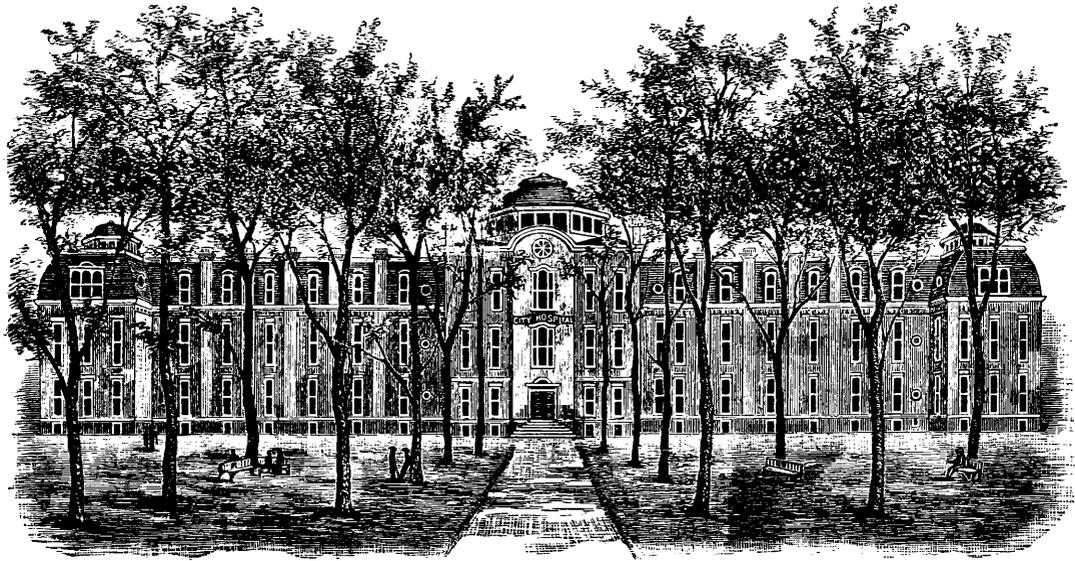


THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

“I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME.”

VOL. XXIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 16, 1886.

No. 1.

Lines from “The Transfiguration.”

I take this pain Lord Jesus
From thine own hand,
The strength to bear it bravely
Thou wilt command.

I am too weak for effort
So let me rest,
In quiet, sweet submission,
On thine own breast.

I take this pain Lord Jesus
As thine own gift,
And true, tho’ tremulous praises
I now uplift.

I am too weak to sing them,
But Thou dost hear
The whisper from the heart
That Thou art near.

’Tis Thy dear hand, O, Saviour !
That presseth sore ;
The hand that bears the nail-prints
Forevermore.

And so, beneath its shadow,
Hidden by Thee,
The pressure only tells me
Thou lovest me

A Bunch of Daisies.

BY MARY H. GROSVENOR.

I.

One morning there came into the rooms of the Flower Mission a little girl about nine years old, neatly though poorly dressed, a basket upon her arm filled with bunches of daisies, those growing wild in our fields and along the sides of the country roads, to the disgust of farmers and the delight of amateur artists.

It was a busy morning in the mission, flowers ere constantly received, to be tied up and laid aside for distribution in the different hospitals, so the little girl stood there a long time unnoticed.

Her face saddened and the tears were filling the blue eyes as she

thought, "They have so many prettier flowers they will not care for mine," and she was just deciding to slip quietly away, when a hand was laid on her shoulder, a bright young face looked down at hers and a sweet voice said, "Poor little soul, you thought yourself entirely forgotten, but I have seen you all the time. My hands were so full I could not get to you before, and, although I smiled and nodded, you would not look at me. Are these flowers for us?"

"Yes'm." The grave face was lighted with a smile now, and the eyes were raised shyly. "Mother said you would not care for them, but they were all I had, and I was sure some little children would like them. As I was coming along the street some real fine ladies asked me how much they were, and would have given me ten cents a bunch, but I told them they were not for sale. So mother was wrong after all."

She had been running on so quickly that now she came to a full stop, quite breathless.

"Who is mother, and where do you live?"

"Mother's name is Gray and she sells chickens and eggs in the market, and we live in the country near Green Spring, and my name's Nellie Gray, and the reason I can't have any flowers is because the chickens scratch them all up."

"But how did you hear about Flower Mission?"

"Mother read me about it out of the paper, and last summer a girl from the city boarded with us and she was just from the hospital, and she said a lady had given her a bunch of flowers while she was there, and she believed it had cured her, and it had cheered her up so. But please, mother will be expecting me now. Can I leave the flowers, or do you think they are too common?"

"Bless your little heart, I don't think them common at all, and I know a whole roomful of sick children where they will be very welcome. Can't you bring us some more next week?"

"I will try, ma'am. I am so glad you like them, and won't you give the little children my love, and tell them I wished they all could live in the country too?"

Her whole face beamed with delight as the basket was emptied and the young lady said: "These must all go to the Children's Hospital. I will take them myself."

"Oh, thank you, ma'am," and swinging her empty basket she went back to her mother to talk all day of the young lady who liked her flowers, and to wonder whether the little children would like them too.

II.

It had been a weary day in the accident ward of the Children's Hospital, and even the patient nurses had found it impossible to satisfy all the demands made upon them. They were tired of their dolls, their blocks and their books; it was not yet dinner time, and from nearly every bed there was a little wail of pain or impatience. But near a window, through which the sun shone brightly in, lay a very quiet figure, a little girl brought in the night before with a broken leg. Only nine years old, yet selling shoestrings and matches in the street to make a living for herself and a drunken old woman she called granny! Yet, when she had been taken to the miserable home, badly hurt from a fall, the old woman had refused to take her in, denying all relationship; so poor little homeless Maggie had been taken to the hospital, to be tenderly cared for in a way that filled her with wonder. You would have thought her asleep but for the wide-open eyes with their sad expression of hopelessness, expecting nothing, looking into no future. But a bright spot was coming into this weary day, for the door opened and in walked the young lady of whom Nellie Gray was still chattering to her mother. Immediately a thrill of expectation passed through the occupants of the beds, the wailing ceased and little hands were

extended, thin little hands, it would have made your heart ache to see, and little voices piped out: "How do, lady, give me a bunch of flowers."

"Indeed, I'm glad you've come, Miss Rose," said one of the nurses with a sigh; "for it seems to me one of the longest days I've ever seen; and the children so troublesome, too, all except Maggie here."

"And as Maggie is such a good girl she shall have the biggest bunch of flowers in the basket"—taking out some of Nellie Gray's daisies. "Do you think those are pretty?"

"Are they for me?" the pale face flushing. "I never had a bunch of flowers in my life."

"These were sent to you by a little girl about your age, with her love." She had them in her hand now and was nestling her head lovingly against them.

"I wish you could see them growing, Maggie," said Miss Rose, looking down at the little girl; "fields full of them, all making bows and courtesies to each other."

"I'd like to go there; it must be pretty."

"Maybe your mother will take you into the country when you get well."

"I ain't got no mother; I ain't got no home neither; for granny's turned me off, now I'm hurted, and I won't go back again."

"Why, Maggie, where will you go after you leave here?"

"Indeed, I don't know, ma'am, somewheres. It'll be harder, too, because I never knowed nothing about a nice bed before, Me and granny slept on some rags on the floor, and I never thought I would feel so good to be clean."

"I am coming next week to see you, Maggie, and maybe there will be another bunch of flowers from the same little girl."

"She's a good 'un, that little girl. I ain't got nothing to send her, but when I get well I'll send her something sure. You tell her that."

III.

For three weeks Nellie Gray brought in her daisies, and many messages passed between the two little girls—then Miss Rose missed the bright face. She decided to go to the market and make inquiries as to the cause of her absence from Mrs. Gray, to whom Nellie had introduced her; but, being very busy then, it passed out of her mind, until upon her weekly visit to the hospital the nurse said: "The doctor says Maggie's leg will soon be all right, but she don't get her strength, and if only she could get to the country this summer it would be the making of her." Then Miss Rose, remembering Nellie's remark about the young girl who had boarded with them the past summer, resolved to go out to Mrs. Gray's home and see whether she would take Maggie for the summer.

A short ride in the cars brought her to the little village of Green Spring, and Mrs. Gray's cottage was soon found. It was a little distance from the village, upon quite a high hill, with thick woods at the back, and in front a peaceful country landscape. Miss Rose stood some time upon the door-step drinking in the country sights and picturing Maggie's bliss at finding herself here. Mrs. Gray opened the door at her knock, and on seeing her burst into tears. "Oh, if you had come before, if you had come before."

"What is the matter, Mrs. Gray? Is Nellie sick?" and Miss Rose followed her into the neat parlor.

"Oh, Miss Rose, Nellie's dead. She's been dead these two weeks, and she wanted to see you so bad, and she left so many messages for you and for the little girl." Then seeing how shocked her visitor was at the sudden, sad news, she controlled herself with a great effort, and went on more quietly. "We were on a little visit to my brother in town, and Nellie seemed so droopy I brought her home, and she just grew worse and worse until she died. Then doctor said it was typhoid fever. She was out of her head most of

the time, but she talked about you and the flowers and Maggie. The last words she said were, 'Tell Miss Rose to give my love to Maggie.'

So Mrs. Gray talked on, easing her weary, sorrowful heart, and Miss Rose wondered how she was to ask this grief-stricken woman to take a strange child into the home from which a loved one had just been taken: but gradually she led to the conversation from Nellie's love of Maggie to Maggie herself, and finally, after dwelling upon her homeless, darkened childhood, asked if she would not take her in and nurse her back to health and strength. Mrs. Gray consented for Nellie's sake, but refused to hear of any board being paid. It should be a free-will offering in memory of her little daughter. So a few weeks later Maggie accompanied Miss Rose to her new home. She drew a long breath as she stood upon the door-step and looked about her, and for the first time a sparkle of childish pleasure lit up the sad face and the dark eyes.

As the summer passed, Maggie grew into a different child, she could milk the cow, make the butter, and the love of her long-starved nature was all given to Mrs. Gray—"Mother Gray" she called her now. When Miss Rose came to see her in the autumn she did not know her, and Maggie laughed a joyful childish laugh at her mistake.

Then Mrs. Gray, with one arm around Maggie, made a little speech. "Miss Rose, Maggie don't want to go back to the city and the old wretched life, so I'm going to keep her with me. She's a useful little thing, and I could not stand this lonely house without her.

Maggie lived with Mrs. Gray and was a loving, tender daughter, comforting her in her sorrow, and ministering to her in old age. And Maggie, in her happy, busy life, never forgot the little hand that had opened the door for her into so much love, and on a certain day in the year upon a little green mound in the churchyard was always laid a bunch of daisies.—*New York Observer.*

The Fallow Field.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

The sun comes up and the sun goes down ;
The night mist shroudeeth the sleeping town ;
But if it be dark or if it be day,
If the tempests beat or the breezes play,
Still here on this upland slope I lie,
Looking up to the changeful sky.

Naught am I but a fallow field ;
Never a crop my acres yield
Over the wall at my right hand
Stately and green the corn blades stand.
And I hear at my left the flying feet
Of the winds that rustle the bending wheat.

Often while yet the morn is red
I list for our master's eager tread.
He smiles at the young corn's towering height,
He knows the wheat is a goodly sight ;
But he glances not at the fallow field
Whose idle acres no wealth may yield.

Sometimes the shout of the harvesters
The sleeping pulse of my being stirs,
And as one in a dream I seem to feel
The sweep and the rush of the swinging steel ;
Or I catch the sound of the gay refrain
As they heap their wains with the golden grain.

Yet, Oh ! my neighbors, be not too proud,
Though on every tongue your praise is loud,
Our mother Nature is kind to me,
And I am beloved by bird and bee,
And never a child that passes by
But turns upon me a grateful eye.

Over my head the skies are blue ;
I have my share of the rain and dew ;
I bask like you in the summer sun
When the long, bright days pass, one by one,
And calm as yours is my sweet repose,
Wrapped in the warmth of the winter snows.

For little our loving mother cares
Which the corn or the daisy bears,
Which is rich with the ripening wheat,
Which with the violet's breath is sweet,
Which is red with the clover bloom,
Or which for the wild sweet fern makes room.

Useless under the summer sky
Year after year men say I lie.
Little they know what strength of mine
I give to the trailing blackberry vine ;
Little they know how the wild grape grows,
Or how my life-blood flushes the rose.

Little they think of the cups I fill
For the mosses creeping under the hill ;
Little they think of the feast I spread
For the wild wee creatures that must be fed,
Squirrel and butterfly, bird and bee,
And the creeping things that no eye may see.

Lord of the harvest, Thou dost know
How the summers and winters go.
Never a ship sails east or west
Laden with treasures at my behest,
Yet my being thrills to the voice of God
When I give my gold to the golden-rod.

Maternal Care Among Insects.

BY MARY A. ROE.

We are all familiar with the patience and love of the brooding hen for her flock, and how quickly when danger threatens she gathers them under her protecting wings. But it seems almost incredible that entomologists should have discovered among tiny insects equal instances of care and devotion.

As for example, the small, harsh earwig will fly around the garden till she has selected a flower for her nest, often choosing the fragrant heart of a pure white lily. Here she deposits her eggs and broods over them till the wee insects are hatched. Then she conducts them out upon one of the large white petals, and nips a hole, when they immediately attack the bitter portion with their tender jaws, finding in the juicy leaf a repast well suited to their taste.

A naturalist once broke off a flower inhabited by one of these families, and although mother earwig could have saved herself by immediate flight, she never stirred from her young. She allowed herself to be made prisoner with them in a crystal coop, and day after day fed her little flock with the fruit and flowers provided for her, till they were full grown, and all restored to liberty.

There is also a field bug that cares for her large family of thirty or forty as patiently as a hen does for her chickens. Some insects, however, only provide for the safety of their eggs. Among the solitary bees there is one called the poppy bee, which exhibits this care in a most wonderful manner. She bores a hole about three inches deep, smooth, uniform, polished and gradually widening as it descends. Then she cuts small oval pieces from the scarlet field poppy, and, seizing them between her legs conveys them to her nest.

With these she upholsters her cell, spreading the pieces smooth as glass. If any are too large she eats off the superfluous portion and carries it away.

After hanging her walls with this beautiful tapestry in three or four layers, she fills the cell with the pollen of flowers and honey, and there deposits her eggs. Then she folds down the poppy covering, and fills the upper part with earth.

There is another upholsterer bee that lines her nest with rose leaves. These she cuts into a circular form, as accurately as with a compass. She makes three cells, in each of which she deposits an egg; and it takes from nine to twelve pieces of rose leaves to complete each cell. As they are finished she fills them with a conserve made of pollen and honey, collected from the thistle flower; this rich store being provided for the little grub till ready to leave its nest.

There are two varieties of moth that have been discovered stripping the down from their own bodies to protect their brood against the winter's cold. The cochineal insect covers her eggs with her own lifeless body. But perhaps in none is the maternal trait more marked than in a species of spider frequently found under clods of earth. She carries her eggs in a little silk bag fastened to her body. When the proper time arrives she makes an opening in this bag for the young to come forth. They run in clusters on her back and legs, and she carries them about with her and feeds them till they are able to help themselves. In one instance, to put her affection to the test, she was thrown into the pit of a large ant lion. He grabbed her bag and the fastening gave away. But she seized it with her jaws, and, refusing to give up her treasure, suffered herself to be dragged down into the sand. She was repeatedly pulled from it, yet again renewed her hold, preferring to die rather than forsake her offspring.

These are but a few remarkable instances of material love exhibited in the insect world, revealing by the wonderful instinct shown in their work and ways the guidance of Him who adapts all his creatures to their purposed end.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 16, 1886.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. Anson D. Smith.

Death has again invaded our board of Lady Managers, taking from the Executive Committee one whose genial presence, wise counsels, generous impulses and liberal contributions have long blessed this charity.

This time the dark robed messenger came not with stealthy tread, but for months and years his shadow has been brooding over a household within which, day by day, the Christian graces of faith, patience and cheerful submission to the will of the Heavenly Father have been beautifully illustrated, dispelling the gloom that sometimes shrouds the sick room.

Dignified in her bearing, self reliant in her judgment, conscientious and pronounced in her religious convictions, Mrs. Smith was eminently fitted for a leader and guide, and her practical executive ability and energetic character, her charity for the failings of others, and her delight in relieving the wants of the needy, made her an honored and useful member of every circle in which she moved, and an invaluable helper in the beneficent organizations with which she was associated.

She was for a time a member of the Board of Managers of the Home for the Friendless, and till sickness compelled her to remit her duties, she was President of the Ladies' Society of St. Peter's Church; but her favorite charity was the City Hospital, for which she labored long and effectively, and when unable to participate actively in the deliberations of the Executive Committee of its Board of Lady Managers, she retained a lively interest in their work, and stimulated her children and children's children in their labors of love for the Hospital. Her genial, commanding presence and cor-

dial welcome were a pleasant feature of our Donation Festivals.

When, a few years since, a delegation from Cleveland visited the City Hospital, her hospitable home on Gibbs street was thrown open for a reception for them, and the last social entertainment given by Mrs. Smith was a lunch for some of the older Lady Managers of the Hospital, as one of their number was about to visit Europe in quest of health. Three of the invited guests and their hostess have joined each other in the home where sickness never enters.

For more than two years Mrs. Smith has been gradually failing. The invigorating air of the Catskills was powerless to help her, and the best medical skill and loving ministries could not avert the progress of the fatal disease that terminated in her death, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Charles H. Angel, on East avenue.

During the last week of her life, Mrs. Smith realized the end was near, and while dwelling in the borderland her thoughts reverted to the loved ones gone before, and with Christian faith she appropriated the blessed truths embodied in the following words: "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." "He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever." "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

Laura, daughter of Nathaniel and Celia Page, was born at Hartland, Vermont. In 1834, on her marriage to Anson D. Smith, son of Rufus H. Smith, one of the pioneer settlers of Perry, N. Y., she removed to Perry, where she resided till about 1860, when she made her home at Murray Hill, Mt. Morris. For many years this was her summer home, her winters being spent in New York or Rochester, till she made the latter place her permanent abode.

Her death occurred on the 22nd of July last. The funeral services on the 24th of July, at her house on Gibbs street, were conducted by Rev. Dr. Shaw and Rev. Dr. Doty of this city—Mrs. E. Satterlee, Mrs. Henry Munn and Messrs. Van Zandt and F. P. Alling singing the hymns, "Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping," and "Abide With Me." The services at the house of Mr. Henry N. Page at Perry, on the following day, were conducted by Rev. C. H. Dibble. Among the floral offerings was a cross of orchids, stephanotis and feathery ferns. The precious remains were borne to the family burial place in the rural cemetery at Perry, where she was laid to rest among her kindred, a favorite grand-daughter strewing her casket with flowers.

Two children, Mrs. Levi F. Ward and Mrs. Charles H. Angel, of Rochester, and one brother, Mr. Henry N. Page, of Perry, survive.

At Peace.

