.
 Mrs. E. P. Reed—Two tongues.
 " J. M. Steele—Pumpkin pies.
 " G. N. Storms—Two ducks.
 Miss Mary Shaw—Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. E. M. Upton—Cake, two cocoanut pies.
 " David Upton—Chicken salad.
 " C. F. Weaver—Turkey.
 " Alfred Wright—Chicken salad.
 " Whitcomb—Turkey, Saratoga potatoes.
 " Edward Webster—Mashed potatoes, pies.
 " W. H. Mathews—Oranges.
 " J. C. Pierce—Baked beans, cider.
 " J. T. Roberts—Sugared fruit centre piece.
 " J. W. Hatch—Charlotte Russe.
 " Miss Addie Hatch—Charlotte Russe.
 Zegewitz & Fisher—Saddle of venison.
 Miss Shaffer—Cake, wine jelly.
 " Carson—Cake, biscuits.
 Mrs. A. V. Smith—Scalloped oysters.
 " Motley—\$1.00.
 " George Darling—\$2.00.
 " C. C. Woodworth—Scalloped oysters, wine jelly.
 Mr. C. C. Woodworth—Alcohol.
 Mrs. L. H. Hovey—\$1.00.
 " Alfred Bell—\$2.00.
 " Martin Briggs—Pickles, wine jelly.
 " Johnson—\$1.50.
 " M. L. Kentner—Cake.
 " Henry Strong—\$2.00.
 Mr. James Vick—Flowers.
 Mr. Fred Schlegel—Flowers.
 Mr. White—Flowers.
 J. Mutschler—Use of dishes.
 W. H. Glenney—Use of dishes.

The Baptist Church Table of Mrs. John L. Sage, Mrs. B. E. Chase, Mrs. Charles Galusha, Mrs. J. W. Whitbeck, Mrs. H. L. Achilles, Mrs. Henry Munn, Mrs. Eugene Satterlee, Mrs. M. H. Briggs, Mrs. A. W. Mudge, Mrs. L. Doolittle, Misses Fanny Cole, Frances Sage, Carrie Wayte, Helen Sunderlin, Carrie Miller, Lucy Peck and Bertha DeNeve.

Mrs. B. E. Chase—Charlotte Russe, pickles, jelly.
 " H. L. Achilles—Vegetables.
 " E. R. Andrews—Turkey.
 " Frank Bishop—Chicken salad.
 " Edwin Pancost—Charlotte Russe.
 " M. E. Crowell—Cake, pickles.
 " C. T. Crouch—Ham.
 " E. Curtis—Plum pudding, salad dressing.
 " E. H. Davis—Scalloped oysters, rolls.
 " C. T. DePuy—Cake.
 " S. A. Ellis—50 cents.
 " Geo. D. Hale—\$1.00.
 " S. R. Hopwood—Cake.
 " Houghtaling—Pies.
 Miss Flora Kendrick—Olives, cranberries.
 Mrs. A. S. Lane—Turkey.
 " Chas. A. Morse—Jelly, pickles.
 " A. W. Mudge—Chicken salad.
 " Alfred Mudge—Vegetables.
 " Henry Munn—Two ducks.

Mrs. Cyrus F. Paine—Chicken salad.
 Miss Orrie Howard—Pies.
 Mrs. A. Pomeroy—Turkey.
 " A. R. Pritchard—Turkey.
 " S. R. Robinson—Cake.
 " C. E. Darrow—Wine jelly, biscuits.
 " Wm. N. Sage—Two chicken pies.
 " E. O. Sage—Charlotte Russe.
 " K. P. Shedd—Fruit, olives grapes.
 " L. R. Satterlee—Charlotte Russe.
 " H. C. Smith—Biscuits.
 " L. Sunderlin—Saratoga potatoes, Charlotte Russe.
 " L. C. Tower—Tongues.
 " L. C. Chapin—Lobster salad.
 " Z. F. Westervelt—Turkey.
 " J. W. Whitbeck—Cake.
 " Hovey—Scalloped oysters, sponge cake.
 Isaac Teall—Loan of epergne.
 Kloberg & Graf—Fancy cake.
 Slater Bros.—Flowers.
 C. Herzeberger—Chickens.
 A. L. Wilcox—Grapes, nuts.
 Mrs. Otis Robinson—Turkey.
 " J. P. Cogswell—Turkey.
 " John Van Voorhis—Oranges, celery.
 " E. P. Miller—Chicken salad.
 " H. N. Peck—Charlotte Russe.
 " J. Marden—Cake.
 " W. W. Gilbert—Cake.
 " M. B. Anderson—Charlotte Russe.
 " C. B. Woodworth—Charlotte Russe.
 " E. C. Galusha—Mince pies.
 " J. C. Barnum—Biscuits.
 " K. Havens—Scalloped oysters.
 " Martin Huntington—Scalloped oysters.
 Miss Jennings—Scalloped oysters.
 Mrs. D. K. Robinson—\$2.00.
 " B. B. Higgins—\$5.00.
 " John L. Sage—Napkins, celery, Charlotte Russe.

The Table of St. Peter's Church, Christ Church and St. Paul's Church, of Mrs. D. W. Powers, Mrs. J. W. Stebbins, Mrs. Samuel Wilder, Mrs. C. C. Merriman, Mrs. Frank Ward, Mrs. J. S. Killip, Mrs. F. P. Allen, Mrs. Herbert Ward and Mrs. Briggs.

Mrs. A. D. Smith—Turkey, two ducks.
 " Freeman Clarke—Three turkeys, lobster salad.
 " T. Bacon—\$1.50.
 " C. C. Merriman—Turkey, orange cake.
 " F. P. Allen—Pair of ducks.
 " L. F. Ward—Several hundred biscuits.
 " L. A. Ward—Chicken pie.
 " David Little—Chicken pie.
 " J. G. Cutler—Two bottles olives.
 " F. D. W. Clarke—Two dishes Charlotte Russe.
 " W. S. Kimball—Chicken salad.
 " Geo. Selden—Cranberries.
 " Dr. Collins—Turkey.
 " J. S. Killip—Turkey, jelly.
 " J. Siddons—Cake.
 " George Belden—Turkey, mince pie.
 " D. B. Beach—Turkey, cranberry jelly, pickles.
 " E. P. Curtis—Two moulds lemon jelly.
 " H. H. Morse—Cake.

Miss Thompson—Chocolate cake, olives.
Mrs. D. W. Powers—Chicken pie, mince pie, flowers.
" Cushman—Large pail oysters, jelly.
" E. V. Stoddard—Wine jelly, biscuit.
" A. Bell—Mince Pies.
" Samuel Wilder—Biscuits, cake, jelly, beef, chow-chow.
Judge Macomber—Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. Blossom—Cake.
" Southwick—Turkey.
" MoMath—Pickles, jelly.
" S. G. Andrews—Eight loaves bread, two pies.
Miss Sarah Breck—Charlotte Russe.
" Coggswell—Chicken salad.
Mrs. Eugene Curtis—Malaga grapes.
" James Kelly—Seven dozen biscuits.
" A. H. Scrantom—Charlotte Russe.
" G. G. Clarkson—Saratoga potatoes.
" J. Moreau Smith—Turkey.
" Frank Ward—Two dishes chicken salad.
" Frank Woodworth—Nut cake.
" J. B. Ward—Charlotte Russe.
" E. E. Warren—Biscuits, celery.
" J. E. Hayden—Roast beef.
" J. W. Stebbins—Charlotte Russe, pickles.
" Carter Wilder—Turkey, cranberries.
" Van Voorhis—Turkey, celery.
Miss Butts—Two mince pies.
Mrs. Eugene Glen—Two loaves nut cake.
" Boswell—Two mince pies.
Mr. Harvey W. Brown—Olives, basket Malaga grapes.
Moore & Cole—Malaga grapes. Catawba grapes, oranges.
Mr. Buckley—Pail of large oysters.
Kloberg & Graf—Ornamental center piece.
Mr. White—Large quantity of flowers and flower pots.

Mrs. G. J. Whitney's Three Tables. I.

FLOWER TABLE.

Young ladies in attendance—Misses M. B. Roby, R. C. Hart, B. Harris, Atkinson and Frances Coggswell.
Mrs. A. Erickson, Mrs. Alexander Thompson, George S. Wales, Miss M. B. Roby, Miss R. C. Hart and Miss Julia Whitney, each, cut flowers.
" William Halsey—Roses.
Miss F. A. Smith—Roses.
Mrs. John Durand—Two fans, two slippers.
Frost & Co.—Fifty button-hole bouquets, 12 baskets flowers.

II.

AFTERNOON TEA AND CANDY TABLE.

Young ladies in attendance—Misses C. C. Ely, C. P. Brewster, C. Wilder, E. Ely of Cleveland, Julia Whitney and Mrs. Alexander Thompson.
Mrs. Alexander Thompson—Home-made caramels.
Ira Lovejoy—Seven lbs. candy.
Miss C. E. Ely—Cream.
Mrs. George H. Perkins—Tea.
Miss J. Whitney—Rolls, sandwiches, &c.

III.

FANCY TABLE.

Ladies in attendance—Mrs. James M. Whitney, Mrs. Wm. H. Ward, Mrs. James W. Whitney, Miss H. Fairchild and Miss L. Whitney.
Mrs. Joseph Frost, Boston—Two clothes bags.
Miss Nellie Frost, Boston—Six soap tablets.
Mrs. D. H. Little—One pair mittens.
" Alexander Thompson—Three lamp shades.
St. James' Sewing School—Patchwork quilt.
Unitarian Church—Fancy articles.
Miss Clara Wilder—Lamp shade, a dozen emeries.
Mrs. Osgood—Smoking cap, two dolls.
Miss Hart—Blotter, bag, string bag.
" Fanny Whittlesey—Knitting bag.
Mrs. Richard M. Moore—Fascinator.
" W. C. Rowley—Painted stocking bag.
" J. H. Stedman—Pair slippers.
Miss A. H. Williams—Painted satin for screen and painting other fancy articles.
Mrs. James Laney—Tea cloth.
Southard & Carroll—Mounting screen.
Miss Fairchild—Painting thermometers and other fancy work.
Mrs. James C. Hart—Six needle cases.
" Henry H. Morse—White apron.
Miss Saxton—Five pairs mittens.
" Cornelia Ely—Doll and fancy work.
" A. S. Mumford—One pair Polish shoes, three pairs infant silk socks, one pair mats.
Mr. Wm. Lycett, of New York—Decorating one dozen plates.
Messrs. Keeler & Nichols—Six bean boards.
Mrs. Mary C. Haskell—Embroidery for screen.
" L. D. Ely—One pair children's knitted leggings.
Miss R. Culver—Mittens.
Mrs. H. T. Rochester—Fascinator.
" S. G. Andrews—Collars.
" James M. Whitney—Splasher, embroidery and fancy work.
" A. D. Fiske—Embroidering afghans and various pieces of fancy work.
Miss L. E. Whitney—China painting and fancy work.
Mr. C. C. Burns—Bronzing.
Mrs. James W. Whitney—Materials for fancy work.
" George H. Perkins—Pen wipers.
" Chester Dewey—Three worsted goods.
" Wm. H. Ward—Fancy work.
Miss F. A. Smith—Cushions for chairs, handkerchief case.
Mrs. Brown—Wax cross and leaves.
Miss Maggie Ashley—Old woman in shoe, several dolls.

The Childrens' Cot Table of Mrs. C. H. Angel, Mrs. M. W. Cook, Mrs. John Ely, Mrs. J. Austice, Mrs. L. F. Ward, Misses Macy, Norris and Paige Ward, and the Annex of Laurance Angel and Bessie Backus.
Mrs. Charles E. Fitch—Doll's bed, bedstead, bureau.
" L. A. Ward—Embroidered sofa pillow.
" J. Collier—Five pairs slippers.
Miss Julia Little—Toilet set, slippers.

Miss Laura Page—Dressed doll, Nubia.
 Alling & Cory—Wrapping paper.
 Mrs. J. G. Cutler—Baby's Hood.
 Miss Ellen Breck—Two pin cushions.
 " Jeffrey—Painted blotter, thermometer,
 paper cutter.
 Mrs. —, Albany—Six pin cushions.
 " L. F. Ward—Two aprons.
 Miss Morton—Three dolls hats.
 " P. Ely—Ten baskets.
 " Grace Lawrance—Two knit wash cloths,
 250 floral lamp lighters.
 Mrs. J. S. Ely—Three baskets, two clothes
 bags, two aprons.
 Mary Hogan—One basket.
 Miss Helen Gregory—Three child's bibs.
 Mrs. M. Strong—Four twine balls and scissors,
 two lamp shades.
 Louisa and Clara Selden—Comforter.
 Mrs. G. W. Eastman—Two pairs mittens (one
 silk).
 " C. Tompkins—Three pairs mittens (one
 silk), trimming for skirt, one pair socks.
 Miss Eastman—Two child's aprons.
 Mrs. N. T. Rochester—Two pin cushions, pen-
 wiper.
 " W. W. Reid—Slippers.
 " M. M. Mathews—Five baskets, two pairs
 mittens.
 From the Second Ward Ladies' Benevolent
 Society—A pieced bed quilt.
 Mrs. H. L. Ward—Dressed doll, thermometer,
 tub, doll's toilet set.
 Miss Florence Osgood—Two purses, doll.
 Mrs. Edgerton's little girls—Seven shell orna-
 ments, nine shells with dolls.
 " E. B. Scranton—Apron.
 A Friend—Knitting sheaths.
 Miss Alice Montgomery—Paper bag.
 Miss R. F. Talman—Child's sack.
 Mrs. Theo. Bacon—Linen table cover.
 Beatrice and Fanny Rogers—Twenty cents,
 earned by themselves.
 Miss Anna Anderson—Two pin cushions.
 Mrs. P. S. Frost—Mittens.
 Miss Mary Wait—Mittens.
 Mrs. M. W. Cook—Polish boots.
 Laurance Angel—Toys for Annex.
 Mrs. C. H. Angel—Fancy articles, toys.
 " Roscoe Ashley—Broom case, three panels.
 Bessie Dickinson—Seven book marks.
 Mrs. P. N. Cornell—Six pairs of bath mittens.
 Mr. W. H. Benjamin—\$2.
 Mrs. Carter Wilder—\$5.00.
 Miss Emily Hunter—\$1.00.
 Mrs. A. D. Smith—\$5.00.
 A. S. Mann & Co.—Calico.
 Miss Annie E. Bloomer—Two aprons.
 Miss Saxton—Mittens.
 Miss Dunlap, \$5.00.

Donations to the Country Store.

Deavenport & Co.—One-half dozen bottles cat-
 sup, 2 bottles piccadilly sauce, 2 bottles
 linen glaze, 1 package corn starch, 2
 scrubbing brushes, 2 boxes blacking, 1
 bag salt, 1 bar soap, 1 box bread prepa-
 ration.
 Peter Schleyer—2 chickens.

Henry East—2 turkeys.
 Cleveland, Bichler & Brewster—1 box cigars.
 W. S. Kimball & Co.—1,000 cigarettes.
 A. S. Mann & Co.—50 yards calico.
 Mrs. C. H. Babcock—Cardigan jacket, fried
 cakes
 Mr. George Perkins—Articles for store.
 Mrs. H. H. Babcock—Fried cakes.
 Mr. Wm. Bassett—Shelves and carpenter work.
 Mrs. Henry L. Brewster—Trimming baskets,
 many toys.
 " A. S. Hamilton—Chocolate creams, trim-
 ming basket.
 Miss Alice Sage—Trimming basket.
 Mr. J. K. Hunt—200 tea boxes.
 Mr. John S. Morgan—\$2.
 James Laney & Co.—\$25.
 Mrs. C. F. Paine—\$5.
 " T. C. Proctor—One-half bushel pop corn.
 J. King—Popped corn balls.
 " Pratt—1 box popped corn bars.
 " S. Briggs—1 bushel apples.
 Mr. John Graves—3 lbs. bulls-eyes.
 Miss Kelly—1 doll.
 Miss Jeannie Brewster—1 cup and saucer, hand
 painted.
 Alling & Cory—1 box envelopes.
 Scrantom, Wetmore & Co.—1 pack envelopes.
 Miss Alice Ives—1 Tam O'Shanter, 2 pen-wip-
 ers.
 Mrs. F. Whittlesey—1 pair leggings, 6 holders.
 " B. Higgins—1 pair silk stockings.
 DeLand & Co., Fairport—Quantity baking pow-
 der.
 Mrs. W. S. Hubbell—4 cans preserved straw-
 berries.
 W. D. Duffy—1 barrel cider.
 Dressed dolls from Mrs. Babcock, Mrs. Bron-
 son Miss Mather, Miss Moore, Mrs.
 E. D. Chapin, Mrs. Henry C. Brewster,
 Mrs. C. F. Paine, Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs.
 Peck, Mrs. Myron Adams, Misses Bron-
 son, Bush, Bodge, Avery, Ross-Lewin,
 Hamilton, Bellows, Hathaway, Julia
 Robinson, Mamie Pyott, Jeanie Osgood
 and Urquhart.

Receipts for the Review.

FROM NOVEMBER 1ST TO DECEMBER 11TH, 1883.
 Mrs. M. Ward, Lockport, by Mrs. S. H.
 Terry..... \$ 50
 Miss H. Ogden, Penn Yan, by Mrs. N.
 T. Rochester..... 50
 Mrs. George Darling, by Mrs. M.
 Strong..... 1 25
 Mrs. E. Dovey, Omeme, Ontario, 50
 cents; Miss K. A. Hathaway,
 Arkport, 50 cents; Mrs. E. Stearns,
 Homer, 50 cents; by Mrs. M. A.
 Gilman..... 1 50
 Mrs. B. Ayrault, Mrs. B. F. Angel, Mrs.
 C. O. Beach, Rev. W. A. Coale, Mrs.
 B. Church, Miss M. Cottrell, Mrs.
 L. Dickinson, Mrs. George Mer-
 cer, Mrs. T. F. Olmstead, Miss Cora
 Paul, Miss Grace Richmond,
 Arthur I. Strang, Mrs. Vanderbilt,
 Mrs. M. Walker, each 50 cents all
 of Geneseo; by Mrs. L. Dickinson 7 00

Mrs. A. D. Blair, 62 cents; G. C. Buell & Co., adv., \$5; E. H. Cook & Co., adv., \$15; B. Hermann, adv., \$5; Jeffreys, adv., \$5; Rochester Savings Bank, adv., \$15; Trotter & Geddes, adv., \$5; James Vick, adv., \$10; by Mrs. M. M. Mathews 60 62

Mrs. E. Bates, New York, \$1; Mrs. N. T. Coleman, DeRuyter, \$1; Mrs. Oscar Craig, \$1.25; Mrs. W. D. Fitzhugh Mt. Morris, \$1; Mrs. E. N. Hill, Brockport, \$1.50; Mrs. W. J. Humphrey, Warsaw, \$1; Mr. A. Hamilton, Livonia Station, \$1; Mrs. J. Keener, 62 cents; Miss E. Mitchell, Cleveland, Ohio, \$1; Miss Mather, Sodus Center, 50 cents; Mr. S. Miller, New Haven, Conn., 50 cents; Mrs. H. Osgood, 62 cents; Arthur G. Sill, Sodus Point, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Sproat, 62 cents; Mr. Peter White, Marquette, Mich., donation, \$2; by Treasurer 14 11

Mrs. C. L. Bartlett, Lexington, Mass., 50 cents; Mrs. C. H. Manning, Manchester, N. H., 50 cents; by Mrs. Dr. Strong 1 00

Miss A. Fahy, Kingston, 50 cents; Mrs. M. A. Gilman, 62 cents; by Mrs. M. A. Gilman 1 12

Mrs. D. Hoyt, jr., 64 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kelly, 65 cents; by Mrs. L. S. Chapin 1 29

Thomas Dailey, Honeoye Falls, \$1.50; Mrs. Chas. Jones, Geneseo, 50 cents; Mrs. R. Messenger, 52 cents; Mrs. Northrup, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Walzer, Spencerport, 50 cents; by Treasurer 3 74

Mrs. N. Ayrault, 75 cents; Mrs. M. B. Anderson, 62 cents; Mrs. R. B. Ashley, 62 cents; Mrs. S. G. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. F. D. Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Alling, 63 cents; Mrs. L. Adler, \$1; Vincent Alexander, 65 cents; Mrs. Dr. Armstrong, 62 cents; J. H. Boucher, \$1; Mrs. Beebe for Mrs. J. Buell, Holley, 50 cents; Mrs. J. H. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. J. T. Briggs, 62 cents; Mrs. C. H. Babcock, two subs., \$1.15; Mrs. M. Bettridge, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Burke, 62 cents; Mrs. D. W. Bush, 62 cents; Mrs. J. M. Backus, 62 cents; Mr. J. Brackett, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Bertholf, 62 cents; Mrs. Horace Bush, 62 cents; Mrs. E. F. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. B. H. Clark, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Cole, 62 cents; Mrs. B. E. Chase, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Churchill, 62 cents; Mrs. L. S. Chapin, 62 cents; Mr. J. Craighead, 62 cents; Mrs. E. B. Chace, \$1.25; Mrs. M. W. Cooke, 62 cents; Mrs. J. A. Collier, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Corning, 62 cents; Mrs. G. F. Danforth, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Dickinson,

62 cents; Mrs. C. Depuy, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Durand, 62 cents; Mrs. K. Delano, 62 cents; Mrs. P. Davis, 62 cents; Mrs. W. N. Emerson, 62 cents; Mrs. Col. Emerson, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Ely, 65 cents; Mrs. Geo. Ellwanger, 62 cents; Mrs. L. D. Ely, 63 cents; Mrs. D. C. Eels, Cleveland, by Mrs. J. C. Hart, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Farley, 62 cents; Miss S. Frost, 62 cents; Mrs. R. H. Furman, \$1; Mrs. C. P. Ford, 62 cents; Mrs. I. F. Force, \$1; Mrs. F. Gorton, 79 cents; Mrs. E. Glen, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Grant, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Goss, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Griffen, 62 cents; Mrs. E. L. Hayward, 62 cts; Miss Hayward, 31 cts. Mrs. W. L. Halsey, \$1.25; Mrs. H. F. Huntington, 62 cents; Mrs. L. S. Hargous, New York, \$1 50; Mrs. H. F. Hart, 62 cents; Mrs. H. E. Hooker, 62 cents; Mrs. J. O. Howard, 62 cents; Mrs. M. D. L. Hayes, 62 cents; Mrs. E. K. Hough, 62 cents; Mrs. D. M. Hough, \$1.25; Mrs. J. H. Hill, 62 cents; Miss A. Jeffrey, 62 cents; Miss A. A. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Killip, 62 cents; Mrs. A. M. Lindsay, \$5; Mrs. C. C. Merriman, 62 cents; Miss Mumford, \$1.25; Mrs. E. Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. A. W. Mudge, 62 cents; Mrs. A. G. Mudge, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Merriman, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Mathews, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Mock, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Newman, 62 cents; Mrs. S. J. Nichols, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Nash, \$1.25; Miss H. Oothout, 65 cents; Miss Martha Porter, 62 cents; Mrs. E. W. Peck, 62 cents; Mrs. G. W. Parsons, 62 cents; Mrs. C. F. Pond, 62 cents; Mrs. D. K. Robinson, 62 cents; Dr. J. O. Roe, 62 cents; Mr. Geo. Ross-Lewin, 62 cents; Miss C. L. Rochester, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Raines, 62 cents; Mrs. A. W. Riley, 62 cents; Mrs. James Sargent, 62 cents; Mr. R. A. Sibley, \$1.25; Mrs. H. F. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Shatz, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Steele, 62 cents; Mrs. G. M. Sweet, 62 cents; Mrs. T. D. Snyder, 62 cents; Mrs. J. L. Sage, 62 cents; Miss E. Tompkins, 62 cents; Mrs. L. F. Ward, 62 cents; Miss M. J. Watson, \$1.25; Mrs. Geo. Weldon, 62 cents; Mrs. J. B. Whitbeck, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Whitney, \$1; Mrs. B. Wing, Brighton, 50 cents; Mrs. Witherell, three subs., \$1.86; Mrs. C. G. Wetmore, 62 cents; Mrs. L. A. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Waite, 62 cents; Miss C. Wales, 62 cents; Mrs. A. G. Yates, 62 cents; by Treasurer at donation Dec. 6th, 1888. \$ 83 14

GREAT SALE OF Gloves and Lace Mitts.

I shall place on sale several odd lots of the above named goods from my

Wholesale Department,

ON MY

RETAIL COUNTERS.

AT VERY

ATTRACTIVE PRICES,

To close them out at once.

The Goods are all of this Season's Purchase, the most Desirable Styles, and would be cheap at double the price we ask for them.

DONALD GORDON,

79 and 81 East Main Street.

Rochester Savings Bank.

Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Street.

Incorporated April 21, 1831.

XVI. Interest dividends will be made and declared semi-annually in each year on the first days of June and December, at the rate of not exceeding four per cent. per annum, on all deposits of five dollars and upwards, to the full amount allowed by the law, which shall have been made six months previous to the first days of June and December, and a ratable proportion on all such deposits as shall have been made three months next previous to those days, but no interest shall be paid on fractional parts of a dollar, No interest shall be paid on any sum withdrawn previous to the first days of June or December during the period which may have elapsed since the last dividend.

Adopted June 5th, 1882

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D. LEARY'S
STEAM

DYEING and CLEANSING ESTABLISHMENT.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The reputation of this Dye House since 1828 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards, and even the cut of our building, to mislead and humbug the public. **NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.**

I have NO AGENTS in the country. You can do your business directly with me, at the same expense as through an Agent.

Crape, Brocha, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls, and all bright colored Silks and Merinoes, cleaned without injury to the colors. Also,

LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S WOOLEN GARMENTS cleaned or colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Also, FEATHERS and KID GLOVES cleaned or dyed.

Silk, Woolen or Cotton Goods of every description dyed all colors, and finished with neatness and despatch on very reasonable terms. Goods dyed black every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. Goods returned in one week.

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Successor to Deavenport & Hale,

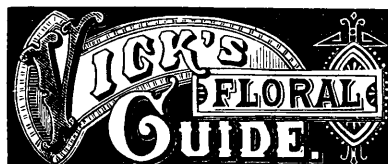
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Powers' Hotel Drug Store.****OPEN ALL NIGHT.****LOVEJOY**

POWERS' HOTEL, Next to Main Entrance.

PURE CANDY

And 12 E. Main St.

No coloring or other objectionable matter used.

S. ROSENBLATT.

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HOWE & ROGERS are offering a complete assortment of all the new and choice designs of the season, of Scotch and American Axminsters, Wiltons, Moquettes, Velvets, Body and Tapestry Brussels, Three-ply, Ingrains, Hems, Rugs, Mattings, Mats, Oil Cloths, Linoleum, &c. Carpet purchasers will find at their store much the largest and choicest stock to select from, and all at the lowest market prices, at 37 STATE ST.

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*Fresh and Salt Meats.*Special attention given to choice selections
for family use.

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GAS AND STEAM FITTER,

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Sole Agents in this city for the sale of Cornelius and Baker's Gas Fixtures, and Frink's Gas and Daylight Reflector.

French Crystal Glass Shades

AND ARTISTS' MATERIALS,

EMBRACING

White Frosted Plaques, Composition Plaques, Plain

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Panel, W. & N. Water Colors, Tube

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Country Produce a Specialty.

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FURNACES & RANGES.

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S. DUNN'S

Dyeing and Scouring Establishment.

40 Mumford St., opp. Gas Works.

Refitted and remodeled. We guarantee the same satisfaction to customers which we have ever given. Lace Curtains is one of our specialties. Orders will be promptly attended to.

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China, Crockery, Glass & Earthen Ware

SILVER PLATED WARE,

Bronzes, House Furnishing and Fancy Goods, Cutlery,

Tea Trays, Kerosene Goods, &c

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XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum 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.

XVII. On the first Tuesday of June and December, in each year, a dividend shall be declared out of the net profits for each depositor, at the rate specified in the next preceding article; and all such dividends which shall not be drawn, will be added to the principal, and draw interest from the day it was computed, which will be on the first days of June and December, in each year.

E. H. COOK & CO.**PLUMBING,**

Steam Warming & Gas Fitting.

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To 21, 23 and 25 Mill Street.

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PROMPT SERVICE,

SKILLED MECHANICS,

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Embracing materials for

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WOODBURY, MORSE & CO.

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Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP,**FLAVORING EXTRACTS.**111, 113 and 115 West Main Street,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.**The Union Clothing Co.**

Makes a Specialty of

BOYS' SCHOOL SUITS.

THE TALL BUILDING.

W. H. GLENNY & CO.

IMPORTERS OF

Crockery, China and Glassware,

FANCY GOODS, PLATED WARE, LAMPS, &c.

85 East Main Street,

Don't forget our Bargain Counter.

GEO. B. WATKINS, Manager.

DWIGHT PALMER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

BULK OYSTERS,

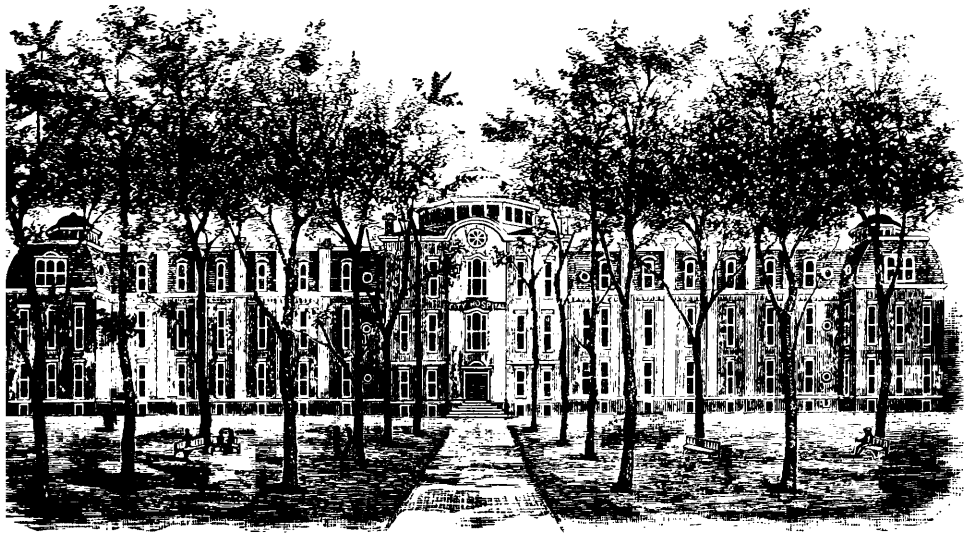
Fresh Fish, Lobsters, Clams, Scallops.

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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1884

No. 6.

The Kaiser's Question.

BY MARY A. BARR.

The Kaiser would go to the Orphanage,
Upon a Summer day;
And the children braided their flaxen hair
And tied it with ribbons gay.
They tied it with ribbons pink and blue,
And each wore her dress of white,
And the Kaiser said he thought no man
Could see a lovelier sight.

Then he took the plumed hat off his head,
And they courtesied to him low.
He said: "God bless you children dear,
And make you in wisdom grow."
He called to his side a blue-eyed girl
(She was fair as a child could be),
And he said: "Stand here thou little one,
And answer me questions three."

"This lily, so fair and white and sweet,
To what kingdom does it belong?"
"To the vegetable kingdom, Sire,"
And her voice was like a song.
"And this little toy of purest gold?"

(He showed her a mimic lyre)
And she looked up with a smile and said:
"To the mineral kingdom, Sire."

"Now tell me, my clever little maid,
To what kingdom do *I* belong?"
She thought of lions, of cows and sheep,
The *animal*, sure is wrong.
She looked at his kingly air and dress
(She was but a child of eleven),
And said, with a still and solemn air:
"I think—to the *Kingdom of Heaven*."

The Kaiser looked down, and then looked up,
And his eyes were full of tears.
"The wisdom of Heaven dwells," he said,
"In the child of tender years."
He felt as if by an angel taught,
And his soul to its depths was stirred;
So he left a royal largess there,
For the little damsel's word.

The wife of Lieutenant Governor Oliver Ames recently gave \$35,000 to the Free Hospital for women, situated on Springfield street in the city of Boston.

The Difference.

There are those who applaud the soldier who exposes himself to the fire of a battery, merely to obtain a drink of water. But the veteran derides him as fool-hardy. A fool may be brave from instinct and from ignorance of the danger to be encountered. A rash, vain, over-confident man or boy is prone to imitate the hardihood of the fool. True courage refuses to run a risk for the sake of a trifling object, or from mere wantonness. The following incident illustrates the difference between the rashness which is vain and the courage which reflects.

One afternoon last summer, several boys were bathing in a canal through which the water was brought that turned the wheel of a cotton-mill. At the lower end of the canal was a gate by which the flow of water was regulated.

Tom Dash was a good swimmer whose recklessness made him rash. While swimming near the gate, he saw that it was partly raised.

"Boys," he shouted, "let's dive under the gate and come up on the other side. I'll lead! who'll follow?"

The boys, whose flagging interest was aroused by this rash proposal, began to discuss the possibility of the feat. "I'm going to try it," said Tom, "and I dare you fellows to follow me!"

Two of the boys said at once that they would follow Tom; but Will Jones said "it is a foolish risk and I wouldn't attempt it."

Tom called him a "coward," and the two boys on the bank sneered at him because he was "afraid." Will made no reply, but quietly watched Tom as he was getting ready for the dive.

Tom mounted the wall on one side of the canal, and plunged into the water. The boys all scrambled to the other side to see him come up.

Ten seconds passed, but nothing was seen of Tom. A moment more of waiting and peering into the black water, and the boys began to realize that they stood face to face with death.

"Somebody must go down for him," said one. "Who'll go?"

A splash answered him. Will had dived down. The boys looked at each other, but not a word was spoken.

At last they saw two bodies slowly rising to the surface, one hanging in the arms of the other. The almost exhausted Will, with the help of the other boys, dragged himself and his burden ashore. Aid was summoned, and as Tom had been but a short time in the water he was soon resuscitated.

Tom had succeeded in getting half-way under the gate, when his bathing-dress caught on a large nail and he was unable to extricate himself. It was in this terrible grip that Will found him. The boys went home thinking that one is not a coward because he is not a fool.

The Grandmother.

A letter to one of her friends from a lady who spent some time among the peasants of the Tyrol, says:

"The morning after our arrival we were awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and, hurrying down, found the little house adorned as for a feast—garlands over the door and wreathing a high chair which was set in state.

"The table was already covered with gifts, brought by the young people whose music we had heard. The whole neighborhood were kinsfolks, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far off degree. They were very simple, for the donors are poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread: but upon all some little message of love was pinned.

"'Is there a bride in the house?' I asked of my landlord.

"'Ach nein!' he said. 'We do not make such a bother about our young people. It is the grandmother's birthday!'

"The grandmother in her spectacles, white apron, and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits, and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to each who came. I

could not but remember certain grandmothers at home, just as much loved as she, probably, but whose dull, sad lives were never brightened by any such gust of pleasure as this; and I thought we could learn much from these poor mountaineers."

For a Rainy Day.

In California the woodpecker stores acorns away although he never eats them. He bores several holes, differing slightly in size, at the Fall of the year, invariably in a pine tree. Then he finds an acorn which he adjusts to one of the holes prepared for its reception. But he does not eat the acorn for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorns exhibits foresight and knowledge of results more akin to reason than instinct. The succeeding Winter the acorn remains intact, but becoming saturated is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots who seem to delight in this special food. It is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when, the ground being covered with snow, he would experience a difficulty, otherwise, in obtaining suitable or palatable food. It is a subject of speculation why the redwood cedar or the sugar pine is invariably selected. It is not probable that the insect that the woodpecker is so fond of is found only on the outside of two trees; but true it is that in Calaveras, Mariposa, and other districts of California, trees of this kind may be frequently seen covered all over their trunks with acorns, when there is not an oak tree within several miles.