And I said, "She is dead; I could not brook
Again on that marvellous face to look."
But they took my hand and they led me in,
And left me alone with my nearest kin—
Once again in that silent place,
My beautiful dead and I, face to face,
And I could not speak, and I could not stir,
But I stood and with love I looked on her.
With love, and with rapture, and strange sur-
prise,

I looked on the lips and the cold-shut eyes;
On the perfect rest and calm content,
And the happiness there in her features blent;
And the thin, white hands that had wrought
so much,
Now nerveless to kiss or to fevered touch.

My beautiful dead who had known the strife,
The pain and the sorrow that we call Life.
Who had never faltered beneath her cross,
Nor murmured when loss followed swift on loss;
And the smile that sweetened her lips always
Lay light on her blessed mouth that day.
I smoothed from her hair a silver thread,
And I wept, but I could not think her dead.
I felt with a wonder too deep for speech,
She could tell what only the angels teach.
And over her mouth I leaned my ear,
Lest there might be something I should not
hear.

Then out from the silence between us stole
A message that reached my inmost soul:

"Why weep you to-day, who have wept before,
That the road was rough I must journey o'er?
Why mourn that my lips can answer not

When anguish and sorrow are both forgot?
Behold, all my life I have longed for rest,
Yea, e'en when I held you on my breast;
And, now that I lie in a breathless sleep,
Instead of rejoicing you sigh and weep.
My dearest, I know that you would not break,
If you could, my slumber, and have me wake;
For, though life was full of things that bless,
I have never till now known happiness."
Then I dried my tears, and with lifted head
I left my mother, the beautiful dead.

The Invalids.

As we entered the Hospital grounds, on the last day of July, the groups lounging on the bright colored settees and rocking chairs, and a little girl swinging in a hammock, with flying hair and and hat fallen beside her, gave an animated aspect to the Hospital lawn, and many of the patients appreciated the grateful shade and pleasant surroundings provided for them, so much more attractive on a summer day than the Hospital wards.

In one group we found three patients from the Female Medical Ward. One of them had been suffering since January from eczema; her hands and arms were encased in rubber bandages, and she said six weeks' treatment at the Hospital had benefited her more than six months' care elsewhere.

On entering the Hospital we missed the familiar face of our matron, who was taking a vacation; the supervising nurse had returned and resumed her duties.

Three of the seventeen patients in the Male Medical Ward were confined to their cots; one suffering from ulceration of the bowels, another from paralysis, and the third, the man so long afflicted with eczema, was slowly improving. Two men were being treated for inflammation of the eyes; one of these was an Italian. Peter, a boy sixteen years old, had rheumatism in his knee and ankle, but was improving. An aged man was using his needle for amusement. The man afflicted with convulsions had improved, gone home, and obtained employment. A fever patient had died a

few days after his arrival at the Hospital.

As we entered the Male Surgical Ward the nurse was dressing the limb of the man whose gangrenous foot had been amputated, and who was rapidly improving. He had been for a long while occupying one of the Pavilions, but had recently come back to the Surgical Ward. This Ward had then seventeen patients, five of whom kept their cots. The man whose feet had been injured, by falling in an elevator, had had pieces of decayed bone removed from the foot that was most injured, and was about leaving the Hospital after being there three months. An aged Irishman who had fallen down stairs and broken his thigh was slowly gaining. A boy the day before had been brought into the Hospital who had fallen from a scaffolding at Lake View House and broken his thigh. A man with rheumatism in the knees suffered a great deal. A man had been brought in from Fairport who had been run over by a grain wagon. Several of his ribs were broken and he had extensive bruises and a large scalp wound. The man who had jumped off Vincent place bridge was apparently uninjured. Two deaths had occurred during the month; the one was that of the man who had fallen over Falls Field a few days ago, and whose whole system was shattered; the other was that of a man who had been run over by the cars, and who survived but a few days. A man who had lost two fingers by a buzz saw was gaining. The boy whose hand was injured by a sand paper machine had improved and left the Hospital.

There were twenty patients in the Female Medical Ward, where, during the past month, there had been three deaths; the one from diseased heart with other complications, a second from typhoid fever, the third the result of an accident. But two in this ward were confined to their cots. Among those under treatment were patients afflicted with consumption, rheumatism, pleurisy with effusion, eczema, catarrh, paralysis and aphasia.

In the Female Surgical Ward, three of the ten patients were confined to their cots. The woman with fractured thigh walks with difficulty, but is slowly gaining. Some patients were suffering from cancer, diseased bowels, chronic catarrh and diseases of the skin. Tilly had had more diseased flesh removed.

In the Nursery were five mothers and four babes.

The Little Folks.

Freddy Lyons was amusing himself out of doors, getting around quite well with his two crutches; he said the abscess that has been troubling him so long was healing, and that sometimes he walked without crutches. Tommy Jones has now two abscesses and changes but little. Max Kraus, our young German friend, had on his head harness and plaster of Paris jacket, and said he did not feel as well as usual, the jacket annoying him a good deal.

There are five girls in the Girls' Ward in the Childrens' Pavilion, several of whom are new comers. Maud Henderson, nine years old, has no father. When she was two years old she fell from a swing and injured herself. She did not walk till she was six years old. As the result of her fall her limbs are deformed, and a surgical operation may be necessary. Sarah Jacobs, a fatherless child fourteen months old, cannot walk, and the base of her brain is diseased. Katy Johnson, three years old, has a mother but no father; she has never walked. She fell from a high chair and fractured her thigh. Theodosia Banta, still deformed, is gaining in health and strength, and is being treated for curvature of the spine. Sarah, the little colored baby from the Orphan Asylum, is gradually improving, and sits up every day. We almost always find her in the hammock on the Pavilion piazza, the picture of peace and contentment. Her sunny disposition makes her a great favorite with nurses, patients

and visitors. The little girl with granulated eyelids had improved and left the Hospital.

Dime Cards.

Last month we reported that a debt of \$4,190.38 was resting on the Children's Pavilion, and the children we know are anxious to pay this. To aid them in this object a number of Dime Cards have been issued; each card is registered, and spaces are left to be filled with the names of those who collect for and those who contribute in this way to the Pavilion. The card calls for ten contributors of a dime each, and when the cards are filled they are to be returned with the ten dimes to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, who will receive them, and for each card, cross out as square from her Pavilion chart. Some of our young friends are very zealous in this work and any who desire thus to help us, either in Rochester or elsewhere, may receive cards from Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer of the Fund.

We have received an acceptable donation of short nightgowns for the patients, made by a sewing class consisting of the following young ladies: Misses Durand, Pond, Ward, Anna Gaffney, Elizabeth Clarke, Laura Selden, Mrs. Wendell Curtis, Misses Louise Williams, Caroline Perkins, Lila Little, Frances Sage, Elizabeth Harris, Bessie Watson and Francis DePuy Wilder.

The Children's Pansy Society of East Bloomfield have made and sent ten beautiful scrap books for the Children's Pavilion. We thank our young friends for their interest in us.

We are indebted to the Little Girls' Society of the Third Presbyterian Church of this city for making sheets and pillow cases for the Pavilion.

Dr. Wm. S. Ely is in Europe taking a summer vacation, and Dr. M. L. Mallory is on duty this month at the Hospital.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Eighth Ward Mission Collection	\$12.00
E. A. Mills	1.00
W. C. Hadley	1.00
G. A. Sharpe	1.00
Dime Card No. 1	1.00
Clara Landsberg, Dime Card 4	1.05
Jane Porter Robinson, Dime Card 7	1.00
"In Memory of Little Richard"	1.15
Rosa Landsberg, Dime Card 9	1.15
Grace Landsberg, Dime Card 10	1.00
Clara and Rosa Landsberg, Dime Card 18	1.05
Minnie W. Peck, Card 3	1.00
Dr. W. S. Ely, five cards	5.00
Cornelia Robinson, Card 6	1.00
Jane Porter Robinson, Card 11	1.00
Esther Chapin, Card 5	1.45
Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Lawton, Olean	2.00
"A Friend," Brooklyn	1.00
Miss L. A. Markham	5.00
Mrs. C. E. Converse	5.00
Esther Chapin, Card 31	1.20
Helen Osgood, Card 27	1.00
Hattie A. Martin, Canandaigua, 1 brick	.25
H. Ernest Martin, Canandaigua, 1 brick	.25
Laura Grant, Card 33	1.15
Mrs. Josiah Anstice, for Baby Mortimer	5.00
Edith Peck, Card 2	1.00
Mr. John Greenwood	5.00
Ada M. Greenwood, Card 41	1.20
Clara and Rosa Landsberg, Card 24	1.05

Receipts for the month.....\$61.95
 Previously acknowledged.....\$2,309 62

Total receipts.....\$2,371.57

We still require \$4,128.43 to complete the last payment on the Children's Pavilion, and free the building from the blemish of a debt. Contributions are urgently solicited, and should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the Fund.

Receipts for the Review.

JULY, 1886.

Dr. J. J. Kempe, 62 cents; sale of papers, 25 cents, by Mrs. C. E. Converse	\$.87
Mr. James H. Kellogg, Troy, by Mrs. S. Y. Alling	1.00
Mrs. J. L. Angle, by Mrs. S. H. Terry	1.25
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Mrs. E. H. Arnold, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Bellows, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Bausch, 62 cents; Mrs. B. H. Clark, 62 cents; Mrs. F. W. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. C. W. Dodd, 62 cents; Mrs. B. F. Enos, 63 cents; Mrs. A. Erickson, 62 cents; Dr. F. French, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Goss, 62 cents; E. W. Hills, 62 cents; Miss W. B. Hill, 62 cents; Miss E. P. Hall, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Lowry, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Moseley, 62 cents; Mrs.	

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Mrs. D. B. Duffield, Detroit, Mich., 50 cents; Mrs. Isaiah Emery, 62 cents; Mrs. H. H. Edgerton, 65 cents; Miss Orphelia Eaton, West Brighton, 50 cents; Mrs. Dr. Farley, \$1.00; Mrs. H. S. Hanford, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Lyon, 66 cents; Mrs. B. Lyon, Simpson, Kansas, 50 cents; Mrs. H. Martin, Canandaigua, 50 cents; Miss C. E. Ostrander, Brockport, 50 cents; Mrs. Philip Schlosser, New York, 50 cents, by Treasurer..... 6.55

MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treas.,
96 Spring street.

Donations for July.

Mrs. A. D. Fiske, Afghan for Children's Pavilion.
Mrs. W. N. Oothout and Mrs. H. B. Stevens, a quantity of children's clothing.
Children's Pansy Society, East Bloomfield, 10 scrap books for Children's Pavilion.
Mrs. Clarke, old cotton.
Mrs. N. C. Rogers, Albion, reading matter.
Mrs. Earl Putnam, clothing for children in the nursery.
Mrs. W. H. Perkins, second-hand clothing.
Mr. Geo. Perkins, second-hand clothing.
Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, children's clothing.
Mrs. Geo. C. Buell, flowers.
Little Girls' Society in the 3d Church made sheets and pillow cases for Children's Pavilion.
Mrs. Turner, old linen.
Mrs. J. H. Grant, infant's clothes.
Mrs. L. S. Chapin, old cotton.
Mrs. M. Lowenthal, dress for Sarah.
Rochester Book Club, 11 volumes.
Night-ropes from the sewing class, made by Miss Durand, Miss Ward, Miss Pond, Miss Anna Gaffney, Miss Elizabeth Clarke, Miss Laura Selden, Mrs. Wendell Curtis, Miss Louise Williams, Miss Caroline Perkins, Miss Lila Little, Miss Frances Sage, Miss Elizabeth Harris, Miss Bessie Watson, Miss Frances Wilder.

The Flower Mission.

Two young ladies from St. Luke's Flower Mission were bringing cheer and sunshine into the Hospital, as they moved about among the invalids, dispensing floral offerings. A bright, joyous face, a soft voiced,

sympathetic messenger, and a bunch of gay, fragrant flowers, are always welcomed by the patients. These turn the thoughts into pleasant channels and divert the sufferers who may be dwelling on their pains and afflictions.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital July 1	98
Received during month.....	53
Births.....	4
	— 155
Discharged during month.....	56
Deaths	6
Remaining in Hospital August 1.....	93
	— 155

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 2d, of congestive malarial fever, Otto Protz, aged 30 years.
At the Rochester City Hospital, July 6th, of cerebral apoplexy, Dr. G. E. Waters, aged 74 years.
At the Rochester City Hospital, July 12, of injuries from railroad accident, Walter Graf, aged 30 years.
At the Rochester City Hospital, July 21, of acute gastritis, Anna Deiner, aged 76 years.
At the Rochester City Hospital, July 22d, of heart-disease, Mrs. Margaret Brasch, aged 67 years.
At the Rochester City Hospital, July 30th, Ella J. Wager, aged 33 years.

E'en while I plead, the gloomy shadows vanish,
The clouds uplift, the day begins to break ;
O weary heart, the joyous morning cometh ;
Thy God hath blessed thee for thy Saviour's sake ;
My quiet chamber has become a Bethel,
The spot whereon I kneel is holy ground ;
For 'mid the darkness and the spirit's conflict,
A very present help in God I've found.

Any man may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of his temperament.—*Sterne.*

Every day is a little life, and our whole life is but a day repeated. Therefore, live every day as if it would be the last.

Only a Newsboy.

Little Joe first appeared on the streets of New York two years ago. He was small and slight, with great brown eyes and pinched lips that always wore a smile. Where he came from nobody knew, and few cared. His parents, he said, were dead, and he had no friends. It was a hard life. Up at four o'clock in the morning after sleeping in a dry-goods box in an alley, he worked steadily till late at night. He was misused at first. Big boys stole his papers or crowded him out of a warm place at night, but he never complained. The tears would well up in his eyes, but were quickly brushed away and a new start bravely made. Such conduct won him friends, and after a little while no other dared to play tricks upon little Joe. His friends he remembered, and his enemies he forgave. Some days he had especially good luck. Kind hearted people pitied the little fellow and bought papers whether they wanted them or not. But he was too generous to save money enough even for a night's lodging. Every boy who "got stuck" knew he was sure to get enough to buy a supper as long as Joe had a penny.

But the hard work and exposure began to tell on his weak constitution. He kept growing thinner and thinner, till there was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his little body. The skin of his face was drawn closer and closer, but the pleasant look never faded away. He was uncomplaining to the last. Two weeks ago he awoke one morning after working hard selling "extras" to find himself too weak to move. He tried his best to get upon his feet, but it was a vain attempt. The vital force was gone.

"Where is little Joe?" was the universal inquiry. Finally he was found in a secluded corner and a good natured hackman was persuaded to take him to the hospital at Flatbush, where he said he once lived. Every day one of the boys went to see him. On Saturday a newsboy who had abused him at first and learned to love him afterwards,

found him sitting up in his cot, his little blue-veined hand stretched out upon the coverlet.

"I was afraid you wasn't coming, Jerry," he said with some difficulty, "and I wanted to see you once more so much. I guess it will be the last time, Jerry, for I feel awful to-day. Now, Jerry, when I die I want you to be good for my sake. Tell the boys!"—

But his message never was completed. Little Joe was dead. His sleep was calm and beautiful. The trouble and anxiety on his wan face had disappeared. But the expression was still there. Even in death he smiled.

It was sad news that Jerry bore back to his friends on that day. They feared the end was near, and were waiting for him with anxious hearts. When they saw his tear stained face they knew that little Joe was dead. Not a word was said. They felt as if they were in the presence of death itself. Their hearts were too full to speak.

That night a hundred boys met in front of the City Hall. They felt that they must express their sense of loss in some way, but how they did not know. Finally, in accordance with the suggestion of one of the larger boys, they passed a resolution which read as follows:

Resolved, That we all liked little Joe, who was the best newsboy in New York. Everybody is sorry he has died.

A collection was taken up to send delegates to the funeral, and the same hackman who bore little Joe to the Hospital again kindly offered the use of his carriage. The burial took place yesterday. On the coffin was a plate purchased by the boys, whose language was expressive from its very simplicity. This was the inscription:

LITTLE JOE,

Aged 14,

The Best Newsboy in New York.

WE ALL LIKED HIM.

There were no services, but each boy sent a flower to be placed upon the coffin of his friend. After all, what did it matter that little Joe was dead?

He was only a newsboy.

This is not a fancy sketch. Every word of the above story is true.—*N. Y. World.*

Confounding the Pronouns.

A policeman who had arrested a man for disorderly conduct was trying to tell his story as a witness in court against the culprit, when the judge interrupted with this inquiry:

"What did the man say when you arrested him?"

"He said he was drunk."

"I want his precise words, just as he uttered them. He did not use the pronoun *he*, did he?"

"Oh, yes, he did; he said he was drunk—he acknowledged the corn!"

The Court (getting impatient at witness' stupidity)—You don't understand me. I want the words as he uttered them. Did he say, "I was drunk?"

Witness (zealously)—Oh, no, your honor; he didn't say you was drunk. I wouldn't allow any man to charge that upon you in my presence!

A fledgling attorney, occupying a seat in the court, here desired to air his powers, and said, "Pshaw! you don't comprehend at all. His honor means, Did the prisoner say to you, 'I was drunk'?"

Witness (reflectively)—Waal, he might have said you was drunk; but I didn't hear him.

Counsel for the prisoner—What the court desires is to have you state the prisoner's own form of words, preserving the precise form of pronoun he made use of in his reply. Was it in the first person, *I* second person, *thou* or *you*; or in the third person, *he*, *she* or *it*? Now then, sir; (with severity) upon your oath, did not my client say, "I was drunk"?

Witness (getting angry)—No, he didn't say you was drunk neither. D'yer suppose the poor feller charged the whole court with being drunk.

Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God.

—*Parnell.*

Patient with the Living.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor,
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing,
What tender truth shall we have gained,
Alas, by simply dying.

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defect discover.
Then hands that would not lift a stone,
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill-path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I,
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home,
Be patient with the living.
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience—e'en where keenest edge
May whet a nameless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamour;
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home;
Be patient with the living.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

It is not the "flesh," nor the "eye," nor the "life" which are forbidden, but it is the lust of the flesh and the lust of the eyes and the pride of life. It is not this earth, nor the men who inhabit it, nor the sphere of our legitimate activity that we do not love, but the way in which the love is given which constitutes worldliness.—*F. W. Robertson.*

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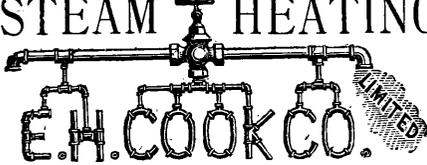
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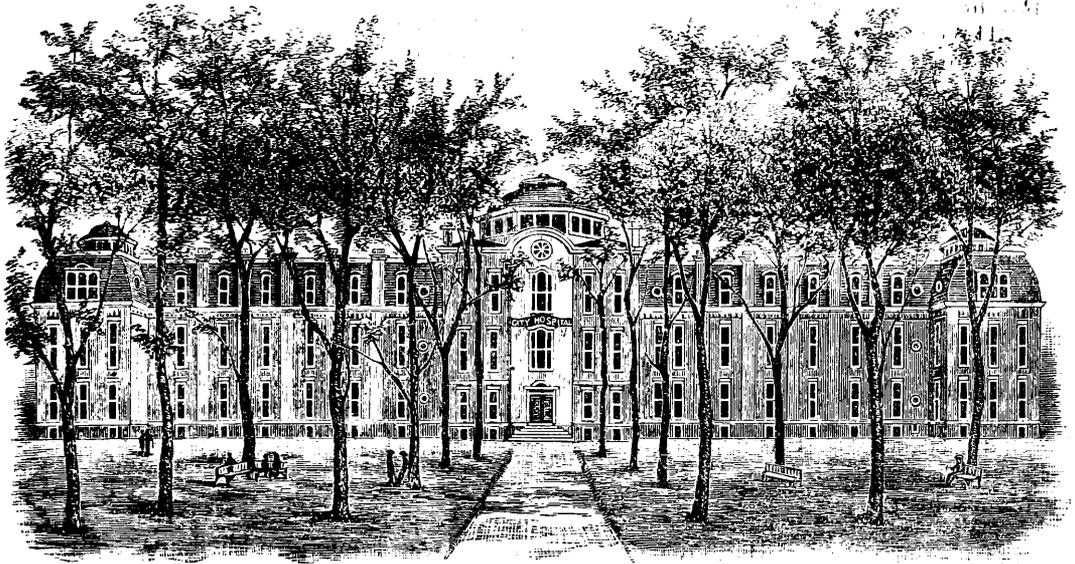
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW



DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

“I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME.”

VOL. XXIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1886.

No. 2.

Counsel.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may
be,
Press thou his palm with thine. How canst
thou tell
How far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his feet
E're that to-morrow comes? Men have been
known
To lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown
To months, and months to lagging years,
Before they looked in loving eyes again.
Parting at best is underlaid with tears,
With tears and pain.
Therefore, lest sudden death should come be-
tween.
Or time, or distance, clasp with pressure true
The hand of him who goeth forth; unseen
Fate goeth too!
Yea, find thou always time to say
Some earnest word, between the idle talk,
Lest with thee henceforth, night and day,
Regret should walk.

[*Youth's Companion.*]

Forgive Much.

“Very well,” said the head of the firm, looking over the top of his glasses at the erect figure of the boy in front of his desk. “References all satisfactory. Will engage you from to-morrow morning as office boy. Be round early now, and keep up to time.”

He made a motion with his hand towards the door, but the boy lingered, twirling his well-worn cap in his hand.

“Please sir,” he said at length, “I’ve a dog, a real clever little chap.” Mother’s out washing all day, and I don’t know where to leave him. He follows me round everywhere, and if I should turn him out by himself he might get lost. Would you mind, sir, if he sat in the entry while I was inside?”

It was a novel request for the new

office boy to make, and the head of the firm frowned, but fortunately for the boy he was fond of dogs.

"Have you got the animal with you?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," was the eager answer, "right outside, sir."

He followed the boy out through the front office where three clerks were sitting writing busily.

The dog, a small Scotch terrier, was lying on the pavement, his bright eyes fixed on the door, patiently waiting for his master to come.

"He's not bad, not bad at all," said the head of the firm, surveying him critically, "You wouldn't want to sell him, now?"

"Please, sir," said the boy, flushing, "I'd a deal rather have Mop than the money he'd bring."

"Well, well," said the old gentleman, somewhat touched at the boy's evident devotion to his little favorite, "keep the dog and bring him every morning if he gives no trouble."

And so the matter was settled. How proud and happy Mop and his master felt as they ran home through the streets of the city that afternoon, to think that they had obtained the coveted position.

"I wonder, Mop," said the boy, "what Jim Elder will say when he hears of it. I guess he wanted the position most as bad as we did." And Mop wagged his tail as if to say he was glad that they had been the successful candidates.

Suddenly the tall, ungainly figure of the subject of their thoughts loomed up before them with a dark scowl on his face.

"I say you, Nat Meadows," he commenced. "So I hear you've sneaked into that place. You knew I wanted it, and it was mighty mean—that's all I have to say. Everywhere, in school and out of it you are always getting in my way."

He spoke with a mixture of despair and passion that was pitiful to see.

"I can't say I'm sorry I got the place," said Nat gently, "but I wish you had one too, Jim."

"Oh, it's all very well for you to say that," said the boy. "Get out of my way," and he gave the too inquisitive Mop a kick with his foot, and was off the next instant down a side street. Mop pursued him, barking furiously, but Nat called him back, and they went home quite soberly together.

The next morning Nat commenced his work, and very soon had become a great favorite with the clerks, as well as with the head of the firm. He was always conscientious, prompt and obliging, and full of a certain bright humor that brought freshness and life into the quiet office. Mop, instead of being a trouble, was a great amusement, and the young men taught him a number of tricks, of which he was very proud. Sometimes they noticed a shade of anxiety and trouble on Nat's bright face, but they did not know that on the boy's way home at night he was often subject to petty persecutions that he found it hard to bear. One morning he burst into the office with flashing eyes and the tears running down his face. The clerks looked up in consternation.

"What is the matter?" one of them asked, anxiously.

"Jim Elder's killed my dog," cried Nat, passionately. "I could stand anything he did to me—but Mop—." He stopped, it seemed as if he could not go on.

"What a shame—how did he do it?" asked his sympathizing and indignant listeners.

"Threw a stone at him, and it hit him on the head," said Nat in a smothered tone. "When I took him up he was quite dead."

"Where is the wretched boy?" they asked, with righteous indignation.

"He cut and run while I was seeing to Mop," said Nat, dejectedly. "Oh, there is no use talking any more about it."

The boy went around for the next few days, looking as if he had lost a near and dear friend, and they all felt profoundly sorry for him. On his way home in the evening Nat looked in vain

for the destroyer of his dog, intending to take summary vengeance on him, but nowhere did he see him.

"I guess he knows enough to keep out of my way," he thought, gloomily. "Oh, Mop, Mop, how I miss you!"

"Not long afterwards a messenger boy came into the office with a note directed to Master Nat Meadows, from one of the nurses in B— Hospital.

"There is a boy in my ward," the note ran, "very ill with a kind of low fever. He says he has done you an injury, and cannot rest until he sees you. Will you come to him?"

"It must be Jim Elder," thought Nat, "and I don't want to go."

All his life Nat had been taught by his honest, hard-working mother to listen to the voice of Conscience, and do always what was right, yet it was hard to put down anger, and the sense of injury and injustice done to himself and to his companion Mop. But the next afternoon he walked slowly up to the hospital, and with a hesitating hand pulled the iron door-bell. In one of the upper wards he was met by the nurse who had written to him, and was taken to the end of the room where Jim Elder lay tossing to and fro.

As soon as the sick boy saw Nat he sat up in bed, strong with fever, and held out his hand. "Nat," he said, "I want to hear you say that you forgive me. I've been awful jealous, and mean as could be to you, and then I killed Mop; I am sorry. Every night it seemed as if you came and stood beside my bed, and I can't get any sleep."

The boy sank back on the pillow exhausted, with his bright eyes fixed on Nat, who was not looking at Jim, but at a spot in the carpet; and a tumult was surging within him. The one who had done him more injury than any one else in his life lay before him. He was afraid he could not say from his heart that he fully forgave him for wantonly killing his little favorite. No, the words choked him. At length he raised his eyes. The victory was half won, but only half. "I am sorry you're sick, Jim," he said, drawing a long breath."

"Say you forgive me," whispered the sick boy, but still Nat was silent.

Over the bed hung a colored text, at which Nat looked vaguely for a minute without taking in its meaning. "Forgive and ye shall be forgiven," he repeated to himself. Suddenly his face flushed and he grasped his cap with a convulsive movement. The words which seemed written all over the wall in letters of light entered his heart. Could he ever pray, "Forgive us our trespasses," unless he freely forgave his prostrate enemy? Ah, no, never. How bitter and how hard he had been, and a great wave of contrition swept over him. The battle was won at last, but not in his own unaided strength. "Jim," he said, "I do forgive you, for Mop, for everything," and, breaking down with a sob, he left the room. Every visitor's day after that saw a bright, dark-eyed boy sitting beside the now convalescent Jim, talking, reading to him and filling that little corner of the ward with sunshine. When the sick boy was able to leave the hospital he found a place open to him. He did not know that Nat had gone to one of the clerks in the office, and that it was through his intercession with the head of the firm that the place had been secured. But he guessed that Nat was the mainspring of his good fortune, and it touched him to the quick.

Nat forgave much, and found great joy in doing it; peace of conscience, a chance to help another back to health and useful labor, and bound to his side by ties of gratitude and love a life-long friend. JEAN SUTHERLAND REESE.
New York Observer.

—◆◆—
The door of Heaven is always open to the prayers of God's people—*T. Watson.*

—◆◆—
"If once from out a trusting eye
We cause a tear to steal,
A hundred words of warmest love
May not the anguish heal.

Then hurl no hasty, cruel shaft,
To give another pain.
Let gentle words, like rain drops, swell
Cold hearts to life again."

Upholding the Fallen.

BY R. M. OFFORD.

The Lord upholdeth all that fall.—Psalm 145:14.

O deem thou not that God is with the victors
only

And with the tempted and defeated not at all;
His pity is the deepest for the sorely tempted,
His mercy is most tender unto them who
fall.

He is a God of strong and infinite compassion,
And his compassion flows most richly to the
weak ;

Our weakness, not our strength, our need and
not our fulness,
Do ever move him most when grace to help
we seek.

Take comfort, tempted one, in conflict never
ceasing,

Lean less upon thyself, and lean on God the
more ;

So shalt thou surely find Him faithful that
hath promised,

Whose word doth bid thee hope for triumph
yet in store.

O learn to know thyself, so sinful and so help-
less,

And learn to find in him thine all-sufficient
strength ;

'Tis worth the cost of tears, of failures and of
anguish

If this all-needed lesson thou but learn at
length.

And see that thine own weakness makes thee
tender hearted,

Nor look with glance of scorn on those who
tempted, fall,

But learn to speak the work of hope unto the
hopeless,

Let thy life's bitter lesson helpful thoughts
recall.

O give us of thy spirit, ever loving Father,
For in our lesser measure we would be like
thee ;

And knowing for ourselves thy love and tender
pity,

To erring ones about us would more tender
be.

[*New York Observer.*]

Purring when you are Pleased.

They had been licked over hundreds of times by the same mother, had been brought up on the same food, lived in the same house, learned the same lessons, heard the same advice, and yet how different they were! Never were there two kittens more thoroughly unlike than those two. The one, with an open, loving heart, which never could contain itself in its joy, but purred it out at once to all the world; the other,

who scarcely ever purred at all, and that never above its breath, let him be as happy or as fond as he would.

It was partly his mother's fault, perhaps, for she always set her children the example of reserve; rarely purring herself, and then only in a low tone. But, poor thing, there were excuses to be made for her; she had so many troubles. Cats generally have. Nevertheless, her not feeling inclined to purr much herself, was no good reason for her thinking it silly or wrong in other people to purr when they were pleased; but she did, and she and her purring daughters were always having small tiffs on the subject.

Every morning, for instance, when the nice curly-headed little boy brought the kittens a saucer of milk from his breakfast, there was sure to be a disturbance over the purring question, for even before the saucer had reached the floor Miss Pussy was sure to be there, tail and head erect and eager, singing her loudest and best, her whole throat vibrating visibly; while Puss Master, on the contrary, took his food, but said very little about it, or if he ever attempted to express his natural delight, did it in so low a tone that nobody could hear without putting their ears close down to listen. The mother cat called this dignity and self-respect; so it can easily be imagined how angry she used to get with the other child.

But all her scolding was in vain. As soon as anything happened to make Puss Missy feel happy and comfortable, throb went the little throat, as naturally as flowers come out in spring, and there she was in a fresh scrape again.

One day a curly-headed boy came into the kitchen when Puss and her kittens were asleep, in raptures of delight, followed by his pale, quiet, silent cousin. The boy rushed to the kittens at once, took up both together in his hands and then said to the girl 'Cousin, now they're going to give us the kittens for our very own; just tell me which you like best, really. I'm so afraid you wont choose for yourself when they ask you, and then if I choose instead, I

shan't know which you would rather have. And I want you to have the one you like most—so do tell me beforehand."

"O I like them both," said the girl in the same unmoved, indifferent tone, in which she generally spoke.

"So do I," replied her cousin, "but I know which I like best for all that; and so must you only you wont say. I wonder whether you like to have the kittens at all?" added he, looking at the pale child a little doubtfully; then whispering, as he put them both to her face to be kissed, "Cousin, dear I wish I could see when you were pleased by your face. See, give a smile when the one you like best goes by. Do, wont you—this once—just for me?"

It was in vain he passed the kittens before her in succession, that she might see the markings of their fur, but she still only said she liked both, and of course was glad to have a kitten, and so on; till at last he was disheartened and asked no more. It is a great distress to some people when their friends will not purr when they are pleased; and as the children went back together to the drawing room, the little boy was the sadder of the two, though he could not have explained why.

And then, just what he expected, happened, the choice between the two kittens was offered first to the girl, but from her manner of indifference, no one thought she cared for having either at all. As she did not care the boy was asked to choose. He looked intently into his cousin's face for some token of her feeling, but finding none, he laid sudden hold on Puss Missy, and cuddled against her cheek, exclaiming "I will have this one, because she purrs when she is pleased."

The little girl took up Puss Master and walked away without saying a single word. A week afterwards when the boy was away one day, the aunt of the little girl came into the room and saw her kneeling by the sofa, weeping a silent rain of tears over the fur coat of Puss Missy, while her own kitten was lying asleep by the fire. The auntie

folded her arms around the silent child, and the little one soon owned that she had fretted all the week in secret, because it was so miserable to nurse a kitten who would not purr when he was pleased. The boy cousin insisted on changing kittens at once, and soon the Puss Master became so fond of him that he purred very often. The old cat, too, left off scolding and lecturing, and all were a happy party because they never forgot to show when they were pleased.—Mrs. A. GETTY, in *Parables from Nature*.

The Size of the Spider's Thread.

I have often compared the size of the thread spun by full grown spiders with a hair of my beard. For this purpose I placed the thickest part of the hair before the microscope, and from the most accurate judgment I could form, more than a hundred of such threads placed side by side could not equal the diameter of one such hair. If, then, we suppose such a hair to be of a round form, it follows that ten thousand of the threads spun by the full grown spider, when taken together, will not be equal in substance to the size of a single hair.

To this if we add that four hundred young spiders, at the time when they begin to spin their webs, are not larger than a full grown one, and that each of these minute spiders possesses the same organs as the larger ones, it follows that the exceedingly small threads spun by these little creatures must be still four hundred times slenderer, and consequently that four million of these minute spiders' threads cannot equal in substance the size of a single hair. And if we further consider of how many filaments or parts each of these threads consists, to compose the size we have been computing, we are compelled to cry out, O what incredible minuteness is here, and how little do we know of the works of Nature!—*Lauwenhoek*.

We have now twenty-one pupils in the Training School.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

 ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPT. 5, 1886.

Among the Invalids.

At noonday, on the last Monday of August, with hasty step we entered the Hospital grounds from West avenue, an occasional rain drop prelude to the most deluging rain storm we ever witnessed. The groups gathered on the lawn, on settees, and rocking chairs, were soon forced to seek shelter within doors, and as we visited the wards the sharp lightning, the peals of thunder, and the rain that fell in torrents, made us grateful for so comfortable a place of refuge as the City Hospital.

The north Pavilion was occupied by a man suffering from erysipelas, the other was tenantless. Nineteen were under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward, three of whom were in their cots. One of these was a man who, the day before, while attempting to board a moving train at Charlotte missed his hold and was severely injured, sustaining a compound fracture of the leg and other wounds, from which he has since died. The man whose ankles had been injured by a fall in an elevator had improved and gone home. A man with an amputated leg was doing well, and the one whose thigh was broken was going about on crutches. The man who had fallen off a wheat wagon and been run over by it was still almost helpless, though free from pain. One patient with a broken thigh kept his bed. A young man whose hand had been injured by a dovetail machine had his arm in splints and bandages and wore a sling, but was doing well, and expected to recover the free use of his hand.

Three of the patients in the Male Medical Ward were in their cots, one of them was the eczema patient, who has so long been receiving Hospital treatment, and whose case calls forth the exercise of much patience. The other two who were in bed were convalescing. A boy fourteen years

old was subject to frequent ill turns. A boy of sixteen, a rheumatic patient, was improving. An epileptic patient after a few days treatment had left the Hospital. A man eighty-four years old had died. The month had been an uneventful one in the history of the ward.

There were twenty-one inmates in the Female Medical Ward, no death had occurred during the month, and but three of the patients kept their beds.

Thirteen were receiving treatment in the Female Surgical Ward, three of these were most of the time in their cots, one of them was the woman convalescing from a broken hip, who had fallen and injured her limb. The other patients were most of them afflicted with chronic diseases.

THE CHILDREN'S PAVILION.

Three of the babies that we found last month in the nursery had left, but there were three remaining and two mothers.

Five children were receiving Hospital treatment in the Girls' Ward. Sarah, the little colored baby, whom Dr. Langworthy calls "Snowball," was not so well as usual, the hot weather has prostrated her. We found her in her cot, one that was named the "Rosalinda Bed," in memory of Rosa Uehlin, the little German girl who died last spring in the Hospital. Sarah had her story books and cards about her, and at her bedside a pretty pair of slippers, made for her by her nurse, who says Sarah just is as sweet and lovely as ever.

In her cot was the little Jewish baby, Sarah Jacobs, she has had a cold in her head, but seemed to have a good appetite and was evidently enjoying her bottle of milk. In a rocking chair near her was Kitty Johnson, who has never been able to walk, having broken her thigh some time since, she was enjoying a doll with which Theodocia Banta was amusing her. Theo. looks much stronger and healthier than she did when she first came to the Hospital, she still wears her plaster of Paris jacket, and is being treated for a curvature of the spine.

Maud Henderson, who was injured by a fall from a swing, and who is lame and has a stiff knee, is receiving treatment, hoping in this way to restore the use of the limb.

Our boys, Freddy, Tommy, and Max, are all quite comfortable, and in pleasant weather they spend most of their time out of doors.

It is pleasant as we pass through the Hospital to see the interest manifested by the nurses in their patients. Their bright young faces, neat costumes, and gentle ministries give a cheerful aspect to the wards, and we are sure many a sufferer must bless them for their tender care.

An Appropriate Gift.

On her return from her summer vacation, Miss Markham, our Supervising Nurse, was surprised and gratified by an acceptable gift that had been placed in her office by members of the Training School class of 1887. The gift was a convenient black walnut escritoire, with drawers, shelves, and places for paper, notes, letters, &c. The gift was tasteful and useful in itself, and as an expression of appreciation and love from pupils of the Training School was most gratifying to the recipient.

In passing through the Wards we missed the familiar face of Dr. W. S. Ely, who is so devoted to the interests of the Hospital. Dr. Mallory was on duty and his genial presence and skilful ministries are welcomed by the Hospital inmates.

Miss Sybella Moyle of Paris, Ontario, has been accepted and become a member of the Training School for Nurses.

We have two new probationers in our Training School, Miss Florence Dredge of Paris, Ontario, and Miss Lillian M. Aumock of Rochester.

Annual Subscriptions.

ADDITIONAL DONATIONS.