God Careth.

Something round which it may twine
God gives every little vine.

Some little nook or sunny bower
God gives every little flower.

Some green bough or mossy sward
God gives every little bird.

Night and day, at home, abroad,
Little ones are safe with God.

Dangers from Impure Water.

Too much reliance is placed on the senses of taste, sight and smell in determining the character of drinking water. It is a fact which has been repeatedly illustrated that water may be odorless, tasteless and colorless, and yet be full of danger to those who use it. It is also a fact that even a chemical analysis sometimes will fail to show a dangerous contamination of the water, and will always fail to detect the specific poison if the water is infected with discharges of an infectious nature. It is therefore urged that the source of the water supply should be kept free from all possible means of contamination by sewage. It is only in the knowledge of perfect cleanliness that safety is guaranteed.

The local European volunteer health commission in Alexandria, where the cholera has been raging along back, is unearthing, according to the *Sanitary News*, some very unsanitary conditions in that city. They have found a large native cemetery, under which runs a canal with which communicates a well, the water of which is used to wash dead bodies. A drinking fountain adjoins this well, and the canal is the water supply of a crowded portion of the town. In the mosques are stagnant pools of water used for ablutions prescribed by religious belief, the water in which, being unchanged, gets indescribably foul. Such nuisances are difficult to abate because of religious prejudices. Is it any wonder, adds the *News*, that pestilential diseases attack such a locality?

Hot Water for Colds.

Dr. George R. Shepherd, Hartford, Conn., says, in respect to the use of hot water as a remedial agent in the treatment of inflammation of the mucous membranes, "I have used hot water as a gargle for the past six or eight years. In acute pharyngitis and tonsillitis, and in Coryza, or cold in the head, if properly used in the commencement of the

attack, it constitutes one of the most effective remedies, being frequently promptly curative. To be of service it should be used in considerable quantity (a half pint or a pint at a time), and just as hot as the throat will tolerate. I have seen many cases of acute disease thus aborted, and can commend the method with great confidence."

Look Over It.

It said that John Wesley was once walking with a brother, who related to him his troubles, saying he did not know what he should do. They were at that moment passing a stone fence to a meadow, over which a cow was looking

"Do you know," asked Wesley, "why the cow looks over that wall?"

"No," replied the one in trouble.

"I will tell you," said Wesley; "because she cannot look through it. And that is what you must do with your troubles: look over and above them."

Depend upon it, in the midst of all the science about the world and its ways, and all the ignorance of God and his greatness, the man or woman who can say, "Thy will be done," with the true heart of giving up, is nearer the secret of things than the geologist.—
George McDonald.

To Make Porridge.

Let the water boil before the meal is stirred in; then the meal should be poured in regularly from the hand in a continuous stream, stirring all the time. In this consists the art of porridge making, as on its being well done depends the absence of all unpalatable lumps, and its smoothness when dished. Allow the porridge to boil ten minutes, stirring frequently, and then put in the salt. Allow the porridge to boil ten minutes, as it has a tendency to harden the meal and prevent its fully expanding. After the salt has been put in, boil for another ten minutes, then dish.

Every man can be managed, if you find out his handle.

Raison D'Etre.

What is the use of the rosy wild laurel,
Making the paths of the wilderness fair,
Blooming in masses where none may behold it,
No man can eat it and no man can wear?

What is the use of the myriad wild roses,
Waking in June at the touch of the sun,
No one to pick them and no one to smell them.
Fading unmourned when their brief day is done?

Think of the tarns which no climber discovers,
High in the mountain tops lifted in air,
Whitened each summer with fleets of wild lilies,
No one to pluck them or praise them as fair.

Only a bird now and then hovers o'er them,
Only the rain-drops which laugh as they fall.
Lonely, unnoted they bud and they vanish,
Yet the sweet lilies are happy through all.

Never a wood but is rich in hid treasures,
Never a field but is decked like a queen,
All the world weareth a mantle of beauty,
Half of this beauty must perish unseen.

What is its use then? Ah, sweetest of uses!
What is the use when the baby we kiss?
What is the use of a smile or a rapture?
What is the use?—ah, the use it is this!

More than bare needing the dear Lord provideth,
All is not raiment and all is not bread;
He who so loves us and gives of that loving,
Wills that our souls like our bodies be fed.

Turn where we will there are signs of this presence,
Nothing escapes Him and nothing can spare;
Though we should pierce to the desert untrodden,
Still we should find that the Lord had been there.

Never a blossom of hidden wild laurel,
Never a lily-cup brimming with dew,
But it says softly to whoso discovers
"The Lord is so kind that He made me for you."

Susan Coolidge.

"You just take a bottle of my medicine, said a quack doctor to a consumptive, "and you'll never cough again." "Is it as fatal as that?" gasped the consumptive.

"That is not the way to raise a child," said the humanitarian to a parent arrested for lifting his boy by the ear.—
[N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

The man who at the first of the year resolved to quit smoking has compromised by using ten instead of twelve cigars a day.—[Phil. Chronicle.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1883.

Midwinter at the Hospital.

The mercury was in the neighborhood of zero as, on the morning of January 4th, we wended our way to the City Hospital, and found within its comfortable shelter a refuge from the wintry blasts.

As we stood by a radiator two sweet voices and bright young faces greeted us, and we recognized members of the Flower Mission. Their floral treasures were carefully protected from the frosty air, and as the gift bringers unveiled them, we feasted our eyes on orange and white Abutilons, scarlet Bouvardias, pure white and delicate pink Begonias, modest Sweet Alyssums, gay Carnations, double Primulas, fresh leaves of the Geranium, and graceful sprays of the Smilax. Flowers are always beautiful, but when the Hospital lawns are mantled in snow they are doubly welcome to the invalids.

Our first visit was to the Male Surgical Ward, and, as we entered, we found the nurse busied with a young Italian, who, two weeks before, while coupling cars, had injured the thumb and three fingers of his right hand. His arm was in a sling, but his condition was improving. The physicians had tried in vain to save the right arm of a young man that was crushed on the 10th of October, while coupling cars. Amputation was necessary, and the arm was removed above the elbow the day before Thanksgiving. The young man was up, dressed, and the arm was fast healing. Jacob Lutz, a youth of seventeen, still bore on his head and beneath his left eye fearful scars from the blows he had received the same night his father was fatally wounded. He complained of pains in the body where he had been kicked by the wretch who attacked him, and also of severe headache. A German who several weeks before had sprained his ankle by falling through an unprotected elevator opening, in the

dark, early in the morning, was seated by the register and reported progress. Of the sixteen patients in this ward only one was confined to his bed; he was suffering from an abscess on the foot, but was gaining.

There were thirteen under treatment in the Male Medical Ward. The aged minister, ninety-two years old, who seemed so feeble when he came to the Hospital, contrary to the expectation of his nurses, had rallied and gone home well. He practised his gymnastic exercises with his arms in bed, and when he left the hospital said he could walk a mile. A patient in the Cross Ward had died the day before of typhoid fever. He was too sick to partake of the fruit distributed on Christmas day, but was greatly pleased with the flowers. One patient who had had typhoid fever was convalescing; another had recovered from malarial fever and left. There were two consumptives, one of whom was confined to his bed. There were two paralytics.

In the Hall Pavilion there was a case of facial erysipelas; the man was improving.

There were twelve patients in the Female Medical Ward, and one death had occurred during December. A German woman was receiving treatment from Dr. Rider; she did not reside in the city. Three patients were confined to their beds; one of these was the aged woman known in the ward as "grandmother." One woman was convalescing from dysentery, another slowly gaining after gastric fever, one had swollen limbs, another was a paralytic.

In the Lying-In-Ward we found one baby and two waiting patients.

Fourteen were under treatment in the Female Surgical Ward. One of these, with water on the knee, was improving. An aged woman nearly three weeks before had fallen with dishes in her hand, and had cut her head badly with broken china. She spoke most gratefully of the care she had received at the City Hospital, and said Dr. E., her physician, was a noble man. Mrs.

P. had been quite sick, but was somewhat relieved. One patient had some disease of the skin, another had suffered for three years with internal tumors. Mrs. B. was bright and cheerful, as usual, and told us how hard and how successfully she had struggled to dispense with the use of morphine.

In the Cross Ward we found one paralytic patient.

The Little Folks.

Dear children, during the holidays, many of you doubtless have received illustrated verses on Christmas and New Years cards that you thought very pretty, but we do not believe any one of them is so beautiful as a picture we saw at the City Hospital, illustrating Christ's words: "*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me!*" It was in the Lower Female Ward. On a cot, with snowy white coverings and curtains, lay a pale faced, dark eyed little German girl, who since the second week in July has been suffering with an abscess on her left leg. Near her were her Christmas gifts, her cards, her large doll in its pink dress; also a bouquet of bright flowers that had just been given her by a sweet voiced young lady, who was seated beside her helping her forget her aches and pains by reading to her a pleasing story. Would you not like to have seen this picture? The little girl was Rosa Uehlin; the young lady would not let us give you her name, but we think she makes prettier pictures than any that are hand-painted.

Julia Sugru, the girl with a broken thigh, has recovered and gone home. Katie Hogley, who, nearly eleven months ago, set fire to her clothes with hot ashes and burned her leg, is still confined to her bed, but she has been brought into the Lower Female Ward, sits up in bed and does fancy work, is slowly improving, and says she has not in four years had so happy a Christmas as the last.

Two brothers, Jacob and George Henry, from Rushville, have been re-

ceiving care in the Male Medical Ward. George, eleven years old, had an abscess in the head that discharged at the ear, but he was almost well when he went home. Jacob, his younger brother, seven years old, was chasing chickens, and ran a jack-knife through his eye. The other eye, from sympathy, was becoming diseased, and Dr. Rider feared he would become blind, so he took out the wounded eye, and at the last accounts the other was improving. The blind boy had gone back to Hamlet, Chautauqua County, slightly benefitted, but is coming back for hospital treatment.

Christmas.

Santa Claus did not forget our invalids. Mrs. George J. Whitney, as for years she has been wont to do, came on Christmas with her daughters and nieces. They brought and distributed Japanese trays and boxes filled with fruit and flowers; not a ward patient or nurse was passed by. St. Luke's Flower Mission brought flowers and Christmas cards, and many of the Board of Managers sent gifts to their sick friends. Other members of the household received useful articles from Miss Frances E. Hebbard, our matron. Miss Emma Swartout, of Phelps, sent Christmas cards to one of the aged invalids, and also to the children who are or have been recently in the Hospital.

We are indebted to Jeffrey's, undertaker, for a very valuable "Crosby Invalid Bedstead." It is patented, was made by a Boston company, and is so constructed that the bed can be removed from beneath an invalid and made up without disturbing a sick person. The upper portion of the bed can be adjusted to any angle, and a table is so arranged that it can be available as a writing desk, book rest or dining table.

We publish this month much that was omitted for want of space in our last REVIEW.

"Iolanthe" at Powers' Hall.

According to previous announcement the opera "Iolanthe" was presented at Powers' Hall, on the evenings of December 10th and 11th, for the benefit of the City Hospital. The arrangements, under the direction of Mr. Dellon M. Dewey, Jr., were most pleasing and satisfactory, and reflected great credit on all who participated in the opera. Our REVIEW was so full last month that we could not print the cast of characters, which we now give:

Lord Chancellor.....	Fred Backus
Earl of Mt. Ararat.....	Fred Mann
Earl Tolloller.....	Willis Gove
Private Willis.....	Will Cole
Strephon.....	Dellon M. Dewey, Jr
Queen of Fairies.....	Miss Tappan
Iolanthe.....	Miss Hollister
Phyllis.....	Mrs. Walker
Celia.....	Miss Dewey
Leila.....	Miss Huntington
Fleta.....	Miss Brewster
Fairies—Misses Frances, Kate and Alice Ross-Lewin, Misses Williams, Hess, Curtice, Harris and Ives.	
Peers—Messrs. Day, Hillier, Cole, Hough, Walker, Paine, McNeal, Pierpont, McKee and Brewster.	

The pianist was Miss Alice Huntington. The scenery was arranged by Mr. J. M. Angle. Mr. Tom Karl and Mrs. John Kuhlman loaned many of the costumes. The Hospital reaped a benefit of \$322.

The Children's Cot Fund.

We are happy to announce that the endowment fund of \$3,000 for the Children's Cot is completed, and that we also have received some donations for "Bricks for the Children's Pavilion." Now that we have an endowed cot, of course we must have a building to put it in, and also a place for many cots for sick children.

On Donation day some offerings were made by little girls who earned their gifts; other children sent a Thanksgiving offering, from the bank of a dear sister who had entered the fold where there are no sick children; a little girl, five years old, brought her fourth donations "to take care of sick children in the hospital;" another gave us her fifth

offering; a two-years-old darling reached up her tiny hand with ten dollars "from grandmother, for her grandchildren," four of whom were among the first contributors to the cot fund; five boys, by a Punch and Judy show, had earned their gift; four children, from one family, made us a Christmas offering; then there were memorial gifts, and a generous sum from the Cot table and the Annex of Laurance Angel and Bessie Backus.

In our last REVIEW we reported that \$41.93 were transferred from the Children's Cot Fund to the Children's Pavilion Building Fund, and other donations for "Bricks for the Pavilion." brought the fund up to \$49.43.

We now wish a Happy New Year to all the dear children who have helped us raise the Cot Fund, but we cannot spare the little workers who, so eagerly, for nearly seven years, have aided us; we must enlist them all and as many more as they can induce to join them, in working for the Children's Pavilion. We have plenty of room for such a building on the hospital lawn. Indeed, we have plans drawn for a Children's Hospital. Perhaps while we are working for a Pavilion, some rich friend or friends, knowing how much we need it, will erect a Children's Hospital, and then we could use our funds for one of its wards. We will go on and raise money as quickly as we can; we invite all our young friends, and older ones who love children, to join us. We shall need thank offerings, memorial gifts, and just such donations as came for the Cot fund. Any donations or "Bricks for the Pavilion" may be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring Street.

Let us have a long list for our February REVIEW, and send some letters for the REVIEW with your money.

A Child's Gift.

An acceptable gift, a barrel of apples, has been sent to us by Mary L. Brooks, Brooks Grove, N. Y., and our young friend has since made a call on us.

History of the Children's Cot.

In the February number of the HOSPITAL REVIEW, 1877, we wrote an article, "Work for the Little Folks," in which we told the children about "*The Daisy Bed*," in Hudson County Hospital, Jersey City, and proposed that they should endow a Children's Cot in our City Hospital.

The first response was from a brother and sister in memory of a deceased brother; then came a gift in memory of a little girl; two sisters in Niagara Falls sent us an offering, and two of their cousins in this city, "by prompt and faithful obedience," earned their gift of two dollars; other children gladly aided us; one boy made a collection of five dollars for us; another gave a child's nice bedstead of black walnut, with a hair mattress; a young lady sent a pair of pillows and two pairs of pillow cases, and, before the month closed, we had \$27 for the Cot Fund.

We decided to make the endowment fund \$3,000; and at first we thought we would call the cot the Lily Bed, but wiser heads than ours named it the Children's Cot.

The children of the city and some in neighboring villages and states have worked nobly. In many ways they have earned money for us: some by sewing, helping their mothers, gathering dandelions "that the seeds need not scatter," making fancy and useful articles for the Cot Table on Donation Day, having parlor fairs, exhibitions, tableau parties, Sabbath school collections, Easter, Christmas, Thanksgiving and New Year's offerings, grab-bags, Sibyl's fountains, playing "Box & Cox," selling flowers, &c., &c. Then we have had thank offerings, memorial gifts, and two contributions have come from the Mothers' meeting at St. Luke's church. The largest donation from one person was from the late Mrs. Lewis H. Morgan, who, on Donation Day, 1882, sent, "A Friend, \$100." The largest amount realized from any entertainment was that from the exhi-

bition of "The Earth Child and Fairy Land," in February, 1882, under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Lyle, when we received \$350. The recent Luther Centennial celebration brought us \$116.25. Our Cot Table, under the charge of Mrs. Charles H. Angel, has brought us an annual harvest, and Misses Alice and Louise Upton, Pagie Ward, Laurance Angel and a host of other young friends have rallied around us on Donation Days.

At the close of 1877 our endowment fund amounted to \$283.95; in 1878, to \$547.75; in 1879, to \$790.02; in 1880, to \$1,260.23; in 1881, to \$1,547.46; in 1882, to \$2,463.52, and in 1883, to \$3,041.93.

The surplus, \$41.93, was transferred to the Children's Pavilion Fund.

Now, children, perhaps you would like to know who have slept in your little cot. How many of you have ever been to the hospital to see it? It stands in the southwest corner of the Upper Female Ward. Its first occupant was Agnes McIntyre, a motherless girl, nine years old, who had a diseased heart and was dropsical. Sometimes she could not lie down in the cot, and had to be bolstered up in a rocking chair; she was a very patient little sufferer, and died September 16th, 1877. She was the little girl who was so fond of the doll she named Ruby.

The second occupant was Joanna Halsey, nine years old; she had no father, for, three years before, he had been frozen to death and brought home in his coffin. His wife went out to work, and so could not take care of her daughter after she fell and broke her collar bone; so Joanna was nursed at the hospital till well enough to go back to her mother.

The third Cot child was Hattie Slocum, a fat, chubby little girl of six years. When she came to the hospital she had been suffering three years with her eye; it was very much inflamed and almost closed. She was with us many months, and went home greatly benefited by hospital nursing.

In October, 1878, came Nellie Cara-

her, the fourth child; she was eight years old, had a bad cough, had been neglected, and was in danger of consumption. Good food, tender care, sun baths and rubbing greatly improved her and she returned to her father.

In December, 1878, Robert Comstock, who had a diseased spine, was put into the cot. He had St. Vitus's Dance and threw himself about a great deal, and the sides of the cot protected him from falling to the floor. He was nine years old and was improved very much by hospital treatment.

Number six was Annie Stone, nine years old. She had inflamed eyes and a disease of the skin when she came to the hospital; when she left it she was cured.

Number seven was Mary Kern, a German girl eight years old. She had never been well or able to go to school. She had an eruption on her hands and feet, and it was at times hard for her to walk. She could not wear leather shoes, but had bandages and cloth shoes or moccasins. She improved very slowly, was a very gentle, patient child, and everybody loved her. She sang very sweetly in German and English. She occupied the cot a long while, but gave it up to Laura Murney and took a large cot next to it, that Laura, who was only five years old, might sleep in the Children's Cot. Laura was a delicate, frail little girl, and when she had been in the hospital about two months, one very cold day in February, Willie Brady, a fatherless boy two years and four months old, was brought in by his mother who was out at service. He was just recovering from inflammation of the lungs, and was bundled up with many wrappings lest he should take cold. While the nurse was uncovering him she asked where he should be placed. Laura Murney answered: "I will give him up my bed, and I will be his little nurse." "That will be very nice," said the nurse; "then he will not fall out of the cot." Mary Kern slept in the next cot, and she and Laura were very fond of Willie. He occupied the cot three

months and then died very suddenly. His mother was sick at this time in the hospital. Willie was a great pet, and his sudden death made the patients and nurses very sad.

Number ten was a colored boy from the Industrial School. He was three years old and did not stay very long at the hospital. He had inflamed eyes. He was a funny little fellow and imitated all the noises that were made by the sick people around him. He was very active, and ran about so much, disturbing the sick people, that the nurses had to take off his leather shoes and put on soft moccasins. When he was well enough they sent him back to the Industrial School.

Number eleven was Mary Doolan, four years old. She came from West Bloomfield and was with us a long time. Her eyes had been injured by measles, and when she first came she held her head down and shaded her eyes with her hands. She at length went home cured. Her mother writes:

Mary is not so fleshy now as when she came home. She was very lonesome for about a week; she was talking all the time about her little bed: she wished she had it up here. She wanted me to be a night nurse, and she made a cap for me. Sometimes she says she is going back to the hospital. She sends her love and a kiss to you all.

As you read of these sick children who have been cared for in the Children's Cot, does it not make you feel happy, to think you have helped endow it? Will you not do all you can to send money for "Bricks for the Children's Pavilion?"

Mrs Robert Mathews, 28 Spring street, will be glad to hear from any of you.

Bed tidies are greatly needed. Cannot some of the sewing societies in our neighboring villages procure factory and cotton batting and quilt some for us? Old quilts would be very acceptable.

Correction.

Last month an error was made in the name of Miss H. S. Mumford, who donated \$25; and Mr. Henry Morse should have been credited with a donation of \$15 to a refreshment table.

Additional Cash Donations.

Amount reported in last REVIEW....	\$6,727 75
J. H. Stedman	25 00
H. E. Jones.....	10 00
A Friend.....	5 00
Cash.....	1 00
	<hr/>
	\$6,768 75

CORRECTIONS.

Mrs. Adams' table	\$200 37
Mrs. Hamilton's Country Store	207 51

RECAPITULATION.

Cash donations.....	\$6,768 75
Refreshment tables	1,050 02
Fancy and linen tables.....	825 37
Country store.....	207 51
"Iolanthe,".....	322 00
	<hr/>
	\$9,173 65
Expenses.....	337 96
	<hr/>
Nett	\$8,835 69

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

Contents of Mite Boxes.

No.	Am't.	No.	Am't.
392	\$16 50	567	1 56
626	3 23	605	94
407	97	596	97
49	7 41	574	63
417	1 35	544	51
506	1 50	548	8 62
521	11 04	552	52
400	3 83	625	88
601	5 89	565	6 16
556	1 34	175	45
559	2 77	480	33
554	46	530	22
377	32	578	1 73
551	1 05	581	2 98
568	1 08	517	1 67
550	73	346	34
616	3 17	451	1 40
546	1 75	192	51
376	25	260	1 65
532	87	595	63
526	1 20	272	5 00
540	90	Cash	50

Miscellaneous Donations.

Country Store—Box of useful articles.	
Mrs. Lydia B. Blackner	} Each a new pieced bed quilt.
" D. McArthur,	
2d Ward Ladies' Ben. Soc'y	
St. James Sewing School,	
W. A. Levet—One iron bedstead.	
Mr. Stephen Remington—One barrel apples.	
" S. Benjamin—Two bushels apples, three bushels potatoes.	
F. Goetzman—Two turkeys, celery.	
Mrs. Wm. Corning—Milk and celery.	
" P. B. Lee—One bedstead, one table, one mattress.	

Mrs. J. Breck Perkins—One turkey, cranberries, three dozen oranges.
 " G. J. Whitney—Three turkeys.
 Mr. Herman—Forty-five pounds turkey.
 Miss Mary Ward—Old cotton.
 Mrs. A. D. Smith—Twenty-nine yards carpet.
 Mrs. Henry Morse—Old cotton.
 Mr. Ferry (Baker)—One barrel bread.
 Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent and Aid Society—
 Painting, two bed-room chairs, one
 rocker, sheets, for Hebrew Ward.
 Union Clothing Co.—25 pumpkin pies.
 Mr. A. S. Hamilton—One barrel squash, Har-
 per's Magazine, 1881 and 1882, second-
 hand clothing.
 Mrs. Bowker—One-half bushel grapes, one-
 half bushel pears.
 Wm. Gladding—Onions.
 Mrs. A. G. Wright—Reading matter.
 Miss Pixley—Large quantity reading matter.
 A. W. Mudge—"Graphics."
 Mrs. D. H. Little—Second-hand clothing, old
 cotton.
 Miss Mumford—Second-hand clothing, old
 cotton.
 Mrs. S. J. Macy—32 vols. Cooper's works.
 " B. R. Lawrance—Pickwick Papers, Chil-
 dren of the Abbey, Tom Brown's
 School Days, Around the World in
 Eighty Days.

Unclaimed Dishes at the House of the Treasurer.

One plain standard glass bowl.
 One small fluted glass bowl.
 One large white deep dish.
 Two yellow dishes.
 Six deep tin pans.
 Two large yellow pie plates.
 Four large white pie plates.
 Four white dinner plates.
 Three granite pie plates.
 One white bowl.
 One white coffee cup.
 Three jelly glasses.
 Two small black salvers.
 One large basket.
 One white platter.
 Also one hemstitched white pocket handker-
 chief.
 One gentleman's scarf pin, (gold, fox caught
 in a trap).

Persons owning these unclaimed articles
 will please call as early as possible, if not
 claimed they will be sent to the Hospital.

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

Monthly Reports.

No. in Hospital November 1st, 1883.....	85
" Received during month.....	39
" Births.....	0—134
" Deaths.....	4
" Discharged.....	39
" Remaining December 1st, 1883.....	81—124

Bird.

At Rochester City Hospital, November 5th, 1883, of Pneumonia, Robert Allel, aged 47 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, November 12th, 1883, of Typhoid Fever, Mrs. Jessie Montgomery, aged 32 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, November 14th, 1883, of Congestion of the Brain, George Middleton, aged 25 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, November 22d, 1883, of Typhoid Fever, Mrs. Nancy Truesdale, aged 65 years. The remains were taken to Canada.

At Rochester City Hospital December 9th, 1883, of Consumption and disease of Kidneys, Mrs. John H. Bowker, aged 34 years

At Rochester City Hospital, December 28th, 1883, of Cancer, Mrs. Anne G. Bowden, aged 26 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, December 31st, 1883, of Disease of Heart and Typhoid Fever, Minnie Walker, aged 26 years.

Receipts for the Review.

DEC. 11TH, 1883, TO JANUARY, 1884.

Miss Carrie C. Levet, 62 cents; Mrs. H. C. Munn, 62 cents; Mrs. Morgan, Potsdam, 50 cents; Mrs. N. T. Rochester, 62 cents; Mrs. Hiram Smith, Mumford, \$1; Mrs. D. A. Watson, 62 cents; by Treasurer... \$ 3 98

Children's Pavilion Building Fund.

Florence Messenger..... 25
A friend..... 25
50
Previously acknowledged..... \$ 49 43
\$ 49 93

A Useful Gift.

The northeast room of the east man-sard, with the exception of the carpet, has been entirely refurnished by Mrs. J. C. Van Epps. The furniture had belonged to the late Mrs. Anson House, and her daughter, Mrs. Van Epps, knowing how much her mother delighted in doing good, felt she could make no more appropriate use of her mother's furniture than to donate it to the Hospital. It was put in perfect order and is now doing good service in a private room. The bedstead was supplied with nice mattresses, pillows, blankets, &c., and the comfortable chairs were newly upholstered.

Monthly Reports.

No. in Hospital December 1st, 1883.... 81
" Received during month..... 48
" Births..... 2—126
" Deaths..... 3
" Discharged..... 44
" Remaining January 1st, 1884.... 79—126

Miscellaneous Donations.

Mrs. J. H. Martindale—3½ gal. oysters.
" S. M. Bentley—Scrap basket, 1 embroidered blanket.
Jeffrey & Co.—Invalids' bed.
Mrs. Medbury—1 large sofa.
Miss Mary L. Brooks, Brooks Grove—1 barrel apples.
Mrs. Nichols—Old cotton.
Dr. Wm. S. Ely (for use of nurses)—Dung-lison's Dictionary, Thompson's Conspetus, Physiology and Hygiene, Wilson's Anatomy, Draper's Anatomy.
Mr. C. P. Dewey, New York—Many books.
Mrs. H. S. Osgood—Reading matter.
Mr. F. G. Goetzman—2 turkeys and a quantity of celery.

The Orphans' Friend.

At the funeral of the late Henry S. Potter, a touching allusion was made to the interest manifested by Mr. Potter in the charities of the city, and the Potter Wing of the Rochester Orphan Asylum was spoken of as a noble monument to the memory of the departed. Among the floral offerings, the wreath, the ripe grain, and the sickle, was one peculiarly appropriate, the gift of the Orphan Asylum—a floral pillow—on which was inscribed in *immortelles*
"The Orphans' Friend."

Vick's Floral Guide.

Vick's Floral Guide for 1884, a pamphlet of 135 pages, comes to us tastefully and copiously illustrated and filled with useful, practical suggestions. Its cover, decorated with flowers, fruit and insects, is like a breath of Summer air mid the frost and snow banks that surround us. Our young townsmen are proving worthy successors of their father.

A clear head is desirable, but a clean heart is essential.

Where Our First Flag was Made.

The house in which the work was done, No. 239 Arch street, Philadelphia, a small, two-storied house of brick, is still standing. Mrs. Ross, wife of Colonel George Ross, of the Continental army, was the maker of that flag, and continued to be flag-maker to Congress for many years after. She used to relate that General Washington and her husband came to her house in Arch street with a drawing of the flag, as just ordered by Congress, and asked her to make one. She answered "I don't know whether I can, but I'll try." Upon examining General Washington's drawing, she pointed out an error in it, the stars being six-pointed instead of five-pointed, as they should have been. Mrs. Ross was an old acquaintance of General Washington's. She had embroidered his shirt ruffles and done other fine needle-work for him when he was Member of Congress, much to his satisfaction. Consequently when Congress at length determined upon the design of a new flag, he stepped around to her house with her husband and asked her to make one. From many circumstances, too numerous to relate now, I derive the impression that the two men who had most to do with designing the American flag, were the two who did most to create the nation which it symbolized, namely, George Washington and Benjamin Franklin. But let us not forget that Mrs. Ross corrected the erroneous stars which these great men designed.

Some readers will ask, where and when was the new flag first employed? On the self-same day that Congress passed the act that created the flag, they appointed Paul Jones to the command of the Ranger, then fitting for sea at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, from the mast-head of which the flag soon after courted the breeze. On the 2nd of August of the same Summer, Col. Peter Gansevoort found himself suddenly invested by the enemy in Fort Stanwix New York. He was without a flag, but before sunset the

garrison had contrived to make one. Shirts were sacrificed to form the white stripes, pieces of scarlet cloth composed the red stripes, while an old cloth cloak of one of the officers was cut up to make a blue ground for the stars. This, extemporized flag floated for twenty days over the fort, until the enemy abandoned the siege. In September the new flag of thirteen stars and thirteen stripes, made by Mrs. Ross's skillful fingers, was borne at the battle of Brandywine, and in October witnessed the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga.

The flag remained unaltered until 1795, when, in consequence of the admission of Vermont and Kentucky, the number of the stars and stripes was changed from thirteen to fifteen. The admission of new States suggested a still further increase, but the subject was not considered until 1818, when the act was passed which established the flag as it now is, thirteen stripes and one star for each State.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE.

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

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

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Adopted June 5th, 1882.

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XVII. On the first Tuesday of June and December, in each year, a dividend shall be declared out of the net profits for each depositor, at the rate specified in the next preceding article; and all such dividends which shall not be drawn, will be added to the principal, and draw interest from the day it was computed, which will be on the first days of June and December, in each year.

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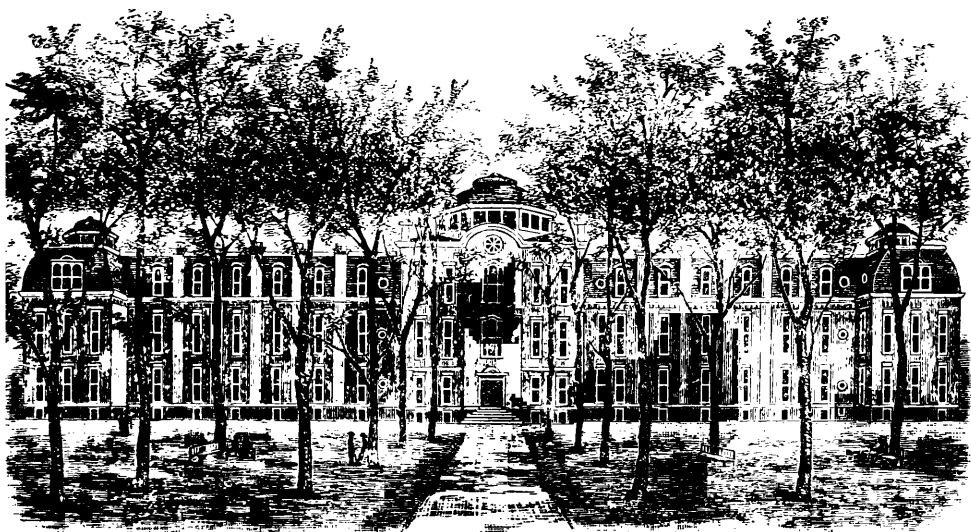
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1884.

No. 7.

Rochester City Hospital.

The Rochester City Hospital— an incorporated institution, but not supported by the city, as its name might imply—is situated on West avenue and Troup street. Entrance for carriages is from Troup street. The grounds embrace three acres in an unsurpassed location. The Hospital wards are large, light, well ventilated, heated by steam, and are designed for medical and surgical cases of both sexes. Patients are here received on city or county orders, or on the recommendation of any of the Attending Physicians and Surgeons. The charge to patients in the large wards is four dollars a week; in the private wards, accommodating two or three patients each, six dollars a week; this includes board, medicines and nurs-

ing; also, medical attendance to those unable to pay for it. The Lying-in department offers special advantages for the care of patients before, during and after confinement. Cases of contagious diseases are treated in isolated buildings. The entire upper floor of the Hospital is divided into twenty private rooms, well furnished, where private patients are received and treated. The charge to such patients is from ten to twelve dollars a week, which includes board, medicines, (exclusive of stimulants), and ordinary nursing. An extra charge is made for a private nurse. Private patients choose their own physician, who may be of any school. Applications for private rooms should be made to Mrs. M. A. Gilman, Recorder, at the Hospital. The sanitary condition of the buildings is deemed perfect, the

drainage having recently been entirely reconstructed on the most approved principles. The Hospital, which is open to patients from any part of the country, is under the direction of the following officers:

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Recorder.

Mrs. Mary A. Gilman.

Supervising Nurse.

Miss L. A. Markham.

"Hospital Sunday."

It is worth while to inquire whether Buffalo and Rochester might not do well to imitate New York, which has successfully copied London in the plan of uniting all the benevolent spirits of the city, on a given day, in one work, of following the example of the good Samaritan. Even the Hebrews have nobly joined in this labor of humanity and for charitable persons, not connected with congregations, boxes were fixed at divers places to unite and encourage their co-operation. Nobody but the Romanists withheld the most zealous interest in this project. A large sum was collected and will be distributed among the hospitals of the city on a principle of division agreed upon beforehand. Contributors had the right to devote a gift to any particular charity as well. It is said that this common effort has done much to kindle a general spirit of good will among all classes who shared in it. If even the divisions among Christians are to be healed, no doubt it must be initiated by getting them to act together in common works of love to Christ, and to his people.

It is said that not less than 100,000 copies of the following hymn were distributed for the occasion, and in many congregations it was sung as part of public worship.

The author was invited to prepare it by the committee of arrangements, but he stipulated that his name should not appear:

HYMN FOR HOSPITAL SUNDAY.

December 30, 1883.

Father who mak'st Thy suffering sons
Thy ministers to stronger ones.
To light love's holy flame within
Deposing self, abasing sin,
Oh, teach my soul, confiding still,
To suffer or to do Thy will.

If in this world of mystery,
Unequal favors fall on me,
While brothers better far than I,
Are called to languish or to die,
Help me, in turn, their ills to share,
Their wounds to heal, their loads to bear.

Blest is their task, 'mid human woe
Thy gifts on others who bestow;

For suffering lies at plenty's door,
And God appeals, when cries the poor,
His law ordains, for all that live,
What sorrow lacks let mercy give.

The day shall come when veils remove,
And all shall see that God is Love.
Then Christ Himself all tears shall dry,
And show of pain the reason why,
And theirs shall be the great reward
Who in His poor beheld their Lord.

—[*The Kalendar.*]

Correspondence.