By Mrs. D. Andrews:

Mrs. S. L. Willis.....	\$10 00
A. G. Yates, Mrs. R. W. Rand, Mrs. C. Rogers, Patrick Cox, Weaver & Goss Hardware Co., Mrs. Geo. Ellwanger, Mrs. C. C. Morse, Mrs. S. J. Arnold, Mrs. G. Laney, Mrs. W. H. Averell, Mrs. S. Quinby, Curtice Bros., L. P. Ross, John T. Roberts, C. P. Ford, G. S. Riley, \$5 00 each.....	80 00
Odenbach & Shale, Mrs. H. Hallowell, J. and J. Cooper, \$2.00 each.....	6 00
A. K. Mandeville, Mrs. M. Briggs, \$1 each	2 00
C. Cauley & Co.....	3 00
Mrs. Griffin.....	50
DONATION ON BILLS.	
Curran & Goler.....	1 50
Howe & Rogers.....	6 05
Mrs. W. H. PERKINS, <i>Treasurer.</i>	

Donations for August.

- Mrs. Mary E. Strouss, old linen and cotton.
- Mrs. G. W. Davis, reading matter.
- Mrs. W. R. Lawrence, children's clothing.
- Mrs. Josiah Antstice, grapes.
- Mrs. G. C. Bragden, Harper's Magazines.
- Mary R. Shaw, cashmere wrapper.
- Friend, kaleidoscope, back-gammon board and old linen.
- Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, useful articles for the sick.
- Steele & Avery, hammock.
- Mrs. James Wolcott, reading matter.
- Bessie Bristol, child's bed.
- Miss H. H. Backus, reading matter.
- Lovecraft & Son, load koon rods.
- Mrs. S. Y. Alling, dressing gown.
- Mrs. A. G. Bassett, reading matter.
- Miss Danforth, dressing gown.
- Mrs. C. Freund, Illustrated London News.
- Miss Mary J. Emerson, coat.
- Miss Talcott, of Deaf Mute Institute, reading matter.
- Mrs. Huntington, pears.
- Clara Landsberg and Esther Chapin, two aprons.
- Esther Chapin and Louise Bates, pictures, books and flowers.

Died.

- At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 4, 1886, May Deverne, of Rhematic Pericarditis, aged 12 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 7, 1886, Henry Solomon, aged 22 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, of Cancer, Mrs. Mary Fickett, aged 56 years.
- At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 26, 1886, Jane Deane, aged 65 years.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Aug. 1.....	93
Received during month.....	53
Births.....	4
	150
Discharged during month.....	45
Deaths.....	5
Remaining in Hospital Sept. 1.....	100
	150

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Fritz Ward, card 57 (filled on both sides).....	\$2.50
Dime card 62.....	1.00
Mrs. G. B. Riddle, card 26.....	1.85
Helen Osgood, card 36.....	1.00
Harriet H. Sickles, Albion, card 64.....	1.00
Myra S. Fulton, Albion, card 65.....	1.00
Jamie Dryer, card 17.....	1.00
Mary E. Breck, New York, card 68.....	1.00
Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, Brockport.....	5.00
"Paul W. Dewey and Ada C. Dewey, in memory of Aunt Ada's birthday".....	5.00
Mrs. J. Goddard, York.....	50
Mrs. J. B. Adams, Geneseo.....	50
Entertainment given by Rosa Landsberg, Georgie Frank, Louise Selden, Grace Landsberg, Fritz Frank & Sayre Selden	4.50
Total.....	\$25.85
Previously acknowledged.....	\$2,371.57

Total receipts.....\$2,397.42

We still require \$4,102.58 to complete the last payment on the Children's Pavilion, and free the building from the blemish of a debt. Contributions are urgently solicited, and should be sent to Mrs Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the Fund.

Receipts for the Review.

Mrs. Ira Wilder, Charlotte, by Mrs. S. H. Terry.....	\$ 1.00
Mr. H. F. Atkinson, 62 cents; Mrs. E. P. Gould, 62c.; Mrs. T. A. Newton, 63c.; Mrs. D. Palmer, 62c.; by Miss Hattie Smith.....	2.49
G. C. Buell & Co, adv., \$5.00; J. & R. Lamb, New York, adv., \$6 00; Rochester Savings Bank, adv., \$15.00; by Mrs. M. M. Mathews.....	26.00
Mrs. J. B. Adams, Geneseo, 50c.; Mrs. J. Goddard, York, 50c.; Mrs. M. M. Mathews, 62c.; Hon. S. Miller, New Haven, Conn., 50c.; Mrs. E. S. Moore, Fairport, 50c.; Mrs. W. C. Storrs, Santa Barbara, Cal., 50c.; Mrs. O. M. Wilcox, Canandaigua, 50c.; by Treasurer ..	3.62
Mrs. S. E. Smith, Geneva, 50 cents; Mrs. James Ganson, Buffalo, 1.00; by Mrs. W. H. Perkins.....	1.50

MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treas.,
96 Spring street.

The Little Girl at Gettysburg.*

'Twas Gettysburg's last day,
The dead and wounded lay
On trampled fields and ridges battle-torn.
Among the outer posts;
Around the guarded hosts,
Rode Hancock, watchful, on the fated morn.

And lo! a little child,
With eyes and tresses wild,
Close to the lines has strayed, and met him there,
And tightly to her breast
A heavy load she pressed—
A musket—all her slender strength could bear.

"My brave and pretty dear,
Tell me, how come you here
Upon the field, before the fight is done?"
Then, at her lisped reply,
Tears dimmed the General's eye:
"My papa's dead, but here's my papa's gun."
*An actual incident, related by Gen. Hancock. [Wide Awake.

Disease Germs in Milk.

It is a well recognized fact that the mother who is nursing her child is obliged to be very careful about her diet, for whatever she eats or drinks has its effect upon her milk, and consequently upon the health of her child. The most acute symptoms, and even death, may be produced by dietary indiscretion. But it is less appreciated that similarly alarming results may be produced in both children and adults by the use of milk taken from improperly fed cattle. There have recently been a number of mysterious poisoning cases, that after a great deal of random speculation have finally been traced to diseased milk. In spite, however, of these warnings, the subject has not yet received the sanitary attention to which it is entitled. Particularly is the danger of such contamination great in the neighborhood of large cities, where the absence of wholesome pasturage is a temptation to the less scrupulous to substitute all grades of organic refuse, the most of which should properly be consigned to the garbage crematory. In addition to this danger, however, it is discovered that even in the presence of abundant and suitable food, cattle are not discriminating in their selection, but exhibit frequently the most depraved

tastes. In the neighborhood of large distilleries, it has been observed that the cattle become utterly demoralized by feasting on the refuse from the stills. In time they come to have the dull, stupid appearance characteristic of an opium eater. It is hardly possible that the milk produced by animals permitted to feed on such abominable stuff can be either wholesome or agreeable.

In other places the case is even worse, for the cattle have been observed to feed with evident relish upon unadulterated animal excreta and other highly pernicious food. Aside from the disgust which the practice excites, it is a source of actual and grave danger. When it is remembered that the fatal plague at Plymouth, Pa., was directly traceable to the careless disposal of the excreta of a single typhoid fever patient, it can readily be seen that milk may become in this manner a vehicle for the distribution of the most malignant disease germs.

So large are the possibilities for evil which may result from the use of milk taken from animals improperly fed, either through design or carelessness, that it is not too much to ask that all public dairy farms should be placed under sanitary supervision, and that the food and quarters of all cattle whose milk is offered for sale should be regularly inspected by officials appointed for the purpose.—*Scientific American.*

The Management of Scarlet Fever.

Scarlet fever is spread by contagion—by the transfer of particles of living matter from a person suffering from the disease. These particles of living matter come from the skin, from the membrane lining the mouth, nose and throat, and perhaps also from the intestines and urinary organs. It is a disease which it is specially desirable to prevent the occurrence of in young children, partly because the susceptibility to its cause diminishes greatly with increase in age, and partly because it is much less dangerous in adults. There is reason to question

the wisdom of using costly and troublesome methods of preventing the spread of measles, because the susceptibility to the cause of this disease remains in adult life, and it is, if anything, more liable to result in dangerous lung complications in advanced age than it is in children; but there can be no doubt as to the wisdom of restricting the spread of scarlet fever as much as possible.

The precautions to be taken when a case occurs in a house are in many respects the same as for a case of diphtheria, viz., to isolate the patient in an airy room having the least possible amount of furniture. The room should have no carpets or curtains, and no upholstered furniture, such as lounges, sofas, stuffed chairs, etc.

All the secretions and excretions, and all articles soiled by them, should be disinfected thoroughly and promptly while they are yet moist. A special and important precaution is to keep the whole surface of the body anointed with some bland, fatty matter, such as camphorated oil, vaselin or cosmolin, and especial care should be taken to do this when convalescence has set in, and the peeling off of the skin has commenced. All toys, books, etc., handled by the child are dangerous, and had best be destroyed in the room by fire or by putting them into a vessel containing a strong solution of bichloride of mercury or of chloride of zinc.

No clothing, bedding, towels, or other woven stuffs should be taken from the room while dry; they should be placed in a tub or wash boiler containing scalding hot water, and thoroughly boiled before they are allowed to dry.

When the peeling of the skin has entirely ceased, the patient should be thoroughly bathed—using warm soap and water—be dressed in entirely fresh clothing, and the room and its contents should be thoroughly disinfected. The average period during which complete isolation of the patient is required, and during which he should not go out of his room or receive any visitor, is five weeks. Usually six weeks will be re-

quired to secure absolute freedom from danger.

The walls and ceiling of the rooms should be rubbed with damp cloths, which should be at once burned or boiled. The floor and all woodwork should be thoroughly scrubbed with soap and water.

The windows, fireplace, doors and all other outlets of the room should be tightly closed, and sulphur be burned in the room in the proportion of one pound of sulphur to each thousand cubic feet—that is, if the room is fifteen feet square and eleven feet high, about two and a half or three pounds of roll brimstone will be required. Put the brimstone in an iron kettle, and place the kettle on a tray of sand three inches thick, or on a platform of bricks; pour a wineglass of alcohol on the brimstone and set fire to it, leaving the room immediately, as the fumes are dangerous. Let the room remain tightly closed for twenty-four hours, then open all windows and the fireplace, and let the fresh air circulate in it for from twenty-four to forty-eight hours.—*The Sanitary Engineer.*

“Nil Desperandum.”

There's never a day so sunny,
But a little cloud appears;
There's never a life so happy
But has its time of tears.
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
Whenever the tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But it has one tender spot—
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night;
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream so happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad,
We shall look some day with wonder,
At the troubles we have had.

Quincy Patriot.

Hammocks.

“She might ‘a’ braided two rugs, in the time she’s jest lain on her back and stared up into a tree.” This was the criticism made against a lady summer-boarder, who had taken her hammock with her into a rural district not familiar with its use.

The indignant speaker was an over-thrifty housewife, whose idea of time was that every moment must be transmuted into solid work, and that spare minutes between cooking, scouring, washing, ironing, milking, churning, bringing up, and sending children out West, must go into rugs, and she was then at work on her one hundred and eighty-third rug. The hammock, however, defended itself by the good it quietly did, and the next season a dozen of them swung there.

In this land and day we hardly need to put in a plea for periods of downright rest. The competitions of business, the demands of home life, the exactions of society, the excitements of pleasure, the appeals of benevolence, the calls of duty, and the friction upon our spirits, through the daily press of the world-wide movements of the age, combine to sweep us along resistlessly in that tendency to overwork which we have inherited from our fathers and mothers, and of whom, after all, the old lady was only a somewhat exaggerated representative.

The hammock is a great help in the matter of rest. The brain worker may get one kind of rest he needs in the fatigues of hunting, or walking in the mountains, or traveling amid new scenes. Yet even such as he need to unite with it more or less of passive rest.

But to another class,—jaded teachers, exhausted housewives, and all who have worked right along with some bodily weakness or chronic ailment, which medicine didn’t help, or which hardly seemed worthy a physician’s attention, “just laying on her back and staring up in a tree” may prove the very luxury of rest, a luxury that can be freely indulg-

ed in only with benefit. The mental repose in the case tells directly and indirectly on every nerve-centre in the system. The posture adds greatly to its value, resting every muscle and fibre of the body, and even the internal organs by relieving their points of tension.

A hammock hung in the house is well; hung in the veranda is vastly better; but one hung beneath the wide-spreading branches of a tree is the perfect thing. There let the occupant close his eyes and go to sleep, if he feel like it; or watch the swallows swooping through the air, or the birds hopping from bough to bough above him, or the kaleidoscope of clouds, or the sublime blue. This, repeated daily, he will find better than all medicine. — *Youth's Companion*.

Thoughtful Benevolence.

This would be a glad world if every creature in it were to do all he could to lessen pain and increase happiness.

It is astonishing how much suffering can be prevented by a little attention of the right kind at the right moment. An audience of three thousand people may be kept in misery for two hours if the janitor does not watch his thermometer; or a whole playground full of well disposed boys may be tormented by one half-civilized bully. On the other hand, a large party goes off beautifully, simply because the director of the entertainment has taken thoughtful pains to have it go off so.

Some people seem to have a lovely genius for diffusing happiness around them. They are themselves so engaging that only to be near them is a delight. Most of us, however, if we would enjoy the happiness of making others happy, must *try* to do it. We must avoid and remove causes of pain; we must invent and provide the means of enjoyment.

The most usual cause of failure in this particular comes from not thinking. The evening lamp is distressing a pair of aged eyes; a thoughtful person places a screen so as to shelter them from the piercing light.

“Why didn't I think of that?” whispers the onlooker to himself. Thinking of it is the rare accomplishment. Anybody can perform the trifles of household benevolence; the merit lies in not forgetting to do them.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, one of the iron kings of Pennsylvania, mentions in his now celebrated article in *The Forum* two facts which illustrate what a little thought may do to mitigate the human lot. One of the workmen in the employment of his company happened to allude to the increased cost of groceries through having to buy on credit, wages being paid only once a month.

“Well,” said Mr. Carnegie, “why cannot we overcome that by paying every two weeks?”

“We did not like to ask it,” replied the man, “because we have always understood that it would cause much trouble; but if you do that it would be worth an advance of five per cent. in our wages.”

The change was made at once, and now the custom prevails in many manufacturing centres of paying wages every week. Millions of men have desired that for sixty years. A little thoughtful good nature would have sufficed to bestow the boon two generations ago.

From another man, at the same interview, Mr. Carnegie was surprised to learn that poor men who bought a few bushels of coal at a time paid just twice the price which his company paid. One moment's kindly thought remedied this grievance.

“How easy for us,” said the president of the company, “to deliver coal to our men in small quantities at cost!”

So said, so done.

And as such ideas are exceedingly contagious, a very large number of iron masters now provide their men with coal on the same terms.

There are few things more catching than wise benevolence. It beats the scarlet fever. Despite all appearances to the contrary, the deepest thing in man is the love he bears his fellow-man.

Proofs and Prints.

There are various kinds of proofs and prints of engravings and etchings, rules for distinguishing which one ought to know :

“Remark proofs” (“remark,” from French *remarque*) are the first impressions from the plate, and are the most costly. Fifty copies are usually made. They are printed with the utmost care ; every copy is closely examined, and if a flaw is discovered even in a single line, it is destroyed. The “remark proof” always has an emblem, chosen according to the artist’s fancy, engraved upon the margin of the plate.

After the remark proofs are made, the remark is rubbed off the plate, and the “artist’s proofs” are taken. These usually number two hundred. Like the remark proofs, they are executed with the most painstaking care ; but they, of course, lack the value of the mark which stamps the first impressions of an engraving as cherished rarities. The “artist’s proof” is marked at the bottom with the name of the painter and the engraver, or etcher.

The “proofs before letters” are printed immediately after the artist’s proofs. They usually consist of one hundred copies. They are never signed by artist or engraver, but have their names engraved on the right and left hand corners of the plate respectively, in small letters. They also have the publisher’s mark and address on the bottom.

“India prints” are the most desirable after the artist’s proofs and proofs before letters. They have the title engraved upon them, as well as the artist’s and engraver’s names and the publisher’s marks. The edition is not limited in number. Their superiority to ordinary prints is due to the better quality of the impression produced by the India paper, while they lack the choiceness and consequent rarity of the preceding grades.

“Plain prints” are impressions on linen paper. They have all the marks and letters of India prints, and are

printed with equal care. The paper, however, renders them of less value than the India impressions, because the quality of the latter paper enhances the beauty while it increases the cost of the proof.

Skeletonized Nepenthes.

At the exhibition of the Royal Horticultural Society, at Liverpool in June last, among the charming collections of skeletonized leaves and flowers there shown, the *Nepenthes* were very conspicuous, several fine pitchers having been successfully subjected to this process. The pitchers show a very close net-work of fiber and retain their natural shapes. They are remarkably curious and very effective, and rank among the most desirable of all forms of vegetation for skeletonizing.—*Vick’s Magazine for September.*

There is no greater fool than he who deliberately goes searching for pleasures. For every pleasure to which he habituates himself beyond these which God has put in the natural course of life, is a new fire kindled in his bones, which will burn his life-substance for fuel.—*J. M. Ludlow, D. D.*

Go on in your journey to heaven, and be content with such fare by the way as Christ and his followers have had before you ; for they had always the wind on their faces ; and the Lord hath not changed the way to us, for our ease, but will have us following our sweet Guide.—*Samuel Rutherford.*

Recompense injury with justice, and recompense kindness with kindness.—*Confucius.*

Nat and Carlie had never seen a snake before, and this morning they came running into the house very much excited.

“O mamma! mamma!” cried Nat. “There’s a tail running along out in the garden wifout anys’in’ on it!”

“Yes, mamma, it’s got a head on one end, and goes dest as fast!” said Carlie.

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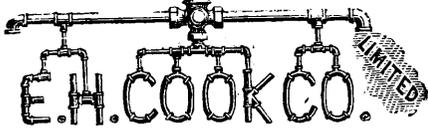
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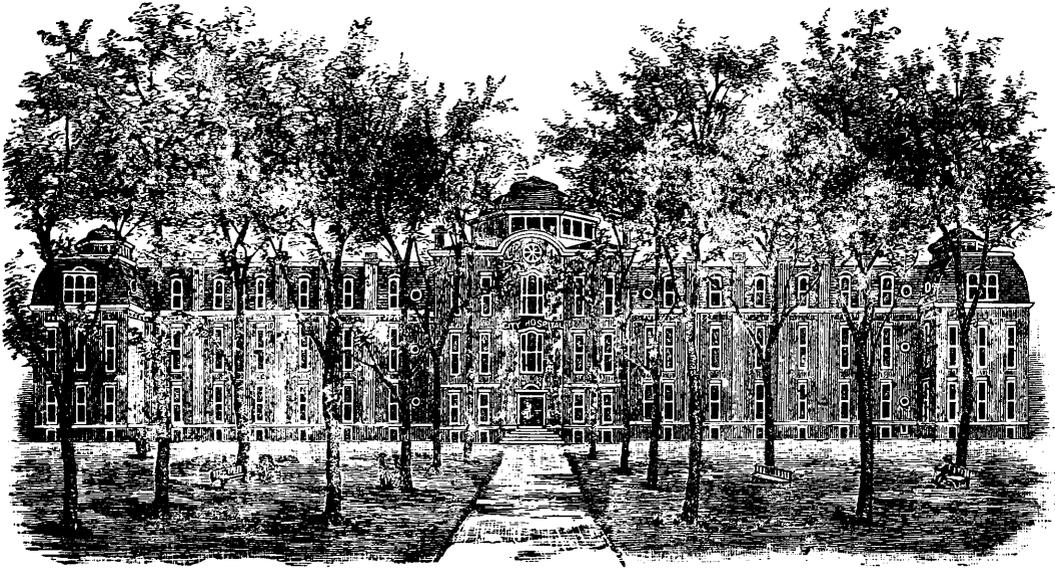
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW



DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1886.

No. 3.

Baby Asleep,

Creeping so swiftly all over the floor ;
Now here by the window, now there by the
door ;
Herself pulling up by chair and by bed,
Getting many a thump on her dear little head.

Little sharp eyes spying every stray pin,
Little mouth open to put them all in ;
Laughing and crowing with frolicsome glee,
As merry a child as you'll anywhere see,
Our dear little wide-awake baby.

A warm little thing cuddled down in a heap,
Her soft cheeks aflush with the roses of sleep ;
Little smiles hidden all safely away,
To be brought forth again at the dawn of the
day ;

Little feet resting, and little hands, too,
Which is more than by daylight they ever can
do ;
Tucked in with many a kiss and caress ;
May angels watch o'er her ! May God ever
bless
Our dear little sound-asleep baby !

Tommy.

Poor little fellow !

A moment before he had been crying,
"Evening papers ! here ye are—evenin'
papers !" But he was strangely quiet
now, as he lay on the sidewalk where
some one, at the risk of his own life had
swung him up, out from under the
trampling hoofs of the horses.

He was surrounded by a pitying
crowd : but no one could tell how it
happened—only it was a wonder that
such accidents were not of frequent oc-
currence on that crowded crossing.

"Poor little chap ! these news-boys do
get so reckless and careless," said the
policeman as he lifted him up tenderly.

An hour later the child opened his
eyes in a strange place. He tried to
spring up but a woman's voice said :

"Lie still, my boy," and a soft hand pressed his head on the pillow.

"Wot's the matter, lady?"

"You fell and hurt yourself, and we are going to take care of you a little while."

A white bed, a soft pillow, and some one to take care of him—how strange!

"Be this a hospital, miss?"

"Yes, dear; a home for sick folks you know."

"An' I'm in one of *them* places, hey? Oh, I know now—J fell, an' slipped *agin!*" and the horror of that moment when he felt his life going out under the iron heels, surged back over him even to faintness.

"Where's my papers? I hadn't sold one!"

"I don't know," said the nurse; "but don't worry; we'll pay you for them when you go away. If you'll tell us where your home is we'll let your friends know where you are."

"I ain't got none!"

"No friends? but surely you have a home somewhere! What is your name!"

"Tommy; an' I hang up mostly at Marm Parker's; but ther's a rough lot sometimes, so it's no good sleepin,' an' then some of us chaps camps out; ther's lots o' places a little feller can sleep in, when it ain't too cold or wet."

"Then there is no one you want to send for?"

"No'm; there's no one cares, ye see."

Soon after the surgeon came and made another examination, and gave some soothing medicine—it was all he could do. A little later the nurse met him and asked, "Is there any chance for the child?"

"None! He wont stop long—spine's fatally injured. No use telling him though, he won't suffer much."

The next morning the nurse lingered by his cot, smoothing his hair; she was used to heart-touching cases, but this one moved her strangely, somehow.

"Can you read?" she asked—seeing his eyes fixed on a motto which hung on the wall.

"I picks out most words—when

they're easy. Who's that tellin' 'bout, lady?"

The motto read, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Why that means Christ, the Lord, child," answered the nurse, "Don't you know about such things?"

"Oh, yes'm; him as owns the churches, an' has Christmas trees an' sich. Oh yes, I know, cos I went inter a church once—it war'n't no harm, lady, cos it war Christmas, an' I stayed by the door—but, oh, it was all as nice as a play; an' ther war a man talkin', an' he said them words over an' over, an' he said as how it meant them as war tired; an' he said the Lord had an orful nice place somewheres, an' I war *that* tired and hungry, I thought it would be a prime thing ter git there once; but, in course, I knew it war'n't for the likes o' me!"

"I guess your chance is better than most folks after all, my boy; but there's a lady coming, she'll tell you all about it."

The visitor found an eager face awaiting her, and her simple telling of the sweet, old story was received with undoubting faith—only the wonder of it was so great! A loving friend somewhere, who wanted *him*—a poor little news-boy, a waif of the streets; and a home prepared, and beautiful things of which he had never heard or dreamed. How wonderful it was?

"But I don't know the way, lady! However am I ter go? An' will he know Tommy!"

"He knows you now, dear child; and he will send a messenger for you pretty soon."

"That'll be—nice—an' good of Him—but I'm—so sleepy—now."

His eyelids closed heavily, for the messenger was even then by his side. There was scarcely a ripple where his little bark of life went down—only a poor little boy, buffeting his way through the surges—nothing much to live for; but oh! so much to die for!

If we must answer for our idle words, how much more for our idle silence!

Divide it Well.

[This enigma is said to have been the work of one of the most eminent of modern English writers.]

Come, let's look closer at it! 'tis a very ugly word;

One that should make us shudder whenever it is heard.

It mayn't be always wicked; but it must be always bad;

And speaks of sin and suffering enough to make one sad.

Folks tell us 'tis a compound word, and that is very true;

And then they decompose it, which they are quite free to do.

But why of the twelve letters should they cut off the first three,

And leave the nine remaining ones as sad as they can be?

For though they seem to make it less, in fact they make it more,

And let the brute creation in that were shut out before!

Let's try if we can't mend it. I think perhaps we may

If only we divide the word in some uncommon way.

Suppose, instead of three and nine, we make it four and eight;

You'll say that makes no difference, or one not very great.

But only see the consequence! that's all that need be done

To change the mass of misery to unmitigated fun.

That clears all swords and pistols, guns and bowie knives,

And all the horrid instruments by which men lose their lives.

That calls up Nature's voice; and oh! how joyfully is heard

The sound of hearty merriment that greets us in the word.

Yes, four and eight. May that, my friends, be ever yours and mine,

Though human pride and passion may prefer the three and nine.

Man-slaughter.

Man's-laughter.

Mary's Song.

It was Sunday evening, and a young man was strolling about the city. He was homesick and discouraged; he had been looking for employment for many days, but had not succeeded in finding any. Every place seemed to be filled. His money was almost gone, and he was a stranger in the city. At the boarding house where he stopped, some of the young men invited him to go out with them and see the sights. He knew they were not such companions as his father

and mother would have chosen for him. But he went with them, and at the first corner they came to, the young men invited him to go into the saloon and get a drink. "Nothing like it to cheer up a fellow," they said. Just as they crossed the threshold, a child's voice was heard singing

"O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
He will give you strength to conquer,
And keep you to the end."

She kept singing the words over and over again, and the stranger wondered why a child should be in such a place and singing that hymn. She was the saloon keeper's daughter, and was up in the room over the saloon singing the baby to sleep. "I'll not take any to-night," the young man said with a shudder, as the new found friends offered to treat him, and he hastily passed out of the room into the street. Just as he turned the corner, a young man thrust a paper into his hand. It was an invitation to the meeting at Farwell Hall that evening. "That's the place for me," he said. "Mother told me to keep good company, and put myself under good influences, and I'll do it." The window was open and the little girl's song

"O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend."

kept falling on his ear. It died away in the distance, as he wended his way to the prayer meeting.

"What did that fellow go out for?" asked the saloon man after the stranger had gone.

"He's a chicken hearted chap, and I expect that song your girl is singing made him weaken," said the man as he drank the contents of the glass at one swallow.

"I will not have Mary singing those religious songs any more," the father said to his wife that night. "She will spoil all my business. I lost one customer by her singing, this very evening."

"Mary learned the song at the mission school. But John, you better think about it before you take her away from that school," his wife replied. "It will

break her heart, and she's not a strong child, you know."

"Well, if she goes to that school, she shan't sing their songs here at home," and the wicked father swore a dreadful oath as he went down stairs.

So dear little Mary's mother told her when she sang the baby to sleep, to sing the mission school songs very low, so the people in the saloon could not hear them. It was sad that she couldn't sing any more about Jesus being a friend to the poor tempted ones. But the stranger kept Mary's song in his heart. He never went to a saloon again, and the young men at the prayer meeting interested themselves in him, and he soon found employment through them. Jesus did prove to be his friend, and He will be the friend of the little girl too, even if she has a saloon keeper for a father. He pities her, and loves her, and will bless her.

Care of the Teeth.

Dyspepsia and bad teeth are common companions. Their relations as cause and effect may be controvertible, but that both are frequently due to the neglect of the teeth and their proper use, will not be disputed by any one who is familiar with the physiological relations of these useful and much abused organs. The mouth, everybody knows, is the gateway to the stomach, the commissariat of health, and for its protection all that is conveyed thither requires careful selection and due preparation to fit it for healthy distribution. Hence how we eat is of scarcely less importance than what we eat. Chewing vigorously exercises and hardens the teeth, while it also stimulates the salivary glands to furnish the most essential means of rendering food acceptable to the stomach and easy of digestion, and without good digestion neither the teeth nor any of the other organs can be well nourished. That the teeth are commonly the first organs to suffer, after or contemporaneously with indigestion, is due to the vitiated secretions of the mouth common to dyspeptics. By this

the enamel is softened, becomes easily stained or loses its lustre, and for this the tooth-brush—often too hard and harsh for the teeth under the most favorable circumstances—is applied too vigorously or too frequently, and not infrequently with some mischievous insoluble powder or corrosive wash, with the common result of destroying the enamel and promoting decay.

Tooth brushes should always be soft, and rarely used more than once daily, before breakfast, which is quite often enough to remove the insoluble particles of food which collect at the margin of the teeth. Use the soft brush with water only, or at most, with nothing else but pure soap in addition.

Soap is not only more cleansing than anything else, but it leaves a sweeter and pleasanter taste, and is never followed by injurious effects. A soft wood stick, to remove hard particles from between the teeth, and rinsing the mouth with water alone after meals, is ordinarily quite sufficient to cleanse the teeth without brushing them. Metal tooth picks should never be used under any circumstances, and quills are, to say the least, not cleanly.

Chewing a pine stick, or better when accessible, a dogwood stick, is often a very salutary method of cleansing the teeth. It causes the saliva to flow freely, and this dissolves and washes away particles not easily removed by other means.

On the chemical theories of decay of the teeth, we have no need to enter. No matter what its cause, a dentist should be consulted on the very first appearance of a point or spot of discoloration. Properly treated at the outset, it may be recovered for a lifetime.

All that is said here of the relations of bad teeth to dyspepsia, applies equally to children—in the decay of deciduous teeth. There is no more certain sign of a dyspeptic, badly nourished child, than the early decay of deciduous teeth—or any more certain means of promoting dyspepsia and a puny constitution than neglect.

The early decay of the deciduous

teeth should be an admonition to parents to take special pains in the selection and preparation of the food, with a view to strengthening the digestive organs—including the teeth—and giving tone to the system; otherwise an enfeebled constitution will be the inevitable result.—Dr. A. N. BELL.

The Boston Hospitals for Animals.

Max was crossing the avenue one afternoon some six or seven weeks ago, when a heavy beer wagon came crashing along and knocked him down and ran over him. Sad indeed for Max and all who know him, and he has many friends. His leg was broken, and his hip was shattered; the doctors called in declared he could not survive the shock, and would certainly die; nevertheless, every effort should be made to save him. Accordingly he was taken to the hospital, where skilful surgery and careful nursing saved his life and saved his limb, and whence, last week, a little soberer, a little thinner, but as dear and cunning as ever, returned to us, and glad are we to hear his bark about the house once more. His "bark" do you say? I forgot to tell you that Max is a little silver headed Scotch terrier, and that it was to the dog hospital he was sent, down on Village street, you know, in the city proper. It is really one of the departments, the veterinary, of Harvard University, and the hospital for horses and dogs was established about three years ago, in order that the students might have every facility for becoming practically acquainted with the diseases which equine and canine flesh are heir to. The hospital building affords every advantage for the observation and treatment of sick animals. It is a substantial building of brick, three stories high, and was designed and built especially for its present uses, and its attractive external appearance is an index of what one will find within. Upon the first floor are the pleasant offices, a large operating room lighted from above, so that no shadow falls upon the patient, five com-

modious box stalls, and six ordinary stalls. On the second floor are twelve stalls and boxes, and a room for dogs containing about twenty kennels, a pharmacy, and a groom's room. The third story contains, besides the lofts and work rooms, apartments for the assistant surgeon and house surgeons. In the basement there is a shoeing forge, which is used for the shoeing of both sound and lame horses. Hot and cold water, steam heat, and gas are supplied throughout the building, and all pains have been taken to make the drainage and ventilation as nearly perfect as possible.

Adjoining the hospital, and immediately connected with it, is another brick building, just completed, for the use of the School of Veterinary Medicine. The lower floor is devoted to hospital uses, and contains boxes and stalls for ten horses. In the second story is the lecture room, and on the third floor is the dissecting room. The lover of the horse and dog must have a deep interest in this school and hospital.

One goes over the hospital with a feeling of thankfulness and warm admiration for the scientific knowledge and human skill that govern it. It gives joy to the visitor to see how the sick and sore among our dumb animals can be treated.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

The Cooking of Food.

The cooking of food makes one signal difference between brutes and civilized man, and perfect cookery seeks to secure in the highest degree gratification, nourishment and digestibility.

But the thorough cooking of many articles of food accomplishes another object. It guards against some of the worst diseases. One is tape-worm, an exceedingly annoying disease and difficult of cure. There are several kinds infesting the flesh of different kinds of animals, as the hog, cow, sheep, fish, etc.

Their presence in human beings is always derived from the flesh which has been eaten, and which had contained the living germs. Says a writer in the

Medical Reporter. "My tænia (tape-worm) patients have all been addicted to eating either raw ham, or beef, or both. Countries where the custom prevails of devouring the flesh reeking warm and streaming with blood are the classic lands of the tænia."

The pork tape worm is the most difficult to get rid of, its head being armed with hooks which cling to the walls of the intestines. However many joints are expelled, the head can produce as many more.

The beef tape worm has a larger head and grows to twice the length of the former, but it has no hooks, and though it has suckers, it can be more easily dislodged.

The fish tape-worm, which extensively affects people who subsist on the fish found in the seas of Northern Europe, is the largest of all.

Now, simple cooking is certain to render the worst infected food perfectly safe. But the cooking must be thorough, in the original sense of the word. The meat must be done through to the very center.

Another disease is trichinosis, in which millions of minute worms derived from pork find their way into and imbed themselves in every muscle and tissue of the body. It is a much more dangerous malady than the former. But this, too, is as easily guarded against in the same simple way.

Epidemics of diphtheria, scarlet fever and typhoid fever have often been traced to milk which had become infected in the farmhouse. Our cities are always exposed to this source of danger. This, also, we are able to protect ourselves against, by habitually boiling our milk.

Even the violent poison generated by an early stage of decomposition in flesh, fish and eggs is destroyed by boiling.—*Youth's Companion*.

•

The tissues of the Life to be—
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of Destiny,
We reap as we have sown.—*Whittier*.

•

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.

Human Happiness.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Its secret and its evidence are writ
In the broad book of nature—'Tis to have
Attentive and believing faculties—
To go abroad rejoicing in the joy
Of beautiful and well created things :—
To love the voice of waters, and the stream
Of silver fountains leaping to the sea :—
To thrill with the rich melody of birds
Living their life of music—to be glad
In the gay sunshine—reverent in the storm;
To see a beauty in the stirring leaf,
And find calm thoughts beneath the whisper-
ing tree ;

To see, and breathe, and hear the evidence
Of God's deep wisdom in the natural world ;
It is to linger on "the magic face
Of human beauty," and from light and shade
Alike to draw a lesson :—'tis to love
The cadences of voices that are tuned
By purity and majesty of thought.
And in the gush of music to be still
And feel that it has solemnized the heart.

* * * * *

It is to love all virtue for itself,
All nature for its breathing evidence,
And when the eye hath seen; and when the ear
Hath drank the beautiful harmony of the world
It is to humble the imperfect mind
And lean the broken spirit upon *God*.

Curious Growth of Trees.

It is a peculiarity of trees to try to grow around and envelop with their bark any object against which they may grow. A nail or coin, if driven a little ways into a tree, is in a year or two completely covered up; and sawyers often find such objects in logs while cutting them into planks. A few years ago while cutting down an old apple tree which stood on the boundary of a city house lot, we found a fence post directly in the center of the trunk, in perfect preservation. The tree, when a young sapling, had evidently been set out close to the post, and had grown around it until it was too late to remove it without destroying the tree; so, when the old fence was removed, the tree was left in undisturbed possession of its strangely acquired property, till forced to give it up by the axe of the wood-cutter.

A similar occurrence is illustrated in which an oak and a juniper tree have grown together in two different places. The trees are situated in Russia, and

the manner of their growth is very peculiar. The first junction is a few feet above the ground, and a little higher up the two trees unite again; and so closely are they blended, that certain of the branches of the juniper have passed entirely through the trunk of the oak, firmly riveting the trees together. As the species of oak and juniper are so distinct from each other, it is impossible that the joining of the trees could be due to any process of natural grafting; but it is probable that the two trees, growing so near together, have tried to mutually "take in" each other, just as the apple tree above referred to enveloped the fence post. Similar growths are not uncommon, and doubtless some of our readers may have observed equally curious freaks of nature in the woods of this country.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

Tribute to Poetic Genius.

The author of "England as seen by an American Banker" gives this interesting bit of literary history. In that humming city of coal and iron, Newcastle-on-Tyne, is an old school called the Royal Jubilee School, which once had for its head-master a man whose fame as a rhymers has gone around the world. His name was C. F. Springman, and he was one of the best teachers the school ever had. Yet millions who have read his rhymes have never heard even the name of their author.

I doubt whether any dictionary of poetical quotations ever gave him a place in its index, yet his lines have buzzed in the heads of more persons than any lines that were ever written.

The schoolmaster introduced into his school the idea of teaching history, geography, and other studies through the medium of rhyme.

Springman of ancient Newcastle was quite successful in many of his rhyming experiments. But he won immortality when he one day hit upon a bit of jingle that had for its object the stamping on the minds of his boys, in an indelible manner, the number of days in the dif-

ferent months of the year, undoubtedly grumbling to himself, as I have often grumbled, over the stupidity of somebody or other in the far past, who, in getting up this monthly arrangement, did not make them all of the same length.

And here are the perennial lines,—lines that hum in the head of every interest calculator on the English-speaking globe every day:

"Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November;
All the rest have thirty-one,
Except poor February alone."

School Life.

I sat in the school of sorrow,
The Master was teaching there;
But my eyes were dim with weeping,
And my heart was full of care.

Instead of looking upward
And seeing His face divine,
So full of tenderest pity
For weary hearts like mine.

I only thought of the burdens,
The cross that before me lay,
So hard and heavy to carry
That it darkened the light of day.

So I could not learn my lesson,
And say, *Thy will be done*;
And the Master came not near me
As the weary hours went on.

At last, in my weary sorrow,
I looked from the cross above,
And I saw the Master watching
With a glance of tender love.

He turned to the cross before me,
And I thought I heard him say:
"My child thou must bear thy burden,
And learn thy task to-day.