The following extract from a private letter, recently received from Philadelphia, is sent us, with the hope that its publication may, perhaps, incite some one to a similar effort, to make the Bergh Society more efficient here:

"The event of the past week for me was going to the meeting of the Woman's Branch S. P. C. A., on Friday, the 18th, to hear speeches from Mr. Angel, President of Boston S. P. C. A., and others, to our policemen, on occasion of the presentation of two gold medals to the two who had the best record for humanity to 'all living creatures' the past year. Eight hundred were there, and looked splendid, and behaved like Christian gentlemen. We had the Germania orchestra: the ex-Mayor Fox presided, and there were three capital speeches, before the President, Mrs. White, gave the medals.

"Of course it was a difficult matter to select two only out of 1,200, but with the advice of the Chief-of-Police it was done. One medal was given to the one who had made the most arrests, because of inhumanity to children and animals; the other to a man who had been found doing most humane work, when he had no reason to think he was observed by anyone. He had walked long distances to make sure that kind care was taken of children and animals. The men seemed greatly pleased with the compliments that were paid the force, and I think it is the best thing we ever did to bring the Society before public and police force, and make people think a little more about the 'rights' of those who are oppressed and unable to help themselves. The meeting was held from 3 to 5 P. M. to enable the largest number to be present in Association Hall."

A Kiss for a Blow.

A visitor once went into a school in the city of Boston, where he saw a boy and girl on one seat, who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless passion, the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked, and raised her hand to return the blow.

Her face showed the rage that was working within, and her clenched fist was aimed at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye. "Stop, my dear," said he; "You had better kiss your brother than strike him!" The look and the word reached her heart. Her hand dropped. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood against the blow, but he could not withstand a sister's kiss. He compared the provocation he had given her with the return she had made, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. This affected the sister and with her little handkerchief she wiped away his tears. But the sight of her kindness only made him cry the faster; he was completely subdued. Her teacher then told the children always to return a kiss for a blow, and they would never get any more blows. If men, women, families and communities and nations would act on this principle, this world would almost cease to be a vale of tears. "Nations would not lift up the sword against nations; neither would they learn war any more."

A Story of Parepa Rosa.

It was many years ago that a poor, widowed woman, leading a hard life of unending labor, was called upon to part with the one thing dear to her—her only child. Mother and daughter had toiled together for fifteen years, and the only bit of sunshine falling into their dark lives was that shed by their loving companionship. But the girl had been always weakly. Under the heart-broken mother's eyes she faded and wasted away with consumption, and at last the day came when the war face failed to answer with a smile the anxious, tear-blinded eyes of the mother. The poor young creature was dead.

For many months the pair had been supported by the elder woman's sewing, and it was in the character of employer I had become acquainted with Mrs. C. and her story. By an occasional visit to the awful heights of an

East Side tenement where they lived, by a few books and some comforting words, I had won the love of the dying girl. Her grateful thoughts turned in her last hours to the small number of friends she possessed, and she besought her mother to notify me of the day of the funeral, and ask me to attend.

That summons reached me upon one of the wildest days preceding Christmas. A sleet that was not rain, and a rain that was not snow, came pelting from all points of the compass. I piled the glowing grates; I drew closer the curtains and shut out the gloom of the December afternoon; I turned on the gas and sat down devoutly thankful that I had cut all connection with the wicked weather—when an instalment of it burst in on me in the shape of Parepa Rosa. She was Euphrosyne Parepa at that time, and the operatic idol of the city.

And even as we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of delightful hours together, there came the summons for me to go to the humble funeral of the poor sewing-woman's daughter. I turned the little tear-blotted note over and groaned. "This is terrible," said I; "it's just the one errand that could take me out to-day; but I must go." And then I told Parepa the circumstances, and speculated on the length of time I should be gone, and suggested means of amusement in my absence.

"But I shall go with you," said the great-hearted creature.

So she re-wound her throat with the long, white comforter, pulled on her worsted gloves, and off in the storm we went together. We climbed flight after flight of narrow, dark stairs to the top floor, where the widow dwelt in a miserable little room, not more than a dozen feet square. The canvas-back hearse peculiar to the twenty-five dollar funeral stood in the street below, and the awful cherry-stained box, with its ruffle of glazed white muslin, stood on uncovered trestles in the center of the room above.

There was the mother, speechless in her grief, beside that box, a group of hard-working, kindly-hearted neighbors sitting about. It was useless to say the poor woman was prepared for the inevitable end; it was cold comfort to speak to her of the daughter's release from pain and suffering. The bereft creature, in her utter loneliness, was thinking of herself and the awful future of the approaching moment when that box and its precious burden would be taken away and leave her wholly alone. So, therefore, with a sympathizing grasp of the poor, worn, bony hand, we sat silently down to "attend the funeral."

Then the minister came in—a dry, self-sufficient man, with nothing of the tenderness of his holy calling about him. Icier than the day, colder than the storm, he rattled through some selected sentences of the Bible, and offered a set form of condolence to the broken-hearted mother, telling her of her sin in rebelling against the decrees of Providence, and assuring her that nothing could bring back the dead. Then he hurriedly departed, while a hush fell on everybody gathered in the little room. Not one word had been uttered of consolation, of solemn import, or befitting the occasion. It was the emptiest, hollowest, most unsatisfactory moment I ever remember.

Then Parepa rose, her cloak falling about her noble figure like mourning drapery. She stood beside that miserable cherry-wood box. She looked a moment on the wasted, ashy face upturned toward her from within it. She laid her soft, white hand on the forehead of the dead girl, and she lifted up that matchless voice in the beautiful melody:

"Angels ever bright and fair,
Take, O take her to thy care."

The noble voice swelled toward heaven, and if ever the choirs of Paradise paused to listen to Earth's music, it was when Parepa sang so gloriously beside that poor dead girl. No words can describe its effect on those gathered there. The sad mourner sank on her

knees, and with clasped hands and streaming eyes the little band stood reverently about her.

No queen ever went to her grave accompanied by a grander ceremony. To this day, Parepa's glorious tribute of song rings with solemn melody in my memory, as the most impressive service I ever heard.—*Mary Fiske in the Earnest Worker.*

Hospitality.

A story comes to us from Canada, which, if true, shows in a clear light the base nature of the snobbish pride which regulates its behavior to men and women by their rank in society.

The wealthy owner of a country-seat near Quebec, who had long sought admission into fashionable society, saw, one day, two ladies seated on a rock in his lawn, drawing in sketch-books a picturesque bit of landscape. He hurried angrily down to them.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded.

"Sketching," was the calm reply.

"You had better look out for other subjects for your studies," he blustered. "I don't choose the designs of my landscape gardener shall be made common."

The ladies, whom the plainness of their dress, he supposed to be poor teachers, rose instantly and went down to the road. He followed at a little distance and saw them enter a carriage which was in waiting.

"Who was that lady?" he asked of a gaping passer-by.

"The Princess Louise."

"What! the Princess Louise! Are you sure of that?"

"Yes, sir."

The man went to his house, horrified at his act, the churlishness of which became very apparent when he found it was a member of the royal family that he had snubbed.

None of the readers of the *Companion* are likely to have such an opportunity to be rude to a princess. But in many of our inland towns and cities, there is too often a strong prejudice against

strangers, unless they are supposed to belong to so-called "good society," by which is meant a certain fashionable clique in the city from which they came.

The newspapers lately have been filled with the success of a bold, young swindler, who obtained large sums of money wherever he went, simply by stating that he was the nephew of a well-known Philadelphia millionaire.

He was received into the homes of the men whom he cajoled, and was introduced to their daughters and wives, although in appearance and manner, he was gross and vulgar. Now, this is not hospitality, but a mean subservience to wealth and fashion.

A lady in England, who inherited one of the most beautiful estates on the sea-coast, used to fill her house, not with fashionable, noble guests who would entertain her in turn, but with poor gentle-folk, artists, teachers, needy clergymen and their wives, people of culture and refined tastes, compelled by poverty to bare sordid lives. The luxury and beauty of her home gave them a rare and keen enjoyment.

It was not only the lame and blind in body, but in spirit, that we were commanded by the Master to bid to our feasts, to feed and strengthen. "These," he said, "cannot recompense thee again, but thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just." — *Youth's Companion.*

ST. MARY'S FREE HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, 405 West Thirty-fourth street, New York. (14th Annual Report.)

During the year 210 children have been under treatment; of these 112 have left the Hospital cured, 33 improved, 11 unimproved and 4 have died. There remained in the Hospital on September 30, 1883, 50 patients. During the Summer as many of the children as could be accommodated were kept at the Seaside Hospital at Rockaway. Since the last report seven additional beds have been endowed. The dispensary work has gone on satisfactorily and with promise of increased usefulness. Current expenses were twelve thousand and ninety-one dollars and forty-seven cents (\$12,091.47).

What plant expresses an English coin? *Ans.* Pennyroyal.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1884.

A Retrospect.

Twenty years have gone by, since, on the 1st of February, 1864, the Rochester City Hospital received its first patient.

Those familiar with its feeble beginning, who now witness its enlarged borders and increased usefulness, must congratulate its managers on the success that has crowned their efforts.

In 1845, the Female Charitable Society agitated the subject of providing the city with a Hospital, and appointed a "Hospital Committee," to furnish some suitable place for the sick, who could not be comfortably cared for in their own homes. This committee was continued from year to year, till the City Hospital was built and the work entrusted to other heads.

In 1851, the Charitable Society petitioned the Common Council to grant them the Buffalo street Cemetery, for a building lot, designing to devote towards the erection of a home for the sick, funds raised from the sale of a Charity School lot, given by the late Col. Wm. Fitzhugh, and also a gift from Jenny Lind. The cemetery lot was conveyed to the Directors of the Hospital, but a perfect title was not obtained till 1857.

In 1853, the Charitable Society asked aid from the Common Council for taking care of the sick poor, and received an appropriation of \$200. For one year the invalids were cared for in the Home for the Friendless, at an expense of \$311, and for a very short time afterwards, in a house rented for the purpose.

In 1855, the Common Council appropriated \$7,000 for the erection of a City Hospital, on condition that the Charitable Society would raise the sum of \$5,000. This amount was collected, and after unavoidable delays the central portion of the present Hospital building was commenced and nearly

finished, but the state of the country postponed its completion and furnishing. The Charitable Society paid to Hospital Association \$500, a legacy from the late Everard Peck, and \$700, the proceeds of the sale of the Charity School lot, and thus acquired the right to a perpetual free bed in the Hospital.

At the annual meeting of the Charitable Society in November, 1863, a communication was received from the late G. H. Mumford, President of the Board of Directors of the City Hospital, that resulted in the appointment by the Charitable Society of two committees, to co-operate with the Directors of the Hospital Board in advancing the objects of the Association. These two committees, an Executive and a Visiting committee, were entrusted with power to make their own arrangements, fill vacancies, and make an annual report to the Charitable Society.

A soliciting committee raised \$5,000 for the completion of the Hospital, and the city churches and individuals furnished the private rooms and some of the wards.

The Hospital as then completed comprised the center portion of the present edifice. The hall extended from north to south, and on the first floor the two rooms west of the main hall, now used as resident physicians' room and reception room were the Female Wards; the north one furnished by Plymouth church, and the south by the First Presbyterian church. The space between the two Female Wards, now used for the elevator and side hall leading to the west wing, was then the Lying-In Room, and was furnished by Mrs. E. M. Smith and Mrs. S. Wilder. The present parlor was originally used as such. The southeast room was occupied by the Superintendent and Matron. On the second floor the space west of the present main hall formed the Male Ward; the northeast room was a private room, furnished by St. Peter's church. The present dining room was partitioned into two rooms, the one used as a dining room and furnished by the Third Presbyterian church

and the other as the resident physician's room, and furnished by the Universalist church. On the third floor the side hall now leading to the west Mansard was a private room, furnished by St. Paul's church, and the rooms north and south of it were private wards, furnished by the Brick church and the Hebrew ladies. The Union Blue's room was formerly divided into two rooms, furnished by St. Luke's and the Central churches.

The first Superintendent was John Sly, and his wife the first Matron. Miss Frances E. Hebbard, our present Matron, came to us as assistant March the first, 1864; she and Mrs. Sly acted as nurses. Dr. C. E. Rider was the resident physician; the other employes were a cook and laundress.

The following is a list of the officers of the Association, as published in the first issue of the HOSPITAL REVIEW, August 15, 1864:

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

G. H. Mumford,	L. A. Ward,
E. M. Smith,	Aaron Erickson,
H. F. Montgomery,	William Pitkin,
J. B. Elwood,	William Brewster,
J. H. Thomson,	F. Starr,
E. M. Moore,	A. Champion.
A. Kelsey,	I. Hills,
R. Keeler,	John Williams,
S. D. Porter,	James Brackett,
E. F. Smith,	D. R. Barton,
Jacob Gould,	J. Thompson, Jr.,
B. R. McAlpine,	Samuel Wilder.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

G. H. Mumford,	E. M. Smith,
H. F. Montgomery.	

Dr. H. W. Dean, Physician.

Dr. H. F. Montgomery, Surgeon.

LADY MANAGERS.

Mrs. George H. Mumford,	
Mrs. M. Strong,	
Mrs. J. Craig,	
Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, Treas.,	
Mrs. M. Rochester, Sec'y,	
Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Cor. Sec'y,	
Mrs. E. D. Smith,	Mrs. N. T. Rochester,
Mrs. A. Bronson,	Mrs. F. Starr,
Mrs. I. R. Elwood,	Mrs. E. M. Smith,
Mrs. W. W. Carr,	Mrs. C. E. Smith,
	Mrs. L. A. Ward.

Of these Directors but six survive, E. M. Smith, now in Europe, H. F. Montgomery, E. M. Moore, B. R. McAlpine, James Brackett and Samuel Wilder.

Eight of these Lady Managers are living; Mrs. M. Strong, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, Mrs. M. Rochester, Mrs. M. Mathews, Mrs. N. T. Rochester, Mrs. E. M. Smith, Mrs. C. F. Smith and Mrs. L. A. Ward. Four of these, Mrs. M. Strong, President of the Board; Mrs. William H. Perkins, Treasurer; Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Cor. Sec., and Mrs. N. T. Rochester, are still members of the Board.

The City Hospital was first thrown open to the public January 28, 1864, and on the first of February received its first patient, Maggie O'Brien, an orphan girl afflicted with a tape worm. The first death that occurred was that of Mrs. Roberts, a consumptive woman. The first surgical operation was the amputation of a little boy's foot, that had been crushed by the street cars. The first baby that was born in the Hospital was baptized in the Hospital parlor.

During the first year 119 patients were received, of whom six died in the Hospital. This does not include the sick and wounded soldiers, to whom every available space, except the two Female Wards, was given three months after the opening of the Hospital. Between June 7, 1864, and Feb. 1, 1865, 283 soldiers were received, only two of whom died in the Hospital.

Mid-Winter at the Hospital.

On the last day of January we visited the Hospital, and found in the Male Surgical Ward much to awaken our interest and call forth our sympathy. The nurse was anxiously watching a young man twenty-three years old, R. Sheffield Conklin, from Little Valley, Cattaraugus county, who was injured by a railroad accident that occurred a few days before at Le Roy. He was a brakeman, and had been crushed between two cars where they came within six inches of each other. He was suffering from a fracture of the pelvis and other internal injuries. He was brought to the Hospital on the 28th of January and on the 30th the staff held a consultation, and Dr. Langworthy spent most

of the day with him. At seven o'clock the next morning, Dr. L. was again at his bedside, and was just leaving him as we entered the Hospital, and he reported the young man's condition as very critical; he appeared to be slowly failing. He has since died.

On the next cot was a man of sixty, who three weeks before had slipped, where the snow had been thrown up from the street railroad track, near King street, and had broken his hip. He looked very comfortable, said he had come to the Hospital "for repairs," and reported progress. The usual weight was attached to his limb.

A younger man occupied the next cot. On the 6th of January, while taking care of the signal poles at the Genesee Junction, he had slipped, fallen, and broken his kneecap. He seemed bright and cheerful, and was amusing himself with a game of cards and said he was improving.

The next cot was devoted to another sufferer from a railroad accident. Its occupant was a switchman, and while coupling cars on January 24th, he had been caught between a post and a car and dislocated his hip. The dislocation had been reduced, the man was doing well, said he had had "first rate care at the Hospital," and expected soon to return to his family.

A group of three was gathered around the register. One of these had an abscess on the foot, and was improving. Another was the man who, on the 5th of October last, while working on the West Shore railroad was severely wounded by the premature discharge of a blast; his spine was injured and he had a compound fracture of the leg. He complained of weakness in the knee-joint, and of a slight paralysis of the foot. A young man whose leg had been hurt by ice-tongs, while cutting ice, had been about a week in the Hospital and said his limb was healing. Jacob Lutz, the youth who was injured the night his father was fatally wounded, was much better than when last we saw him. As we approached him, he

was subpoenaed by an officer to appear at court on the 5th of February, as a witness in the case of Kelly, who was then to be tried for the murder of Jacob Lutz, the father of the youth.

The man whose arm was crushed while coupling cars in October, and afterwards amputated, was out and spent but little time during the day in the Hospital. We found twenty under treatment in this ward.

There were fourteen patients in the Male Medical Ward, only one of whom was confined to his bed. He was suffering from some disease of the lungs. One aged man and a Polish Jew were consumptives. An Italian was slowly recovering from pneumonia and was amusing himself by learning his letters. A young man, who had been sick seven weeks in the Hospital at Buffalo with scarlatina, was returning to his home in Rush, had a fall in Rochester that was followed by some acute disease of the lungs, that had confined him some weeks at the Hospital; he was better and expecting to leave quite soon. A patient who, while sick with erysipelas, had occupied one of the pavilions, had recovered from erysipelas, come into the Medical Ward and was troubled with slight paralysis. The typhoid fever patient had returned home nearly well. Most of the other patients in the Ward had chronic diseases.

The Female Medical Ward had eleven inmates. The eye patient from Union Hill, Wayne county, had gone home. The woman with gastric fever gained very slowly. Mrs. M., with sore limbs, changed but little. The aged lady, "Grandmother K.," was almost helpless. One patient was paralyzed, another had tumors.

In the Lying-in Ward we found four waiting patients.

There were fifteen under treatment in the Female Surgical Ward. One woman, sixty-three years old was sitting in a rocking chair in a very helpless condition. She had fallen down stairs and broken both her arms, one of them quite near the shoulder; they were in

splints. A woman who had been brought in with a cut head and other bruises was nearly well. One patient had had a surgical operation and also erysipelas, but was improving; had gained two pounds and a half in three weeks. A young woman was suffering acutely from swollen arms; something like a felon had made its appearance on the thumb of her right hand; the swelling had extended to the hand and arm and on her left wrist there was a gathering. "Margaret," who cut her head by falling on broken china, was doing well; she spoke very gratefully of the kind attention of her physician. The patient with water on the knee was sitting up, her limb on a chair; she said the knee still troubled her. A German woman with cancer on the lip had just been brought to the hospital for a surgical operation. Mary D., the girl with diseased spine, was more unwell than usual. Mrs. P was on her cot, and said at times she suffered great pain. She has long been in the furnace of affliction; for twenty-two years she has been an invalid; she has been under hospital treatment longer than any other patient. One paralytic patient had died during the month.

◆◆◆◆◆ The Little Folks.

We wish, children, you could all see the dear little girl who sleeps in the Children's Cot. Her name is Emma Beach; she comes from Geneva. She has neither mother or father, but she has a kind grandfather who takes care of her. Her father was a soldier and had a pension, so we presume he was wounded or in some way injured in the war. Emma is the fourth of six children; she is very pretty, with fair skin and golden hair, but she has a curvature of the spine; you must ask your mother to tell you what that is. Emma has brought her doll with her; this she says was one of her Christmas presents. There was no other child in the ward, and we thought Emma must sometimes be lonely. Would it not be nice if we now had bricks enough for a

Children's Pavilion? If we had, all the little folks would be together and amuse each other.

Nora Hockenberger was a little German girl, whose mother came from Union Hill, with diseased eyes. There was no one to take care of Nora at her home, and she remained at the hospital with her mother, but she was taken sick with diphtheria. Good care cured her and she has gone home.

Rosa Uehlin, the German child who has so long had an abscess on her left leg, was bolstered up in bed in the Lower Female Ward. She had suffered a great deal lately, and told us she did not feel so well as she did when last we saw her. Her big doll was on her cot, and she had been making some clothes for another doll that had been given her by a little boy. Rosa had seen some of the books printed by the deaf mutes in this city, and on the cover of them she found a picture showing how to make letters with her fingers, and she had amused herself trying to learn the deaf mute's alphabet.

Katie Hogley was sitting up in bed, making a dress for her doll and singing, "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal." Her burnt leg is slowly gaining, and she looks bright and happy.

◆◆◆◆◆ CHILDREN'S PAVILION FUND.

Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva, 50c.

"Mrs. Walter B Brown, Norfolk, Va., 50c; previously acknowledged, \$49.93. Total, \$50.93.

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Robert Matthews, 28 Spring street or to any of the managers of the Hospital. Who will help to build this much needed Pavilion?

◆◆◆◆◆ DONATED BILLS.

T. G. Palmer on account, \$5.95.

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.

◆◆◆◆◆

Night dresses are much needed for some of the Hospital patients. New ones or those partially worn may be sent to Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, corner of Troup and South Washington streets.

◆◆◆◆◆

Our matron tells us we are in great need of old cotton. The bed tidies or old quilts are still called for.

There is quite a demand for rocking chairs. Who will supply us?

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, January 3d, of Typhoid Fever, Edward Covell, of Boston, aged 39 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, January 8th, from the effects of an accident, Daniel Bosley, aged 78 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, January 13th, of Erysipelas and Paralysis. Mrs. Harriet S. Merriman, aged 61 years.

At Rochester City Hospital January 18th, Ellen McLinden, aged 64 years.

Contents of Mite Boxes.

No.	Am't.	No.	Am't.
503.....	\$ 2 32	607.....	\$ 2 05
583.....	50	525.....	54
275.....	34	608.....	53
547.....	59	299.....	1 54
512.....	09	593.....	1 13
510.....	2 04	535.....	70
504.....	26	621.....	2 88
509.....	47	405.....	3 12
507.....	1 90	582.....	35
579.....	1 32	326.....	74
584.....	86	576.....	39
381.....	2 65	—.....	50
594.....	1 44	604.....	75
557.....	1 63	585.....	1 51
511.....	2 47	600.....	3 51
502.....	19	599.....	1 07
300.....	09	330.....	52
505.....	1 74	523.....	1 13
518.....	43	558.....	88
648.....	62	566.....	2 44
520.....	63	571.....	4 25
505.....	1 53	570.....	1 60
597.....	1 48	573.....	64
577.....	2 06	529.....	1 16
524.....	1 07	543.....	2 6
644.....	17		

Receipts for the Review.

JANUARY, 1884.

Mrs. A. Brizze, Oswayo, Penn., by Mrs. M. A. Gilman.....	\$ 50
Mrs. A. B. Kimball, Haverhill, Mass., by Mrs. S. H. Terry.....	1 00
Mrs. Myron Adams, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Landsberg, 62 cents; D. Leary, adv., \$10.00; Mrs. H. H. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. M Strong, 62 cents, by Mrs. C. E. Mathews.....	12 48
Mrs. C. C. Beaman, Coldwater, 50 cents; Miss D. Cossett, 62 cents; Mrs. R. L. Field, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Hinchey, 62 cents; Miss M. Hotto, 50 cents; Miss K. Patten, 70 cents; Mrs. J. L. Pixley, 62 cents; Miss C. Smalley, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Woodworth, 62 cents, by Miss Pixley.....	5 42
Mrs. F. P. Allen, \$1.25; Mrs. C. P. Boswell, 62 cents; Mrs. Harvey W. Brown, 62 cents; Miss Bliss, 62 cents;	

Mrs. H. P. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. E. N. Buell, 62 cents; Mrs. C. M. Curtis, 62 cents; Mrs. J. R. Chamberlin, 62 cents; Miss Cogswell, 62 cents; Miss Dunlap, 62 cents; Mrs. D. M. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. E. M. Day, 62 cents; Mrs. G. A. Furness, 62 cents; Mrs. E. H. Hollister, 62 cents; Mrs. C. J. Hayden, 62 cents; Mrs. R. Hart, 62 cents; Miss Orta C. Howard, 62 cents; Miss Husbands, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Howe, 62 cents; Mrs. P. W. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. G. E. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Little, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Lattimore, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Lowry, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Montgomery, 62 cents; Misses Montgomery, 62 cents; Mrs. W. D. McGuire, 62 cents; Mrs. C. C. Morse, 62 cents; Miss Potter, 62 cents; Mrs. G. H. Perkins, 62 cents; Mrs. A. V. Pells, 62 cents; Mrs. I. F. Quinby, 62 cents; Mrs. H. C. Roberts, 62 cents; Dr. C. E. Rider, \$1.25; Mrs. J. H. Rochester, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Robinson, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Ren- nelson, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Moreau Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Siddons, 62 cents; Mrs. Nelson Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. E. O. Sage, 61 cents; Mrs. E. D. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. Alex. Thomp- son, \$1.25; Mrs. J. Vick, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Wilder, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Winn, 62 cents; Mrs. C. F. Weaver, 62 cents; Mrs. C. B. Woodworth, 62 cents, by collector.....\$32 26

Mrs. W. J. Ashley, 62 cents; Mr. J. An- derson, 62 cents; Mrs. H. M. Andrew, LaPorte, Ind., 15 cents; Mrs. F. B. Bishop, 62 cents; Miss A. Barton, 62 cents; Mrs. H. G. Baker, Geneseo, \$1.00; Mrs. H. Austin Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Cummings, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Dagge, Brighton, \$1.00; Mrs. A. D. Fiske, New York, \$1.00; Hon. Geo. A. Goss, \$2.00; Mrs. Judge Gould, Brighton, 50 cents; Mrs. Hir- am Hoyt, 62 cents; Miss E. P. Hall, 63 cents; Mrs. A. J. Johnson, 62 cents; Miss L. King, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Leary, 62 cents; Mrs. P. B. Lee, 62 cents; Mrs. B. R. Lawrance, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Moore, 63 cents; Mrs. Geo. McAllaster, 62 cents; Mrs. W. M. Rebasz, 62 cents; Mrs. M. L. Reid, \$1.28; Mrs. Dr. Stoddard, 62 cents; Mrs. C. B. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. J. N Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. F. M. Smith, Albion, 50 cents; Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva, 50 cents; Union and Adver- tiser Co., adv., \$5.00; Mrs. J. H. White, 62 cents; Mrs. G. J. Whit- ney, \$1.87, by Treasurer..... 27 22

The ladies of the Universalist church are making arrangements to furnish one of the rooms in the East Mansard.

Monthly Reports.

No. in Hospital January 1st, 1884.....	79
“ Received during month.....	30
“ Births.....	1—110
“ Deaths.....	4
“ Discharged.....	33
“ Remaining February 1st, 1884.....	73—110

Miscellaneous Donations.

- Mrs. George E. Sill, pictorial papers and old cotton.
 “ B. H. Clark, reading matter and old cotton.
 “ Allis, old cotton.
 “ George McKittrick, Brooklyn, N. Y., two pairs children's slippers.
 “ S. H. Terry, Scientific American and other reading matter.
 “ A. W. Mudge, Graphics.
 “ W. H. Ward, two pairs men's boots.
 “ Blair, eight balls of crochet cotton and needles.
 Girls' Friendly Society, St. Luke's Church, Friendly Leaves and other reading matter.
 Mrs. Judge Gould, Brighton, afghan, for child's cot.
 First Baptist Church, by Mrs. A. S. Hamilton seven gas stoves.
 Mrs. W. H. Perkins, second-hand clothing.
 “ D. W. Bush, Century and Atlantic for one year.

Field, Garden and Flower Seeds.

We have just received from Mr. Joseph Harris, Moreton Farm, Rochester, N. Y., his new illustrated catalogue of field, garden and flower seeds. Mr. Harris is a practical farmer and an enthusiast in his work. He tells us he imbibed a taste for gardening before he was fifteen years old, when he took charge of his father's garden. His long experience makes his suggestions valuable to the amateur gardener and the practical farmer. He sells none but the best of seeds, and makes a discount of twenty-five per cent. to the boys and girls under fifteen years of age who send him orders. Send for a catalogue.

PALLISER, PALLISER & Co., Architects and publishers of standard works on Architecture, 328 Main, cor. Bank-st., Bridgeport, Conn., have just issued a valuable work, “Palliser's Useful Details,” containing forty plates 20x26 inches. These are practical artistic designs for builders mechanics and persons interested in the building arts. They embrace a variety of constructional working drawings of the Queen Anne and other new styles. They comprise designs for exterior decorations, and almost every kind of household furniture. Price \$3. They are highly commended by our leading journals. It is the first work of its kind ever published in this country and meets a real demand never before supplied.

The wife of George W. Smalley, London correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, is not, as is stated in some of our papers, the niece of Wendell Phillips. She is of French and Welsh extraction. Her father died, and her mother, the matron of a charitable society in Boston, was invited by Mrs. Phillips to visit her with her little daughter, at the Phillips summer mansion at Nahant. The cholera was raging in Boston, and Mr. Phillips said to the mother half playfully: “*If I die with cholera, you must take care of Ann (his wife); and if you die I will take care of Phoebe.*” Business called the mother to Boston, and she died of cholera, and Wendell Phillips redeemed his promise. He adopted Phoebe G. as a daughter. After her marriage, while abroad with her husband, Mr. Phillips spoke of the delight he had in reading her letters, describing her breakfasts with the literary lions of London. Her husband's position as a journalist, gives her the *entree* to the most cultivated society, and it rejoiced the warm heart of Mr. Phillips to know his orphan ward had found so pleasant a home.

Who Sets the Fashions.

Who sets the fashions, I'd like to know,
 For the little people beneath the snow?
 And are they working a weary while,
 To dress themselves in the latest style?

There's Primrose, who used to be
 The very picture of modesty;
 Plain were her dresses, but now she goes
 With crimps, and fringes, and furbelows.

And even Miss Buttercup puts on airs,
 Because the color in vogue she wears;
 And, as for Dandelion, dear me!
 A vainer creature you ne'er will see.

When Mrs. Poppy—that dreadful fi!rt—
 Was younger, she wore but one plain skirt;
 But now I notice with greatest surprise,
 She's several patterns of largest size.

The Fuchsia sisters, those lovely belles!
 Improve their styles as the mode compels!
 And though everybody is loud in their praise,
 They ne'er depart from their modest ways.

And the Pansy family must have found
 Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe under ground;
 For in velvets and satins of every shade
 Throughout the season they're all arrayed.

Pinks, and Daisies, and all the flowers
Change their fashions, as we change ours;
And those who knew them in olden days
Are mystified by their modern ways.

Who sets the fashions, I'd like to know,
For the little people beneath the snow?
And are they busy a weary while,
Dressing themselves in the latest style?
—*Independent.*

Accidental Poisoning.

All dread being poisoned; few know what to do when poisoned. Even well educated people are ignorant of the simplest antidotes for venomous bites or poisonous draughts.

A writer in *Hall's Journal of Health* states two ideas, which, if remembered, would save many lives. He says:

"If you have swallowed a poison, whether laudanum, arsenic or other poisonous drug, put a tablespoonful of ground mustard in a glass of water, cold or warm, stir and swallow quickly. Instantaneously the contents of the stomach will be thrown up, not allowing the poisonous substance time to be absorbed and taken into the blood.

"As soon as vomiting ceases, swallow the white of one or two eggs, for the purpose of antagonizing any small portion of the poison which may have been left behind. Let the reader remember the principle, which is, to get the poison out of you as soon as possible.

"There are other things which will also serve as a speedy emetic, but the advantage of mustard is, it is always at hand, it acts instantaneously, without any after medicinal effects. The use of the white of an egg is, that although it does not nullify all poisons, it antagonizes a larger number than any other agent so readily attainable.

"But having taken the mustard or egg, send for a physician; these are advised in order to save time as the delay of twenty minutes often causes death."

The writer adds the following useful information:

"Cures of bites and stings:—Almost all these are destructive from their acid

nature; consequently the cure is an alkali. Spirits of hartshorn is one of the strongest, and is kept in almost every household, and you have only to pour some out in a tea-cup and dabble it on with a rag. Relief is immediate.

"If you have not hartshorn, then saleratus is a suitable alkali. Every cook in the land has saleratus, and we are daily eating ourselves into the grave by its extravagant use—the use of half a thimbleful a week is extravagant.

"Moisten it with water and use as in the case of hartshorn. Or, pour a tea cup of boiling water on as much wood ashes, stir it and in a few moments you will have an alkali. The lye of ashes will answer a good purpose while the physician is coming.

"Remember the principle; bite is an acid, the cure is an alkali.

"Have we not before now looked with wonder on the old negro who ran out when the wasp's sting made us 'holler,' caught up 'three kinds' of weeds, rubbed the part well, and in five minutes we were happy.

"But why 'three' kinds of weeds? The old man would tell you that 'three' and all its multiples were 'magic' numbers. The fact is, you can scarcely gather up three kinds of plants anywhere, one of which will not have more or less of alkali in it."

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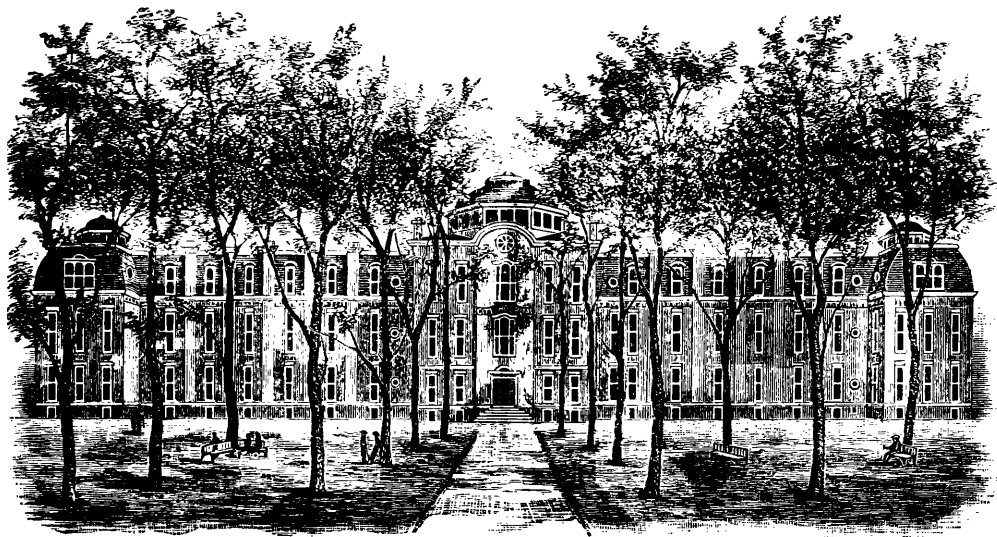
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.. MARCH 15, 1884.

No. 8.

Not Knowing.

BY MISS M. G. BRAINARD.

"Not knowing the things that shall befall me there.
Acts xx: 22.

I know not what shall befall me ;
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes,
And thus, each step of my onward path,
He makes new scenes to arise,
And every joy he sends me comes
As a sweet and glad surprise.

I see not a step before me,
As I tread on another year ;
But the past is in God's keeping.
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near.

For perhaps the dreaded future
Is less bitter than I think ;
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before I stoop to drink ;
Or, if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside its brink

It may be he keeps waiting
Till the coming of my feet,
Some gift of such rare blessedness,
Some joy so strangely sweet,
That my lips shall only tremble
With the thanks they cannot speak.

O, restful, blissful ignorance!
'T is blessed not to know ;
It stills me in those mighty arms
Which will not let me go,
And hushes my soul to rest
On the bosom which loves me so!

So I go on not knowing ;
I would not if I might ;
I would rather walk in the dark with God,
Than go alone in the light ;—
I would rather walk with Him by faith,
Than walk alone by sight.

My heart shrinks back from trials
Which the future may disclose ;
Yet I never had a sorrow
But what the dear Lord chose ;
So I send the coming tears back,
With the whispered word, "He knows!"

A True Story of Florence Nightingale.

When the celebrated philanthropist, Florence Nightingale, was a little girl living in Derbyshire, England, everybody was struck with her thoughtfulness for people and animals. She even made friends with the shy squirrels. When persons were ill she would help nurse them, saving nice things from her own meals for them.

There lived near the village an old shepherd named Roger, who had a favorite sheep-dog called Cap. This dog was the old man's only companion, and helped in looking after the flock by day and kept him company at night. Cap was a sensible dog, and kept the sheep in such order that he saved his master a deal of trouble.

One day Florence was riding out with a friend, and saw the shepherd giving the sheep their night feed; but Cap was not there, and the sheep knew it, for they were scampering about in all directions. Florence and her friend stopped to ask Roger why he was so sad, and what had become of his dog.

"O," he replied, "Cap will never be of any more use to me; I'll have to hang him, poor fellow, as soon as I go home to-night."

"Hang him!" said Florence. "O Roger! how wicked of you. What has old Cap done?"

"He has done nothing," replied Roger, "but will never be of any more use to me, and I cannot afford to keep him. One of the mischievous school-boys threw a stone at him yesterday and broke one of his legs." And the old shepherd wiped away the tears that filled his eyes. "Poor Cap!" he said, "he was as knowing as a human being."

"But are you sure his leg is broken?" asked Florence.

"O yes, miss, it is broken, sure enough; he has not put his foot to the ground since."

"We will go and see poor Cap," said the gentleman. "I don't believe the leg is really broken. It would take a big stone and a hard blow to break the

leg of a great dog like Cap."

"O if you could but cure him, how glad Roger would be!" exclaimed Florence.

When they got in the cottage the poor dog lay there on the bare brick floor, his hair disheveled, and his eyes sparkling with anger at the intruders. But when the little girl called him "poor Cap" he grew pacified, and began to wag his short tail; then he crept from under the table and lay down at her feet. She took hold of his paws, patted his head, and talked to him while the gentleman examined his injured leg. It was badly swollen, and hurt him very much to have it examined; but the dog knew it was meant kindly, and though he moaned and winced with pain, he licked the hands that were hurting him.

"It's only a bad bruise; no bones are broken," said the gentleman; "rest is all Cap needs; he will soon be well again."

"I am so glad!" exclaimed Florence, "But can we do nothing for him? He seems in such pain."

"Plenty of hot water to foment the part would both ease and help to cure him."

"Well, then," said the little girl, "I will foment Cap's leg."

Florence lighted the fire, tore up an old flannel petticoat into strips, which she wrung out into hot water and laid on the poor dog's bruise. It was not long before he began to feel the effect of the application, and to show his gratitude in looks and wagging his tail. On their way home they met the shepherd coming slowly along with a piece of rope in his hands.

"O Roger!" cried Florence, "you are not to hang poor old Cap. We have found that his leg is not broken after all."

"No, he will serve you yet," said the gentleman.

"Well, I am most glad to hear it," said the old man, "and many thanks to you for going to see him."

The next morning Florence was up early to bathe Cap. On visiting the dog she found the swelling much gone

down. She bathed it again, and Cap was grateful as before.

Two or three days later, when Florence and her friend were riding together, they came up to Roger and his sheep. Cap was there, too, watching the sheep. When he heard the voice of the little girl his tail wagged and his eyes sparkled.

"Do look at the dog, miss," said the shepherd, "he's so pleased to hear your voice. But for you, I would have hanged the best dog I ever had in my life."

This is quite a true story. It happened many years ago, and is now told with pleasure of that lady who in later years grew up to be the kind, brave woman, who nursed so many soldiers through the Crimean war, and has done so many other things for the poor and suffering wherever she could.—[*Youth's Temperance Banner*.]

Ole Bull's Knives.

Among the curiosities which Ole Bull used to show his friends were two bowie knives. He had five, but these two were associated with interesting adventures.

A violin-bow, given him by the Duke of Devonshire, was ornamented with a large diamond. One morning, after he has played the evening before in a southern city, a man called on him. The stranger said that he had noticed the diamond, and wanted it.

"It is a gift," answered the violinist, "and I can neither give it away nor sell it."

"But I am going to have that stone!" said the man beginning to draw a bowie-knife from his coat.

Quick as a flash the movement was parried by the musician's arm—his muscles were like steel—and a blow felled the fellow to the ground. "The next time you may get a worse punishment," said Ole Bull, with his foot on the man's chest; but you may go now.

On getting up, the man was profuse in his expressions of admiration for the musician's muscle and dexterity, and begged him to accept the knife as a gift.

Once, while voyaging down the Mississippi, Ole Bull encountered a party of frontiersmen. One of them insisted that the fiddler should drink with them, at the same time offering him a whiskey-flask.

"I thank you," said Ole Bull politely, "but I never drink whiskey."

"If you won't drink, then you shall fight!" said the fellow, with a curse. "You look strong; show us what you are good for."

"A Norseman can fight as well as anybody when his blood is up," said Ole Bull, "but I can't fight when my blood is cold, and why should I?"

"You shall fight!" answered the man, roughly.

Seeing no way out of it Ole Bull said, "I will tell you what I will do. Let any one of you take hold of me in any way he likes, and I'll wager that in half a minute he shall lie on his back at my feet."

A big fellow stepped forward and grasped the violinist around the waist. Instantly, Ole Bull threw him over his head, and the man fell senseless to the deck.

A dose of whiskey revived him, and his first question was, "How was I thrown down here?" His companions answered it by a shout of laughter. He sprang to his feet and tried in vain to persuade Ole Bull to show him how he had thrown him. At last he said "Take this knife home with you; you fight well; you are as quick as lightning."

Later, the violinist heard that the fellow had called an editor to account for having written an adverse criticism on Ole Bull's playing. "I am ready," he said, "to to fight for the strongest fiddler I ever saw!"

He never was so good as he should be, that doth not strive to be better than he is; he never will be better than he is, that doth not fear to be worse than he was.—[*Selden*.]

If we cannot live so as to be happy, let us at least live so as to deserve happiness.—[*Fichte*.]

For the Hospital Review.

Life's Battle.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Upon a breezy hill-top,
A little mill stands high,
Above its gable spreading
Four great wings to the sky.

And oft has raging Winter
In wrath upon it wrought,
But never yet to ruin
That miller's house has brought.

For blow the winds their wildest,
Their fury does but tend
To speed the work within it
More swiftly to the end.

So many hostile forces
With being are at strife,
But 'tis that very warfare
Which makes what we call life.

Then be no longer angry
At storms that shake the soul;
They only aid its strivings
To gain perfection's goal.

1884.

S. C. R.

Restoring Frozen People.

Medical men have always differed as to whether the best treatment of frozen persons was by a gradual or rapid application of heat. To settle the matter, Laptchinski has made a series of very careful experiments upon dogs, with the following results: Of twenty animals treated by the gradual resuscitation in a cold room, fourteen perished; of twenty placed at once in a warm apartment, eight died; while of twenty immediately put into a hot bath, all recovered.

Staunching Wounds.

If a man is wounded so that blood flows, that flow is either regular, or by jets or spurts. If it flows regularly, a vein has been wounded, and a string should be bound tightly around below the wounded part, that is beyond it from the heart. If the blood comes out by leaps or jets, an artery has been severed, and the person may bleed to death in a few minutes; to prevent which, apply the cord above the wound, that is between the wound and the heart.

The Century.

The March Century contains an exceedingly able, timely and suggestive article by Mr. G. Means, on one of the most perplexing problems of the times, "The Suppression of Pauperism." He brings out the facts and arguments that speak forcibly to all associated with charitable work; and knowing we are our brother's keepers, it suggests to our conscience the question: Are we blessing or cursing those whom we seek to aid? We make a few extracts from the article, but it should be read as a whole, and we commend it to every well wisher of his race.

The immense body of charitable institutions is certainly an impressive monument of the generosity of our people, but it is also, unfortunately, a proof of the vast growth of the evils with which these societies contend.

No profound reflection is needed to discover that the effects of relieving suffering caused by accident may be and must be, greatly different from those of relieving suffering caused by choice.

When suffering is the result of accident, we may say with reasonable certainty that to relieve it will not tend to increase it.

But, when we undertake to relieve suffering caused by misconduct, it is evident that a fundamental and, doubtless, beneficent provision of nature is interfered with. When we suffer in consequence of our own willful acts, the natural effect is to deter us from repeating those acts. When this suffering is relieved by others, the natural effect is to encourage us to repeat those acts. The mass of mankind will repent of their sins, whether of omission or commission, only under the influence of present actual pain—either felt by themselves or most clearly set before their eyes. Take away this pain, and they will go on sinning and to sin until the day of judgment. Moreover, all those who are tempted to sin, observing that if they yield they shall not surely die, feel their power of resistance thereby greatly weakened. The testimony is conclusive in repeated cases that, where relief has been most generously bestowed, there has been a permanent increase of vice and poverty. As a London missionary said; after a winter when the sufferings of the poor had been unusually severe and alms-giving correspondingly profuse, every gift of a shilling ticket had done four pennyworth of good and eight pennyworth of harm. The fourpence represented the food that went into the stomachs of the wretched population; the eightpence, the premium given to their wasteful and improvident habits.

The great need of our modern civilization is to maintain the highest possible standard of living among those citizens who are supported by their daily toil. To bring about this end,

influences of two distinct kinds must be employed. On the one hand, people are to be taught to do as well as possible with what they get; on the other, it is to be provided that they get as much as possible. Into this great field of future labor we can do little more than glance.

It may seem a startling proposition, but it is nevertheless true, that if, instead of spending a quarter of a million dollars annually in the indirect encouragement of illicit unions, the city of New York should spend the same sum in giving instruction in working in wood and metal, in cooking, in dress-making, even in washing and sewing, much more suffering would be prevented than is now relieved. But so long as a majority of our citizens are of the opinion that a foundling asylum is a more beneficial establishment than the Cooper Institute, there will be no surplus revenue to devote to such purposes.

But there is an evil, vast and far-reaching in its effects, that defies all charitable labors, and nullifies every effort for the elevation of the poor. If, with infinite pains, the lowest stratum of society be raised somewhat, a vacuum is created into which all Europe stands ready to pour her degraded population. If, by miracles of legislative wisdom and prodigies of charitable zeal, our present poor should have their self-respect so far developed as to scorn the vile living that may be had out of the refuse of the rich, and for a season the ash-barrels and garbage-pots of New York should stand in peace, straightway a new brood of harpies would scent their food and fly to these shores to renew the disgusting feast. The poor that we have with us may be uplifted, but we cannot uplift the poor of the world.

It should seem that those who sincerely desire to secure to American labor a generous reward would heartily support measures to check both the immigration of paupers and the importation of debased and ignorant laborers, while those whose sincerity may be questioned could not consistently oppose such measures.

In a Sick Room.

Never stand at the foot of a sick bed and survey the patient. All figures loom large to the fevered eyes, and by the side of the bed are only partly seen, and do not annoy with the sense of too much presence. Do not open the door very slowly, for then the attention is strained, speculating as to who the next comer can possibly be after all this preparation and with such cautious approach, generally creaking. Low but clear tones, quiet but sure movements (not tiptoeing), and rapid rather than slow, are a great relief to any patient who is blessed with a practiced nurse. Whispering is torture. Silence is best until you can discuss matters in another

room; but if you must speak, speak out, and make no mysteries about anything. In severe illness, the nurse must watch her patient steadily, but not seem to be looking. In convalescence, it frequently soothes the invalid to have the nurse seated at the window, apparently looking out. This frees the faculties from the tension that the sense of being watched usually gives, and also quiets anxiety. If the nurse does not seem to be anxious, many a patient will not be.

How Boys' Marbles are Made.

Almost all the marbles with which boys everywhere amuse themselves in season and out of season, on pavement and in shady spots, are made at Oberstein, Germany. There are large agate quarries and mills in that neighborhood, and the refuse is turned to good account in providing the small stone balls for experts to "knuckle" with. The stone is broken into small cubes, by blows of a light hammer. These small blocks of stone are thrown by the shovelful into the hopper of a small mill, formed of redstone, having its surface grooved with concentrated furrows; above this is the "runner," which is made of some hard wood having a level face on its lower surface. The upper block is made to revolve rapidly, water being delivered upon the grooves of the redstone where the marbles are being rounded. It takes about fifteen minutes to finish half a bushel of marbles, ready for the boys' knuckles. One mill turns out 169,000 marbles per week. The very hardest "crackers," as the boys call them, are made by a slower process, somewhat analogous, however to the other.

The ceremony of dedicating the Princess Alice Hospital, which has been erected in memory of the late Princess Alice, recently took place in the presence of all the members of the Grand Ducal family. The Hospital has been founded by means of voluntary contributions raised in Darmstadt and in England.

Ali's Punishment.

BY R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

Ali Ben Achmet, from his tent,
Looked out upon the firmament.

He saw the wonder of the skies
And watched the pallid moon arise

And mused upon the promise made
By Allah's angel, fire-arrayed,

Who in a dream long years ago
Had spoken to him, soft and low ;

"Thy deeds of good have won this grace
That some day thou shall see my face.

"Ask not when this reward shall be
But some day I will come to thee ;

"Be ready to receive, therefore,
Great Allah's angel at thy door."

Long years had passed o'er Ali's head
Since first those words of hope were said ;

But every night before his door
Ali had placed from out his store

Half his supply of dates and bread
And milk and rich pomegranates red,

And watched to guard them from the clutch
Of hungry hand's profaning touch.

"Touch not," he said, "these things are stored
To wait the angel of the Lord."

And as he sat and prayed, that night,
The angel came in glory bright.

And falling low upon his face
"Allah, I thank thee for this grace."

Then, rising, to his door he went ;
"Enter, I pray, thy servant's tent."

"Nay," said his guest, "I go not in
The tent of one defiled by sin !"

Poor Ali stood in sore surprise :
"Is my life sinful in thine eyes ?

"Have I not given all my days
To Allah's love and Allah's praise ?

"See here, where lies the wasted sum,
Of food laid by lest thou should'st come."

"There," said the angel, "lies thy sin
Forbidden me to enter in.

"For how shall I take joy in food
That did no human being good ?

"The sick and poor whom thou'st denied,
The hungry, who still hungry died,

"These hadst thou fed with what I see,
The gift would have been made to me."

Ali Ben Achmet bent his head ;
"Allah hath punished pride," he said.

—[Good Cheer.

The Sharp Old Lady.

Cleanliness and purity are usually associated with the popular conception of an angel. This natural association once caused an old lady to be very ungracious, and prevented her from seeing any resemblance between an angel and a minister. The clergyman was a good man, but very rough in his ways, and very much given to chewing tobacco. One day, as he was riding over his parish, there came up a shower.

Riding up to a cabin, he hastily hitched his horse and knocked at the door. A sharp-looking old lady answered the summons. The preacher asked for shelter.

"I don't take in strangers ; I don't know you," replied the old lady suspiciously.

"But you know what the Bible says," said the preacher. "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares."

"You needn't quote Bible," said the old lady, quickly. "No angel would come down from heaven with a quid of tobacco in his mouth, as you have."

The door was shut, and the preacher unhitched his horse and rode away in the rain.

Sleigh Bells.

How many boys and girls know how sleigh-bells are made? How do you think the little iron ball gets inside the bell? It is too big to be put in through the holes in the bell, and yet it is inside. How did it get there?

This little iron ball is called "the jinglet." When you shake the sleigh-bell it jingles. When the horse trots, the bells jingle, jingle, jingle. In making the bell, this jingle is put inside a little ball of mud, just the shape of the inside of the bell. Then a mold is made just the shape of the outside of the bell. This mud ball, with the jinglet inside, is placed in the mold of the outside, and the melted metal is poured in, which fills up the space between the mud ball and the mold.

When the mold is taken off, you see

a sleigh-bell, but it will not ring, as it is full of dirt. The hot metal dries the dirt that the bell is made of, so it can be all shaken out. After the dirt is all shaken out of the holes in the bell, the little iron jinglet will still be in the bell, and it will ring all right.

It took a good many years to think out how to make a sleigh-bell.—*Popular Science News.*

Canned Goods.

It is a singular fact that we are indebted to Pompeii for the great industry of canned fruit. Years ago, when the excavations were just beginning, a party of Cincinnatians found, in what had been the pantry of a house, many jars of preserved figs. One was opened, and they were found to be fresh and good. Investigation showed that the figs had been put into the jars in a heated state, an aperture left for the steam to escape, and then sealed with wax. The hint was taken and the next year canning fruit was introduced in the United States, the progress being identical with that in vogue in Pompeii twenty centuries ago. The old ladies in America who can tomatoes and peaches do not realize that they are indebted for this art to a people who were literally ashes but a few years after Christ. There is nothing new under the sun. Canned tomatoes and loaded dice—the people of Pompeii had both.

Love makes labor light and suffering sweet. The secret of willing, cheerful, joyful service can be discovered in the sweet reply of a little girl found busy at the ironing table smoothing the towels and stockings. "Isn't that hard work for the little arms?" was asked. A look like sunshine came into her face as she glanced toward her mother who was rocking the baby. "*It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma,*" she said softly. That's the secret!

Write down the advice of him who loves you, though you like it not at present.

Who ?

Who is the sweetest baby

That ever said "A-goo"?

Who is the dearest baby,

With eyes so soft and blue?

Who is the prettiest baby?

I think I know. Do you?

Who has the softest golden

Little rings of hair?

Who has the rosiest cheeks and

The smoothest forehead fair?

Who has the sweetest kisses,

Enough of them and to spare?

Who has the cunningest fingers,

And who the pinkest of toes?

Who has a mouth like a rosebud,

And who the daintiest nose?

And who is as sweet altogether

As the very sweetest rose?

Who has the prettiest dimples,

Dancing in chin and cheek?

And who is learning the dearest

Of all dear names to speak?

And whose blue eyes are learning

Mamma's dear eyes to seek?

Ah! surely, there's only one answer

To the questions asked you here;

Only one true, glad answer,

Awaiting the mother's ear.

Who is the prince of babies?

Why, of course, my baby dear!

—Mary D. Brine, in the Independent.

Good-Bye.

We say it for an hour or for years;

We say it smiling, say it choked with tears;

We say it coldly, say it with a kiss;

And yet we have no other word than this—
Good-bye.

We have no dearer word for our heart's friend,

For him who journeys to the world's far end.

And scars our soul with going; thus we say,

And unto him who steps but o'er the way—
Good-bye.

Alike to those we love and those we hate,

We say no more in parting. At life's gate,

To him who passes out beyond Earth's sight,

We cry as to a wanderer for a night—
Good-bye.

—[Century Magazine.

OLD COTTON.

Our matron tells us she was never in so much need of old cotton as now. There are many very large poultices now used and the demand for cotton is very great. Please send at once.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1884.

Commencement of our Training School.

The second annual commencement of our Training School for Nurses will be held in the Chapel of the First Presbyterian Church, on Thursday evening, March 27th, at 8 o'clock.

The programme for the graduating exercises will appear in the daily papers. The address on the occasion will be delivered by Dr. E. V. Stoddard, of this city.

The final examination of the candidates for graduation, will be held at the Hospital, on March 20th, at 4 p. m.

Hospital Inmates.

The calendars tell us that Spring has come, but, as we entered the Hospital grounds, on the third of March, we fancied Winter with his frosty hand still reigned; and so thought most of the Hospital patients and few ventured outside of the wards.

The Hall Pavilion was occupied by a young man who had been very sick with measles, he was improving, but his condition was still somewhat critical. Jacob Lutz was in the other pavilion, with a bad sore throat. The new buildings are of great value to the Hospital, as in them cases requiring isolation can be treated without exposing patients in the main building, and the pavilions are constructed so that they can be thoroughly disinfected.

Twenty were under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward, one of these, a young man of twenty, while planing lumber had cut off a portion of three fingers; he had suffered much, but was comparatively comfortable when we saw him. The man with broken hip was doing well, the bone had knitted and he hoped to leave his bed the next day. The man with a broken kneecap was sitting in a lounging chair, and was much better than last month, but a plaster of Paris bandage that had sup-

ported his knee had been removed, and this made him feel very helpless; he fears he will not have much use of the limb as he has been partially paralyzed, on the left side, for some years; he has a wife and children and is anxious to provide for them. A man with an ulcer on the ankle was confined to his cot. The man who had sprained his ankle; by falling down an elevator opening, was so much improved that he expected to leave in a few days. The young man hurt by ice-tongs and most of the sufferers from railroad accidents had recovered and left the Hospital. The colored paralytic was walking about the Ward. The man injured by the premature discharge of a blast had also left, much improved.

We found seven of the twenty-one patients in the Male Medical Ward were consumptives; only one of these was confined to the bed and he was the sickest person in the Ward. A new patient had for eleven years suffered with some disease of the stomach. A man of sixty had had a successful operation for cataract; he came to the Hospital blind and will go home seeing. Two Italians have received treatment; one for a severe cold; the other, for pleurisy and diseased heart. A German had been very sick with a dropsical affection. No death had occurred in the Ward during the month of February. Two aged and infirm men were among the inmates; one in his eighty-third year.

In the Lying-in Ward were five patients; one of these had been very sick and had lost her infant.

Nine were receiving treatment in the Female Medical Ward. One of these was unable to see with one eye and had but little use of the other; she had rheumatism in the head and eyes. Four of the inmates were confined to their cots. Mrs. McL., who so long has suffered with swollen limbs was more comfortable and amusing herself with making patchwork. One patient had diseased bowels; another, was slowly recovering from gastric fever; still another, had been confined to her bed

with asthma.

There were sixteen patients in the Female Surgical Ward. The woman who last month was so helpless, with two broken arms, had recovered very rapidly and seemed bright and cheery; the splints had been removed and she could move both arms. The young woman with swollen arms had suffered much, and one of her arms was still poulticed to the elbow; the left arm had healed and the right after having been lanced three times was much better; the physicians think she has been poisoned. A colored woman had fallen down stairs and broken her arm; another colored woman, a paralytic, was gaining. One patient had had a troublesome toe amputated and suffered severely from inflammation; the nurse was cleansing it preparatory to putting on a new poultice as we passed through the Ward. It is pleasant to watch the care and interest manifested by the trained nurses, and the readiness and cheerfulness with which they perform necessary duties in the Hospital. Mary Derby who has so many years suffered from a diseased spine, has at last died.

The Little Folks.

We love the little ones, and we long to see a Children's Pavilion on our Hospital grounds, for we know in our rapidly-growing city there will always be many youthful sufferers, who could be comforted and blessed by hospital care. We wish we could interest every healthy child in Rochester, to do something to raise money for the sick ones. A good many of you, dear children, have helped endow the Children's Cot; how many of you are going to send money or bricks for the Pavilion?

There are three little girls in the Hospital now that will be likely to remain there for some time to come, and they are such good girls that it is a pleasure to do for them. If you should visit them you would learn a lesson of patience that you would not soon forget. We saw them all yesterday and will tell you about them:

The oldest of these is Katie Hogley, who has been in the Hospital one year. She is the girl whose left leg was badly burnt by her clothes taking fire while carrying a pan of hot ashes. If you were to go into the Lower Female Ward, on a cot in the north-west corner, you would find a bright-faced, sweet-voiced girl sitting up in bed, busied with some kind of fancy-work. You would not think she had anything to trouble her, for she is always cheerful. If you were to lift the bed clothes you would find under them a wire framework, and under this Katie's left limb resting on a pillow. For a year the physicians have been trying to make healthy skin form on the poor burnt leg; they have put into it pieces of sound flesh and also of sponge, but still there is a place more than half as large as one of the pages of this paper that has not healed. The leg is kept all the time under the wire frame, and the air thus comes to the flesh and heals it, but this process takes a great deal of time, and a great deal of patience also.

The second little girl is Rosa Uehlin, the German girl with abscesses under and near her left knee. She has been sick since last July, and she suffers a great deal, but she is a brave little girl and everybody loves her. When I saw her she was seated on the side of her cot, with a rubber sheet beneath her, and her left foot in a bath-pail. There were four sores, some under and some near her knee, that have to be poulticed twice a day, and as I visited her, the nurse was just washing these before she put on a new poultice. The nurse was very gentle and kind to Rosa, and she had an arrangement for washing the tender spots, better than I have seen in any private house. It was a tin vessel that held the warm water, with a rubber tube attached to it, and the water coming through the tube, was greatly showered round the places that needed cleansing, and hurt Rosa much less than a cloth would have done. When the washing was over, the knee and part of the limb were wrapped in a linseed meal poultice,

about a foot square, a piece of oiled silk covered this and a bandage, and then the aching limb was laid on a soft pillow. We knew Rosa suffered a good deal, but the dear child bore it all most patiently, and when it was over, with a sweet smile thanked a lady for copies of *St. Nicholas* that she had just brought her.

The third child is Emma Beach; she is younger than either of the others, has no father or mother and is the little girl who sleeps in the Children's Cot. She has a diseased spine, and wears a leather jacket. This pains her, and as we talked with her nurse, Emma came to ask that a piece of cotton-wool might be put under a spot where it pressed upon her. She gets so tired wearing it through the day that she is glad to take it off at night and go early to bed in the cot. She is very gentle and patient and said to us: "I don't care if it does hurt if it gets me better."

For such as these, dear children, we want you to build a pavilion.

Gifts to the Hospital Library.

We have recently received some valuable additions to the Hospital Library.

Mrs. B. R. Lawrance, of this city, has given us a new set of Dickens' works, in twelve volumes, bound in cloth.

More recently, Miss C. M. Tuttle, of Columbus, Ohio, presented to the Hospital a new and complete set of Thackeray's works, the University Edition, cloth, in ten volumes.

To Miss Cogswell, of this city, we are also indebted for a miscellaneous contribution of twelve volumes.

The Rochester Book Club has sent us a number of choice and entertaining books.

Mrs. S. S. Gould, Jr., of Seneca Falls, N. Y., contributed for the Library a number of magazines and fifteen volumes of interesting reading for our patients.

From Mrs. George C. Buell we received twenty-three very fine books by various authors.

We herewith thank the friends named for their gifts.

There is still needed in the Library a set of the works of Shakespeare, Walter Scott, Hawthorne, and other standard novelists. The occupants of our numerous private rooms and many patients in the wards speak highly of our library, and we desire to make it as complete as possible.

Thanks.

We have greatly needed rocking chairs, and are happy to acknowledge the receipt of five new ones with cane seats and backs. These will add much to the comfort of the Hospital inmates. They were contributed by the following persons: C. J. Hayden, Hayden & Haven, Minges & Shale, I. H. Dewey and Mrs. J. H. Brewster.

Another gift that is most timely is one of twenty-nine new night-dresses. Cotton cloth was donated by Miss C. Carpenter, Miss A. S. Mumford, Mrs. C. F. Paine, Mrs. C. H. Babcock, Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Mrs. F. B. Bishop, Mrs. Wm. Pyott, Mrs. A. R. Pritchard, Mrs. Elmer Smith, Mrs. Henry Brewster, Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, Mrs. H. Howard, Mrs. B. B. Mitchell, Mrs. Myron Adams, Mrs. Wm. S. Osgood and Mrs. A. S. Hamilton. Night-dresses, trimmings, etc., were given by Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, Mrs. Wm. S. Osgood, Miss Minnie Bellows and Mrs. A. S. Hamilton. To all the ladies who so kindly assisted in the work, we would express our thanks.

The Pavilions.

Our Pavilions have been in more or less constant use during the winter, by patients with diseases or conditions requiring isolation.

The buildings are subject to the rules governing the private rooms of the Hospital. Any respectable physician of any school, may treat his patients in them, and thus secure the advantages of isolation and trained nursing, which are often impracticable in private dwellings.

An Ingenious Chair.

We have just received from Mr. I. H. Dewey, a combination chair which will be most useful at the Hospital. It can be used as a rocking or wheel chair. The four wheels fold up, when used as a rocker, and by a simple contrivance, these can be dropped beneath the rockers, and without disturbing the occupant, the chair is converted into a wheeled chair.

We are indebted to Mrs. H. F. Huntington for six bed tidies, but this does not begin to supply us. Are there not some sewing societies in the neighboring villages that will buy unbleached factory, put cotton batting between it, and make tidies big enough to cover single beds? They need to be *quilted* so that they can be washed.

Iron Safe Wanted.

We find that a safe is greatly needed in the office of the Hospital, for the better care and protection of the valuables of patients, and the more important business records of the Hospital.

A new or second-hand safe of any size would prove a timely gift.

Amusing the Patients.

A very pleasing entertainment was given last month at the City Hospital for the amusement of the patients. The programme opened with a recitation, "Archie Dean," by Miss May Rogers, followed by the laughable farce "One of You Must Marry," which was creditably acted by Messrs. Elliott and Hendrickson and Misses Davis and Gould, under the direction of Miss Minnie E. Davis. Miss Fannie Rogers rendered two solos in a very effective manner, and Miss Fannie Fairman presided at the piano.

A General and Lady Washington reception has recently been held at the parlors of the Universalist church, the avails of which are to furnish a room for private patients in the City Hospital.

Contents of Mite Boxes.

Sent from New York.

No.	Am't.	No.	Am't.
569.....	\$ 5 20	1.....	\$18 00
538.....	3 00		

CASH DONATIONS.

Mrs. A. H. Rice, \$20; B. H. Clarke, \$5; W. S. Lee, London, Eng., \$8; Donation, \$2.50.

DONATIONS ON BILLS.

Royalty on an Air Cushion, from Ellithorpe Air Brake Co..... \$150 00
Thos. G. Palmer..... 5 95

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

Unclaimed Dishes at the House of the Treasurer:

One standard glass bowl, one large white deep dish, one yellow dish, six deep tin pans, two large brown pie plates, four large white pie plates, one white dinner plate, one white bowl, one white coffee cup, three jelly glasses, two small black salvers, one white platter.

One gentleman's scarf pin, (gold, fox caught in a trap).

Persons owning these unclaimed articles will please call as early as possible. If not claimed, they will be sent to the Hospital.

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tr.

Correspondence.

This is the kind of a note we like to receive from our little friends. We hope for more of the same sort next month.

Dear Mrs. Mathews:

I am sending the money to you to help build that place to take care of poor sick children that have'n't nice homes like ours, and I'll be glad when they get their house built. I'd like to send some of our toys if you think they could play with them. The money and the toys are from my sister and me. Mamma also sends money to pay for her HOSPITAL REVIEW. Sometimes she reads to us out of it, about the little children at the hospital. Give my love to them please. I am sorry for them, and I'll be glad when they get better.

BEATRICE AND ALICE.

To Persons desiring to become Nurses.

The commencement of our Nurses' School will create a few vacancies, and new pupils will be admitted to take the places of those about to graduate. Circulars, with full instructions to applicants, will be sent on application made to Mrs. Mathews, Cor. Sec., 28 Spring St., Rochester, N. Y.

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, February 7th, 1884, from effects of a railroad accident, R. Sheffield Conklin, of Little Valley, aged 23 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, February 18th, 1884, of infantile convulsions, infant son of A. Clarke, aged 8 days.

At Rochester City Hospital, February 23d, 1884, of cerebral effusion, infant son of E. Stratton, aged 2 days.

In Rochester, February 16th, 1884, of spinal irritation, Mary Derby, aged 23 years.

Monthly Reports.

No. in Hospital February 1st, 1884.....	73
“ Received during month.....	44
“ Births.....	2—119
“ Deaths.....	3
“ Discharged.....	33
“ Remaining March 1st, 1884.....	83—119

Miscellaneous Donations.

Mr. G. Manvel, Quarterly Pictorials and reading matter.

By Mr. Herman, old cotton.

Mrs. Robert Mathews, old cotton.

Miss Hopkins, old cotton.

Beatrice and Alice Rogers, dissected pictures and toy stove.

Mrs. J. A. Brewster, small rocker.

Haven & Hayden, small rocker.

Mrs. G. C. Buell, many books.

Mrs. S. S. Gould, Jr., many books.

Mrs. C. H. Angel, many books.

Miss Cogswell, many books.

Miss C. M. Tuttle, Thackeray's Complete Works.

Mr. Alex Thompson, *Graphics*.

I. H. Dewey, rocker.

Minges & Shale, rocker.

C. J. Hayden, rocker.

Mrs. H. F. Huntington, six new bed tidies.

Mrs. Ira Bellows, old linen and night dresses.

Receipts for the Review.

FEBRUARY, 1884.

Mrs. D. B. Beach, by Mrs. C. E. Mathews, \$	62
Mr. Thos. Roe, by Miss Pixley.....	65
Mr. J. S. Bausch, by Mrs. Dr. Strong...	70
Mrs. H. B. Hallett, 50 cents; Miss A. Smith, Jacksonville, Florida, 50 cents; by Mrs. M. A. Gilman.....	1 00
Miss E. S. Athearn, 50 cents; Mrs. F. R. Delano, 50 cents; Mrs. H. N. Griffith, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Isbester, 50 cents; Mrs. A. H. Porter, 50 cents; Mrs. A. A. Porter, 50 cents; Mrs. B. Rhodes, 50 cents; Mrs. C. S. Stowitts, 50 cents; Miss E. J. Townsend, 50 cents; Mrs. H. S. Ware, 50 cents; Mrs. M. Wells, 50 cents; (all	

of Niagara Falls), Miss E. A. Spencer, Bergen Point, N. J., 50 cents, by Miss Athearn.....	6 00
Mrs. W. G. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. S. S. Avery, 62 cents; Mr. H. F. Atkinson, 62 cents; Mrs. S. E. Brace, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Beir, 62 cents; Mrs. E. G. Billings, 62 cents; Mr. W. F. Balkam, \$1.25; Mrs. Fred Cook, 62 cents; Mrs. J. M. Davy, 62 cents; Mr. E. Darrow, 62 cents; Mrs. B. F. Enos, 62 cents; Dr. F. French, 62 cents; Mrs. H. L. Fish, 62 cents; Mrs. E. P. Gould, 62 cents; Miss F. Gregory, \$1.96; Mrs. J. E. Hulbert, 62 cents; Mrs. G. D. Hale, 62 cents; Miss E. A. C. Hayes, 62 cents; Miss W. Hill, 62 cents; Mrs. S. F. Hess, \$1.25; Mrs. A. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. H. S. Mackie, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Marburger, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Newton, 62 cents; Odenbach & Shale, 62 cents; Mrs. D. W. Powers, 62 cents; Mrs. S. P. Robins, 62 cents; Dr. J. Regna, 62 cents. Mrs. Thos. Raines, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Sunderlin, 62 cents; Miss S. Shelton, \$1.25; Mrs. H. R. Shelden, 62 cents; Mrs. G. H. Thompson, \$1.25; Mrs. J. H. Selfer, 62 cents; Mr. R. D. VanDelearr, 62 cents; Mrs. L. G. Wetmore, \$1.24; Mrs. E. K. Warren, 62 cents; Mrs. Frank Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Zeccoeld, 62 cents, by collector.....	28 56
Mr. E. Brewster, 65 cents; Mr. W. B. Brown, Norfolk, Va., 50 cents; Miss Amanda Green, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Gordon, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Howard, 62 cents; Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Hamilton, 62 cents; Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, 62 cents; Mrs. B. Mitchell, 62 cents; Mrs. Clinton Rogers, 65 centt; Mrs. Q. Van Voorhis, 72 cents; sale of paper, 15 cents, by Treasurer.....	6 91

CHILDREN'S PAVILION FUND.

Beatrice and Alice.....	\$ 1 00
In loving memory of E. A. U., One Year in Paradise, March 7th, 1884....	5 00
Previously acknowledged.....	50 93

Total receipts.....\$56 93

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring street, or to any of the managers of the Hospital. Who will help to build this much needed Pavilion?

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IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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" N. T. ROCHESTER, " DR. MATHEWS.