"I may not tell the reason,
'Tis enough for thee to know
That I, the Master, am teaching,
And give this cup of woe."

So I stooped to that weary sorrow;
One look at that face divine
Had given me power to trust Him,
And say, *Thy will, not mine*.

And thus I learned my lesson,
Taught by the Master alone:
He only knows the tears I shed,
But He has wept His own.

And from them came a brightness
Straight from the home above,
Where the school life will be ended,
And the cross will show the love.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCT. 15, 1886.

October Musings.

October, the goldenest month of all the year, is lavishly pouring out her charms, and though nearly half her days are numbered, she still holds us spellbound at the lakeside.

This morning she has given us a royal banquet. A rosy, auroral light greeted our waking as on the western sky the paling hunter's moon hung above the tree-tops. Eastward, blue clouds floated like islands in an amber sea, and later, gay-tinted, light, fleecy, ever-changing clouds suffused the whole heavens, growing brighter and brighter, announcing the triumphal march of the king of day, whose fiery face soon stood out, a majestic presence, in bold relief on the dark, hazy background that skirted the eastern horizon; as he rose upwards, a golden pathway bridged Ontario. The lake, mist-veiled in the distance, shoreward revealed her ruffled bosom, while a sprightly breeze bore to our listening ear the music of her waters mingled with the matin song of the birds. We felt like reverently bowing our heads in worship, as if the *angelus* had called us to prayer.

October has been exceptionally beautiful at West Beach. Though the absence of frost has given most of our trees the russet rather than the ruby and the golden leaf, yet the sumacs have hung out their bright banners, and the regal golden-rods and purple asters have echoed the words of the Master, "Even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

The cottages on the bluff are most of them tenantless; the anxious mammas have sheltered their treasures in warmer homes; the city school bells have summoned our children, and deprived us of their merry shouts and ringing laughter, but enough of the cottagers remain to dispel the feeling of

loneliness, to praise the attractive, stimulating October bath, and to extol with us the peaceful, restful days and glorious moonlight nights that make this season of the year so charming. The smile of the Great Spirit seems resting on all nature, and a loving Father brooding over His children.

The Hospital Patients.

Passing the many busy workers laying the new asphalt pavement on West avenue, on the morning of October 6th, we wended our way to the City Hospital.

We found Dr. E. V. Stoddard, recently returned from his extended European tour, visiting the patients, accompanied by Dr. Charles G. Steele, our new senior house officer. The former reported it was a cheerful week in the Female Wards. The invalids were doing well; those suffering most have been steadily improving, having less pain each day and more comfortable nights. The woman afflicted with cancer is the same cheerful, patient sufferer. One who came to the Hospital for consultation had gone home with the sad assurance that medical skill could not cure her, but could make her life more comfortable. A fever patient was convalescing; was able to sit up, with a promise of going home very soon. Fifteen were under treatment in the Female Medical Ward, five of whom were confined to their cots. The typhoid fever patient had died. There were twelve patients in the Female Surgical Ward. Grandmother Wylie, the octogenarian, so long afflicted with rheumatism, and for some years an inmate of the Hospital, whom visitors will remember as occupying a corner of the Lower Female Ward, and always busy with her patchwork, had, after a short attack of some disease of the bowels, suddenly died. Only three occupants of this Ward kept their beds. The woman with fractured heel was recovering; the splints had been removed.

Twenty were receiving treatment in the Male Medical Ward. The nurse was

anointing Mr. L., the eczema patient, who gains very slowly, and has need of great patience to bear his long, tedious confinement. Nine in this Ward were confined to their cots; four of these were fever patients, two of whom had been recently attacked, but the other two were convalescing. Two of the four eye patients were confined to their beds; from one of these a cataract had recently been removed. One man had died of diseased heart. Several in this Ward were aged and infirm and sufferers from chronic diseases.

Four of the twenty-three occupants of the Male Surgical Ward kept their beds. One of these, an aged patient, has an abscess; another, an aged man long an inmate of the Hospital, had recently been run over at the four corners and sustained a fracture of the leg. The man who some time since, in Fairport, fell from a grain wagon and was run over, and whose back was injured, is not doing so well as he was last month. One man was being treated for a weak ankle. The policeman who was injured by blows on the leg, head and face by an intoxicated man, died after being three days in the Hospital. A man who had been burnt while working in an engine house was improving, but had his arm in a sling. The man whose hand was injured by a dove-tailing machine was doing well; his hand was bandaged. The boy who broke his leg by falling from a scaffolding is doing well, and walks without a cane. The Pavilions are both occupied, the one by a scarlet fever patient, the other by a man suffering from erysipelas.

♦♦♦ The Little Folks.

Two mothers and two babies were in the Nursery. The regular occupants of the Boys' Ward were most of them out of doors. Max is so well now that he went home for a day's visit, without plaster of Paris jacket or crutch. Freddy and Tommy were about in their usual condition, both having absces-

ses but neither of them really sick. Our sympathies went out to a new inmate, Joseph O'Neill, seven years old, who was lying in his cot with weights upon his limb, but looking very neat and comfortable and enjoying the visit of an aunt and cousin; one of them was reading to him. Joseph was gathering chestnuts, standing on the limb of a tree near Sibley street, when the bough broke and the little fellow fell and broke his hip. He said he was free from pain, and we were thankful he had so nice a place in the Children's Pavilion, where he would be tenderly nursed. A sad story is connected with another boy who had recently died in the Pavilion. We wish the untimely death of George Cram would serve as a warning to deter other boys from like exposure and fate. George was riding without permission on a freight train and had taken out the coupling pin. He was thrown or fell from the car, was run over by the cars, eight of which passed over his leg, severing it almost entirely from his body; it was attached to the body by only a small piece of flesh. He was brought to the Hospital, the limb amputated near the body, but the poor boy survived the operation only about two hours. He was thirteen years old.

Three little folks were in their cots in the Girls Ward. Little Kitty Johnson, who injured her limb by falling from a chair, was put in her cot to take a morning nap, but she spends most of the time in her chair, where the older children amuse her. The baby, Sarah Jacobs, was drinking vigorously from her bottle, and whatever else she lacked she evidently possessed a good appetite. Sarah, the colored baby, is gradually failing; she keeps her bed all of the time and looks more feeble than she has done. She had her picture books about her, but cared but little for them. She is in the Rosalinda Bed, named in memory of Rosa Uehlin, the lovely German child we all loved so much. Over the head of the

bed is a framed picture of Rosa, and over one side a picture of the Good Shepherd with a lamb in his bosom. A new patient with weak eyes was in a cot in the neighboring room, which was made dark. She was a wee child, nearly three years old. Theodocia was on the lawn looking rugged and healthy, but still afflicted with a curvature of the spine. A scarlet fever patient who was twelve years old, had recovered and gone home. We wish the dear children who have contributed to the Pavilion could see how comfortable it is for the little ones who are sufferers within it.

Death in the Training School.

The Managers of the City Hospital feel a peculiar interest in the young ladies who leave their homes, and, possessing the necessary qualifications, become pupils in the Training School for Nurses in our institution. It is therefore with a saddened heart that we record that one of these, in the midst of her preparations for future usefulness, was suddenly attacked with disease, and almost before those about her were conscious of her danger, was stricken with death. The late Miss Isabel Casson was much interested in her work, and was one of our most conscientious and faithful nurses, and by her cheerful and kindly ministries she won the love and respect of her schoolmates and the invalids who were blessed by her care.

Miss Casson came to us in May, 1885, and died on the 5th of September, 1886. She was taken sick with pneumonia August 13th and was apparently rapidly convalescing, when she was suddenly attacked with convulsions and died immediately. She was particularly bright the day preceding her death, and her condition elicited no special anxiety. The supervising nurse and the pupils of the Training School contributed a beautiful floral pillow as a token of their love, and one of the nurses accompanied the body and remained with the

family till after the interment. The subjoined note, and also the verbal expressions, indicate how much the family of the deceased appreciated the care their beloved one received while under Hospital treatment.

“TO THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

“The family of the late Isabel Casson desire to express their gratitude to the Rochester City Hospital for the many kindnesses their sister received through its management during her last illness. Especially would we manifest our thankfulness to the physicians in attendance and counsel, the supervising nurse and sister nurses who were unwearied in tender care at her bed-side, and unlimited in acts of kindness and expressions of love and sympathy in their last sad offices.

“To the supervising nurse and members of the Training School we are indebted for a beautiful floral offering, that spoke to us of loving hearts, which though deeply grieved would gladly lift the cloud that some ray of light might enter.

“For the one sister (she was that to us all) we have not words to tell of the comfort she gave through the sad journey and until our loved one was laid away.”

Miss Isabel Casson was an orphan, the youngest of a family of eight children. Her remains were taken to Steuben county, N.Y., where at the residence of her brother the funeral services were held. She was interred at Nelson, Pa., where in childhood she had made her home.

A Welcome Gift.

A friend of the Hospital has sent us a most striking, life-like portrait of Dr. W. S. Ely. It is a crayon, the work of C. D. Wader, of Geneva. It has a nice brass frame and has been appropriately hung on the wall of the vestibule, used as a reception room for the Children's Pavilion. Thus the good doctor seems to be stationed at its portals ready to welcome the little ones to the Children's Pavilion.

A New Tablet.

Messrs. J. & R. Lamb, the church decorators and furnishers, of 59 Carmine street, New York, have recently finished and sent to us an exceedingly chaste, appropriate and beautiful specimen of their work, in a memorial brass tablet, donated by Mrs. John H. Brewster, and placed on the wall of the hall between the Girls' and Boys' Wards in the Children's Pavilion.

The tablet is of brass, mounted on black walnut. It bears the following inscription:

CHILDREN'S COT.

Endowed By Children And Their Friends.

1877.

1883.

"He shall gather the lambs in His arm and carry them in His bosom."

Between the dates is the earliest monogram of Christ—a combination of the letters X and P (Chi-Rho), the first two letters of that name in Greek. This monogram is sometimes called the Labarum or Banner monogram, and was used by the Emperor Constantine. Two brass memorial tablets, both coming from Mr. Lamb's establishment, adorn our walls, and they are models that cannot fail to please those who behold them. We hope many more tablets may decorate our walls, memorials of those whose substantial gifts have blessed this charity.

The Pavilion Fund.

Our friends are still remembering us. Mr. Lemuel J. Hatch, an invalid, said he could not do anything in the way of charity, but would try and collect something for cards for the Children's Pavilion. He collected \$3.55 and wanted another card, but died before he could put his kind intention into effect; but a young friend has taken the card and will fill it.

Miss Ellen Z. Field is also working diligently for us, and has already collected \$13.50 for cards and bricks for the Pavilion.

Old linen and books thankfully received.

The following note indicates the interest felt in us by kind friends in Perry:

PERRY, Wyoming Co., N. Y.

Mrs. Mathews:

DEAR MADAM—I send for the children of the Hospital our infant class papers for the month of August. Our church was closed during that month, and the children chose to send the papers to the little suffering ones rather than keep them. I hope the item will be mentioned to the children. With box and money sent by Mrs. Traver I also sent the sum of \$1, proceeds of birthday box for a year. Trusting the papers may be acceptable, I am,

Respectfully,

J. L. NOBLES.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, September 2d, Joseph Rowse, aged 32 years.

September 4th, Manly T. Pond, aged 54 yrs.

Sept. 5th, Miss Isabel Casson, aged 33 years.

Sept. 16, of typhoid fever, Mrs. Hattie Roth, aged 25 years.

Sept. 16, of valvular disease of the heart, Thomas Shofield, aged 28 years.

September 19, Mrs. Clara Barney.

Sept. 21, Maier Tiet, policeman, aged 53 yrs.

Sept. 24, Frances Wiley, aged 82 years.

Sept. 27, of cancer, Charlotte Milligan, aged 72 years.

Donations for September.

Mrs. S. H. Terry, picture, in memory of Rosa Uehlin, framing by Mr. Fred Turpin.

Mrs. Max Lowenthal, 1 dress and 4 night-dresses for the children.

Margaret Wright, flowers.

Miss A. S. Mumford, pears and plums.

Mrs. W. H. Perkins, second-hand clothing.

Dudley Robinson of Wyoming, pears, peaches, and plums.

Mrs. James Hart and Miss Hart, each a pair of slippers for the Isabella Bed.

Mrs. Earl Putnam, 1 three-ply carpet.

Mrs. Oscar Craig, 2 baskets of peaches.

South Congregational Church, organized September 19, corner of Caroline and Mt. Vernon avenue, flower decorations.

Mrs. W. H. Perkins, half bushel of prunes.

Mrs. David Wing, 135 magazines.

Steam Gauge and Lantern Co., half dozen lanterns.

Miss A. S. Mumford, gents neck ties.

Mrs. Dr. Mathews, old cotton.

Rochester Club, reading matter.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

St. Luke's Church, Mother's Meeting Mite Chest; by Miss J. E. Rochester.....	\$ 3.86
Mrs Knapp.....	1.00
" Friend.....	1.00
Dr. Richard Moore.....	1.00
Mr. Milliken.....	3.00
Esther Chapin, cards 35 and 39.....	2.40
Card 63.....	1.00
Cornelia Robinson, card 75.....	1.00
Kate L. Rogers, card 45.....	1.00
Mary W. Knapp, cards 12 and 13.....	2 00
Ada C. Dewey, card 76.....	1.00
Clara C. Churchill, card 30.....	1.00
Jeannette W. Huntington, card 48.....	1.00
Mr. Henry Likly.....	2.00
Ruth Osborne, Auburn, card 8.....	1.00
Susie E. Sill, Sodus Point, card 58.....	1.00
Katharine A. Sill, Sodus Point, card 59.....	1.00
Lemuel J. Hatch, card 34.....	3 55
Card 78.....	1.00
Miss Ellen Z. Field, Albion, cards 52, 53 and 54.....	4.25
Mrs. J. M. Sterling, Albion, bricks in memory of little Frank Williams, Salt Lake City, Utah.....	1.00
Mrs. J. N. Proctor, Albion, bricks for Harriet Frances Stafford.....	1.00
Mrs. N. S. Field, Albion, bricks for Henry Hunt King and Marjory King.....	1.00
Mrs. N. S. Field, Albion, bricks for Ruth Wolcott Barnard.....	50
Miss Agnes A. Field, Albion, bricks for Arthur Garfield Hollis, San Francisco, California.....	50
Sarah D. Field, Albion, bricks for Louise Hart Dolley and Frances King Dolley.....	1.00
Mrs. Signor, Albion, one brick for Beatrice Grierson Signor.....	25
Pearl Curtis, Albion, one brick.....	25
Mrs. Dr. Lewis, Albion, one brick for Eleanor Dexter, Brockport.....	25
Miss Ellen Z. Field, Albion, one brick for little colored Sarah.....	25
Mrs. M. E. West, Albion, bricks for Daisy Watson.....	50
Mrs. H. Mandeville, Albion, brick for Palmer Lyon.....	25
Miss Emeline Burrows, Albion, bricks for Roy McGregor.....	50
Mrs. J. H. Royce, Albion, bricks for Roy Sawyer.....	1.00
Mrs. Louise Hart, Albion, bricks for Louise Sanderson Hart and Master Kirk Hart.....	25
Miss Lucy B. Patterson, Clarkson, card 60.....	1.00
Augustine J. Cunningham, card 19.....	1.00

Total for month\$45.31
 Previously acknowledged\$2,397 42

Total receipts\$2,442.73

We still require \$4,057.27 to complete the last payment on the Children's Pavilion, and free the building from the blemish of a debt. Contributions are urgently solicited, and should be sent to Mrs Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the Fund.

Receipts for the Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1886.

Mrs. J. M. Ganson, Buffalo, \$1 : Mrs. S. Smith, Geneva, 50 cents; by Mrs. W. H. Perkins.....	\$ 1.50
Mrs. D. B. Beach, 62c.; Haskin & Smith, adv., \$5; Mrs. Clarke Johnston, 68c.; Jeffrey's, adv., \$10; Steele & Avery, adv.; by Mrs. M. M. Mathews.....	21.30
Mrs. S. S. Avery, 62c.; Mrs. E. N. Buell, 62c.; Mrs. C. M. Curtis, 62c.; Mrs. J. R. Chamberlin, 62c.; Mrs. E. M. Day, 65 cents; Mrs. D. M. Dewey, 62c.; Mrs. L. Farrar, 62c.; Mrs. I. F. Force, 62c.; Mrs. C. J. Hayden, 62c.; Mrs. R. Hart, 62c.; Mrs. M. D. L. Hayes, 62c.; Mrs. J. D. Hall, 62c.; Miss Montgomery, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Morse, 62c.; Mrs. G. Phillips, 62c.; Miss Potter, 62c.; Mrs. S. Porter, 62c.; Mrs. C. Rennelson, 62 cents; Mrs. S. B. Raymond, 65c.; Mrs. James Sargent, 62c.; Mrs. L. Sunderland, 62c.; Mrs. C. F. Smith, 62c.; Mrs. E. P. Willis, 75c.; Mrs. C. B. Woodworth, 62c.; Mrs. D. A. Woodbury, 62 cents; Mrs. L. G. Wetmore, 62c.; by Miss Hattie Smith.....	16.31
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MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treas., 96 Spring street.	

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By Mrs. Morse, Mrs. D. Andrews.....	\$5.00
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 Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum will be allowed on all sums which may be on deposit on the first days of March, June, September and December, for each of the three preceding months during which such sum shall have been on deposit.

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Fine Goods and Custom Work a Specialty.

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Don't forget our Bargain Counter.

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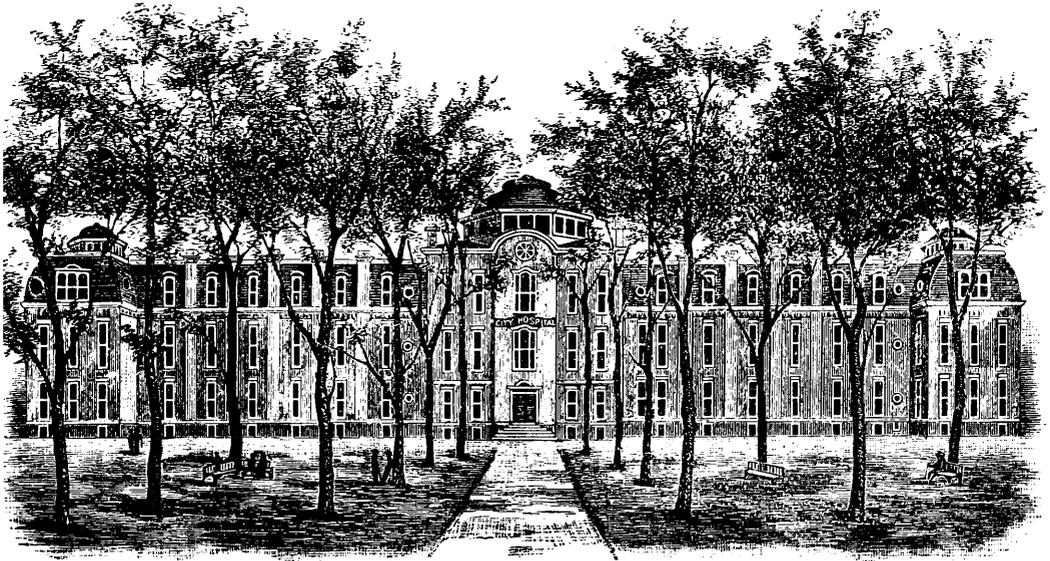
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

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Fresh Fish, Lobsters, Iams, 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. XXIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1886.