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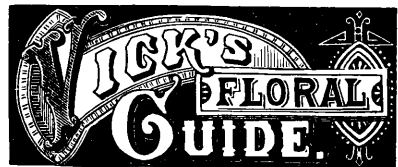
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XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum will be allowed on the first days of March, June, September and December in each year, for all sums that shall have remained on deposit since the preceding quarter-day, and such interest shall be 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.

XVII. On the first Tuesday of June and December, in each year, a dividend shall be declared out of the net profits for each depositor, at the rate specified in the next preceding article; and all such dividends which shall not be drawn, will be added to the principal, and draw interest from the day it was computed, which will be on the first days of June and December, in each year.

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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1884.

No. 9.

For the Hospital Review.

Translations from Heine.

Out of the ground look up to me
The sweet blue eyes of Spring ;
They are the dainty violets,
Love's chosen offering.

I pluck them ; and the tender thoughts
That in my bosom sigh,
With tuneful voice the nightingale
Sings out aloud on high.

Yes all my thought she sings aloud,
And, echoing with her tone,
The hidden secret of my breast
Through all the wood is known.

The butterfly is in love with the rose
That he flutters about all day,
And the sun is in love with the butterfly
That she bathes with her golden ray.

But I wonder with whom the rose is in love ;
Ah, that I should like to know.
Is it with the silent star above ?
Or the nightingale below ?

I know not with whom the rose is in love ;
I only know that I
Love sunbeam, star and nightingale,
And the rose and the butterfly.

—J. A. E.

Second Annual Commencement of the Training School for Nurses.

The services connected with the graduating of the second class of nurses, from the Training School for Nurses at the City Hospital, were held in the chapel of the First Presbyterian Church, on Thursday evening, March 27, 1884. Flowers from the nurseries of Messrs. Frost, and White, and from Miss S. Frost, lent a festive air to the occasion, and the exercises throughout were appropriate and exceedingly interesting. The following young ladies comprised the graduating class:

Misses C. E. Sherman, Kate A. Hathaway, Sophie Tytler, Anna J. Conroy, Sara H. Perry, Frances A. Ostrander, A. Josephine Sherman, and Flora A. Mitchell. The opening prayer was by Rev. Joseph A. Ely; the address by E. V. Stoddard, M. D.; the presentation of diplomas by H. F. Montgomery, M. D. Essays were read by three of the graduates: Misses Sara H. Perry, Kate A. Hathaway, and A. Josephine Sherman. Three quartettes were acceptably rendered by Dr. and Mrs. F. A. Mandeville, Miss Annie Alexander, and Mr. F. M. Bottum; the benediction was pronounced by Rev. C. E. Robinson, D. D. We take pleasure in giving our readers the following addresses and essays:

ADDRESS BY E. V. STODDARD, M. D.

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

All pieces of fine machinery require to be regularly inspected, lubricated and set in running order. Institutions resemble fine mechanisms in this respect, and anniversaries seem to be the natural periods designed for such regulation. The occasion which calls us together is of this character. It is one of quiet retrospect and hopeful prospect. We meet to read another chapter in the history of the work of our Hospital and to enquire what another year, with its changing events, has added to our hopes and prospects, and to impart to those about to go out from our instruction and care, confidence and inspiration.

During the year completed by this anniversary, those connected with the Hospital, in its various departments, have been busily engaged, each with his or her own part, and now that the period for which we were one year ago, regulated and started onward, has terminated, we, the officers, contributors to, and friends of the institution, are summoned here to-night to hear the result of our joint labors.

No mechanism can possibly be constructed to be entirely free from friction. So in an institution, which is like a complicated

machine, there are many sources of friction. It is a matter of congratulation to all interested, that our increasingly complicated work, each year shows less and less difficulty of adjustment and runs even more and more steadily and smoothly. This results from the fact, that the more closely our several departments of work are brought into direct relation with and dependence upon each other, the more closely is the whole brought into compact form and the more evenly is the labor divided, and hence the danger of injurious friction steadily lessened. It needs no special argument of mine, to assure you that we are living in a transition period, and that society is resting its hopes for the future on a broader diffusion of knowledge. If an instance were needed, I have but to point to the occasion which brings us here. In no respect is this more apparent than in the field of occupation: steadily opening before woman. With every closing year, as we sum up its gains, we meet with added proofs of this truth. It is not in the arena of politics, the professions or mercantile pursuits, in which we trace this development, but in that higher plane of observation which has to do with the development of the intellectual. In almost all the schools for advanced study in art or in science, the privilege of entry has been assured to woman. This indicates no tendency to usurpation of or even of competition for the privileges of the man. It is simply the recognition in woman of a proportionate share of intellectual capacity, and the accordance to her of an equal right to cultivate it. It is, further, the maintenance of the idea that education and culture are necessary to ennoble any occupation, and to render him or her who may follow it, better fitted in every way for the performance of its plainest duty.

The rapid advancement of the science of medicine is a matter of daily observation. The better recognition of obscure processes of disease, with broader and more intelli-

gent lines of treatment, have placed us of the present generation in advance of those who have preceded us. To what must this be attributed? To better and more subtle instruments of research, and a better and broader conception of the training of the medical man. But, in the treatment of disease, this higher and more scientific knowledge is impaired in its useful application when not seconded by a correspondingly careful and intelligent assistance, whose function it is to ensure the perfect performance of its details. This need has been keenly felt, and as an outgrowth of the effort to meet it, have sprung into existence, Training Schools for Nurses. The nurse is the trusted lieutenant of the physician, without whose indispensable aid all efforts for the relief of disease must prove imperfect and unsatisfactory. That the nurse may be able to fulfil her duties, she must be specially trained for her part of the work, as the physician is specially trained for his.

Organized nursing service has existed in Europe for many years, but has been almost exclusively claimed and monopolized by the religious orders, and at the present time but slight advance has been made beyond this.

In England, during the past thirty years, the system has been growing successfully, and our Training Schools in this country, must look to England's system as their "*alma mater*."

Early in the present century efforts were made in several sections of this country to improve the standard of nursing by special instruction; but it was not until 1873 that the marked impetus was given, which has so rapidly developed the schools prominent to-day. We now have nearly thirty well-appointed schools for the instruction and training of nurses.

The old system employed a class who possessed no special capacity or adaptability for the work, especially in our Hospitals, physical ability to perform duties

assigned being almost the only requirement. Under the new system, this has been done away, and now, intelligence, character, education and refinement are the essentials first sought. The results of the change appear in the marked influence exerted upon patients, as well as in the furtherance of the efforts of the attending-physician, to a degree not before attained. It guarantees to the community an intelligent and refined service in its sorest needs; and, last, but not least, it opens for the woman who has the physical qualifications and a love for the work, an opportunity for culture and occupation, which has hitherto been unrecognized.

Since the opening of our School, in September, 1880, there have been made 158 applications for admission. Of this number thirty-eight persons only have been accepted, as possessing the qualifications required. The number graduated after having satisfactorily pursued the prescribed course of study and training is twelve. This number includes the graduates of the present occasion. The number of pupils at present in the School is eighteen.

During the year just completed, in addition to the work of the Hospital, the school has sent out into this and neighboring cities its pupils, as nurses, in twelve cases of extreme severity, where great tact and skill were requisite, and always with the gratifying result of a warm appreciation of the services rendered, and the making of new friends for the school and its work.

It is not the purpose of this occasion to refer to the subject of pecuniary needs. It is, however, fitting that I should, in this connection, state that the school has no special endowment, and that all its expenses are provided for by the personal efforts of its Lady Managers. The entire sum, which has thus far been contributed toward an endowment fund, is \$160. We trust that this little beginning may be rapidly swelled to proportions commensurate with the needs

of the school, thus more rapidly extending its sphere of influence and usefulness.

With this brief summary of the work, its aims, its needs and its successes, in the past, we enter upon a new year of labor. The past is full of encouragement for us, and we look hopefully forward into the future to more extended responsibilities and an even increasing appreciation of and co-operation in the work of our Training School.

And now, to those who have to-day completed the period required for instruction and preparation for a noble occupation, we would extend a hearty "God speed" on the career before them.

In a few parting words, I would recall the teaching which has been so constantly kept before you, during the two years just completed. In your personal conduct, never for a moment forget the *reticence* which has been shown to be so necessary.

You have been taught, in the wards of our Hospital, that the poor and degraded are not necessarily ungrateful, but that by kindness, sympathy and a gentle care, which they could have nowhere else found, you have been able to win for yourself, each one of you, a sincere gratitude and affection. You have been taught to understand different phases of human nature, and to adapt yourselves to them. Never forget this lesson!

You have learned that "the soft voice, the light step, the delicate hand, the cheerful, quiet and noiseless discharge of those thousand little offices of kindness and relief which we feel so deeply when we are ill, and forget so lightly when we are well," are the acquirements of the trained nurse, and an inseparable part of her daily duty, and that without these, no matter how ably and fully the other portion of your duties may be done, that you cannot achieve success without the union of the full faculties of head and heart.

Your teaching, both in lectures and at the bedside, has been to cultivate *patience*. With the ailing in body or mind, the exer-

cise of this gift is imperative, and you have already had ample opportunity to realize its value, to yourself and to those upon whom you are called to minister. For your future success, go forth the kindest wishes of those who have had a part in your training as well of those whom you have relieved by kindly offices. Strive, that that success may be real and enduring and be of that character which begets in the one to whom it comes, a nobler spirit of humanity and self-sacrifice.

REMARKS BY H. F. MONTGOMERY, M. D., TO
THE GRADUATING CLASS OF NURSES OF
CITY HOSPITAL.

Graduates of the Training School for Nurses: You have gone through two years of training, you have had practical care of the sick in medical, surgical and gynecological departments, you have become skilled in the preparation of food and appliances for the sick, you have been instructed in the use of instruments and methods of relief to patients heretofore requiring the presence of medical attendant, you have passed an examination on all the numerous branches of your calling and have been found prepared for your important and humane service. It is my pleasant duty to hand to you these diplomas certifying the faithful manner in which you have performed your labors, and the creditable examination through which you have passed. Your future success will depend upon the manner in which you perform your difficult task. Your knowledge and experience are necessary to success, but these alone are not sufficient to secure it, something more is required. You must remember that disease enfeebles both body and mind of those entrusted to your care. They will be peevish, unreasonable, and indisposed to submit to necessary restrictions and to required manipulations. Your final success or failure will depend then upon the disposition and manner in which you perform your

duties, while you must be firm and decided in insisting upon all necessary requirements; you must be patient, untiring, gentle, cheerful and hopeful, never becoming impatient or out of temper; above all, never show any repugnance to the performance of any service, however disagreeable. Such services are necessary to the sick, and you only can perform them satisfactorily. You will be called upon to expose yourselves to malignant and fatal diseases. These dangers you must meet and cannot decline. Be faithful and earnest and your success will be assured and you will have the thanks of your patients, who will remember with grateful hearts your skilful care. Hoping for you all a successful career, I present to you your diplomas.

Essays by Graduates.

HYGIENE.

What is hygiene? It is anything that tends to the preservation of health. Then it is possible to preserve that which renders a peasant a king, and without which a king is miserable.

It is only within the present century that measures of prevention have received much attention, and even now, though advancing step by step, we have scarcely mastered the alphabet.

It is hard to change the superstitious reverence we have entertained for medicine and give to nature her due. Yet in looking back, over the practice of ages, and observing the number that have recovered under opposite and different plans of treatment, the intrinsic tendency of disease to recovery is made strikingly apparent.

We know that a plant would blanch and fade away in a dark and ill-ventilated room. Many are the human beings that exist in the basements of our large cities, who submit, from necessity, to the deprivations of light and air. Yet others from choice exclude every ray of sunshine as religiously as though it were capable of breeding mala-

ria, when, in reality, the sunshine is a better nerve, and fresh air a more bracing tonic, than the *materia medica* affords.

The great mortality among infants illustrates the urgency of all that contributes to hygienic measures. Care should be exercised in choosing and preparing their food; apartments should be well ventilated and flannels worn even in the warmest weather. Later, the child, which should be free and unrestrained in its movements, is dressed in such a manner that it must be deprived of proper physical exercise, under penalty of soiling the immaculateness of its dress.

When school days begin, it is even worse; and, bending for hours over ill-constructed desks without adequate exercise, is it strange that the girl, toiling home with arms laden with books, should have a narrow chest, drooping shoulders, and body too frail to sustain the overworked brain?

The women of America are of all women the most fragile; and this fact, which should be considered a stigma and a reproach, is regarded as an enviable condition. A cheek flushed with the hues of health is now seldom seen—it is not the fashion—and a transparent hand and ethereal form are infinitely preferred.

Our English cousins walk often a distance of six miles in a day, and sometimes twice that distance, their healthy physique speaking without words of the advantages derived from such training.

Nor is the physical development of our boys much better. The thin faces, listless expression, and undersize of the average school-boy of our large cities, tell but too plainly a tale of neglected play-grounds, and slender opportunities afforded by the parks, in which the grass is kept green and beautiful at the expense of the boys and their sports.

Look at a class of young men, graduates of any of our colleges, and determine how many have the vitality and stamina sufficient to last them through the wear and tear of a useful and busy life. As the fountain can-

not rise higher than its source, neither can the descendants of poorly developed parents inherit qualities superior to their own. There is a proverb in the Sandwich Islands which runs thus, "If strong be the frame of the mother, her sons shall make laws for the people."

Systemic training in gymnastics in schools and colleges is a step in the right direction. Ventilation is receiving at last the attention it deserves, especially in public schools, though there is not yet a system that is perfect or adequate for the purpose. In private houses, however, this is possible, and health cannot be preserved without it, especially where there are emanations of sewer gas, that most prolific source of disease. Many who understand the value of ventilation and practice it fail to get their complement of fresh air, not breathing with the deep inspirations that fill the lungs and expand the chest. If respiration was merely a drawing in and exhalation of air, breathing would not be of much consequence, but changing, as it does, the worn out venous blood, loaded with carbonic acid, to bright arterial and sending it to nourish the worn out tissues, the air becomes the elixir of life.

Thought should be given to the location of dwellings, as malaria is engendered by damp cellars and decaying organic matter. Water, too, may become poisoned by the soil through which it filters and become not only the source of general but specific disease.

A knowledge of physiology, enabling us to understand the vital processes constantly taking place in our bodies, is essential that we may not transgress the laws of health, disease being but a departure from a perfect physiological condition.

Our province then is not merely to mitigate the sufferings of the sick, to soothe and comfort the dying, but to throw open wide the portals to the fresh air and sunshine, that He who is wiser than we has so freely offered.

S. H. PERRY.

FOOD.

What is food? It is anything that sustains, nourishes, and augments. It is that which goes to support life by being received and assimilated by the animal or plant. Of whatever species a creature may be, life must be sustained by food taken frequently and in sufficient quantity to supply the waste going on.

Air and water are very important articles of nourishment, and for many days men have lived on these alone; but, to sustain life for any considerable time, we must have a combination of these with other food.

This subject, so important in health, becomes doubly so in sickness; and as the sick one no longer craves food, and is not expected to know what is needed, some one must look to his wants and administer nourishment in form and at times to best assist in restoring him to health. Where the patient has been well nourished to the time of illness, and the course of disease is likely to be of short duration, less anxiety may be felt as to the amount of nourishment taken. When, however, there is exhaustive fever, and we can look to no certain termination of the attack, much care must be exercised as to the quality, quantity and administration of food. And, again, where for months the patient has been poorly nourished, and a time has come when the enfeebled system demands food to supply the waste, the most diligent care is necessary. Often the food is entirely fluid, and we think there is no difficulty in administering this. To give eight ounces of milk once in two or three hours, *sounds* like a very easy task; but attempt it, with patient after patient, and you will find all the tact of which you are possessed called into play, and in the extremity of despair you cry out, What can be done? Just this: give smaller quantities and oftener. How small and how often you must learn by trying, and when by untiring perseverance, your efforts are crowned with success, you will know satisfaction beyond description.

Later on, food a little more substantial may be given. The farinaceous articles, jellies, etc., any thing easily and quickly digested, and the patient's taste may be consulted. One patient, knowing the list from which he must choose, can always tell what he will have, and likes to say for himself what each meal shall be. Another leaves it entirely to your judgment, and is always pleased with your choice. The oysters are just what suit best although she would not have thought of them; the oatmeal is the very thing for this breakfast, and the egg and toast for this luncheon. In fact each time you feed her you have guessed the thing she wanted most. These patients are often of the gentler sex, and it is a pleasure to care for them.

Occasionally you find a patient who cannot select for himself, nor can you select for him, though there is no limit put upon his diet. He is to take anything he cares for, but he cares for nothing. Ask him what his breakfast shall be and he tells you he is too sick to think what he will eat. Bring him what you think best for him, and he thinks his taste might have been consulted at least. If it is an egg, he never eats eggs, if beefsteak, 't was brought because it is the easiest thing to think of; if jellies, they will do for woman but are too insipid for man; if toast, there is no nourishment in it, and so on to the end of the chapter. The sum and substance of the matter is: the poor man has no appetite. He is too sick to know what he wants, and as a fellow creature, a child of our common Father, he deserves our kindest forbearance. Give him the least amount of food that is the most nourishing and always have this prepared in the most palatable way. Take no notice of his complaints otherwise than to strive the more to please him, and you will find when you come to leave him how impossible he thinks it will be to supply your place. You will have achieved much, too, in the way of self-control.

There are pleasant and unpleasant sides to the question of nursing. At times the burden is almost more than can be borne. Again, white days, as I have long termed them, come, when we feel that a life time devoted to this work is the one thing desirable. Whether we spend few or many of the coming days with the sick we shall never regret our past experiences among them. Instead of being hardened by the many sad scenes we have witnessed, we are able to enter into the afflictions of suffering humanity with a keener appreciation than ever before.

K. A. HATHAWAY.

THE IDEAL AND THE REAL.

No one can rise above mediocrity without ideals and enthusiasms. The tendency of labor is to work in grooves, and the mind is gradually narrowed to fit these grooves, unless there is a constant broadening of intellect, interests, and sympathies, by culture and contact with humanity.

There is a semblance of truth, although it is fallacy, in those words of Michael Angelo, written on his immortal statue: "Sweet is sleep, and sweeter yet is it to be of stone, while misery and wrong endure."

Many lives embody this thought, but they are shallow, selfish. Because truth is unpleasant shall we accept error? Shall we isolate ourselves in our own little round of fortunate circumstances, thoughtless and careless of the tragedies of other lives all around us until we share the common sorrows and ills of life, and in our turn are forgotten by those who need us not? Or, as citizens of the world, shall our influence be for truth against error, with a creed that will meet the needs of human nature wherever found, and a philanthropy that will exclude none from its sympathies?

There are many aims and ambitions in life, many estimates of worthy objects, and various ideals of what may be properly called success. Power and pecuniary compensation will not satisfactorily answer this

question. There are influences on life and character from all these pursuits that must be taken into account in a correct estimate.

That occupation is to be preferred for which you are best adapted, and which will give the satisfaction of an actual gain to the world, of all that your effort has accomplished. This idea excludes all gain that is a positive loss to another. He who does a work for love of the work will grow in the work. He who works, only because compelled to, will dwarf himself and the work. Action is life, and that life only is a complete one, that calls into action physical, mental, and moral nature alike.

The ideal and the practical must complement each other. An idle life, given up to romance and sentimentality, may be sensational, but it is weak, vapid. A practical life, devoid of sentiment, is cold, hard, and unsatisfactory.

Naturally, to-night, our thoughts turn to the profession we have chosen. This is an employment that can be idealized, and only in this way can it be made attractive. Let no one attempt this work who sees simply the practical side, it will be distasteful, and let none undertake it with visionary and sentimental ideas alone, it will prove disappointing; but with the idea that human life is sacred, and everything done for its preservation is worthy our best endeavor, even the most menial task may be exalted. It is a full life, full of incident, change, excitement, comedy and tragedy.

Human nature is much the same be it clad in beauty and surrounded with elegance, or shivering in poverty and disgusting in wretchedness. The one "touch of nature" that "makes the whole world kin" is not usually wanting. Human nature in its utter weakness and helplessness is very pathetic even though there is much to condemn.

There are many sad, many pleasant memories connected with our hospital experience. We have been associated in no ordinary way. We have seen and struggled with

disease in all forms, mental, physical, and moral. We have found many of these incurable; but we have also the encouragement of knowing that many have profited by the means here employed. Together, we have laughed at the absurdities and wept for the miseries. We have gone below the surface of human life. Do you wonder we have no patience with sickly sentimentality, cant or gush? "Life is real." Life should be earnest. We are not hardened; we see the practical, earnest, terrible—if you will,—aspect; and our sympathies are intensified and the desire to help is strong, but words are weak.

Never did we feel the power of evil and never did we fear it as we do now, and never did we have so much pity for the erring ones. Those who skim the surface of life know nothing of these deep waters; but it is not all sad, and not all bitter; as sickness develops the weakness and frailties of some, so it does the best and noblest character of others.

In the years that are to come we may be widely separated; but wherever we are we shall find those who need the skill we came here to acquire; and as ability brings opportunity, our lives will be more full of interests and incidents and more satisfactory for the information we have gained here.

At times we have been very near the border land between this life and the life beyond; but not often with the same feeling with which we watched those of our own number who have passed the mysterious boundary, while we were powerless to detain.

We have seen those to whom this change seemed to come as a benediction, as rest, relief; but very sad it is when lives full of promise are suddenly terminated. Sad, indeed, when we think of her whom we miss to-night, whose life was given for her profession.

We cannot understand why those who are weary with life should linger, and those for whom length of days seems to comprehend

so much that is desirable, are taken. We can only say with Tennyson: "The goal of this great world lies beyond sight."

A. J. SHERMAN.

Conditions for Admission of Pupils to Training School for Nurses.

We re-publish the conditions for admission of pupils to our Training School. Pupils are desired who are healthy, intelligent and refined, and will come, if accepted, with a determination to devote themselves to a work which we deem as exalted and ennobling as any they can undertake.

Applicants must be single women, 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.

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.

INSTRUCTIONS TO APPLICANTS.

1. Application must be made in your own hand-writing and addressed to Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Cor. Secretary, 28 Spring street, Rochester, N. Y.

2. State your name in full, and present address.

3. State whether single, widowed or divorced. If widowed or divorced, state whether you have, or have had any children.

4. State the date and place of your birth.

5. State height and weight.

6. State where educated, when you left school, and what your occupations have been.

7. State whether perfectly strong and well.

8. Have you any fear of any disease to the care of which you might be assigned?

9. State whether you are a member of, or regular attendant at any church, and if so, name the denomination.

10. Give names and address of two persons to be referred to as to your character, and state how long each has known you.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1884.

Hospital Inmates.

On the last day of the month when March was exhibiting very little of its lamb-like qualities, we visited the Hospital and found fifteen under treatment in the Female Surgical Ward. Three of these were colored women, two of whom were paralytics; the third was suffering from a broken arm, the result of a fall. It was a compound fracture, but the woman was very patient. The woman with two broken arms was gaining rapidly and appeared bright and cheerful. The girl with two sore arms was up, dressed, and doing fancy work; one arm was much better, but the left arm was not so well. A young woman with internal tumors suffered acutely at times. A cancer patient told us her disease was too far advanced to be cured, but she knew where to go for strength and support in her trials. The girl with lame knee was better and had gone to Canada for rest before resuming housework. The woman whose toe was amputated had left. The sight of the girl who was nearly blind had greatly improved. Several patients in this Ward had flowers left them by St. Luke's Flower Mission and spoke of their appreciation of the floral offerings.

There were thirteen patients in the Female Medical Ward. One had been quite sick with a disease of the heart and was troubled with bloated limbs; another had a milk leg; "grandmother," eighty-five years old, was quite feeble; the patient convalescing from gastric fever gained slowly; one woman had inflamed spots on her limbs. There

have been five babies the past month in the Hospital, and there were two waiting patients.

The Male Surgical Ward had eighteen inmates. Jacob Lutz had left and gone to work; the man with broken hip had gone home improved. The nurse was bandaging a young man's finger; he had bruised the bone a month before, and wore a splint under it. A man who was sleeping in a barn had been injured by the explosion of a lamp and was brought to the Hospital in a wretched condition; his arms, back, chest and hands were badly burnt; he was occupying the Hall Pavilion. The man with broken knee-pan had left. A new patient had fallen from the railroad track and broken his leg above the knee; a man with ulcers on both ankles was fast improving; another man had an ulcer on his foot. Three Italians were in the Cross Ward.

There were seventeen under treatment in the Male Medical Ward. One man had died during the month. A patient eighty-four years old, who has long been in the Hospital, was fast failing. Two paralytics and one consumptive were in their cots. A man who had had a cataract removed was doing well. A patient was fast recovering from a low fever. Many of the invalids in this Ward were suffering from chronic diseases.

THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Rosa Uehlin we found up, dressed in a pretty cardinal-colored Mother Hubbard dress, sitting beside Mrs. Bragg, who was teaching her to make a Java canvas mat. She looks very pale and suffers from a fifth abscess that is gathering near her knee. She is a dear little girl and tries to forget her pain by keeping busy. Katie Hogley has been up two days this month, but her limb was worse and she returned to her cot, and expects to keep it for some months longer. Emma Beach has had her leather jacket exchanged for one of plaster of Paris. About three weeks ago this was put on her and she wears it night and day. It is not very comfortable, but the physicians hope it will

improve her spine. She is able to go out pleasant days. She looked bright and happy. Thomas Heney is back again at the Hospital. He was with us once before, for nearly a year, with trouble in his hip, caused by falling down stairs. He has now a swelling on his limb and keeps his bed; he is 10 years old. He was born in the Hospital. For such little ones we need a Pavilion. Who are the little children that are going to help us?

Since the above was written we have received the following note, enclosing \$1.50 from "three little sisters," some of whom were among the first to contribute to the Cot Fund, and all of whom helped complete it. We hope their good example will be imitated, and their timely hint heeded:

ROCHESTER, March, 1884.

Dear Mrs. Mathews:

We send some money for the Children's Pavilion, for we think it would be so nice to have a building on purpose for the poor little sick children.

When we are well and happy, it seems as if we ought to show how sorry we are for those who suffer, and if *all* the *well* children would give something we would soon have money enough.

Three little sisters, J. R.,
C. R.,
J. P. R.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Mrs. Daniel Bosley, Lakeville, N. Y.,	
"In Memoriam".....	\$40 00
"Three Little Sisters"—J. R., C. R.	
and J. P. R.....	1 50
Previously acknowledged.....	56 98

Total receipts.....\$98 48

Contributions to this fund are **urgently** solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 28 Spring street, or to any of the managers of the Hospital. Who will help to build this much needed Pavilion?

A pleasant entertainment for the amusement of the patients, came off at the Hospital on the evening of March 25th. There were readings and vocal and instrumental music, which the invalids greatly enjoyed. For these

we are indebted to Misses Lillie G. Barton, Kate and Emma Cushing, Louie Peake, and Messrs. J. Arthur Jackson, Anson S. McNab and Sherburne Read.

A Hospital for Children Wanted.

There is not outside of New York and Albany counties, as far as we know, any Hospital in this State distinctively for children.

The necessity for a separate Hospital for *sick, injured and crippled children*, has been from time to time impressed upon the lady managers and they have had plans for such a structure made by Mr. A. J. Warner, the architect, from designs furnished by Dr. William S. Ely. A site has been selected on the ample plot north of the present main building, and west of the main walk. The drawings are very perfect and have been approved by the directors, the medical and surgical staff, and all to whom they have been submitted. The building if erected will accommodate from fifty to seventy-five children. It will have two medical and two surgical wards, besides private wards, private rooms, a solarium, and every convenience required in the most complete modern Hospital. Architecturally the effect will be very pleasing.

We are waiting for some friend or friends of sick children to furnish the means for the erection of this structure as a memorial building, and to affix to it any name they may deem proper, by which it shall be known forever

The ladies of the Universalist Church have just tastefully furnished a private room in the East Mansard. It has a pretty carpet of peacock-blue, with upholstery that harmonizes with it and contrasts well with the light-colored wood furniture. The crockery, bureau spread, toilet cushion and splashier are decorated with pink, and the private patient, who was just taking possession of the room, wished us to say she was much pleased with it, because it looked so home-like.

New Resident Assistant.

Dr. H. H. Bingham, a graduate of the Buffalo Medical College, was recently appointed Junior Assistant to the Medical and Surgical Staff, to take the place of Dr. Campbell, whose term of service expired February 29th.

Thanks.

We desire to express our thanks to Mrs. Mandeville, Miss Alexander, Dr. Mandeville and Mr. Bottum for the very choice selections of music rendered by them at the recent commencement of our Training School for Nurses.

Monthly Reports.

No. in Hospital March 1st.....	83
“ received during the month... ..	40
“ births during the month.....	5—128
“ deaths “ “.....	1
“ discharged during the month.....	29
“ remaining April 1st, 1884.....	98—128

Donations.

MARCH, 1884.

Mrs. M. E. Gilman, bureau.
 George H. Thompson & Co., barrel sea sand.
 Mrs. Wm. Corning, four gallons pickles, apples and vegetables.
 Mrs. J. L. Booth, five and one-half years Harpers' and Atlantic Monthlies and second-hand clothing.
 Mrs. Holbrook, books, clothing and old cotton.
 Mrs. Wm. S. Little, books, reading matter, second-hand clothing, fans, etc.
 S. P. Murdock, four books.
 Miss Cogswell, reading matter.
 Mrs. C. M. Lee, illustrated London papers.
 Wm. B. Burke, books—twelve vols.
 Alice, Edith and Minnie Peck, Pictorial Papers for the Children.
 Mrs. J. C. Nash, second-hand clothing, old cotton and flannel.
 Mrs. Seth H. Terry, Scientific American and reading matter.
 Mrs. A. S. Phelps, reading matter.
 Mrs. Robert Mathews, old cotton.
 Mrs. Dr. Strong, four volumes Transactions N. Y. Medical Society.
 James Brackett, black walnut bedstead, spring mattress, marble-top bureau and washstand.
 Mrs. Perkins, Miss Emerson, Mrs. A. Bell, Mrs. Levet, Mrs. Ira Bowen, Mrs. M. McGuire, old cotton.
 Jackson & Burleigh, fourteen books.

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, March 15, 1884,
of Cancer of Pylorus, Anthony Wild, aged 26
years.

Receipts for the Review.

MARCH, 1884.

Mrs. S. B. Perkins, by Mrs. Gilman.....	\$ 1 25
Mrs. N. L. Button, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Mar- cus, Buffalo, 50 cents, by Mrs. Terry.	1 12
Mrs. M. Van Voorhis for Mrs. L. Van Voorhis, Fishers Station, by Collec- tor.....	1 50
Dr. C. J. Andruss, 50 cents; Maurice Bowens, 50 cents; Wm. Crowley, 50* cents; Rev. M. S. Hard, 50 cents; Mrs. Henry Martin, 50 cents; Mrs. O. M. Wilcox, 50 cents, all of Canan- daigua, by Mrs. Martin.....	3 00
Mrs. G. L. Beardslee, St. Paul, Minn., 50 cents; Mrs. J. Castleman, 62 cents; Mrs. H. L. Comstock, Canandaigua, 50 cents; Mrs. E. I. Cark, 62 cents; Mrs. P. S. Frost, for Mrs. L. B. Cash, Little Falls, Minn., 50 cents; Mrs. E. Ray, 63 cents; Mrs. H. Wray, \$1.24, by Treasurer.....	4 61

Lenz.

Anglo-Saxon, Lencien; German, Lenz—Spring.

There dwells within this olden word.

Which seems at first to come by chance,
A meaning true and beautiful,
And many a sweet significance.

It is for those who love it well

A vial full of odors sweet:

For every weary, fainting soul

A source of strong refreshment meet.

The springtime of the world! Ah, yes,

The time for bud and blossom fair

To open into joyful life,

To breathe in beauty everywhere.

The springtime also of the soul!

The time for faith to rise anew,

To wake again within the heart

New life and aspirations true!

The time for fresh and pure desires

To bud and blossom in the mind,

To ripen into works of love,

That beauteous fruit we still may find.

That thus when the Beloved comes

To walk at evening for a while,

A garden fair may welcome Him,

Rejoicing in His loving smile. A. C.

—Parish Visitor.

Desert places, spiritual wastes, ob-
scure corners, are often the best fields
for usefulness.

Nature's Easter Music.

From Youth's Companion.

The flowers from the earth have arisen:

They are singing their Easter song;

Up the valleys and over the hillsides

They come, an unnumbered throng.

Oh, listen! The wild flowers are singing

Their beautiful songs without words!

They are pouring the soul of their music

Through the voices of happy birds.

Every flower to a bird has confided

The joy of its blossoming birth—

The wonder of its resurrection

From its grave in the frozen earth.

For you chirp the wren and the sparrow,

Little Eyebright, Anemone pale!

Gay Columbine, orioles are chanting

Your trumpet-note, loud on the gale.

The buttercup's thanks for the sunshine

The goldfinch's twitter reveals;

And the violet trills, through the bluebird,

Of the heaven that within her she feels.

The song-sparrow's exquisite warble

Is born in the heart of the rose,

Of the wild-rose, shut in its calyx,

Afraid of belated snows.

And the melody of the wood-thrush

Floats up from the nameless and shy

White blossoms, that stay in the cloister

Of pine-forests, dim and high.

The dust of the roadside is vocal;

There is music from every clod:

Bird and breeze are the wild-flowers' angels,

Their messages bearing to God.

We arise and we praise Him together!

With a flutter of petals and wings,

The anthem of spirits immortal

Rings back from created things.

And nothing is left wholly speechless,

For the dumbest life that we know

May utter itself through another,

And double its gladness so!

The trees have the winds to sing for them;

The rock and the hill have the streams;

And the mountains the thunderous torrents

That waken old Earth from her dreams.

She awakes to the Easter music:

Her bosom with praise overflows;

The forest breaks forth into singing,

For the desert has bloomed as the rose.

And whether in trances of silence

We think of our Lord arisen,

Or whether we carol with angels

At the open door of His prison.

He will give us an equal welcome

Whatever the tribute we bring;

For to Him who can read the heart's music

To blossom with love is to sing.

—LUCY LARCOM.

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Adopted June 5th, 1882

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XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum 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.

XVII. On the first Tuesday of June and December, in each year, a dividend shall be declared out of the net profits for each depositor, at the rate specified in the next preceding article; and all such dividends which shall not be drawn, will be added to the principal, and draw interest from the day it was computed, which will be on the first days of June and December, in each year.

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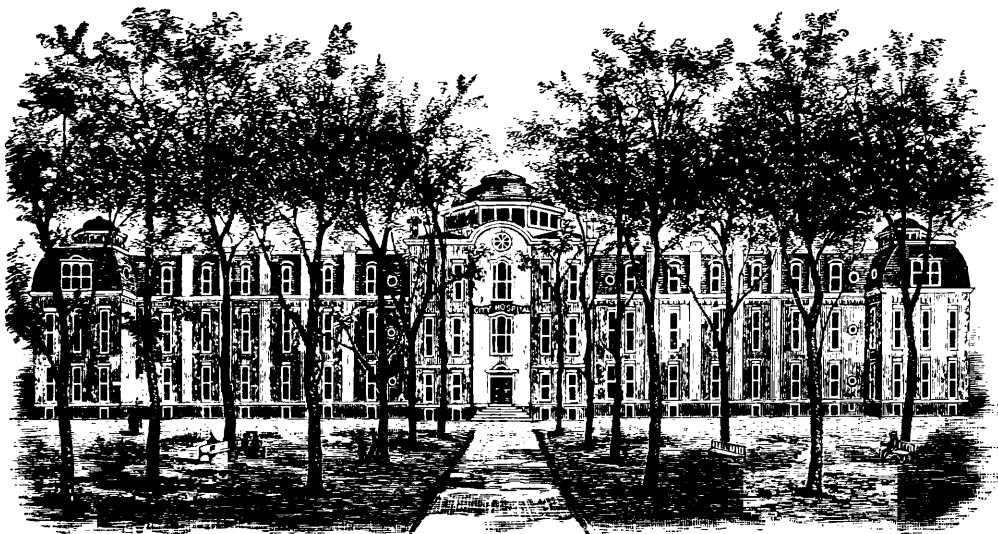
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1884.

No. 10.

For the Hospital Review.

A Picture Sent to a Sick Friend.

A field of poppies, hanging crimson heads,
Heavy with aromatic incense; all asleep.
The night wind stirs among them, bringing
dreams,

And gauze-winged moths above them virgils
keep.

A silver sickle seems the rising moon,
Veiled like a fine reserve in mists of night,
Fit trysting place for elves and laughing fays,
This vision steals upon the weary sight.

Take it, O lady, may it bring thee dreams,
Peace to thy pillow, slumber to thine eyes,
A medicine for pain that throbs, a balm
Of still night dews that breathe of Paradise.

BERTHA SCRANTON POOL.

"Use gentle words: for who can tell
the blessings they impart?"

"Do unto others as you would that
they should do to you."

Lizzie in the Mill.

Many years ago, in a small village of
New England, lived a little girl whose
story I am to tell—Lizzie Stone, the
only daughter of a miller.

Lizzie was a child loved by all, not
because she was pretty and lively, but
for being so sweet and peaceful. Lizzie
had two brothers a little older than
herself whom she thought a great deal
of. These three children always went
to school and to church together. It
happened that one pleasant afternoon
in Autumn they had a visit from two
little girls, their cousins; they lived
about a mile from Lizzie's home.

They had a very happy time; they
played in the yard, in the barn and all
over the house. Mrs. Stone was a very
pleasant woman, who looked on and

laughed if she did not play too. She got them a very nice early tea all by themselves. When the cousin, after one last game, were about to leave, she said to Lizzie, "your brothers will go home with Alice and Celia, and you may go with them as far as the mill, but be sure and stop there and come home with your father."

As the cousins started off, Mrs. Stone stood on the front piazza looking after them as they went down the lane, thinking, as she smiled on Lizzie's affectionate way of setting off for so short a time.

Lizzie never parted from her mother even for half an hour, without bidding her good-bye in her affectionate way.

As Mrs. Stone went into the house she said softly, "it is ten years since God gave me Lizzie and she has never yet caused me one moment of sorrow."

The children played so much along the way, and stopped so often to pick flowers that it was nearly dark; when the girls came to part they had so many things to tell each other, so many invitations to give, and so many good-bye's to say, they lingered awhile.

After the cousins had parted Lizzie turned and went into the mill. She found it running and was frightened by the noise it made and the darkness, for night was fast coming on. She called her father's name and he answered, but the machinery made so much noise she did not hear him. Thinking that he had already gone she turned to go home alone. She took the way she had often safely taken before, over the flume by the great water-wheel; but to-night she lost her footing and fell off on the wheel, which whirled her down, down, crushing her in a shocking manner. Her father thinking that Lizzie had been sent to call him home, stopped the mill and began to search for her. Led by her cries, he came to the wheel and found what had occurred.

"Are you badly hurt, my daughter," he asked in great grief and terror.

"Yes, father. I seem to be all crushed to pieces. I cannot stir; but

I guess I can live till you get me out. Go for the neighbors."

They were soon roused, and many men hurried with saws and axes to the mill. But they found that only one or two could work at a time, in cutting away the timber and it would be some time before Lizzie could be taken from under the wheel. Mrs. Stone came and one of the men let down a light into the wheel so she could see Lizzie. When she saw Lizzie's pale face and her bleeding arms held toward her she cried bitterly.

But Lizzie said to her mother, "don't cry, mother, they will get me out before long; keep up good courage, and pray to God for me." And so she talked hour after hour, while the men cut and sawed at the great timber. She cheered and comforted her parents and her brothers when they came to the mill. Once her voice grew very faint, and then it ceased altogether; the doctor looked down and said she had fainted, and then he sprinkled water upon her. As soon as she revived, she began to say comforting things and to beg her mother and brothers not to cry. She said she did not suffer so much pain as at first and that she was sure she would live to be carried home.

It was about midnight when the last timber was sawed that held her, and a workman lifted her gently up, and laid her in her father's arms. The pain of being moved made Lizzie faint again, and she did not revive until she had been carried home. When she opened her eyes she found herself in her own little bed, and her father, mother and brothers at her side. The doctor carefully dressed Lizzie's wounds and gave her something to make her sleep; but he told her father and mother that she could not possibly get well.

When Mr. Stone heard these words he covered his face with his hands; and for a few moments Mrs. Stone leaned her head on his shoulder and cried. Then, lifting her eyes, and clasping her hands, she said, "Thy will, O Lord, be done!" and went and sat by Lizzie's side and watched her while she slept.

The poor girl slept most of the next day. The cousins Alice and Celia came to see her, but she did not know them, and they went away crying bitterly.

Early in the evening she awoke, and seemed better. She knew those about her and smiled on them, but said that she must leave them soon. She told her father that she wanted to hear him pray once more. Mr. Stone knelt down by the bedside and asked God to take safely home the little daughter he had given them, and thanked him for leaving her with them so long.

Then Lizzie asked her mother, "Will you sing me my favorite song, 'Jesus sought me'?" Her mother tried, but could not sing for crying; and Lizzie said, "never mind mother, I am going where there is beautiful singing. Though it seems that I never should hear a voice so sweet as yours. Why do you cry? Only think, mamma, if I should live, how sickly I would be. I might also give you a great deal of trouble and sorrow. Will it not be better to bury up this crushed body and let the grass grow over it and have a new one such as the angels have?" A little while after this she said, "George, give my love to Celia and Alice; Eddie, take good care of my flowers." After laying very quiet for some moments, she said: "Mamma, are the shutters open, and has morning come very brightly?"

"No, my daughter," her mother answered, "it is still dark night."

"O, then," said Lizzie, "it must be the windows of heaven. I am almost there." She then laid down her head and died.

As they laid Lizzie to rest she had the same sweet smile as always before.
—*Orphan's Friend.*

May-Day Customs at Magdalen College, Oxford.

May-day customs are as old as any that we have on English record. There is at Oxford a May-day ceremony that has a special claim on our respect and veneration, it having now

been observed for nearly four hundred years.

Prominent among the buildings at Oxford rises the Magdalen tower. It delights the eye with its stately form, its fine proportions, and admirable simplicity, and with its history is associated a May-day custom of surpassing interest.

For more than three hundred and fifty years, the choristers of the college have assembled upon the top of its tower, on every May-day morning, and there performed a most harmonious service, the origin of which has thus been traced by the learned Dr. Rimbault:

In the year 1501, the "Most Christian" King Henry Seventh gave to Magdalen College the advowsons of the churches of Slymbridge, in Gloucestershire, and Fyndon, in Sussex, together with one acre of land in each parish. In gratitude for this benefaction, the college was accustomed during the life time of the royal benefactor to celebrate a service in honor of the Holy Trinity, with the collect still used on Trinity Sunday, and the prayer beginning "Almighty and everlasting God, we are taught by Thy word, that the hearts of kings are in Thy hand," etc. This service continued to be held years after his death.

The commemoration service ordered in the time of Elizabeth is still performed, on the first of May, when is sung on the college tower a Latin hymn which evidently has reference to the original service.

The arrangement of the ceremony is as follows: At about half-past four o'clock in the morning, the singing boys and men, accompanied by members of Magdalen and other colleges, ascend to the platform of the tower, and the choristers having put on their surplices, range themselves on the slightly gabled roof, standing with their faces toward the east. Magdalen bell having tolled five, the choristers sing from their books a Latin hymn of praise. At the close of the hymns all heads are covered, and the singers hast-

en to the belfry, whence the bells ring out a joyful peal. The spectators in the road beneath disperse, the boys blowing tin horns according to ancient customs, to welcome in "sweet May," while others ramble into the fields, to gather cowslips and field flowers which they bring into town.

Occasionally the singing from the tower has been heard, with a favorable wind, at two miles' distance. This being a "gaudy day" for the choristers, they have a dinner of roast lamb and plum pudding in the college hall, at two o'clock, which is provided for by the income of the two acres of land given by the king, the same whose munificence is celebrated by the poet Gray in his "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College."

"Ye distant spires, ye antique towers
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade."

—*Watchman.*

An Old Lady Who Helped Make the Flag Which Inspired Francis S. Key.

A few years ago a gentleman of Baltimore wrote as follows to the *Gazette* of that city concerning Mrs. H. S. Sanderson, the only survivor of a party of ladies who assisted in the construction of the "Star Spangled Banner," which stirred up the patriotic fire of Francis S. Key and created a national anthem:

"Mrs. Sanderson is now in Baltimore and may be found by her numerous friends at No. 120 Harlem avenue. She is 83 years of age and still retains an extraordinary share of personal beauty. She is cheerful and attractive, a strong lover of her native city and brimfull of patriotism. The story she tells is this: Commodore Barney, General Stricker and General McDonald were friends of Mrs. Mary Pickergill, who was well-known in this city at the time, and was an adept at flag and banner making. These noted men doubtless secured to her the job of making a new flag for Fort McHenry, whether from purely patriotic motives or for pay is not

known. A number of young girls assisted in the work, and Mrs. Sanderson, who was then between 13 and 14 years of age, was one of the party. The girls, she says, made quite a frolic of it, and their young hearts pulsed wildly for the safety of their beloved city and the honor of the volunteers and regulars who were to defend the work of their delicate fingers. Mrs. Sanderson remembers perfectly well that her portion of the labor was to baste the stars on the blue field. The flag was completed in the grain room of Claggett's old brewery, which the proprietor had kindly prepared for the ladies. Mrs. Pickergill, who was the prime spirit of the affair, was an exceedingly popular lady. She was foremost in all charitable movements, and for many years president of the Humane Impartial society. Her portrait now hangs in the reception room of the Aged Women's home. Her daughter, Mrs. Caroline Purdy, is now an inmate of that excellent institution. She is 90 years old, a cousin of Mrs. Sanderson, and retains in her possession papers that will prove the assertions of the latter to be true. Many years after the war the children of Mrs. Sanderson used to call their mother 'The Star Spangled Banner' in compliment to her for having a hand in its construction."

The Russian Grand Duchess, Catharine, the widow of Duke George of Mecklenburg Strelitz, is said to be the wealthiest woman in the world. She makes good use of her riches. She is a liberal patron to science and art, and maintains at her own expense several hospitals at St. Petersburg. She seeks out talented young physicians and provides them with means for scientific journeys and investigations. She has also established, near her palace, an eating house for needy students.

"Kindnesses, like grain, increase by sowing."

"Cheerfulness keeps bright weather in the heart."

He Careth.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
About His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music and happy psalms,
And bliss unruined by any strife—
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want him to care for me,
While I live in this world where the sorrows be!
When the lights die down from the path I
take;

When strength is feeble and friends forsake;
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness;
And my life song changes to silent prayers—
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadow hangs over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong;
When I am not good and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the Universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that Heart above!
He fights for me when I cannot fight;
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden for he is strong;
He stills the sigh and awakes the song;
The sorrow that brought me down He bears,
And love and pardons because he cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again;
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stooped from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love.
He leaves us not when the storm is high;
And we have safety for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble which he doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord will care!

The Tired Foot.

The potter stood at his daily work,
One patient foot on the ground;
The other, with never slackening speed,
Turning his swift wheel round.
Silent we stood beside him there,
Watching the restless knee,
Till my friend said low, in pitying voice,
"How tired his foot must be!"

The potter never paused in his work,
Shaping the wondrous thing;
'Twas only a common flower-pot,
But perfect in fashioning.
Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired;
"No marm; it isn't the foot that kicks;
The one that stands get tired!"

Ruskin's Home.

It is natural that we should desire to know the surroundings of a great man. It is not impertinent curiosity to peep into his home and see how he there expresses himself.

A writer in *Wide Awake* gratifies our curiosity respecting John Ruskin:

John Ruskin is a genial man, slight in body, with kind blue eyes and sunny face. He is shy in manner, but his friends think he is the best talker that can be found in the four corners of the earth. He is devoted to his home, and one of the hardest of workers.

His home is at Brantwood, Coniston, in the north of England. It is on a hill that slopes down to a beautiful lake. Near by is a wood in which a clearance has been made, and seats placed on either side of a laughing, leaping stream.

The views are among the most beautiful in England. His kitchen-garden is brightened by rows of roses, and the meadow is sown with yellow primroses and violets, and no cattle are allowed to crop the winsome things. A great orchard is pink with apple-blossoms in spring.

The rowers on the lake are picturesque. Sometimes a red-coated soldier gleams by, sometimes a party of young girls.

The Coniston people love "the gentleman that writes books" at Brantwood, and never forget the Christmas feasts when the great professor speaks a few kind words to every little child in the room.

The house itself is a two-story, rambling structure, nestled under the hills. It was "bought without seeing" ten years ago. All the principal rooms look out upon the lake.

The walls of his sleeping-room are quite covered with drawings from Turner, and the "turret-room," next to this, is so designed that Mr. Ruskin may see the country all about him, and lose no effect of the splendid sunrises and sunsets on the lake.

As he is always up at his work before sunrise when in health, he never misses the beauty.

The furniture is old-fashioned, but not antique, much of it coming from his father's old home. It is not æsthetic as that word is now understood.

The dining-room walls are quite covered with oil paintings. Here are beautiful oil paintings by Titian, Tintoret and Sir Joshua Reynolds. The study is a complete and artistic workshop.

On either side of the fire-place, over which is a beautiful sketch of Lake Geneva, are large book-cases, one filled with books and the other with antiquities and minerals, which are in velvet-lined drawers.

Many Turners are hung about the room. On a massive piece of chalcedony is hung Mr. Ruskin's motto: "To-day."

Home Decoration.

There is, in fact, no limit to decorative possibilities with Japanese productions. Two fans, for example, joined together at the edges with narrow satin ribbon, make an excellent wall pocket for a small parlor or bed-room.

A pretty hall corner is easily made by the help of a carpenter. Corner shelves may be fitted into either side opposite the entrance, and serve to hold an ornamental pot with creeping plant or a bowl with gold-fish. Such a niche, if prettily draped, could be a very great help in brightening up the hall-way, which is apt, in small houses, to be gloomy and depressing in effect.

The Germans cultivate ivy in their rooms with great success. Placing a root in a large pot by one side of a window, they will train it as it grows until it forms a pretty frame for the entire window. At Fordham there is a drug store in which ivy has been trained completely across the ceiling, passing both windows. The root from which it originated was brought from Westminster Abbey to this country several years ago.

The open fire-place, which is now universal in new houses, has become the subject of much attention. In the latest styles the facings are of exquisite-

ly worked brass and enamel, while center-pieces of porcelain and ornamental flowers in the same material add to the decorative effect. Tiles representing a series of incidents or landscapes form the hearth, while a fender of curious brass work corresponds with the facing of the grate. Extra house-maids will soon be needed to keep the grates in order befitting their magnificence.

Plaster casts take gilding or bronze, paint well, and if framed in black or plush, look extremely well upon a light wall-paper. The little images sold in the streets for a trifle,* can be converted by the use of bronze powder into really effective ornaments.

Common fishing cord is used now for coarse crochet instead of Macrame lace. It is less clumsy to work with and equally effective. Crocheted with large needles and left with heavy fringe, it serves admirably as bordering for little tables covered with cloth or plush. Hand-bags are also made of it.

A novel decoration for the mantle consists of a curtain about half a yard long, suspended from rings upon a small brass pole, and separated in the center shows when the curtains thus formed are drawn aside, and is at once novel and attractive.

A "new departure" in mantle lambrequins consists in embroidering a scattered design upon the material which covers the board itself, as well as upon the hanging. Such a design in raised work in flowers has a natural appearance, as if the blossoms had been scattered loosely and left there by accident.

The small squares which replace the old-fashioned tidy can be prettily made in alternate stripes or squares of ribbon and lace, neatly sewn together, or little Japanese squares can be fringed out and knotted in a fanciful design.

Very inexpensive screens can be made at home by covering an ordinary clothes-horse or common wooden frame with dark felt or plush, upon which Chinese scrap pictures can be mounted. If the cloth is fastened within the margin of the work, the latter can be ebon

ized, and a nice finish given to the screen by a heading of chenille where the cloth is nailed on.—*Chicago Journal*.

Tame Butterflies

An English sculptor carved on a monument a child holding out her hand for butterflies to perch on. The monument was criticised by Tennyson, the poet, as representing an improbability. But a London lady gives, in the *October Century*, facts from her personal experience, which endorse the sculptor's design true to nature. She writes;

One summer day I watched the larvæ of the swallow-tailed butterfly through their different stages, and reserved two chrysalides to develop into the perfect insect. In due time one of these fairy-like creatures came out.

I placed it in a small Indian cage made of fine threads of bamboo. A carpet of soft moss and a vase of flowers in the center made a pleasant home for my tiny "Psyche."

I found that she greatly enjoyed a repast of honey; when some was placed on a leaf within her reach, she would uncoil her long proboscis and draw up the sweet food with great apparent enjoyment.

She was so tame that it became my habit, once or twice a day, to take her on my finger; and while I walked in the garden she would take short flights hither and thither, but was always content to mount upon my hand again.

She would come on my finger of her own accord, and, if the day was bright, would remain there as long as I had patience to carry her, with her wings outspread, basking in the sunbeams, which appeared to convey exquisite delight to the delicate little creature.

I never touched her beautiful wings. She never fluttered or showed any wish to escape, but lived three weeks of tranquil life in her tiny home; and having, as I supposed, reached the limit of butterfly existence, she quietly ceased to live.

On the day of her death, the other butterfly emerged, and lived for the

same length of time. Both were equally tame, but the second showed more intelligence.

She discovered that by folding her wings together she could easily walk between the slender bars of the case.

Having done so, she would fly to a window and remain there, basking in the sun, folding and unfolding her wings with evident enjoyment, until I presented my finger, when she would immediately step upon it and be carried back to her cage.

The Blind Helping the Blind.

The pupils at the Blind Asylum, at South Boston, celebrated Washington's Birthday by holding a fair in aid of a Kindergarten School for very young blind children.

Pretty and useful articles covered the tables; aprons, tidies, mats, bead-work, cushions, dressed dolls, made by those who had never *seen* the tastefully arranged colors; or the stitches so neatly set!

On one table was a bead hammock, in which were lying two little dolls; another was made of cardboard in the shape of a canoe. A quaint little Red Riding Hood was made by Miss Grant, who, like Laura Bridgeman, can neither hear, see or talk.

Laura Bridgeman herself was there, and helped the Kindergarten by selling photographs of herself, and also copies of a short but earnest appeal, which was written in behalf of the sightless little ones.

There is a Kindergarten at the Institute for children over ten years of age, and there we saw specimens of their modelling in clay, mat-weaving, cushion-making, and house-building, and other useful, happy employments. Yes, *useful*; even the weaving of these little paper-mats—which one of the younger calls her "paper men walking under and over bridges," and another who says are "men who do not know the way, and we have to lead them aright"—is teaching them patience and correctness for doing more useful work by-and-by.—*Youths' Companion*. B. P.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1884.

Hospital Inmates.

On the morning of May first we visited the Hospital and found the Lily of the Valley, the Narcissus, and other early flowers scattered through the wards, imparting their sweet odors and cheering influence and testifying to the recent visit of St. Luke's Flower Mission. We all love the resurrection story as repeated to us by the first Spring blossoms. We, ourselves, have listened to it at the foot of the aged pine trees, where we brushed away the dead leaves and eagerly gathered the delicate clusters of the trailing Arbutus. The golden Cowslips in their bright green settings, on the margin of the water courses, whispered to us of new life and hope. To none are the treasures of the Springtide more welcome than to those confined for weary weeks and months to the wards of the City Hospital; therefore, those who go forth with youthful health and vigor, to seek for the floral offerings of the wild woods, should send a portion of their gleanings to those who are less favored than they.

Of the eleven inmates of the Male Surgical Ward, seven were confined to their beds. One death had occurred during the month. A man afflicted with an ulcer on his ankle was getting well; one with a fractured thigh was gaining, and would very soon leave his cot; a new patient had by a fall fractured his kneecap. Three Italians were in the Cross Ward. The man who was so much burnt by the explosion of a kerosine lamp was in a very bad condition. He was losing strength; one of his arms was improving, but the whole of his back was very sore. He was occupying the Hall Pavilion.

Sixteen were receiving treatment in the Male Medical Ward. Four of these were confined to their cots. One of them, a German, was very sick. A new patient was suffering from paralysis. An Italian was

confined to his bed with rheumatism. A boy of sixteen had sore eyes. There were four other eye patients. Two men were consumptives. Four persons had died during the month.

In the Female Surgical Ward seventeen were under treatment. One woman had been shot in the ear. The bullet had not been removed. She was gaining strength, and was free from pain. A cancer patient was very sick, and a colored paralytic was confined to her bed. She was very patient and her nurse speaks of her as very grateful for all that is done for her. The woman who was recovering from two broken arms was suffering from rheumatism in the foot. There were no deaths during the month of April. The old lady known in the Ward as "Grandmother," was busy with her patchwork, and an aged German woman, who was infirm, had recently been received.

There were seventeen patients in the Female Medical Ward. Three had left the day before, and another who had recovered from a milk leg was expecting to leave the next day. One eye patient was under the care of Dr. Rider. Several of the inmates were afflicted with chronic diseases.

The Lying-In Ward has been very lively the past month. We found two mothers and their infants in it, and two others were in the new pavilion. One mother had traces of Indian blood in her veins, and the nurse seemed very fond of her Indian baby. A mother, whose twins, four months old, had been quieted with paregoric, had, with them, been brought to the Hospital, and when under the physician's order, the narcotic was dispensed with, the infants made good use of their lungs.

Our Little Folks.

Rosa, our little German girl, we found more comfortable than when last we reported her. Two new abscesses have been discharging and two old ones are healing. Since the new ones have commenced discharging, they have been less painful. Katie

Hogley, the girl with a burnt leg, still keeps her bed; she has gone over to the other side of the ward, but the poor burnt limb still troubles her. She was busy with her fancy work. I think she would like pretty pieces of silk or ribbon to make patchwork and give variety to her sewing. Perhaps some of the children could spare some game that would amuse her, Rosa, and Emma Beach. Emma looks bright and happy. She still wears her plaster of Paris jacket; but she is not a fretful child and tries to be as cheerful as she can. Thomas Heney, the little boy who was born in the Hospital, is now in the Male Surgical Ward. He keeps his bed all the time and suffers from pain in his knee and foot. A new patient, a young girl, had rheumatism and diseased heart. For such as these we need a pavilion. Send us money to help build it.

A Child's Gift.

A box of Sabbath School papers and cards has just come from Bay City, Michigan, for the sick girls and boys at the City Hospital. They come from Leita Childs, a little girl four years and a half old. Her mother's aunt writes: "My niece, formerly Minnie Sabine, of this-city, now Mrs. F. E. Childs, of Bay City, has a lovely little girl four and a half years old. Minnie has read to her from THE REVIEW, the accounts of the Children's Cot, the little sick ones there, etc. It has so impressed her, that her mother found she had told her nurse girl all about it. A few days ago she brought to her mamma this box of little papers and cards, which she had packed with her own fat little hands, and asked her to send them to the little sick girls and boys at the Hospital. M. says it meant so much, and in her little way she had brought favorite cards to the wee offering, and for a little one of her age it was so touching, that she sent them, asking me to see that they reached their destination."

Old cotton is always acceptable.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

An Easter Offering—St. Luke's Church	\$10 00
Mrs. James Harris, Brooklyn.....	5 00
Mr. A. S. Barnes, Brooklyn.....	5 00
Mrs. C. J. Catlin, Elizabeth, N. J.....	1 00
Mrs. Geo. McKittrick, Brooklyn (one brick).....	25
Previously acknowledged.....	98 43

Total receipts.....\$119 68

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, or to any of the managers of the Hospital. Who will help to build this much needed Pavilion?

New Helpers.

¶ We are always glad to hail youthful helpers, for we know when young friends become interested in the Hospital they will be zealous in good works. Mrs. T. A. Newton's Sabbath-school class, consisting of nine girls, from fourteen to seventeen years of age, have become workers for the Hospital, and we know they will be ready to help build our Children's Pavilion. Seven of them visited the Hospital and distributed offerings among our invalids. They contributed money and bought with it an edition of "From the Manger to the Cross," illustrated, by twelve pictures; "Thoughts for the Day," thirty-two floral tracts, reading matter, four quarts of fresh peach sauce, one dozen bananas, four dozen oranges, three tumblers of jelly, six books, picture cards, and a box of flowers. Their gifts were very acceptable to the patients, and we are glad to enlist so many dear friends in our work.

To Our Subscribers.

As some of our subscribers have recently changed their abodes, and the numbers on many of the old houses have been altered, we will be greatly obliged if our subscribers will send their names and the numbers and streets of their present residences to Mrs. Robert Mathews, No. 96 Spring street. *Please notice this request.*

Communications for the Editress may be directed to 84 Powers' Block.

In Memoriam.

On Sabbath Morning, April 27th, at his residence in this city, Mr. William S. Falls closed his earthly life. He had attained the age of three score and ten years, forty-six of which has been spent in this community, where he was universally respected and beloved. Mr. Falls was closely identified with the *Hospital Review*, having printed it from its commencement till, in the fall of 1882, his failing health compelled him to relinquish the work in which he was so greatly interested. For six years, as editress of the paper, we had frequent interviews with him, and it affords us great pleasure to bear our testimony to his uniform courteous and gentlemanly bearing, and his suggestions and thorough knowledge of his work greatly aided and relieved us of much responsibility in our department.

Sudden Death.

Mr. Edward M. Smith, formerly an active member of the Board of Directors of the City Hospital, but who for a number of years has been a resident of Manheim, Germany, where he has been Consul, was suddenly stricken with apoplexy and died just as he was returning to his native land. His remains were interred at Mt. Hope on the 9th inst.

Mr. W. Curry Woodhouse, who was long an inmate of the City Hospital, died at Leeds, England, on the 5th of April last. He was 30 years of age.

Valuable Gifts.

Our library, which is highly prized by our inmates, has received recently several very valuable additions. Mr. R. A. Sibley has donated a new edition of Scott's complete works, in twelve volumes, one of Irving's, in six volumes, and Hawthorne's works in six. Mrs. Wm. L. Halsey has given Chambers' Encyclopædia, in ten volumes. Mr. Myron G. Peck has contributed, through Mrs. C.

H. Angel, ten miscellaneous books, and the works of Oliver Wendell Holmes in seven volumes. Mrs. B. R. Lawrance has added to her previous contributions a handy edition of Shakespeare, in three volumes. We note these gifts to the Library with great pleasure, and on behalf of our patients thank our friends for them. In our frequent visits to the Hospital we witness the delight patients receive from the entertaining books, now free to them, and we would be very glad if, in another month, we could report an equally generous contribution.

Memorial Room.

Mrs. M. Strong has recently selected a bright, sunny room, in the southeast corner of the East Mansard, and fitted it up as a Memorial Room. The windows command extensive views of the City and neighboring country. A crimson freize; crimson and olive carpet and lambrequins; bedstead, bureau, wash-stand, tables and chairs of cherry wood; with table scarfs, toilet set and other appointments harmonizing, make it a very home-like and cheerful apartment. Its first occupant is one long identified with Hospital work.

Miss Anna Wilde has recently furnished a small room on the first floor of the Hospital. It has a bright carpet and freize; the couch has been newly upholstered; a maroon table-spread, and three rocking-chairs, and a picture of little girls in a strawberry field have been added, making a cozy and attractive apartment for our supervising nurse.

Kindly Remembered.

On Good Friday Mrs. Clark Johnston brought to the Hospital enough Hot Cross Buns to supply all the Ward patients, who greatly enjoyed the unexpected treat she prepared for them.

On the day after Easter, a beautiful floral star, that had been used as an Easter offer-

ing at St. Luke's Church, was sent to the Hospital and placed in one of the Wards. Two other Easter decorations that had been sent to St. Peter's church, the one by Mr. and Mrs. John S. Morgan, the other by Mrs. James E. Hayden, were given to the Hospital and fully appreciated by the patients, who are always gratified by floral gifts.

✍ We would call special attention to the advertisement of Geo. S. Wales. Now is the time to procure plants for the summer. Send for a catalogue.

Receipts for the Review.

APRIL, 1884.

Mrs. M. Fairman, 62 cents ; Mrs. E. Strouss, 63 cents ; by Mrs. M. A. Gilman	\$ 1 25
Mrs. Walter Clarke, Aurora, 50 cents ; Mrs. Ira Wilder, Charlotte, \$1 00 ; by Mrs. S. H. Terry.....	1 50
Mrs. E. H. Arnold, 62 cents ; Mrs. A. Devos, 62 cents ; Mrs. A. Erickson, 62 cents ; Mrs. W. F. Morrison, \$1.25 ; Mrs. G. E. Ripsom, 62 cents ; Mrs. G. S. Riley, 62 cents ; Mrs. D. E. Sackett, 62 cents : by Collector.	4 79
Allings & Cory, adv., \$5.00 ; C. F. Paine & Co., adv., \$5.00 ; J. Schleyer, adv., \$5.00 ; Smith, Perkins & Co., adv., \$5.00 ; Woodbury, Morse & Co., adv., \$5.00 ; by Mrs. C. E. Mathews.....	25 00
Mrs. G. W. Archer, 62 cents ; Mr. W. S. Baker, 62 cents ; Miss Ella Coslow, Mumford, 50 cents ; Mrs. W. B. Douglass, 65 cents ; by Treasurer Mrs. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treasurer, (new number) 96 Spring St.	2 36

Donations.

Misses Brown, four babies' slips.
 Mrs. Cornelius, three quilted bed tidies.
 Mrs. W. L. Halsey, complete set Chambers' Encyclopædia.
 Mr. R. A. Sibley, complete sets of the works of Irvings, six vols.
 Mr. R. A. Sibley, Scott, twelve vols.
 Mr. R. A. Sibley, Hawthorne, six vols.
 Mrs. B——, three dozen oranges.
 A Friend, Flannel garments for babies.
 Mrs. Swift, Infants' clothing and dolls.
 Mrs. D. H. Little, second-hand clothing.
 Miss A. Mumford, second-hand clothing.
 Mrs. Terry, Mrs. E. N. Buell, Mrs. Wolcott, reading matter.
 Miss Rolston, and M. A. and Mrs. E. N. Buell, old cotton.
 Mrs. H. E. Hooker, second-hand clothing.
 Donation from J. L. Stewart, on work, \$12.27.
 Alling & Cory, wrapping paper.

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, April 2, 1884, of Old Age, Asa B. Hall, aged 80 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, April 3, 1884, of Senile Gangrene, Horace Pennell, aged 82 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, April 16, 1884, of Disease of the Bladder, Charles H. Case, aged 53 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, April 16, 1884, of Consumption, Robert Leonard, aged 53 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, April 23, 1884, of Double Pneumonia, Stephen Meyer, aged 45 years.

Number in Hospital April 1, 1884.....	98
“ received during April.....	50
“ births during April.....	2
	— 150
Number deaths during April.....	5
“ discharged during April.....	46
“ remaining May 1, 1884.....	99
	— 150

A Cheerful Home.

A single bitter word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance cast a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, do kind words and gentle acts and sweet dispositions, make glad the home where peace and blessings dwell. No matter how humble the abode. If it be thus garnished with grace and sweetened with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn lovingly toward it from all the tumult of the world, it will be the dearest spot beneath the circuit of the sun.

And the influences of home perpetuates themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in the daughter long after her head is pillowed in the dust of death ; and the fatherly kindness finds its echo in the nobility of sons, who come to wear his mantle and fill his place ; while, on the other hand, from an unhappy, misgoverned and disorderly home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions and strife and railings

which have made their own early lives so wretched and distorted.

Toward the cheerful home, the children gather "as clouds and as doves to their windows," while from the home which is the abode of discontent and strife and trouble, they fly forth as vultures to rend their prey.

The class of men who disturb and disorder and distress the world, are not those born and nurtured amid the hallowed influences of Christian homes; but rather those whose early life has been a scene of trouble and vexation—who have started wrong in the pilgrimage, and whose course is one of disaster to themselves, and trouble to those around them.

Tobacco on the Young.

We have referred to the action of some authorities in forbidding the use of tobacco by the young—the prohibition being based on the fact that tobacco lessens their future capacity of service to the State, especially in military life.

In full accord with this is the Report of Dr. Gibson, Medical Director, U. S. N.

In retiring from the Institution he desired to leave it as his last utterance that "beyond all other things, the future health and usefulness of the lads educated at this school require the absolute interdiction of tobacco."

In this opinion he is, he says, sustained by the colleagues; by all other sanitarians in military and civil life, whose views he had been able to learn; and by the known belief of the officer who was to succeed him.

The fact that so many adults can use tobacco with apparent impunity is, in his view, no argument in favor of its use by growing lads, for while it arrests waste of tissue in the former, this very arrest of waste in the young is connected with a retarding of their normal development.

He adds: "An agent, which, through its sedative effect on the circulation, creates a thirst for alcoholic stimulation;

which, by its depressing and disturbing effect on the nerve centers, increases bad passions; which determines functional diseases of the heart; which impairs vision, blunts the memory, and interferes with mental effort and application, ought, in my opinion as a sanitary officer, at whatever cost of vigilance, to be rigorously interdicted.—*Youth's Companion.*

How Wooden Spools are Made.

The birch is first sawed into sticks four or five feet long and seven-eighths of an inch to three inches square, according to the size of the spool to be produced. These sticks are thoroughly seasoned. They are sawed into short blocks, and the blocks are dried in a hot air kiln. At the time they are sawed a hole is bored through them. One whirl of the little block against the sharp knives, shaped by a pattern, makes the spool, at the rate of one per second. A small boy feeds the spool machine, simply placing the blocks in a spout and throwing out the knotty or defective stock. The machine is automatic, but cannot do the sorting. The spools are revolved rapidly in drums, and polish themselves. For some purposes they are died yellow, red, or black. They are made in thousands of shapes and sizes. When one sees on a spool of thread "100 yards" or "200 yards," these words do not signify that the thread has been measured, but that the spool has been gauged and is supposed to contain so much thread. When a silk or linen or cotton firm wants a spool made, it sends a pattern to the spool maker. This pattern gives the size and shape of the barrel and the head and bevel. These patterns determine the amount of thread that the amount of thread that the spool will hold. One Maine factory turns out 100,000 gross of spools per day, and consumes 2,500 cords of birch annually.

Where pluck and piety go hand-in-hand, profit and prosperity follow fast behind.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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This department embraces all the best makes of English and French Nainsooks, Mulls, Muslins, Lawns, Piques, Percales, Shirred Muslins and Tuckings, Lace Checks and Stripes. We offer superior goods at extremely low prices.

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Rochester Savings Bank.
Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Street.
Incorporated April 21, 1831.

XVI. Interest dividends will be made and declared semi-annually in each year on the first days of June and December, at the rate of not exceeding four per cent. per annum, on all deposits of five dollars and upwards, to the full amount allowed by the law, which shall have been made six months previous to the first days of June and December, and a ratable proportion on all such deposits as shall have been made three months next previous to those days, but no interest shall be paid on fractional parts of a dollar. No interest shall be paid on any sum withdrawn previous to the first days of June or December during the period which may have elapsed since the last dividend.

Adopted June 5th, 1882.

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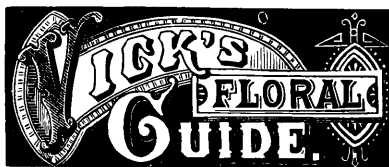
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"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE '16, 1884.

No. 11.

From the Vision of Sir Launfal.

And what is so rare as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune.

And over it softly her warm ear lays ;

Whether we look, or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten,

Every clod feels a stir of might,

An instinct within it that reaches and
towers,

And, groping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;

The flush of light may well be seen

Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;

The cowslip startles in meadows green ;

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice.