No. 4.

Rouse to some work of high and holy love,
And thou an angel's happiness shalt know ;
Shalt bless the earth while in the world above ;
The good begun by thee shall onward flow
In many a branching stream, and wider grow ;
The seed that in these few and fleeting hours,
Thy hands, unsparing and unwearied, sow,
Shall deck thy grave with amaranthine flowers,
And yield thee fruit divine in heaven's immortal
bowers.

—*Carlos Wilcox.*

Never are kind acts done
To wipe the weeping eyes,
But, like flashes of the sun,
They signal to the skies ;
And up above the angels read
How we have helped the sorer need.

—*Henry Burton.*

Thou shalt reap of that thou sowest, though the
grain be small and bare,
God shall clothe it as He pleases, for the harvest
full and fair.

—*F. R. Havergal.*

The Rochester Female Charitable Society.

The annual meeting of this Society was held on Tuesday afternoon, November 2d, in the Guild room of St. Luke's church. The opening devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. Edward Hart, and the following officers elected :

Trustees—Mr. Wm. N. Sage, Mr. Oscar Craig, Mr. Wm. H. Ward, Mr. Frederick A. Whittlesey, Mr. George E. Mumford, Mr. M. F. Reynolds.

President—Mrs. Oscar Craig.

First Vice-President—Mrs. Freeman Clarke.

Second Vice-President—Mrs. Aldolphus Morse.

Third Vice-President—Mrs. W. C. Rowley.

Secretary—Mrs. Arthur Robinson.

Treasurer—Mrs. H. P. Brewster.

Directresses, collectors, and more than ninety visitors were appointed.

The following report, being the sixty-fourth annual report, was read by the Secretary, Mrs. Arthur Robinson :

LADIES : In reviewing the work of the past year, we have only the same old record to present of suffering and want among the sick poor of our city, to relieve which our society has sought to minister in its quiet and unobtrusive way. In the brief summary of an Annual Report, it is impossible to give more than a general idea of our work, and of the necessities that have appealed to us at every monthly meeting. These stories of illness and poverty are often full of pathetic interest, and we have endeavored to render aid to those who suffer, as wisely and generously as was in our power ; assisting the poor to take care of their own sick, in their own homes, as far as possible. Relief has been given in the numerous ways that seemed best suited to the various conditions. Nourishing food has been supplied where it was needed, or clothing for bed and body. We have paid what was necessary to secure some one to care for those who were too ill to do for themselves ; often furnishing some small equivalent to a member of the family, whose daily labor must be temporarily suspended, in order to wait upon the invalid. In various ways we have brought comfort and cheer to many who have expressed the deepest gratitude for the timely aid, which has sustained the hope and courage which otherwise might have failed them.

All cases have come under the personal observation of our visitors, and been presented by them at each monthly meeting. During the past year about four hundred sick persons have been assisted, a number of them for many weeks. Over sixty cases have sometimes been reported at a single meeting, and all have been individually considered and acted upon by the board of managers. These meetings have been well attended, an average of forty having been present each month, though many of the days were unfortunately remarkable for severe cold, heat or storm. But for our faith in the bounty which has sustained this good work during sixty-four years, we might almost lose heart sometimes over the low condition of our treasury.

In looking back upon the year we acknowledge with gratitude that death has removed from us none of our active members, though two of our former fellow-workers have been called to their reward. Mrs. Dr. Hilem Bennett was connected with the society at an early day, having served either as directress or visitor from 1850 until about three years since, when her daughter took her place. In May last her summons came without a moment's warning, but her consistent Christian living had made no preparation needful. In June, Miss Fannie C. Alling entered into rest. She was a faithful visitor in the society from 1868 until 1883. Ever responsive to the calls of duty, of sympathy and of charity, her pathway through life was luminous with good works and loving devotion to the cause of the Master.

In entering upon the work of another year, we remember that we have never pleaded our cause in vain, and we hope and believe that our friends of the past will be mindful of our present necessities. In our acknowledgements of aid received during the year, we would express our gratitude for the donation of \$100 from the estate of the late Mr. Alvah Strong, our appreciation of the work done for us by the ladies of the Presbyterian church of Scottsville, and our obligations to St. Luke's church for allowing us the use of the Guild Room as a place of meeting. To the press of the city for the free use of its columns, to Mr. Ezra H. Andrews for printing, and to all who have assisted us in any way we offer our sincere thanks. Respectfully submitted,

JANE H. ROBINSON.

This was followed by the report of the Treasurer, Mrs. H. P. Brewster.

Cash on hand Nov. 1, 1885.....	\$2,170 01
Individual donations.....	1,545 30
Interest on investments.....	1,100 00
Interest on investments in hands of trustees.....	511 09
Interest on Pancost legacy.....	81 00
Interest on bank deposits.....	61 22
Ward collections.....	469 10
Church collections.....	267 29
Total.....	\$6,205 01

DISBURSEMENTS.

Orders paid.....	\$4,470 00
Paid for dry goods.....	64 12
Expenses of appeal.....	13 05
E. R. Andrews, for printing.....	11 10
Stationery, postage and express.....	5 00
Cash on hand Nov. 1, 1886.....	1,641 74
Total.....	\$6,205 01

Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Secretary of the Board of Lady Managers of the Rochester City Hospital, then read the following twenty-second annual report of the City Hospital :

Why do the managers of the Rochester City Hospital make an annual report to the Female Charitable Society ? is a question often asked.

For the benefit of those who have not long been residents of our city, we will revert to the early days of our Hospital work.

In 1863, twenty-three years ago, the trustees of the Hospital made a proposition to the Female Charitable Society, to transfer to them the building, which was then only the center portion of what the Hospital now is, if they would raise the funds and take in charge the oversight of the Hospital. Knowing as they did, from the reports of visitors of the great necessity of a place where the sick might have proper nursing with medical attendance, with clean and comfortable beds, they gladly accepted the offer and a committee of sixteen ladies was appointed, as a board of managers,

"who should elect their own officers, fill all vacancies occurring by resignation, removals and death, and make an annual report to the Charitable Society."

The ladies entered most heartily upon their duties, and the response to their appeals was so generous from individuals and churches that the Hospital was opened in February, 1864, just four months after their appointment. To some this may seem a trite and needless statement, but to many the origin of the Hospital is unknown, and hence the question, "Why do we make these reports?"

We have no new theme, but the oft-repeated list of blessings and mercies, sickness and suffering, wants and necessities, and the trials and struggles to know how to meet them. We feel that thus springing from your society and as a child walking by the mother's side for so many years, we gladly tell you of the work which is and has been done, year after year hoping for a word or smile of commendation for what has met with approval, and kind excuses and criticisms wherein we have done amiss.

Our blessings, how can we enumerate them? A year had not passed before the addition of the east wing was rendered necessary, as the Hospital was outgrown. 118 patients and 283 sick and wounded soldiers, on their return from the battle fields, filled to overflowing the Hospital. Then were heard suggestions of another wing. To quote from the Hospital Review of February, 1865: "We have one wing, and if our citizens would just come and see how odd the Hospital looks with only *one* wing, and think how fine it would look with two wings, they would subscribe liberally for another. Then came "\$2 for a feather of the wing;" then "\$4 for another feather to make a wing;" then "1,000 bricks;" then "another thousand;" and so the wing was built. And yet more room was needed and a Mansard was raised, with nine private rooms; steam heating, to render the Hospital more comfortable for the sick; an elevator—such a blessing to the feeble invalids and the weary workers upon their rounds of duty;—the morgue; the pavilions, so much needed for cases which must be isolated, or could not be received; the endowed beds, of which there are six. The Female Charitable Society was the first to endow a bed.

The Fireman's Benevolent Association endowed the second for the benefit of their members. Mrs. W. S. Nichols of New York and Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins of Rochester, daughters of the late Aaron Erickson, gave \$5,000 for the endowment of a perpetual free bed in memory of their father. A marble tablet inscribed, "The Erickson Free Bed," is placed in the Female Medical Ward. A fourth free bed by the payment of \$5,000 by Mr. John Greenwood was also endowed. In the main hall of the Hospital is placed a tablet of brass, in form of a Greek cross, on which is the following inscription: "Free Bed, endowed in perpetuity by John Greenwood, 1883. All things come of Thee, and of Thine own have we given Thee," The Children's Cot, by a gift of \$3,000, was endowed. A memorial tablet of brass, presented by Mrs. John H. Brewster, is placed on the

wall of the Children's Pavilion, between the Boys' and Girls' Ward, bearing the following inscription:

CHILDREN'S COT,
Endowed by children and their friends.
1877—1888.

"He shall gather the lambs in His arm, and carry them in His bosom."

This fund was commenced in 1877, and entirely raised by 1883. Between these dates is the Chi Rho, the earliest monogram of Christ, formed from the first two letters of that name in Greek.

"The George J. Whitney Bed."—By a bequest of the late Mrs. Whitney (a most efficient and valued member of the Board of Managers) a bed was endowed in memory of her husband.

To maintain a free bed for a year in the Children's Pavilion Miss H. S. Mumford gave \$200.

The fund for the Children's Pavilion was started in December, 1883, and the building was formally opened in February, 1886. The beds and rooms were named by those who furnished them, or in memory of little ones, some of whom have entered into the fold of the Good Shepherd. The "Julia and Edith" Room, furnished by Miss Julia Robinson and Miss Edith Peck, is a gem; as also the "Paul Room," an aunt's tribute for a pet nephew. The "Maleva room," was named from the initials of the names of the little ones who furnished it. In the wards we have the "Jamie and Cora Laney Bed," the "Arthur and Howard L. Yates Bed," the "Freeman Clarke Webb Bed," the "Wentworth Bed," the "Marguerita Bed," "Three Little Maids," the "Rosalinda," the "Isabel," the "Stella," the "Helena," and the Children's Cot, with others not yet named.

A choice collection of books was presented by Mrs. John Durand—the nucleus of a children's library. A private room was furnished by Dr. Whitbeck in the Pavilion, and one in the west wing by Mrs. W. L. Halsey. The Children's Pavilion marks an era in our present year's work. The corner-stone was laid July 31, 1885, and February 11, 1886, it was formally opened, and is now occupied by the little ones. The hearts of all who love children (and who does not?) are rejoiced to see these sick, deformed and crippled children made so comfortable by the various appliances (which a hospital can alone supply) and medical attendance, with kind and careful nursing.

There is still a debt of \$4,057.27 due to free this Pavilion from debt. Contributions will be most thankfully received, and may be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, treasurer of this fund, or to any of the managers.

The mite boxes still bring in their small offerings, but by numbers have reached thousands of dollars, since first proposed by Mrs. George J. Whitney in 1875, and have furnished many comforts.

The "Training School for Nurses" was opened September, 1880. Since then 366 applications have been made for admission; 70 have been received; 4 were declined after probation; 3 have been dismissed; 11 have resigned; 3 have died; 28 have graduated, and 21 are now employed in the Hospital. We regret that we

are unable to supply the demand for trained nurses but there have been so many very sick patients the past year in the Hospital that it has been impossible.

This is an expensive portion of our work, but our citizens are reaping the benefits of the school, as most of the graduates are employed in the city and give general satisfaction.

Miss Isabel Casson entered the school in May, 1885, and after fifteen months had expired she was taken sick in August, 1886, but supposed to be convalescing, when she was suddenly attacked with a convulsion and died instantly September 5th.

We have been called to mourn the loss of a member of our Board, a most efficient and earnest worker, Mrs. A. D. Smith, for two years or more a patient sufferer, bowing with submission to the will of God until her rest came—"the sweet rest of Heaven."

"Ye've borne the burden of the day,
And hear ye not the Savior say—
'I am your refuge and your rest.'"

Seven hundred and eighty-two persons have received the benefits of the Hospital during the past year. 550 were natives of the United States; England and Canada 39 each; Germany and Ireland 66 each; Switzerland, Sweden, Poland, Scotland, Austria, Holland and France have also been represented. 174 were patients entirely supported by charity—9,418 days. For the city patients we receive \$3.50 per week for the first three months, after that only \$1.75. County patients only \$2.00.

The Hospital Review closed its twenty-second year in July. We regret that its circulation is not more extended, as it gives monthly accounts of the Hospital work and its needs, which are not yet all supplied. A laundry is a crying need, and an ophthalmic pavilion is, perhaps, the greatest necessity, where those whose eyes are darkened by disease can be treated.

The Annual Donation Festival will be held Thursday and Friday, December 2d and 3d, at the Washington street rink, during the day and evening. We most earnestly invite all to aid us, by their presence and gifts, in our work. A more than empty treasury calls loudly for aid. It has never yet called in vain, and we trust our friends will not fail us now. "If thou hast much, give plenteously: if thou hast little, do thy diligence to give of that little."

C. E. MATHEWS, Cor. Sec.

Nov. 2d, 1886.

The Flower Mission.

The annual meeting of St. Luke's Church Flower Mission was held in the Guild Room, Saturday, November 6th. During the year 3550 bouquets were made and sent to the City Hospital, Church Home, Poor House, and to the sick of the parish. On Christmas and Easter, flowers and a card were given to each patient in the Hospital.

As the result of a special appeal, one week fourteen baskets of fruit were donated, which was distributed in the City Hospital, Church Home, Poor House, and to individual sick.

The members of the Flower Mission, and I am sure all who are interested in the Hospital will join us, wish to express our hearty thanks to Messrs. White Bros. for their generous donations of flowers each week through the summer. Any who may wish to help in this work can become either active or contributing members by paying the annual fee of twenty-five cents.

To appreciate the good done in this Mission one need only go into the wards of the Hospital, on any Saturday, and see the brightness and pleasure which these flowers bring to the sick and suffering.

KATHARINE R. MONTGOMERY, *Secy.*

Oysters on the Half Shell.

Select a dozen of the largest, freshest, and most highly flavored oysters, as you would for a fry. Both shells being washed very clean, place shell and all, one by one in the pan with the round shell down, now place in an oven. Pretty soon you will see the shells slightly open. When this takes place remove the pan from the oven, remove the top shell very carefully, and see to it especially that you retain as much as possible of the oyster juice. Deposit on each oyster a piece of the freshest and sweetest table butter; also a little cracker dust and a pinch of salt. Now return again to the oven in the lower shell for from fifteen to twenty minutes. When cooked do not empty into any dish, but eat directly from the oyster shell, squeezing on a few drops of the juice of a fresh yellow-bright lemon.—*The Caterer.*

Domestication softens the whole organic structure. In the feathered species the feathering is not so dense nor as hard as on the wild fowl.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOV. 15, 1886.

Annual Festival.

The Donation Festival of the Rochester City Hospital will be held at the rink on North Washington street, Thursday and Friday, December 2d and 3d, 1886, during the day and evening.

The Lady Managers extend to all our citizens and those of the neighboring towns, a cordial invitation to aid us in this benevolent work. We look to the gentlemen as well as ladies and children for encouragement, and by their presence and gifts, to manifest their interest in this labor of love. We hope to see them, one and all. The refreshment tables will be furnished with the choicest and most palatable viands, dainties and luxuries to be procured. Dinner will be served from 12 M.; supper from 5 P M.

The fancy tables will afford an opportunity for the purchase of Christmas and New Years gifts, and will be under the charge of Miss A. S. Mumford, 139 Troup street.

Articles for the Children's Pavilion Table will be thankfully received by Mrs. Charles H. Angel, 87 East Ave.

Mrs. W. S. Kimball will have the care of the flower and candy table.

Mrs. Johnston will take charge of the mite boxes—to her the old ones may be returned and from her new ones procured.

Subscriptions for the HOSPITAL REVIEW may be made to Mrs. Robert Mathews; also, donations for the Children's Pavilion.

Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, the treasurer, will be happy to secure the cash donations for the expenses of the Hospital. The managers trust that all will cheerfully give for this object donations as they are able.

Donations for any of these objects may be sent to any of the lady managers :

- | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|
| Mrs. M. Strong, | Mrs. W. H. Perkins, |
| Mrs. M. M. Mathews, | Mrs. D. B. Beach, |
| Mrs. Freeman Clarke, | Mrs. H. H. Morse, |
| Mrs. J. H. Brewster, | Mrs. H. F. Smith, |
| Mrs. Clark Johnston, | Miss A. S. Mumford, |
| Mrs. Myron Adams, | Miss A. E. M. Wild, |
| Mrs. M. Landsberg, | Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, |
| Mrs. L. S. Chapin, | Miss A. S. Hamilton, |
| Mrs. J. Anstice, | Miss Lois Whitney, |
| Mrs. Oscar Craig, | Mrs. James C. Hart. |

Evening Entertainment.

We are pleased to state that the "Mikado" will be given for the benefit of the Hospital, and Mr. Dellon M. Dewey, Jr., will assume the direction of it. He will enlist the services of the best amateur talent of the city, and with a fine chorus, complete orchestra under the able direction of Mr. Richard Lansing, appropriate scenery and costumes, Mr. Dewey hopes to give one of the most delightful entertainments ever given here by amateurs, and this will be assured when we remember the charming performances of "Patience," "Iolanthe," and the "Princess Ida." Gilbert and Sullivan have given the world such pleasant music and capital dialogue in their bright operas, that it is a pleasure always to listen to them. Full particulars with dates, etc., will be given as soon as possible in the daily papers.

Fancy and Useful Articles.

Miss Mumford, 139 Troup Street, and Mrs. C. H. Angel, 87 East Avenue, will be happy to receive any contributions to their tables at their homes before donation days and on those days at the rink. Anything and everything in the line of needle work will be acceptable. Fancy work or anything useful, or appropriate for Christmas gifts, will be welcomed.

Additional Annual Subscription.

- By Mrs. Perkins,
- Mrs. Dr. Stoddard, \$ 5 00
- Legacy from the late Henry Wandcke, . . . 386 23
- MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Tres.

Donation Days.

Many of the charitable organizations of the city have recently made their annual appeals and received generous responses from our benevolent citizens. The amount needed to carry on the multitudinous departments of the Hospital is so much greater than that required by most of our other charities, that we trust an appreciative public will proportion their gifts to our wants.

We come before our citizens with heavy debts resting upon the society, with pressing needs for the present and future, and with no ability to retrench, without materially crippling the usefulness of the City Hospital. Till our Hospital is largely endowed, our prosperity must be measured by the contributions of the beneficent.

As we enlarge our borders, and increase our facilities for arresting and conquering disease, our expenses are increased proportionately. High studded, well ventilated apartments are often as conducive to health, and of as vital importance to the invalid as the prescription of the medical adviser. But to keep these properly heated consumes a vast amount of coal, and this one item makes a larger draught upon our treasury, than that of almost any other article used in the Hospital.

Formerly persons with contagious diseases, that required isolation, could not, in justice to other patients, be received at the Hospital. Now these are treated in separate pavilions, with nurses who are excluded from the other parts of the Hospital, and when the pavilions are vacated they are thoroughly disinfected. This costs something.

An elevator is a great help to hospital inmates, but it will not run itself.