And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace ;

The little bird sits at its door in the sun,

Atit like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'erun

With the deluge of summer it receives,

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and
sings ;

He sings to the wide world, and she to her
nest,—

In the nice ear of nature, which song is the
best?

JAMES R. LOWELL.

Lincoln in the Hospital.

In a recent conversation with a Union soldier, a correspondent heard a fresh story about the late President Lincoln. As near as possible our friend tells it in the soldier's words. He says :

I had been in the Finley Hospital several months, said the soldier. One day, in May, 1863, President Lincoln and Secretary Chase walked into the ward where I was lying. You don't know how much good it did us to see them, 'one gets so tired of looking at the nurse and at the long row of cots. It is hard to lie on a cot day after day,

and hear the boys moan, as their life ebbs away.

Some morning you wake up and see an empty cot near you. "No. 6 is gone?" you say to the nurse.

"Yes; he went at three this morning, poor fellow; but it's better for him," she answers, in a sympathizing voice.

We boys, therefore, took solid comfort in looking at Lincoln's face that afternoon, and in hearing him talk. He didn't say much to me, that day, but it was good to hear him say anything, his words were so gentle and kind. And then he was as thoughtful as a mother, he knew just what to say.

I had been very sick. Yes, that sleeve's empty. I left the arm at Chattanooga. As I was saying, he only spoke a few words to me, and passed on to No. 26.

A Vermont boy, a mere lad, not over sixteen, was on it. He had been wounded mortally, and was near his end. Mr. Lincoln stopped at the cot, and taking the thin, white hand, said, in a tone that was as tender as a mother's—

"My poor boy, what can I do for you?"

With a beseeching look, the little fellow turned his eyes up at the homely, kindly face, and asked, "Won't you write to my mother for me!"

"That I will," answered the President, and calling for pen, ink and paper, he seated himself by the side of the cot. It was a long letter he wrote, at least three pages of commercial note, and when it was finished, the President rose, saying,—

"I will mail this as soon as I get back to my office. Now is there anything more I can do for you?"

In some way the boy had come to know that it was the President. And so looking at him in the most appealing way, he asked,—

"Won't you stay with me till its all over? It won't be long, and I do want to hold on to your hand!"

This was too much for the great-hearted President to resist. The tears

came to his eyes and he sat down by him and took hold of his hand. The little fellow did not move or speak a word. This was some time before four o'clock, and it was long after six that the end came.

But the President sat there as patiently as if he had been the boy's father. When the end came, he bent over and folded the thin hands over the breast, and then looked so sorrowfully at the pale, thin face. The tears streamed down his cheeks unheeded. We all cried, too.

Do you wonder that "the boys in blue" love Abe Lincoln?

Dancing for health is a practice among Indians in the far West almost as popular as the Turkish bath is in civilized countries, and it is founded on much the same principle. The Butte (Nev.) Record contains this account of one: "The Digger Medicine Man on Rancho Chico prescribes a 'heap big sweat' for his braves, and last night a large number of them gathered at the place arranged for performing the ceremony. The sweat house is made air-tight, with the exception of a small hole at the top. The house is built of poles, placed upright, and then covered with dirt. An entrance is made through the small opening at the apex. The braves descend by means of a ladder. A large fire is built on the floor in the center of the house, and the men, attired only in their complexion, dance and jump around it until the perspiration rolls from their bodies in streams. They sometimes take a breathing spell long enough to have the moisture rubbed from them with a flat piece of bone, similar to that used in scraping a race horse after a spirited heat. Immediately after the dancing is ended, the tired-out 'invalids' duck their heads in cold water, following the Medicine Man's advice to 'keep your head cool and your body warm.'"

He who sins against men may fear discovery; but he who sins against God, is sure of discovery.

"Our Old Mammy."

"What's that for?" asked a *Free Press* man, as he saw a car driver on Woodward Avenue, Detroit, take a nickle from his pocket and pass it into the fare-box.

"For her."

"What her?"

The car stopped, and the driver got down with a "good morning, mammy!" and assisted an old woman of seventy to enter the car.

"Did you pay for her?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Well, the story runs back for almost two years," he said, as he picked up his lines. "I reckon you know Bill ——?"

"Yes."

"Well, two years ago, he was one of the toughest men in Detroit. He drank, swore, gambled, and had all the other vices lying around loose. I tell you, he was a terror when off duty and on a spree! He was getting so bad on his car, that another week would have bounced him, but something happened."

"What?"

"He was coming up one evening, half-drunk and full of evil, and somewhere about Davenport street he lurched over the dash-board. He caught and was dragged, and the horse began to kick and run. That old woman there was the only passenger on the car, and when she saw the accident she came out, grabbed the flying lines with one hand and the brake with the other, and looking down upon Bill, she cried out,—

"O Lord! help me to save him! He's a wicked young man and not fit to die!"

"Well, she stopped the car and held to the horses, until some one came along and helped Bill out of his fix, and she was all the time calling him 'poor boy' and 'my son,' and thanking God he was not killed. He had a close call, though, and it was a solemn warning. From that night he hasn't taken a drink, and no driver on this line has a

cleaner mouth or is taking better care of himself."

"And the old woman?"

"She lives away out, along with a daughter. Many's the dollar Bill has sent after her since that night in the way of clothes and provisions, and he'll never forget her. The story came to the rest of us after a while, and we've sort of adopted her as 'Our Old Mammy.' We help her on and off, pay her nickle out of our own pockets, and when the car isn't too full, we have a minute's chat with her. She likes us all, and we wouldn't trade her off for the whole line. Its a bit of romance among ourselves, you see."

"Yes. Did she ever talk to you?"

Did she? She sat right there on that stool one day two months ago, and said,—

"My son, let drink alone. It robs the pocket, cheats the brain, and leaves you friendless. Don't swear! Oaths go with a vicious soul. Keep your temper! The man who can't control his temper is no better than a caged wolf!"

"She said that with her blue eyes reading my soul, and her old voice trembling with earnestness, and every word went right to my heart and lodged there. She's had something to say to most of the boys, and I reckon each one is the better for it. Curious, ain't it, how we found our old mammy? and maybe you'll believe with some of the rest of us that Providence had a hand in it."

Thanks.

We are indebted to Mrs. Wm. Corning for flowers, which are always welcomed by the invalids. The Ready Cooked Food Company have sent us peas, beans, wheat, and other articles of food, which were very palatable; and George C. Buell & Co. have sent a great quantity of "Granula," a nutritious food for invalids and young children. For all of these, we are grateful.

"Do unto others as you would that they should do to you."

Born Among the Icebergs.

Away up North among the cold icebergs seems a very uncomfortable place to live, and so it would be for you, and me; but for Baby Walrus, who is born there and is suited to such a cold place, it is perfectly delightful.

There is nothing the chubby little fellow likes half as well as taking a nap on a great cake of clear ice, or diving into the cold water.

Though born on land or on ice, the walrus is most at home in the water; and, well it may be, for, as it has only flippers instead of feet and legs, it cannot do anything but flop on the land, while in the water it can swim like a fish.

It can even dive down and not come up again for an hour.

The full-grown walrus is a terrible fellow, almost as big as an elephant, with two great tusks in his upper jaw and a mouth covered with a beard as coarse as so many knitting-needles. The baby, however, has no such tusks, and for two years has to be taken care of like a little human baby.

And how its mother does love it! and its father, too, for that matter; but it is the mother that takes the greatest care of it. She is usually as gentle as anybody could wish; but touch her baby, and you would see a terrible creature. She has tusks and whiskers as well as Papa Walrus; and when she opens her mouth to roar she looks as savage as any animal can.

The walrus has several enemies, and the worst, I am sorry to say, are men who hunt it for its tusks and oil; but the great polar bear is almost as bad as men, and delights in a little baby walrus for dinner above all other things.

When Mamma Walrus sees any powerful enemy trying to catch her baby, she rushes to it, takes it under her flipper, and scuds away through the water as fast as she can. If she is overtaken, she calls all her friends about her; and then woe betide the pursuer, for the angry animals can use their tusks to terrible effect. They have often

attacked a boat full of men, and not ceased to fight until the boat was destroyed and the men drowned.

The reason why the walrus does not mind the cold water and the ice is that it has a thick coating of oily fat under its thick hide, and that keeps it warmer than the warmest furs could make you or me.—*Youth's Companion*.

Outwitting a Fog.

A scientist, while out in a boat one night, on a river in Florida, was caught in a fog so dense that he could not see twenty feet ahead. The boatmen stopped rowing, and said they would have to wait for daylight, or till the fog cleared away, as they did not know in what direction to steer. The scientist showed them what science can do for a man in an emergency. He says:

I at once stood up in the boat and hallooed. Soon the echo came back, pointing in the direction from which the echo came, I said, "There is the nearest land."

Rowing half a mile in the direction of the echo, we soon reached the land, and "coasted" home.

The boatmen expressed great surprise that they had been on the river all their lives, and had never thought of so simple and easy a plan to find the shore when lost in a fog.

A knowledge of so simple a fact saved me many a dismal hour, night and day, too, on the river.

Fishermen to whom I have communicated this, have told me a knowledge of this would often have saved them from whole nights of useless toil, and would have been worth hundreds of dollars in their business.

Steamboat pilots may also be benefited. I have seen them run ashore with the echo striking them in their teeth.

During a fog the atmosphere is so saturated with moisture, that it is a much better conductor of sound than when dry.

Two results follow: First, sound travels faster, and hence the echo returns

more speedily; and second, the sound is heard more distinctly.

Remembering these two facts, a person with a little practice can soon determine the approximate distance of the nearest land or woods.

Be Thorough.

"I never do a thing thoroughly," Mary said to me the other day. She had just been competing for a prize in composition. "I only read my composition once after I wrote it, and I never practiced it in the chapel at all." She was naturally far more gifted than Alice, who was her principal competitor. Alice wrote and re-wrote her article, and practiced it again and again.

The day came. Alice read her composition in a clear, distinct voice, without hesitation or lack of expression. It was condensed and well written. Mary's could not be heard beyond the fifth row of seats, and was long and uninteresting. Alice won the prize. One remembered and the other forgot that truth so trite, but so aptly put by Carlyle, "Genius is an immense capacity for taking trouble."

One by patient, persistent effort obtained what the other relied upon her natural talents to win for her. Whatever you do, whether you sweep a room, or make a cake, or write an essay, or trim a hat, or read a book, do it thoroughly. Have a high standard for everything. Not alone because only thus can you win honor and distinction, but because this is the only honest, right, Christian way to use the gifts God has bestowed upon you. To be honest before Him we must be thorough.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

There is a prescription in use in England for the cure of drunkenness, by which thousands are said to have been enabled to recover themselves. The receipt came into notoriety by the efforts of Mr. John Vine Hall, commander of the Great Eastern steamship. He had

fallen into such habitual drunkenness that his most earnest efforts to reclaim himself proved unavailing; at last he sought the advice of an eminent physician, which he followed faithfully for several months, and at the end of that time he had lost all desire for liquor, although he had been for many years led captive by a most debasing appetite. The recipe, which he afterwards published, and by which so many other drunkards have been assisted to reform, is as follows: Sulphate of iron, 20 grains; magnesia, 40 grains; peppermint, 44 drachms; spirits of nutmeg, 4 drachms. Dose, one tablespoonful twice a day.

Overdressed.

A woman who is well known as one of the most brilliant leaders of society in Washington had, when she was a young girl, a bitter experience, which she can afford to laugh at now, and to tell for the benefit of other young girls.

She was the daughter of a poor country farmer, and lived far out of the reach of the fashionable world. She received an invitation to spend a day and a night with some friends in their cottage at the seaside near Nahant. "We will have a little boating in the morning, and a little dancing at night," said the note of invitation.

She knew that her friends were among the most wealthy and influential families in Boston, and resolved not to disgrace them with her plain attire. A silk of bright color was made up into a fantastic-looped gown, with an airy, plumed hat to match, for the boating party; while for the evening she bought a ball-dress of pink tulle, trimmed with large bunches of artificial roses. The two dresses cost her whole year's allowance.

She arrived in the morning, dressed for the water-party, and found her friends in the boat dressed in loosely-fitting gowns of blue flannel. Before they returned her dress was drenched with salt water. She dressed for the evening, and going down, with bare neck and shoulders, found her friends

in the simplest of summer dresses—lawns and muslins.

They were too courteous to show their astonishment by a look or smile. "But," she says, "it was the most bitter moment of my life. The vulgarity of display was burned into me then. I wish I could teach every American girl to abhor it as I do."

Bodily Location of Human Happiness.

Dr. B. W. Richardson, in *The Asclepiad*, treating of felicity as a sanitary research, observes: "The center of the emotion of felicity is not in the brain. The center is in the vital nervous system, in the great ganglia of the sympathetic, lying not in the cerebro-spinal cavities, but in the cavities of the body itself, near the stomach and in the heart. We know where the glow which indicates felicity is felt, and our poets have ever described it with perfect truthfulness as in the breast. It comes as a fire kindling there. No living being ever felt happy in the head; everybody who has felt felicity has felt it as from within the body. We know again where the depression of misery is located; our physicians of all time have defined that, and have named the disease of misery from its local seat. The man who is miserable is a hypochondriac; his affection is seated under the lower ribs. No man ever felt misery in the head. Every man who has felt misery knows that it springs from the body, speak of it as an exhaustion, a sinking there. He is broken hearted; he is failing at the center of life; he is bent down because of the central failure, and his own shoulders, too heavy to be borne, feel as if oppressed by an added weight or burden, under which he bends as though all the cares of the world were upon him to bear him down."

Commenting on this, the *Lancet* says that, in other words, felicity is a physical result of a brisk and healthy full circulation of blood through the vessels supplying the ganglia of the great sympathetic system of nerves; and whatever

quickens and at the same time frees the flow of blood in these vessels particularly, engenders the feeling we call happiness. This is the fact, and we believe it explains the action of many articles of food and medicine and medical appliances. It, moreover, explains and confirms the truth of the maxim which we have so often recommended for general adoption: "Be briskly, not languidly, joyous if you would be well." This is the converse of the doctrine that happiness is an affair of the heart and stomach. A comfortable, as contrasted with an austere, mode of life is the most natural, and therefore the healthiest and the best. We sometimes wonder why those who live by rule, and tremble as they live, laboring to eat and drink precisely what is "good for them," and nothing else, are so weakly and miserable. The cause of failure is that such persons are over-careful; life is a burden to them. They have no "go" in their mode of existence. One-half of the "dyspeptics" we see, and whose sufferings we are asked to relieve, would be well if they were only happy. Every thing in life and nature acts and reacts in a circle. Be happy, and your sympathetic ganglia will have the blood coursing through them with the bound of health; and this quickening of the pulse, if it be produced by "good cheer," whether at the table or on the mountain side, will, in its turn, produce happiness. Felicity is the outcome of a physical state, and that state is itself enhanced by a sort of cheerfulness which often consists in being happy in spite of circumstances.

To deny, as Peter did, is bad; but not to weep bitterly, as he did, when we have denied, is worse.—*Payson*.

A hopeless person is deserted by himself; and he who forsakes himself, is soon forgotten by his friends and fortune.—*Barkley*.

The best protection against other people's ill manners are our own good manners.

Failed and Succeeded.

Men admit that no man is equally great in all things. Yet they often do not see that a man's failure in one line of work is no reason why he may not succeed in a different calling.

An incident, which occurred some years ago in a London linen store, illustrates this blindness.

A young man, whose bluntness was such that he was of no use as a salesman, was told that he did not suit and must go. Seeking the head of the house, the youth said,—

"Don't turn me away; I'm good for something."

"You are good for nothing as a salesman," replied the principal.

"I am sure I can be useful," continued the youth.

"How?" "I tell me how."

"I don't know, sir; I don't know."

"Nor do I," said the principal, laughing at the boy's earnestness and ignorance.

"Don't put me away," continued the youth; try me at something else. I know I can't sell, but I can make myself useful somehow; I know I can."

Moved by his earnestness, the principal placed him in the counting-room. Immediately his aptitude for figures showed itself. In a few years he became the head-cashier of the concern. Throughout the country he was known as an eminent accountant.

Effect of Merriment.

The man who is able "to set the table in a roar" will make even his enemies like him, for there is nothing that so soon burns up personal hostility as a flash of merriment. Ex-Senator Gwin, of California, tells the following anecdote of Wm. H. Seward, which illustrates his lubricating power at the dinner-table:

When Seward came into the Senate, I also entered there. It was about the year 1850. He was re-elected, and so was I. He was very much disliked in the Senate, when I found him there, as an Abolitionist.

Seward said to me one day, "Mr. Gwin, I want you to invite me to dinner at your house with most of your leading Southern Senators."

"I said, 'Seward, I'm afraid they won't come.'"

"Oh, yes," said he, "they will if you invite them. When we get at your table, I will manage them." He was a wonderfully cheerful little fellow, and it was of that class of invitations that I could hardly shake off.

I went to Butler, of South Carolina, and said: "I want you to come to my house to dinner, and Seward is going to be there, too."

They came, and it was wonderful to see how that little fellow Seward managed that table. I never saw his equal at a dinner-table.

He could tell tales that would make everybody howl with laughter, and a good many of them were about himself. He would reflect on himself. In point of fact, Seward was a wonderful man, both as a table companion and as a student.

The Baby's Arithmetic.

One little mouth good things to put in,
Two little lips with white teeth in,
Two little cheeks where bloom wild roses,
One little nose for smelling sweet posies,
Two little eyes like bright stars shining,
Ten little curls round one head twining,
One little neck for fairies to play in,
One little chin for a dimple to stay in,
Two little feet toward girlhood going,
Two little hands for good work growing,
One little heart beating, beating;
You may add up the sum, my sweeting.

Speak kindly in the morning; it will lighten all the cares of the day, turn sorrow into gladness, make household, professional, and all other affairs move along more smoothly, giving peace to the one who thus speaks, and grateful joy to the one who hears. Speak kindly at the evening hour, for it may be that before the dawn of another day, some tenderly loved one may finish his or her span of life for this world, and then it will be too late to recall an unkind word, or even to seek forgiveness for an injury inflicted upon the heart of a loved friend departed.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 16, 1884.

The Hospital Inmates.

"A nice morning this," was the cheerful greeting of a crippled soldier, who, throwing aside his crutches, basked in the bright sunshine, while the soft shadows from the tender summer foliage played on the Hospital lawn. He hailed the advent of warm breezes, and a new life seemed pulsing through his frame.

Within a Hospital Ward sunshine was resting on another invalid, but the beams that dispelled gloom around her came not from the natural sun, but from the Sun of Righteousness, and at her bedside we learned a lesson of patient, cheerful acceptance of suffering, and of the sustaining power of faith in passing through deep waters. The outward frame was day by day wasting away. No human touch could heal the cancers that were sapping her life, but, cheerful amidst her afflictions, she busied herself making tasteful flowers from wires and shaded worsteds. We watched her as she deftly made a petal for a *fleur de lis*, or "flag lily," as she called it, and while the fingers were busy, she, with a sweet smile, told us: "When we look to Jesus and put our trust in Him, He will always carry us through. He often eases my pains and aches, and gives me strength to bear my afflictions. The night nurses know that the Lord gives me patience." She had a box beside her containing flowers that she had made, and she was designing to weave them into a wreath. She had learned this art of flower-making in her Canadian home, and made pansies, pæonies, lilies, tulips, and roses. Those she had already made were to be formed into a wreath for a friend, if the Lord spared her life long enough to complete it. "If not," she said, "my friends can make them into a bouquet."

In the Male Surgical Ward fifteen were

under treatment. One death occurred in May, the result of an accident on the Erie railroad. The victim was a colored man whose skull was fractured and who received other injuries, and who died soon after reaching the Hospital. A man, who in jumping over a fence fell and broke his kneecap, was improving. A man who, while working in the woods, had been injured by a tree falling upon him, had been treated for rheumatism, but upon coming to the Hospital he learned that his hip was dislocated, and after proper treatment for this, had so far recovered as to be up. The man who was so badly burned was improving; he was still in the Hall Pavillion, but not well enough to be up. A patient, who for months has kept his cot, with an ulcer on his ankle, was so much better that he was soon to leave the Hospital. The colored paralytic does not change much. A patient with a broken collar bone was doing well; one recovering from broken thigh was around on crutches.

Two deaths occurred the past month in the Male Medical Ward. Three patients were confined to their beds; one of these was a consumptive; another had fever. There were but few in the ward when we visited it, as all who were able were availing themselves of the mild air out of doors.

Five babies were in the Lying-in Ward. One mother was bathing her infant; the Indian woman was up fondling her little one. There was but one waiting patient.

Twelve were under treatment in the Female Medical Ward; no deaths had occurred during the month, and but three patients were confined to their cots. One invalid had a diseased heart; another had some disorder of the stomach, and a third was suffering from an eruption on her limbs.

There were fifteen patients in the Female Surgical Ward. One death had occurred in May; that of a woman whose heart was diseased and who had dropsy. The colored paralytic was more feeble than when we saw her before. A young girl with a sor

arm was improving. A young woman recovering from a surgical operation, was expecting to return home soon. An eye patient had come from Michigan to be treated for cataract, but the disease had not advanced far enough for the removal of the cataract. "Grandmother" was very busy completing her patchwork quilt for a grandchild. Mrs. P and Mrs. B, were in their usual condition.

The Little Folks.

All the little folks at the Hospital are improving. Tommy, in the Male Surgical Ward, though still confined to his bed, looked brighter and the nurse said seemed better than when last we saw him. He was bolstered up in bed amusing himself with a game of dominos. Katy H. was busy with her needle, and the burnt limb was slowly healing. She has to be very patient, but we always find her cheerful. Rosa was playing with her dolls, and had just returned from a stroll on the Hospital lawn, where she now often goes on her crutches. Emma B. was expecting the next day to have her plaster of Paris jacket taken off, and another one put on, and thought she might then go home to Geneva, to visit her grandfather. All these little children sent thanks and expressed their gratitude to the little girl, Leita Childs, who, far away in Bay City, Mich., remembered the sick children in the Rochester City Hospital, and sent them pretty cards and papers.

Our Library.

The Hospital Library is occupying a larger place in the Institution than it once did, and we have room for many more interesting books. It lightens the weariness of the convalescent to have some pleasant book to occupy the thoughts, and we would like to see our library constantly receiving accessions. The past month a committee of ladies, of which Mrs. Myron Adams was chairman, have looked over, newly arranged

and catalogued the library. Some books that were duplicates or not adapted to Hospital needs have been exchanged for forty-three new volumes, including the works of Charles Kingsley and George Eliot, and some miscellaneous works. We are indebted to Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt for nine books, and to Mr. Charles E. Fitch for others. Mr. Fitch has made liberal donations of books before this. We have received from him about one hundred and seventy-five volumes.

Children's Hospital at Charlotte.

At the afternoon session of the Monroe County Medical Society, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted.

Whereas, A movement has been inaugurated on the part of Dr. E. M. Moore, Jr.; and others, for the purpose of establishing a hospital at Charlotte, for the care of all the city children sick with cholera infantum and kindred diseases; therefore,

Resolved, That this society is heartily in sympathy with the movement, and recommend it to the general patronage of the public.

Resolved, That individually, the members of the Society will give the scheme their support and co-operation.

The above article indicates that those familiar with the invigorating qualities of Ontario's breezes are about inaugurating an institution that will be a great blessing to this city and neighborhood. We, ourselves, can bear ample testimony to the restoring powers of the lakeside, and we trust ere long to see a Children's Summer Hospital in successful operation in this vicinity.

More Youthful Helpers.

Mrs. Robert Mathews:

DEAR MADAM—We have to-day packed a large barrel of old cotton and linen for the Rochester Hospital, which we will forward in a day or two. Hoping it will be as acceptable as usual, we are,

MAMIE READ,

MARY R. KEENEY.

Perry, N. Y., May 12, 1884.

Other Little Folks.

It affords us great pleasure to find so many of our children are becoming interested in the sick children in the Hospital, and are making efforts to raise money to build a Children's Pavilion. While we were directing the last month's papers at the Hospital, two little girls, J. R. and E. P., came to visit the Hospital children, and they did not come empty handed; they brought lint that they had picked to dress wounds, and flowers in pots, and reading matter. This was not the first time they have visited our children; the week before they came, bringing papers and oranges. Before they left, four other little girls came with a friend to see our Hospital children. These little girls had had an exhibition and raised money for the Hospital children, and were doubting what to do with it. They visited Rosa Uehlin, and thought that a nice lounging chair for the lame girl would be very comfortable, but we hope to hear about their visit from the lady who accompanied them, and we would rather she would tell her own story. A gift for the Children's Hospital has come to us from the mothers who sew at St. Luke's church, and who love to help us, because some of their little children may some time need to be cared for in our Children's Hospital.

[The following article came too late for our last issue, but we are glad to give it a place this month.—Ed.]

The Easter Hare as a Symbol.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* of a recent date, answers this question, "Why that little animal, the hare, appears as an emblem of Easter in so many of the curious illustrations that accompany the annual recurrence of this festival?"

The books that treat of religious emblems and symbols are singularly silent upon this subject. The *Eagle* says that "according to antiquarians, the Easter festival, which commemorates the resurrection of Christ was observed in honor of a Saxon Deity Eostre. It was a Spring festival and typi-

fied the rising or putting forth of nature. It is possible that the hare, like the egg, another Easter emblem, may have been adopted as a symbol of fertility or fecundity. In Germany the children are taught that the hares lay eggs at Easter, and there is a pretty German legend which describes the search for these eggs. In the shops in German cities, among Easter toys are eggs that contain small hares and eggs, and hares with eggs inside them. A curious use of the hare is found in the fresco of Spring in the Cemetery of St. Pontianus, at Rome. In a cupola vault are frescoes of the four seasons, grouped about a representation of the Good Shepherd. The fresco of Spring represents the figure of a boy who bears in one hand a hare and in the other a lily (a well-known Easter token). The idea of speed in the Christian course was associated with the hare, and the frequent presence of this figure in Christian decoration was connected with the Roman taste, or derived from the Roman habit of ornamenting rooms with domestic agricultural or hunting subjects. There were five martyrs of the name Pontianus. One was Pope, and suffered about A. D. 235, under the Emperor Maximinus. The cemetery, in which the frescoes above mentioned were discovered, probably derived its name from the martyr Pope."

The Children's Pavilion.

Seventeen little girls have for several months met weekly to make fancy and useful articles and raise money for the Children's Pavilion. Each week every little girl brought a five cent offering, and on a recent evening they held a fair at Christ Church Chapel, and by a fancy table, ice cream table and grab-bag they raised sixty-two dollars and fifty cents. Seven of these little workers brought their donations to Mrs. Robert Mathews. They told her they had received no donations, but bought their own materials by each bringing five cents when they met each week. Mrs Mathews writes that they were "evidently happy in the consciousness of learning to do good so early." The names of our youthful helpers are: Ella Sage, May Mudge, Florence Remington, Sadie and Bessie Ocumpaugh, Grace

Hathaway, Mable Dunning, Allie Thompson, Allie Van De Bogart, Libbie Newman, Beth Doty, Anna Brewster, Julia Backus, Lillie Hall, Caddie Chapin, Katie Lane and Daisy Barnard.

We are very grateful to the band of children who have so successfully worked for us. Their contribution brings the amount of our Pavilion Fund up to \$187.08. It was only stated in December, and this is a hundred dollars more than we received for the Cot Fund the first six months.

We hope the example of these children will be followed. This is the Semi-Centennial year of our city, and we know of no more appropriate way for the City children to celebrate it, than to make a liberal contribution to the fund for building a Pavilion for sick children. We wish all the Sabbath-schools this month would take up a collection for this object. Who will respond?

Receipts for the Review.

MAY, 1884.

Mrs. J. L. Angle, 62 cents; Mrs. E. B. Chace, 63 cents; Miss Julia A. Stevens, 62 cents; by Mrs. M. A. Gilman.....	\$ 1 87
E. S. Ettenheimer & Co., adv., \$5.00; Howe & Rogers, adv., \$5.00; Mechanics' Savings Bank, adv., \$15.00; S. Sloan, ads., \$5.00; by Mrs. C. E. Mathews.....	30 00
C. H. Amsden, \$1.25; Mrs. J. W. Archer, 62 cents; Miss Butts, 62 cents; Mrs. C. S. Baker, 62 cents; Miss M. Cochrane, 62 cents; Mrs. C. W. Dodd, 62 cents; Mrs. F. W. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. W. K. Daggies, \$1.25; Miss Elwood, for Mrs. D. F. Worcester, 62 cents; Mrs. W. R. Hallowell, 62 cents; Mrs. Clark Johnson, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Martindale, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Meyers, 62 cents; Mrs. A. McVean, \$1.25; Mrs. W. Oothout, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Phelan, 62 cents; Mrs. James Upton, \$1.25; Mrs. A. C. Wilder, \$1.25; Mrs. D. A. Woodbury, 62 cents; Mrs. E. P. Willis, 62 cents; Mrs. S. D. Walbridge, \$1.25; by collector	16 80
Miss Booth, Vergennes, Vermont, 50 cents; Hamilton & Mathews, adv., \$5.00; Mrs. Geo. McKittrick, Brook-	

lyn, 50 cents; Miss S. Moody, New Brunswick, N. J., \$1.00; A. W. Mudge, adv., \$5.00; Mrs. W. B. Stearns, Boston, Mass., \$3.00; by Treasurer..... 15 00
 MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treasurer,
 (new number) 96 Spring St.

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, May 3, 1884, of Pulmonary Hemorrhage, Jacob Wilder, aged 28 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, May 9, 1884, Infant son of Mrs. M. A. Johnson.

At Rochester City Hospital, May 16, 1884, of Chronic Bright's Disease, with Disease of the Heart, Mrs. Gottlobine Meyers, aged 46 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, May 18, 1884, of Pneumonia and Apoplexy, Barney Mack, aged 51 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, May 19, 1884, George F. Shipp, of Seneca Falls.

At Rochester City Hospital, May 23, 1884, of Fractured Skull—result of a railroad accident—John Piper.

At Rochester City Hospital, May 25, 1884, of Consumption, Frederick Wark, aged 68 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, May 25, 1884, of Chronic Cystitis and Paralysis, Alfred L. Holton, aged 64 years.

Number in Hospital May 1, 1884.....	99
“ received during month.....	37
“ births during month.....	4
	— 140
Number deaths during May.....	8
“ discharged during month.....	51
“ remaining June 1, 1884.....	81
	— 140

Donations.

Mrs. L. S. Chapin, second-hand clothing. Ready Cooked Food Co., several packages of food.

George C. Buell & Co., one case of “Granula.”

Mrs. Soule and Miss C. Howard, six dozen oranges, old linen and “Graphics.”

Mrs. H. E. Huntington, second-hand clothing, old cotton, picked lint, reading matter.

Miss Mumford, twenty-seven quarts canned fruit, second-hand clothing, reading matter.

Mrs. Barker, of North Bergen, box of second-hand clothing, old bed quilts, old cotton.

Mamie Read and Mary R. Keeney, of Perry, barrel of old cotton.

Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, nine books.

Mr. C. E. Fitch, three books.

Mrs. Halsey, second-hand clothing.

Mrs. Wilcox, Mrs. Swartout, Mrs. S. H. Terry, reading matter.

Mrs. Goss, old cotton.

Mrs. R. Mathews, old cotton.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Mother's meeting of St. Luke's Church Bricks.....	\$4 40
Proceeds of Fair given by Ella Sage, May Mudge, Florence Remington, Sadie and Bessie Ocumpaugh, Grace Hathaway, Mable Dunning, Allie Thompson, Allie Van De Bogaert, Libbie Newman, Beth Doty, Anna Brewster, Julia Backus, Lillie Hall, Caddie Chapin, Katie Lane, and Daisy Barnard.....	50
Previously acknowledged	62 50
	119 68

Total receipts..... \$187 08

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, or to any of the managers of the Hospital. Who will help to build this much needed Pavilion?

Anniversaries.

Our English and Scotch ancestors filled the year with holy days, each of which had its peculiar method of observance. With the exception of Christmas, New Year's, Easter and Good Friday, most of these have been dropped by Americans, and some of them have fallen into desuetude even in England.

Nothing could give a better idea of the customs, habits of thoughts and domestic life of the nation than these holidays. Most of them grow out of religious feeling, and although a good deal of superstition was mixed up with them, they showed the dependence of the people in their least actions on a supreme power.

SUBLIME AUSTRALIAN SCENERY.—Writing to the *Baltimore Sun* from Sidney, N. S. W., a traveler says: "I have never seen anything in America that compared with Wentworth Falls in the combination of both beauty and grandeur. At first the water leaps a distance of 700 feet, as though falling over the back of the seat of a great arm-chair cut out of the face of the mountain by some giant of nature. Falling in spray, it gathers itself for another run and leaps the second time falling over 800 feet into the great gorge below. The fall is so far and the foliage so dense at the

foot that the eye fails to see the second gathering place of the clouds of spray glittering in the sunlight 1,500 feet below. The valley below the falls spreads out into a great amphitheater fifty miles across, and hemmed in on every side but one with the perpendicular walls of the mountain. No human foot has ever been known to tread this valley, as it cannot be reached from below, by reason of a second precipice over which the same stream falls, and to go down from above would be a perilous undertaking.

In Spring we note the breaking
Of every baby bud ;
In Spring we note the walking
Of wildflower of the wood.
In Summer's fuller power,
In Summer's deeper soul,
We watch no single flower,
We see, we breathe, the whole.

Dora Reade Goodale..

ORANGE ICE.—Squeeze the juice from six large oranges and two lemons, after rubbing off the peels with lumps of white sugar. Pour a pint of boiling water over the squeezed lemons and oranges, and put it away for half an hour. Then strain upon the lumps of sugar, and when dissolved, add to it the juice of the fruit, with one pint of cold water. Sweeten very sweet, as the freezing takes out the sugar, and add to it the beaten whites of two or three eggs, and freeze at once. It can be made without the eggs, but they will give it the appearance of snow, and add to the delicacy of the ice.

A bevy of young ladies called at the *Union* counting-room Saturday afternoon and wanted the public to understand that they were to have a sale of fancy articles, confections, etc., at Christ Church Chapel, Friday afternoon and evening, for the benefit of the Children's Cot at the City Hospital. Everybody is invited.

Old cotton always acceptable.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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" N. T. ROCHESTER, " DR. MATHEWS.

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Adopted June 5th, 1882.

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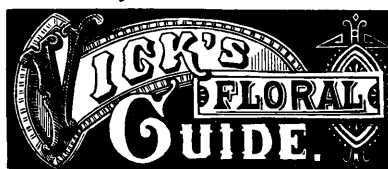
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XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum will be allowed on the first days of March, June, September and December in each year, for all sums that shall have remained on deposit since the preceding quarter-day, and such interest shall be 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.

XVII. On the first Tuesday of June and December in each year, a dividend shall be declared out of the net profits for each depositor, at the rate specified in the next preceding article; and all such dividends which shall not be drawn, will be added to the principal, and draw interest from the day it was computed, which will be on the first days of June and December, in each year.

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Front Street.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XX.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1884.

No. 12.

For the HOSPITAL REVIEW.

Retribution.

—
BERTHA SCRANTON POOL.

Some day, in spite of bars and bands,
The truth will meet us; at the sight
What will you do, how will you smite
The judgment down? how will you shut
Your eyes before the searching light
Of whitest heaven? God understands.

Some day you will be forced to meet
The wrong, and mark my heart that bled
For faith perverted; and the dead
Dull life that stretched so long before
The grave brought rest unto my head:
God's pity grant you grace, complete.

Some day, some day! the years are thongs
Of iron on my longing now,
And yet I often wonder how
In that dread judgment I shall feel
To see your scornful, proud head bow!
God's mercy save me from my wrongs!

Youthful Charity.

—
FOR THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

It was a pretty sight that met my view as I entered my parlor one afternoon. Two little girls with bright eyes and flowing hair bending low over a pile of magazines. I asked what they were doing, "Oh! we are going to get up a play for the benefit of the Children's Cot, and we are looking for something in Our Young Folks to practice." Always willing to encourage children in any enterprise that serves to develop their inventive genius, and more than glad to have them learn the blessedness of practical charity, I entered enthusiastically into their plan. The play was selected, characters assigned among their playmates, and

soon the house was kept lively with rehearsals. Tickets were printed bearing the following words :

BENEFIT OF THE CHILDREN'S COT.
SHOPPING,

A COMEDY BY THE DAISY CLUB.

Saturday, May 3d, 4 P. M.

At 55 Prince St.

Soon seven little girls were eagerly flying around the neighborhood selling the tickets at five cents a piece. Some of them were taken to school and disposed of with great glee. The day arrived and so did the audience. To tell the truth the audience was a surprise. We had all considered the affair as a piece of fun for the children and an innocent way of raising some money for a noble cause, but had not realized that there would be a large attendance. But, before the hour for the performance, the parlor was more than full of interested people. At the last moment, to the consternation of the older ones, some of the actors were seized with stage freight and refused to appear. By means of some judicious urging they concluded to attempt their parts. The Comedy was performed to the intense satisfaction of the spectators, as was attested by the rounds of applause that followed. But as the play was exceedingly short, it occurred to the little girls that they ought to furnish them something more, in order that the persons present might receive their money's worth. So a number of impromptu recitations were given, a few songs, and a tableau of "Seven Old Ladies Knitting." They looked so quaint in their caps, white hair, spectacles and long white aprons, that an amateur photographer placed them in a row on the fence to take a picture. They did not keep very still (how could they on a tence rail with a strong wind blowing?) but they were all *there!* When the cash box was examined it was found to contain the sum of \$4.20. Feeling that it would give the little girls more pleasure to decide for themselves in regard to the disposal of the

money, I took them to the Hospital. They were kindly shown about, but their hearts seemed to linger most lovingly about the corner where Rosa, the lame girl was sitting. One member of the "Daisy Club" had known what it was to suffer from the same cause, and remembering the great relief it had been to recline in a steamer chair, she suggested that such a chair should be procured with the funds they have collected, and given to Rosa for "*her very own.*" In a conversation with Mr. R. A. Sibley a few days after, mention was accidentally made of what the little girls had in mind, when he said: "I have a steamer chair I will give the Daisy Club for that purpose," and soon afterwards one was delivered at the door. Then it was decided to fit up the chair with pillows and a soft, thick comforter. I wish you all could have seen the beautiful picture presented, of seven dear little girls bending over a bright, Turkey-red comforter, sending the needles in and out, tying knots, and button-holing the edge with black worsted. How they chattered, and how much unadulterated enjoyment they derived from the thought of the object of their industry. To be sure, some of them knew nothing of sewing, and other work was provided for them, but they all did *something*. Sachet powder was scattered in the cotton to make it fragrant, and sweet Little Gracie, the youngest of the group, could only hold the scissors, but it was *helping*. After it was all done, the pillows scented and covered, the chair was unfolded, and the comforter and pillows adjusted on it. Then each little girl in turn climbed on to test the effect, with delight and laughter. The next day a gay group wended its way to the Hospital. A carriage had been loaded with a box of magazines for the older patients, the chair with its belongings was stowed away, while hanging all around were baskets of flowers, buttercups and clovers, pansies and roses nodding to each other. Some of the little ones were tucked in the carriage, some went by

car, but they all met at the door of the Hospital. Mrs. Gilman and Miss Hebbard led the way to Rosa's corner, and the chair with its bright accompaniments was delivered, in the name of the Prince Street Daisy Club, together with the photograph of the "Seven old ladies." Rosa was almost dazed and could hardly realize that it was all *hers*. Her beautiful, pathetic countenance shown with grateful pleasure as she was placed in her restful chair. After giving her as many of the flowers as she wished, the little girls left her and went through the wards distributing flowers among the invalids. A book and some buttercups were given Tommy, whose pale, suffering face gave a sad heart-ache that has not yet passed away, to some who were in that company.

E. L. L.

[We heartily thank our little friends of the Daisy Club, May Gordon, Gracie Gordon, Nellie Lattimore, Flossie Lattimore, Katie Lane, Lulu Quinn and Alice Ward, for the happiness their labor of love has brought to one of the little suffering ones, who has long been an inmate of the City Hospital.—ED.]

Mission Work at Alaska.

FOR THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

I have been reading, with much interest, a little book published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication at Philadelphia, entitled "Life in Alaska," and consisting of the letters of Mrs. E. S. Willard, a missionary at Haines, Alaska. They give a clear picture of the home and work of pioneer missionaries in that distant region, although the hardships and sufferings are touched upon very lightly by the brave, heroic woman. I hope it will be very generally read. I send a few extracts.

"I often realize the meaning of the Scripture: 'And a little child shall lead them, for truly our baby is a large element in the Chilcat mission force. For instance: the first day after our arrival here, the children flocked in to see us. I had baby on my

lap, washing and combing her hair. The little Indians first shyly showed their black and red painted faces at a little crack of the door, after having taken a survey of the inside premises through a knot-hole. Baby smiled at them with me, holding her wee thumb and first finger closely pinched together with a kiss. I had Kittie (a little Indian girl that she had taken into her family) tell them that she was kissing them, and so baby won their first smile; and they crept by slow degrees close up to us, watching the washing and combing process with open mouthed interest. After they had become thoroughly absorbed and I had put on baby her pretty white apron, I had Kitty tell them that this was my little baby, that she (Kitty) was my big girl, and that they all were my children. Just as I kept my little baby I wanted all my children kept—nice and clean. Had they ever seen a comb like that? No, they never had; so, after grouping them as they belonged—in families—I gave to each group a good fine comb. You should have seen their faces! Such a study as they were! So full of wonder and of pleasure! For a moment they stood perfectly still, then with one accord ran out of the door and away. In the course of fifteen minutes they began to reappear by twos and threes with faces ruddy and resplendent—the paint had been so hastily and so vigorously removed—and the hair, which had for the first time been brought into contact with a comb, standing on end as with utter astonishment. Again were their faces a study, an expression of a newly awakened self respect and a certain pride which held its own while it sought approval in my eyes, as they ranged themselves before me with happy dropped eyelids. Of course I gave expression to my delight, and had them all sit down on the floor beside me while I told them of Jesus and taught them that sweet little hymn,

"Oh! I am so glad

That our Father in heaven," &c.

Thus the work began. From that day to

this I have never seen the faces of those children painted, and day after day they regularly, of their own accord, presented themselves to show me that they had combed their hair."

Again, "Fanny does the most of our interpreting now, and does it simply and well, though it is an especially trying position for her. When we found that Mrs. D., was not coming last Sabbath, Mr. Willard said, 'Well, Fanny will have to talk for me to-day.' She looked down and did not make any ready reply, except a movement of impatience or uneasiness. Mr. Willard began to go over the lesson with her; it was on the raising of the widow's son of Nain. When he was through, he asked if she understood it. 'No, she said, very distinctly. I called her to come and sit down beside me in this big window, and, taking a lot of blocks from Kotzie's play-box, I built a city with a wall about it, explained the purpose of the latter, then showed the little house where lived the widow, told of her one boy who cared for her, of his death, of her grief. With a doll and the lid of a box and a winding ribbon, we led the little procession of mourners down the street and through the city's gate. We had before seen that Jesus was leaving a neighboring town, and now he was nearing the gate as the funeral came out. Then the joyful return. Among the many applications, I spoke of how like the dead we all are with Jesus, of our helplessness until we are touched by him who makes us strong to do for him, and brought it down to Fanny, whose tongue was dead before her people, until Jesus touched her heart as he did the bier of the widow's son; then right away it was full of words for Him. There was a change instantly in her whole aspect, and in a few moments she slipped away to her room to gain more of the help which God alone can give us, and I knew then that she would do well. She *did* do well, speaking out with perfect ease; so that all in the building could hear without any effort."

C. L. S.

A Christ-like Deed.

The following touching incident, which drew tears from my eyes, was related to me a short time since, by a friend who had it from an eye-witness of the same. It occurred in the great City of New York, on one of the coldest days in February last:

A little boy about ten years old was standing before a shoe store in Broadway, barefooted, peering through the window and shivering with cold.

A lady riding up the street in a beautiful carriage, drawn by horses finely caparisoned, observed the little one in his forlorn condition, and immediately ordered the driver to draw up and stop in front of the store. The lady, richly dressed in silk, alighted from her carriage, went quickly to the boy and said:

"My little fellow, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?"

"I was just asking God to give me a pair of shoes," was the reply. The lady took him by the hand and went into the store, and asked the proprietor if he would allow one of his clerks to go and buy her half-dozen pairs of stockings for the boy. He readily assented. She then asked if he could give her a basin of water and a towel, and he replied: "Certainly," and quickly brought them to her.

She took the little fellow to the back part of the store, and removing her gloves knelt down, washed those little feet and dried them with the towel.

By this time the young man had returned with the stockings. Placing a pair upon his feet, she purchased and gave him a pair of shoes, and tying up the remainder pairs of stockings gave them to him, and patting him upon the head said: "I hope my little fellow, that you now feel more comfortable."

As she turned to go, the astonished lad caught her hand, and looking up in her face, with tears in his eyes, answered her question with these words: "Are you God's wife?"—*Parish Register*.

Vegetables and fruit are very acceptable at the hospital.

My Vesper Song.

Filled with weariness and pain,
Scarcely strong enough to pray,
In the twilight hour I sit,
Sit and sing my doubt away.
O'er my broken purposes,
E're the coming shadows roll,
Let me build a bridge of song,
"Jesus, lover of my soul."

"Let me to Thy bosom fly"—
How the words my thoughts repeat!
To Thy bosom, Lord, I come,
Though unfit to kiss Thy feet.
Once I gathered sheaves for Thee,
Dreaming I could hold them fast;
Now I can but idly sing,
"Oh, receive my soul at last."

I am weary of my fears,
Like a child when night comes on,
In the shadow, Lord, I sing,
"Leave, oh, leave me not alone."
Through the tears I still must shed,
Through the evil yet to be,
Though I falter while I sing
"Still support and comfort me."

"All my trust on Thee is stayed."
Does the rhythm of the song
Softly falling on my heart
Make its pulses firm and strong?
Or, is this Thy perfect peace
Now descending while I sing,
That my soul may rest to-night
"Neath the shadow of Thy wing?"

"Thou of life the fountain art;"
If I slumber on Thy heart,
If I sing myself to sleep:
Sleep and death alike are rest,
Though the shadows overpast,
Though the shadows yet to be,
Let the ladder of my song
"Rise to all eternity."

Note by note its silver bars
May my soul in love ascend,
Till I reach the highest round
In the kingdom without end.
Not impatiently I sing,
Though I lift my hands and cry,
"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

The Violet in France.

Flowers have a political influence even in prosy England. The red and the white rose represented the hostile houses of York and Lancaster, whose strivings for the crown caused the civil conflict known as the War of the Roses. In Paris, since the days of the First Napoleon, there has been rivalry between

the modest violet and the proud lily. Bourbons flaunt the regal flower, while the little messenger of spring is cherished by Napoleonists.

Napoleon, when First Consul, had asked Josephine what present he should bring her on her name-day. "Only a bouquet of violets," she had replied. On the morning of the day—it was in February—Napoleon was waiting impatiently for the arrival of violets he had ordered from Versailles, as it was impossible to get them from the gardeners of Paris.

While waiting, he received from an unknown hand a magnificent bouquet of violets. He sprang on his horse and galloped to Malmaison, and presented the flowers to his wife. From that day Napoleon loved the flower, and Josephine always had violets about her. When she died, violets were planted on her tomb.

Napoleon planted violets at St. Helena. During his exile, the question, asked by one wearing a button-hole bouquet of violets,—

"Is this your favorite flower? Do you like its fragrance?" meant, are you a friend to the exiled Emperor, and do you favor his return to France?

When the Emperor's remains were restored to France, as soon as the coffin touched French soil it was covered with bouquets and wreaths of violets.

While Louis Napoleon was waiting in the room of a Paris hotel, to learn if he had been chosen President of the Republic, he noticed that the landlord had stood on the mantel and window-sills costly vases filled with violets. In after days, when Louis became Emperor, he remembered that delicate attention of the landlord.

The President often visited the villa of a Spanish family near Paris. The eldest daughter of the house was the attraction that drew him. At first, she rejected his attentions. But one evening, a large assembly at her mother's, house saw Eugenie appear in an exquisite violet toilette. There were violets in her hair, violets looped up her dress, and in her hand she carried a

bouquet of violets. The guests understood, from the language of the flowers, that Eugenie had accepted Louis Napoleon's offer of marriage.

In the early days of the Second Empire, on the 15th of November, it being the Empress' name-day, there was an ovation of violets offered to her. Tens of thousands of bunches of violets were thrown over the railings of the Tuileries. The servants piled them up into pyramids which reached as high as the first floor windows. They decked the doors with them, and the great balcony, from which the Empress greeted the people, seemed made of violets.

There have been many changes since then, but to-day the violet is still the favorite flower of thousands of Frenchmen—so deeply has Napoleon stamped himself on the imagination of France.

About Dress.

It was a witty Frenchman, who knew well his Paris, who wrote that a woman's dress should always be older, not younger, than her face. This caution applies to the younger readers of the *Youth's Companion* only in the remote future; but the same good taste which would suggest that a woman should not, as Dr. Holmes has it:

"Twine her wintry curls in such a spring-like way," would equally warn our girls against wearing attire suitable only for matrons.

In no other country than America does one see young girls in costly silks and satins, and above all, in jewels. In the matter of diamonds, American matrons are too apt to make a mistake themselves, wearing in the day time, and even in the morning, in straw-littered horse cars and crowded shops, a stone suitable only to be worn at night and on occasions of ceremony.

Just as jewels belong to full dress, so do diamonds belong to mature age; and even the fashionable and inexpensive Rhine stone, has too sumptuous an air to be freely used in a young girl's toilet.

Well-fitted woolen and muslin gowns,

each in its season, adorn youth far more suitably than costly silks; and even for evening dress, good taste suggests for a girl under twenty, some simply-made, soft-falling material, rather than a heavy velvet or brocade.

Older nations than ours understand the laws of suitableness better than we do, and no American, in English society, could help being struck by the simplicity with which most young English girls are attired.

Even the well-bred English woman puts on her fine toilets only for the drawing-room, or for a drive in the park; and shops or walks in inexpensive dresses which are not easily spoiled, and which attract attention only by their suitability.

No Englishman would think of putting on his dress-coat before the hour of a late dinner; and his wife restricts her jewels to similar times and seasons.

It is a pitiful thing to see the struggle often made by that class in America which the old-fashioned phrase "shabby genteel" would best describe, to dress in a style of utter, untasteful and unnecessary extravagance.

That a girl should be well-dressed demands only that her clothes should be neat, fresh, well-fitted, adapted in color to her own special complexion, and the more severely simple the material of which these exquisitely fitting garments are composed, the more distinguished is the aspect of the wearer.

Unappreciated.

The death of the noted French chemist, M. Dumas, has brought forward an incident of his life in which the public have an interest. Nearly fifty years ago the wife of one of his friends, a poor painter by profession, came in great distress to M. Dumas, to tell him that her husband's mind was affected. "He has given up painting portraits," sobbed the poor woman, "and is trying to catch the shadows of his sitters on copper plates. Stop him, M. Dumas, or he will ruin us all and become entirely mad!"

"Send him to me," said the chemist. He listened to the artist's explanation and said, "You are, I believe, on the eve of a great discovery. Use my purse as if it were your own until you succeed."

The painter's name was Daguerre, and his discovery lies at the base of all photography.

Other inventors have been less fortunate. They usually have had the disbelief and reproaches of their families to discourage them, and have not found the purse or faith of a M. Dumas to sustain their failing hopes.

Goodyear spent two fortunes in experiments which his family regarded as folly, and reduced them to beggars before he succeeded.

Very few men of genius, in fact, have secured honor in their own households until the world gave it to them. There is nothing more tragic in fiction than the story of big, awkward Jean Paul's life with his querulous mother in their wretched hut, while he was pouring out his soul in books which afterwards became the classics of Germany, unless indeed it be that of Chatterton beaten by his father for not bringing home the wages which was never paid to him.

On the other hand, while we hear of one man in ten thousand of true and great power who is thus hampered by lack of appreciation, we find countless young fellows who are loitering through their youth, refusing to go to work at any practical occupation, because they fancy they are endowed with exceptional talent as artists, authors or poets.

They should remember that genius, or intellectual ability of any sort, is sure of a hearing in these later days of quickened minds and increased opportunities. They should remember, too, that the first duty which a man owes to the world is to provide his own living. The safer course then for them to pursue, is to go to work, find no honest employment disgraceful which pays their way. If God have given the eye of a seer or the voice of a poet, the world will hear and recognize them in due time.

Omnibuses in Paris.

There is no better way of seeing Paris inexpensively than from the outside of the omnibus. There are about seven hundred of these vehicles in use, and they traverse every part of the city.

They are larger and more comfortable than similar vehicles in England and the United States; they have, moreover, in contrast with those of this country, seats on the outside, which can be reached by a wide stairway at each side of the entrance, and they are drawn by three horses abreast.

There are over thirty different lines, each designated by some letter of the alphabet or diphthong, and passengers are transferred from one to another without any additional charge. The fare is six cents inside, and three cents outside, the latter being called the *imperiale*.

There is no over-crowding. Each 'bus is certified to carry a fixed number of passengers, and when it is full the word "complet" is exhibited in big letters over the door.

Perhaps the most peculiar feature to an Englishman or American is the system by which the seats are distributed.

Instead of getting on or off anywhere along the line, the passengers usually congregate at the stations, which are only a short distance apart. There an official gives them tickets numbered in the order of their arrival, and they are assigned to seats in like precedence.

When an omnibus stops before the door, they look at the vehicle anxiously to see if the word "*complet*" is visible; if it is, they have to wait for the next omnibus; if it is not, the conductor calls out how many places he has vacant.

Suppose that number four was the first ticket issued after the last 'bus left and five seats are vacant; the persons holding numbers four, five, six, seven and eight are entitled to the vacant seats, while the persons holding numbers nine, ten and so on must wait.

The conductors are a civil set of men, and when they make a request they preface it with "*Si'l vous plait*."

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1884.

The Invalids.

On the last day of June we visited the City Hospital and found the lawn occupied by invalids, some of whom were lounging on the velvety grass, while others occupied hammocks, settees, and chairs. Those from the Male Ward were on the east lawn, while the female patients occupied the west.

In one group we saw a private patient, who had been twelve weeks in the Hospital and was convalescing from pneumonia; he had during that time increased in weight from 128 to 162 pounds, was taking a pint of cream a day, and seemed greatly pleased with the care he received at the Hospital. Near him was a middle aged man who had recovered from the measles, but was suffering from weak eyes. A little boy completed the group; he had St. Vitus's dance. The man, who, for a long time had been occupying a tent, and who was terribly burnt by the explosion of a kerosene lamp in a barn, was so much improved that for the second time he had been placed in a rocking chair on the lawn. He has been a great sufferer and seemed wrapped up in cotton, with one hand only at liberty; with this, he said he had that morning for the first time in months, fed himself.

On the west lawn under the shade of an elm tree were two women, the one afflicted with internal tumors, the other an Indian mother, who was feeding her sickly infant, but two months old. The poor baby looked puny and feeble. Another mother near by was vigorously trotting a baby that evidently had a good pair of lungs.

There were but nine patients in the Male Surgical Ward. A man twenty-five years old, a German, had died the night before after being about twenty-four hours in the Hospital. He had fallen down a well pit forty feet, fractured his skull, and been in-

sensible from the time of the accident till his death. His brother, a German, two years younger than he, was greatly afflicted by his loss, had fainted and a good deal of sympathy was felt for him, as the two brothers were the only members of the family in this country, and the bereavement was very trying to the survivor. One man had sprained his leg by timber falling upon it while he was building a barn; another had jumped from a car and injured his hip, A man who had been shot through the neck had so much improved that after being two weeks in the Hospital he had left; another, who had been confined with a broken leg, had also gone home.

Ten were receiving treatment in the Male Medical Ward. No death had occurred during the month and but two patients were confined to their beds; one of these was convalescing from typhoid fever, the other was afflicted with dropsy. Several patients had diseased lungs.

In the Upper Female Ward were twelve patients. Two consumptives were confined to their cots. No person had died in the Ward during the month of June. A rheumatic patient was convalescing. A patient long an inmate of the Hospital, had just come back to recruit and rest, after a seven days' journey from Oregon. A woman with diseased heart, a chronic patient, had just been enjoying a ramble on the lawn. The aged woman, "grandmother," looked feeble, and the one with swollen limbs seemed prostrated by the heat, but busied herself with her patchwork.

In the Lying-In-Ward were two babies, two mothers, and one waiting patient.

Of the seventeen inmates in the Lower Female Ward, many were afflicted with chronic diseases, some had internal tumors some cancers, some were paralytics and others suffered from rheumatism. One aged woman from Michigan, who came to have her eyes operated upon, was afflicted with weak nerves. Many of the patient

were on the lawn and among these were some of the little folks. Two of the sickest women were in the Cross Ward, the one a colored woman, who had paralysis, the other, Mrs. L., who, afflicted with cancer, was sustained by a patient and earnest faith, that buoyed her up while passing through deep waters. She had not completed her wreath of flowers, on which last month we found her employed, but a bunch of rose buds on her pillow indicated that she was fond of those painted by the Great Master. One woman had an ulcer on her limb.

The Little Folks.

We have quite a number of little folks in the Hospital this month, enough to start a Child's Pavilion, and as our young friends are so many of them becoming practically interested in this object, we are sure we shall ere long have the pleasure of knowing that our children are not placed in wards with older persons, where they may hear and see much of which they had better be ignorant, but by themselves where they will be company for each other. Rosa, the little German girl with abscesses on her limb, seems much more comfortable. She goes out on the lawn by the aid of her crutches, and she has a nice steamer chair fitted up by the Daisy Club, with turkey red cushions and comfortable, that she can use when in the ward. When we saw her she was seated on her cot, eating a nice dinner of beef steak, potatoes, radishes, and pineapple. She seemed to have a good appetite and to relish her food. Kate H., the girl with burnt limb, was up and dressed. She is rolled to the hall door in a chair, and then carried out on the lawn, and this is a great treat to one, who, for weary months, had been kept on her cot. Emma, the child with a curvature of the spine, has gone home to make a visit. Tommy, the boy with abscesses on the hip is better, and we saw him seated on the lawn, his crutches beside

him. Minnie Bryant, fourteen years old, was seated in a rocking chair and she felt better than when she came to the Hospital. She had some disease of the heart and also rheumatism. Ada Gallus is a new patient. We have not told you about her. She is nine years old and has been sick a year, and when she came to the Hospital, the middle of June, she had no appetite and her neck was very stiff. She is better now and is very happy and quite a pet in the ward. A little girl nine years old has come with her nurse to the Hospital; she has trouble with her eyes. A new patient, a boy in one of the Male Wards, has St. Vitus's dance. You see, dear children, there are many afflicted little ones who are ready for Hospital treatment, and we hope those of you who are already enlisted will continue to be active workers, and seek to interest others in raising funds for our Children's Pavilion.

What Our Young Friends are Doing.

It is with great pleasure we find so many of our young friends becoming active workers for the Children's Pavilion. We hail them all as helpers, and we know if we gain them on our side, the good work will go on. We hope this month to give our readers an account of the visit of the Daisy Club to the children at the Hospital. A little girl who has heard of the Children's Pavilion, sends us, with a contribution, from Oswego, N. Y., the following letter, that we are sure you will all love to read:

160 East Second Street, }
OSWEGO, N. Y., June 11, 1884. }

Mrs. M. A. Gilman:

Through Miss Mary Sheaf, I have heard of the Hospital and the sick children there. I have been sick nearly seven years and Miss Sheaf has been taking care of me this Spring. I am much better now, so you see, I know how to feel for the sick. Miss Mary and I enclose fifty cents apiece for the Children's Pavilion.

HATTIE F. AUSTEN.

The following shows that we have friends in Geneseo :

GENESEO, June 16, 1884.

My Dear Mrs. Mathews :

I enclose in this one dollar and eighty cents, to be given to the Children's Pavilion fund. It is an offering of the Wordsworth Club, composed of seven little girls, who wish to contribute their mite.

Yours very truly,

LUCY G. ARNOLD,

Pres. of the Wordsworth Club.

We received a very kind invitation to attend a fair, under the direction of Julia Robinson and Edith Peck, and were very sorry we could not accept it, and report the details, but the following note shows how successfully our young friends work for us :

Dear Mrs. Perkins :

We bring you \$79, for the Children's Pavillion, the proceeds of our fair last Saturday. We have enjoyed working for it very much, and every one has been so kind in helping us. We mean to do more whenever we can.

EDITH PECK,

June 17, 1884.

JULIA ROBINSON.

The following shows what a semi-centennial offering has been made by one of our city churches, to the Children's Pavilion fund. We hope the example will be followed, and that from every Sabbath School in the city, during the semi-centennial year, we shall have an offering for the Children's Pavilion, at the City Hospital. How could the children of our city do anything more appropriate than to contribute a semi-centennial offering to the sick children, who need help at the City Hospital? We hope next month to fill much space in our columns by reporting similar gifts. This brings up our Pavillion fund to \$337.97. This is doing well, for it is but six months since we started it.

ROCHESTER, June 16, 1884.

Mrs. Wm. Perkins : Treas. City Hospital.

DEAR MADAM :

I have the pleasure of handing check

for \$69.31, being collection taken up on "Children's Sabbath" (June 8th) for the City Hospital, Children's Department.

Trusting that it will reach you in good time and prove acceptable,

I am yours, &c.,

WM. ALLING, Treas.

Central Presbyterian Church.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Maggie Hosie	\$ 50
Miss Mary Sheaf, Oswego	50
Hattie F. Austen, Oswego	50
The Wordsworth Club, Geneseo, by Miss Lucy G. Arnold	1 08
Collection in Central Presbyterian Church on Children's Sunday, June 8th	69 31
Proceeds of Fair, given by Edith Peck and Julia Robinson, June 14th	81 00
Fanny Beatrice Rogers and Alice Mont- gomery Rogers, from sale of artic- les made mostly by themselves	2 50
Interest on deposit	56
Previously acknowledged	187 08

Total receipts

\$343 03

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, or to any of the managers of the Hospital. Who will help to build this much needed Pavilion?

We gratefully acknowledge the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moore, who once or twice every week bring large quantities of pansies made into bouquets. On the evening of July second, they brought one hundred and twenty bunches of them. They have very frequently remembered "Jack," the burnt man, now occupying a tent on the lawn, north of the Hospital. Our invalids always welcome flowers, and those who supply them with floral offerings brighten the wards and cheer the afflicted ones.

We are indebted to Miss Anna Wilde for six new light chairs, that are very available for the lawn or the house. They are like those made by the Shakers, but these were manufactured at Keene, N. H.

What men want is not talent, it is purpose; not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.—*Bulwer.*

Cash Donations.

Legacy from the estate of the late
Addison Gardiner, by Oscar
Craig, Executor.....\$ 1,000 00
Curran & Goler, deduction on sur-
gical instruments..... 26 95
Mrs. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.

Receipts for the Review.

JUNE, 1884.

Miss Orphelia Eaton, West Brighton ;
by Mrs. M. A. Gilman.....\$ 50
D. Deavenport, adv. 3 months, \$1.25 ;
Burke, Fitz Simons, Hone & Co.,
adv., \$26.00 ; D. Palmer, adv., \$5.00 ;
by Mrs. C. E. Mathews..... 32 25
Mrs. E. R. Andrews, 62 cents ; Mrs. W.
T. Bassett, 62 cents ; Mrs. G. Brady,
62 cents ; Mrs. A. M. Badger, 62
cents ; Mrs. L. Cauffman, 62 cents ;
Mrs. J. T. Fox, 62 cents ; Mr. M.
Greentree, 62 cents ; Mrs. H. S.
Hanford, \$1.25 ; Mrs. J. H. Kent,
62 cents ; Mr. L. W. Kaufman,
\$1.25 ; Mrs. C. M. Lee, 62 cents ;
Mrs. O. W. Moore, 62 cents ; Mrs.
W. H. Ross Lewin, 62 cents ; Mrs.
B. Rothchilds, 62 cents ; Mrs. S. B.
Raymond, 62 cents ; Mrs. C. F.
Smith, 62 cents ; by collector..... 11 18
W. G. Lightfoot, Canandaigua, 50 cents ;
F. D. Cook, for Mary A. Priest,
Canandaigua, 50 cents ; by Mrs. H.
Martin, to Treasurer..... 1 00
MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treasurer,
(new number) 96 Spring St.

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, June 14, 1884,
of Consumption, Frederick Bischoff, aged 35
years.

At Rochester City Hospital, June 20th, of
Basilar Meningetis, Mrs. Mary Landers, aged
17 years and 9 months.

At Rochester City Hospital, June 29th, from
Fractured Skull, Jacob Landers, aged 23 years.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital June 1, 1884..... 81
" received during month..... 26
" births during month..... 0
..... 107
Number deaths during June..... 3
" discharged during month..... 38
" remaining July 1, 1884..... 66
..... 107

Donations.

Miss Mumford, second-hand shoes.
Mrs. G. H. Perkins, second-hand clothes.

Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, second-hand boots, &c.
Mrs. Lattimore, quantity periodicals.
"Invalids folding chair, with
pillows, spread, books pic-
tures, flowers, &c."
Mrs. H. F. Bush, second-hand clothes.
Mrs. Starkweather, old bed quilt.
Miss Orphelia Eaton, old cotton.
Mrs. M. L. Reid, old cotton.
Mrs. D. H. Little, old cotton.
Mrs. B. Baker, old cotton.
Lewis Miller, periodicals for children.
Mrs. Haldiman, "Graphics."
Mrs. J. H. Brewster, crate of strawberries.
Mrs. Weaver, roses, old cotton.
Irma Butts, "daisies, buttercups and grasses,"
Miss Wild, six chairs for lawn.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Moore, weekly, bunches
of pansies.
Mrs. Wm. S. Falls, second-hand clothing.
W. Swift Martin, Geneva, "St. Nicholas,"
"Nursery," "Harper's Young Folks," &c.
Julia and Cornelia Robinson, one game pic-
ture blocks.
Edith Peck and sister, one game sliced ani-
mals, two books for children.

The following letter received by the Cor-
responding Secretary, was read at the
monthly meeting of the lady managers,
July 7th, and ordered to be published in
the REVIEW :

ROCHESTER, June 7, 1884.

Mrs. Dr. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary of
the City Hospital :

In response to a request from Rev. Dr. Shaw
a trained nurse was sent from the Hospital to
care for me in my recent illness. I am sin-
cerely thankful that one was sent so eminently
qualified—one so fully competent. Language
fails to express my admiration of her unselfish
and untiring devotion, of her judicious and
prudent care in ministering to the sick. She
was quite as loyal to the attending physician,
as devoted to the patient. She was, indeed,
an angel of mercy to us. God bless her and
make her a blessing to others as she has been
to me. God bless the Rochester City Hospital,
and guide all that have the care of that noble
institution. May it continue to be, what it
now is, the pride and glory of our city, and be-
come the pride and glory of the whole land.

Respectfully and truly,

D. D.

John Jacob Astor has insured the
foundation of a worthy charity in New
York, by giving \$200,000 to a proposed
hospital, for the treatment of cancer
diseases. Other money gifts of \$89,-
000 have been received, besides land
worth \$35,000; and the hospital will be
built at once on a sightly location, front-
ing the upper part of Central Park.

A Shrewd Doctor.

Here is a good story of Dr. Nathan Smith, who afterwards became the famous Professor of Surgery, at Dartmouth College. His ready facility in turning to his own advantage what was meant to be a troublesome joke seems to have been the means of his rapid advancement in his profession :

It was in Cornish, N. H., that Nathan Smith first "hung out his shingle." While the newly fledged doctor was patiently waiting for business, a company of young men concluded to have a little fun at his expense. Their plan of procedure was suggested by the sight of a goose with a broken leg. Taking the tavern keeper in their confidence, they caught the limping bird, and as soon as all arrangements were complete, a messenger was dispatched in haste to tell Dr. Smith that a patient who had unfortunately broken his leg desired his services at the tavern immediately. The doctor was promptly on hand, but began to suspect a trick as he came in sight of the house. Preceded by "mine host," and followed by a crowd, all ready to burst with delight at the anticipated surprise and chagrin of the doctor, he entered the great hall where, sure enough, lay the poor goose, extended in all honor upon a bed.

The doctor, without the least hesitation or show of surprise, advanced to the bed, and having, with scrupulous care, examined the broken limb, prepared his splints, reduced the fracture, and bound it up in the most scientific manner. He then, with extreme gravity, directed the tavern keeper to pay strict attention to the patient, on no account to suffer him to be removed from the bed for at least a week, but to feed him plentifully with Indian meal and water.

There was not much laughter when the doctor went away, though thus far all had gone well enough ; but the next day the joke really became quite serious when a good round *bill for professional services* came to the landlord, which he found himself obliged to pay.

The affair soon got abroad, and the shrewd and level-headed young doctor suddenly found himself famous. People said, "There's a man who knows how to take care of himself." Everybody respected him, and the foundation of a lucrative practice was laid for the young physician.

For Jesus' Sake.

One of the little orphan boys in John Falk's German Charity School repeated at the supper-table their usual grace :

"Come, Lord Jesus, be our guest and bless the food Thou hast provided."

A lad looked up and said:

"Tell us, teacher, why the Lord Jesus never comes."

"Dear child, only believe, and you may be sure that He will come to us some of these days, for He always hears us."

"Then," replied the bright lad, "I'll set a chair for Him," and he put one by the table.

By-and-by a knock was heard at the door. A poor travelling apprentice was admitted, and asked for food and lodging. The little fellow looked at the stranger a few moments, and then piped out

"Ah, I see! Jesus could not come to-night, and so He sent this poor young man in His place. Is that the way, teacher?"

"Yes, by boy, that it just it. Every cup of water or bit of bread we give to the poor and hungry for Jesus' sake, we give to Him. Inasmuch as we do it to the least of our brethren, we do it unto our Saviour."

It is delightful to have bedroom windows that open upon some lovely and stimulating prospect. I throw open the window of my room in early morn and fairly breathe in the fresh, jocund air. The birds sing for me, the flowers send up odors to me, the trees shake their little banners in my honor, and all the air to my eager senses is like rich quaffs of champagne. It is an exhilarating moment.—"*My House*," by O. B. Bunce.

HOW TO COOK OATMEAL.—Many dislike oatmeal, because too often it has a bitter taste. This is caused by rapid cooking, by which it is apt to be burnt. When cooked by this recipe, it is a delicate, delicious, and most healthy food: One cup of oatmeal, one tea-spoonful of salt, put in one pint of cold water in a covered vessel; immerse the pail in a kettle of boiling water, and cook one hour. Do not stir it. We cook it the day before, and steam it over for breakfast, as it saves time.

“Yes,” said the school-girl, who had risen from the lowest to the highest position in her class, “I shall have a horse-shoe for my symbol, as it denotes having come from the foot.”

When you are down-hearted and the world looks black to you, you ought to be hospitable enough to entertain a hope of better days.

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F. A. Whittlesey,	Ira L. Otis,
Samuel Wilder,	Isaac W. Butts,
A. G. Yates.	

XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum 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.

XVII. On the first Tuesday of June and December, in each year, a dividend shall be declared out of the net profits for each depositor, at the rate specified in the next preceding article; and all such dividends which shall not be drawn, will be added to the principal, and draw interest from the day it was computed, which will be on the first days of June and December, in each year.

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