Our trained nurses are initiated into the delicate mysteries that soothe, alleviate and strengthen the weak, nervous invalid. Massage, Swedish movements, and rest cure, were unheard of by most of us till within a

few years. Our Training School for Nurses is a great comfort to the Hospital inmates, and a blessing to the community at large, but we have not room enough to accommodate a sufficient number of pupils to supply the needs of the Hospital, and also, by meeting outside demands to render the school a self-supporting branch of Hospital work. Most gratifying testimony comes to us from those who have welcomed our nurses into their homes, as angels of mercy in time of need, and did our means and accommodations justify it, we should like largely to increase this department, but this is also expensive.

Our Children's Pavilion has enabled us to welcome and care for helpless infant children, who could never have been received into the general Hospital. A little child, eighteen months old, who died the last month of chronic meningitis, would have suffered untold anguish, under ordinary conditions, but for months it was tenderly and skilfully nursed in the Hospital, and made as comfortable as possible, with the most favorable surroundings. Another little one who was rendered helpless by a fall from a chair, and still another a martyr to rickets, are being blessed by our Children's Pavilion,

Where shall we commence retrenchments? We plead for the children, the sick, the maimed and the helpless, and we trust our cry will reach the ears, and the hearts, and the purses, of those who will enable us, as almoners of their bounty, to meet the needs of the suffering, and to make the City Hospital in the future, as it has been in the past, a Bethesda, a house of mercy, in the community.

We trust that our young friends will rally around us on Donation Day and bring their offerings for the Children's Pavilion table fund. We need now \$4,047.92 to free us from debt. Bring your gifts for the Pavilion Table and your offerings for the fund.

Hospital Inmates.

Some of the invalids keep posted on what is going on in the great world outside the City Hospital, and when last we visited it, while the citizens of West avenue were preparing for the opening on the evening of November 4th, in commemoration of the completion of the asphalt pavement, the children were looking forward with great pleasure to the carrying out of the programme announced in the morning papers. Some of the boys, posted on high seats, were evidently enjoying the bustle of preparation, and a settee near the West avenue entrance to the grounds indicated that somebody intended having a comfortable seat to witness the spectacle.

Within the Hospital order and quiet reigned. Of the eighteen patients in the Male Medical Ward, five were confined to their cots. Two patients who had recovered from typhoid fever had been discharged and left the Hospital in excellent condition; a third, convalescing from typhoid fever, would leave in a few days. Another typhoid fever patient who had been very sick was slowly gaining, and a fifth was still very sick. Three eye patients were progressing well. One man had a diseased heart; one, ulceration of the bowels; another was convalescing from pleuropneumonia. The eczema patient changed but little. One man, on his cot with bandaged eyes, had had a cataract removed a few days before. A brother of Minnie Bryant had died of consumption. He was in the Hospital only about a week.

Sixteen were under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward, six of whom were confined to their cots. One of these had a fractured thigh, two had sprained ankles, two were suffering from ulcerated limbs, one had had a cataract removed. The man from Fairport whose back was broken by being thrown from and run over by a grain wagon, after much suffering had died from exhaustion. The man whose gangrenous limb

had been amputated below the knee had so far recovered as to be walking about on crutches. The aged patient who broke his limb at the four corners was so well that he went to the polls on election day. The boy with ulcers on his thigh was in about the same condition as when last reported; in pleasant weather he is out of doors most of the time. He attempted to go to school but had to give this up. He tries to study at the Hospital. A man whose thigh and arm were cut off about a month since is doing finely. He was injured in the railroad yards, and it was feared he could not survive, but he is fast recovering.

Eleven were receiving care in the Female Medical Ward; four of these were confined all the time to their beds. Some of these were troubled with rheumatism, others were consumptives, who were made very comfortable by Hospital treatment. One young woman, who was evidently near her end, called forth a good deal of interest and sympathy.

Two of the ten patients in the Female Surgical Ward kept their cots. One of these was suffering from a sore limb, the other from an injured spine. One woman, a few days previous, had had a cataract removed. The woman who had been eight months in the Hospital, receiving treatment for broken hip, had returned home. When she left she could get about with the use of crutches. One patient was convalescing from diabetes. *Grossmutter* was in usual condition. Tilly had had another piece of diseased flesh removed from her arm, and the wound was rapidly healing.

The Little Folks.

Three boys we found stationed near the West avenue gate eagerly watching the preparations for the evening exhibition, when West avenue was to be illuminated and thronged in commemoration of the completion of the asphalt pavement. One had seated himself on a post and the others

were near by. They evidently intended to take in all that was to be seen. Max was amusing himself indoors. He had for a time dispensed with crutches and plaster of Paris jacket, and was one of a group of three who were amusing themselves with slate and pencil, each seeing who could write best. One of the three was Joseph O'Neill, the little boy seven years old, who broke his collar bone and hip by falling from a chestnut tree, more than a month since. The little fellow looked very comfortable, though he still had weights attached to his leg. His arm, in consequence of the broken collar bone, was quite weak. His mother sat by him. The third child who was using the slate and pencil was Maud Henderson, whose limb was encased in a plaster of Paris mould. One of the tendons of her leg had been cut, with a hope of straightening her crooked limb that was injured by falling from a swing.

A pretty picture greeted us as we entered the Girls' Ward. Three little ones were playing together, one seated in a rocking-chair, the others creeping about on the soft, warm rugs, with picture books, dolls and playthings about them. One of this trio was Kitty Johnson, the little girl who injured her hip by a fall from a chair; she seemed cheerful, playful and happy. Another of these was Sarah Hollerhan, not quite three years old, who came to the Hospital a short time since with weak eyes; these looked well. The third was Joseph Walsh, a little fellow two years old, who came to the Hospital on the 21st of October afflicted with rickets, caused probably by faulty nutrition. He could not walk, kept his bed most of the time, and cried incessantly, making night and day hideous by his music. Now he plays, is fast improving, and evidently likes his quarters. In the corner of the Girls' Ward, in the Rosalinda bed, was little Sarah Thomas, the colored child with curved spine, who is failing rapidly. She is very thin, and the bright,

pleasant smile with which she always greeted her friends has gone. A mosquito netting protected her from the flies, and pictures, toys and crackers in the form of animals were around her, but she felt too uncomfortable to notice them much. She has lost a great deal of flesh, and we trust ere long she will be welcomed to the upper fold. Theodocia Banta, who has been with us many months, has gone home to her mother. Sarah Jacobs, eighteen months old, who came to us some time since with chronic meningitis, has died. There was never any hope of her recovery; her disease was incurable; but the little thing was made as comfortable while she lived, as was possible for one so sorely afflicted.

In the Nursery were four babies, the youngest a week old.

We have had an unusually large number of children come to us the past month in almost a dying condition. Early in the month George Cram, who was brought to the Hospital with his leg nearly severed from his body, having, while riding on a freight car, fallen off, and been run over by eight cars, survived the amputation of his leg only about two hours. Rachel White, thirteen years old, only lived three days after she was brought to the Pavilion. A little boy whose mother was very sick and had a young infant, was brought in very sick with diphtheria, and only lived two days. These little ones had passed beyond the power of human aid to save them, but the faithful physicians and kind nurses did all they could to make their last days comfortable.

The following note indicates the interest one of our young friends feels in our work:

NIAGARA FALLS, Oct. 26. 1886.

My Dear Mrs. Mathews:

I send you one dollar that I have earned for the Children's Pavilion. I hope to send more this winter.

Yours truly,

NANNETTE R. DELANO.

The Pavilion Fund.

We are glad to find so many of our young friends are filling the dime cards and sending brick money for the Pavilion Fund.

We hope special efforts will be made by *all the little folks*, so that when on Donation Day we report the condition of the fund, we shall be able to say that only a small sum is needed to "free the building from the blemish of a debt." Any children desiring dime cards can obtain them from Mrs. Robert Mathews, and every dime card that is returned to her filled with names, enables her to cross off one square from the chart that hangs at the hospital, indicating the condition of the fund.

If the children this month send in \$47.92 that will leave a debt of just \$4.00.

New Books.

We have received some valuable additions to our library from Mrs. Charles E. Fitch and Mrs. W. H. Mathews. The former has sent us twelve bound and thirteen unbound volumes, and the latter twenty-one bound and eleven unbound volumes. We saw some of these as they were being catalogued, and they looked very readable, containing works of history, poetry, fiction and miscellany. They will be very entertaining to our invalids.

It is marvellous with how little confusion the house-cleaning is carried on at the Hospital. We recently found Miss Hebbard putting the finishing touches on the nurses' bedrooms, and Miss Markham regulating the Male Medical Ward, and all seemed to go on like clockwork. The gift of accomplishing results without confusion is a most valuable one in those responsible for Hospital work.

This year, for the first time, we invite our friends to meet us at the rink on Washington street. Our latch string will be out for two days and we hope to be liberally patronized. We have plenty of room to welcome all our rooms.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Mrs. James Mandeville, Albion	\$.50
Florence A. Clark	1.00
Nannette R. Delano, Niagara Falls...	1.00
Miss Nellie J. Beaman, Gates, card 96	1.10
Libbie R. Messenger25
Florence M. Messenger25
Card 101	1.00
Edith Scales, card 112	1.00
Lizzie Eloise Tanner	1.00
P. R. Sanderson, card 110.	2.25

Receipts for the month	\$ 9.35
Previously acknowledged	2,442.73
	<hr/>
	\$2,452.08

We still require \$4,047.92 to complete the last payment on the Children's Pavilion, and free the building from the blemish of a debt. Contributions are urgently solicited, and should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the Fund.

Receipts for the Review.

OCTOBER, 1886.

Mrs. Wm. Aikenhead, by Mrs. C. E. Converse	\$.62
Mrs. Butterfield, Prairie Du Chien, Wis., 50 cents; Mrs. Geo. H. Sickles, Jr., Albion, 50 cents, by Miss F. Hebbard	1.00
William Eastwood, adv., \$5.00; James Vick, adv., \$10.00, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews	15.00
Mrs. J. T. Briggs, 62 cents; Mrs. G. Brady, 62 cents; Miss E. D. Brown, 62 cents; Miss Cogswell, 62 cents; Mrs. J. M. Davy, 62 cents; Mrs. E. S. Ellwanger, 62 cents; Mrs. George Ellwanger, 62 cents; Miss M. E. Gilman, 62 cents; Miss C. Howard, 62 cents; Rev. F. S. Hyde, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Howe, 62 cents; Mrs. W. P. Lamb, 62 cents; Mrs. G. E. Ripson, 62 cents; Mrs. E. O. Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. C. F. Weaver, 62 cents; by Miss Hattie Smith	9.30
Mrs. H. G. Baker, Geneseo, \$1.00; Mrs. Delia Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. John Ganson, Buffalo, \$1.00; Mrs. W. J. Humphrey, Warsaw, \$1.00; Mr. A. Hamilton, Livonia Station, \$1.00; Mrs. R. Messenger, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Patterson, Parkdale, Ont., \$1.00; Mrs. F. H. Wilson, Albion, \$1.00; by Treasurer	7.24

MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treas.,
96 Spring street.

Among the contributions to our dime cards, we find one filled with the names of ten Chinese men who have each contributed ten cents to our Pavilion, and one of them has written in Chinese characters their names and gifts.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 5, 1886, George Cram, aged 13 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 7, 1886, infant of Mrs. Kate Pitts.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 12, 1886, of Myelitis, James H. Stutson, aged 42 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 13, 1886, of Acute Phthisis, Wm. Bryant, aged 29 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 16, 1886, Rachel I. White, aged 13 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 20, 1886, Joseph Roper, aged 32 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 28, 1886, Bradley Gragion, of diphtheria, aged 12 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 29, 1886, of Chronic Meningitis, Sarah Jacobs, aged 18 months.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Oct. 1st, 1886.....	94
“ received during month.....	66
“ births during month	3
	163
Number discharged during month.....	58
“ deaths during month	8
“ remaining Nov. 1st, 1886	97
	163

Donations for October, 1886.

- Rev. Dr. Gracey, reading matter.
- Pansy Pamphlets, from Perry.
- Mrs. A. Erickson, basket of pears, 2 of grapes.
- Mrs. E. N. Buell, old cotton.
- Master Fritz Ward, *Youth's Companion*.
- St. Luke's Flower Mission, 2 baskets of grapes.
- Mrs. Clinton Rogers, pears and quinces.
- Mrs. Stedman, second hand shirts
- Mrs. Freeman Clarke, 2 barrels and 1 bushel of pears.
- Mrs. R. T. French, 12 cans of fruit.
- Mrs. J. Anstice, infants' clothing.
- Mrs. W. H. Perkins, 1 basket of quinces.
- Mrs. D. Dewey, reading matter.
- W. H. Benjamin, 2 bushels of quinces.
- Miss Saxton, bushel of grapes.
- Miss Anna Wild, basket of pears.
- Mrs. Chas Ford, reading matter.
- Cecile Kimball, flowers for little Sarah.
- Miss Lois Whitney, bushel of quinces.
- W. T. Bassett, old cotton.
- St. Luke's Mission, fruit and flowers.
- Mrs. Chas. E. Fitch, 12 bound and 13 unbound books.
- Mrs. W. H. Mathews, 21 bound and 11 unbound books.
- Mrs. Gilman Perkins, peptonising tubes.

Charles G. Steele, M. D., and J. H. Hatwell, M. D., have recently come to the Hospital as senior and junior house officers.

The Tools of Animals.

Animals do not know enough to make their own tools, as man can, and God has given them ready-made ones. The tail of the fish is his sculling oar. He moves it first on one side and then the other, using his fins as balances to guide his motion. If the fish moves fast and wants to stop, he straightens out his fins just as the rower of a boat does his oars.

A man makes a tool for drilling wood but the woodpecker has a drill in his own bill, and when he drills holes in the trees in search of food you can hear the click of his tool just as you would the man's. This drill of the woodpecker's has another tool inside, a sort of insect catcher. On the end is a bony thorn with sharp teeth like barbs on a fish hook. As he works and finds an insect, he opens the drill and sends out this barbed tongue, and draws it into his mouth.

Some animals have tools to dig with. The hen digs for herself and her chickens. The pig uses his snout and roots away under the mud. The elephant uses his strong tusks, and the queer underground galleries of the mole are made with the heavy claws with which he plows and digs. The woodchuck too is a great digger. His hind feet are shovels to dig the hole where he lives, and the beaver uses his broad flat tail as the mason does his trowel, spattering and smoothing the mud with it, as he builds the walls of his cabin, while his sharp, powerful teeth are his saws, with which he gnaws off large branches of trees to build his dams. There is no limit to God's power in supplying the needs of the creatures He has made.—Christian at Work.

God gives us love, something to love,
He lends us, but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it throve
Falls off, and love is left alone.

—Tennyson.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.—*Basil.*

Perfect Trust.

We have seldom seen the idea of perfect trust better illustrated than in the following touching incident of a little daughter's trust in her father. They were travelling together, and in order to reach their home it was necessary for them to travel all night. When it became too dark for them to look out of the windows, and the lamps were lighted inside, the father laid aside the little girl's hat, and spread out cloaks and shawls, said, Now we will rest.' But a little troubled face peeped out upon the strange scene, a mist was gathering in those blue eyes, and the cheery tone of voice changed to a very plaintive one as she asked 'Father how can we go to bed here?'

'This is your bed, darling, he said drawing her to his heart, and a warm one you will always find it.' And then he tucked her in so carefully, that in place of what had been a little girl, there seemed only a great bundle of shawls.

But every now and then there was a movement inside the bundle, and a voice would say 'O father, I am afraid to go to sleep here!' Then the father reminded her that he was taking care of her and would do so all night. So at last soothed by this assurance and worn out by unwonted fatigue, she fell asleep. When she opened her eyes again, after what seemed to her only a few minutes, the sun was shining brightly. The train stopped, and there just in sight was her own dear home. She could even see her dear mother standing in the open door, with arms outstretched to welcome back her loved ones. After the kisses were over, the mother asked 'And so my little girl has been travelling all night? Did she find it a long and weary time?'

'O no, mother, not at all. I had such a good sleep, and father watched over me all night. Only think of it! All night, mother, he watched over me. At first I was afraid to go to sleep in that strange place, but he told me to lean against him and shut my eyes and

rest easily, for he would stay awake and take care of me. So I crept close to him, and before I knew it, I was really and truly sound asleep; and dear father stayed awake and took care of me all night. How I do love him for it!'

Then the mother, with the love light beaming from her eyes, told her child of that heavenly Father who watches over each of His children, not only one, but every night of their lives. The words were so impressed upon that little girl's mind, that she still remembers them now she has grown to womanhood, and never lies down to sleep without the glad feeling 'My Father will awake to watch over me.'—*Christian at Work.*

Ancient Dentistry.

In many skulls from Roman and Etruscan tombs Dr. Marter of Rome has discovered interesting specimens of ancient dentistry and artificial teeth. These latter are in most cases carved out of the teeth of some large animal, and in many instances are fastened to the natural teeth by bands of gold. No filled teeth have been discovered. The skulls examined date back as far as the sixth century B. C., and prove that toothache and the art of dentistry are by no means modern institutions.

E. V. Stoddard, M. D., and W. S. Ely, M. D.

It is with great pleasure we welcome back to our city and Hospital the physicians whose gratuitous labors have so long blessed our Hospital. The former, during his long absence, has visited the prominent European hospitals, and promises us the benefits of some of his copious notes of travel.

"Think not alone of what the Lord has taken,
Thou, whom His love has of some great joy
bereft;

But in the moment thou art most forsaken
Think what his love has left.

For the dear life of such remembered sweetness
Lived close with thine, thy life must be more
sweet.

And for the spirit ripened to completeness
Thine must be more complete."

THE CENTURY

For 1886-87.

THE CENTURY is an illustrated monthly magazine, having a regular circulation of about two hundred thousand copies, often reaching and sometimes exceeding two hundred and twenty-five thousand. Chief among its many attractions for the coming year is a serial which has been in active preparation for sixteen years. It is a history of our own country in its most critical time, as set forth in

THE LIFE OF LINCOLN,

By His Confidential Secretaries, John G. Nicolay and Col. John Hay.

This great work, begun with the sanction of President Lincoln, and continued under the authority of his son, the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, is the only full and authoritative record of the life of Abraham Lincoln. Its authors were friends of Lincoln before his presidency; they were most intimately associated with him as private secretaries throughout his term of office, and to them were transferred upon Lincoln's death all his private papers. Here will be told the in-side history of the civil war and of President Lincoln's administration,—important details of which have hitherto remained unrevealed, that they might appear in this authentic history. By reason of the publication of this work,

THE WAR SERIES,

which has been followed with unflagging interest by a great audience, will occupy less space during the coming year. Gettysburg will be described by Gen. Hunt (Chief of the Union Artillery), Gen. Longstreet, Gen. E. M. Law, and others; Chickamauga, by Gen. D. H. Hill; Sherman's March to the Sea, by Generals Howard and Slocum. Generals O. A. Gillmore, Wm. F. Smith, John Gibbon, Horace Porter, and John S. Mosby will describe special battles and incidents. Stories of naval engagements, prison life, etc., will appear.

NOVELS AND STORIES.

"The Hundredth Man," a novel by Frank R. Stockton, author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" etc., begins in November. Two novelettes by George W. Cable stories by Mary Hallock Foote, "Uncle Remus," Julian Hawthorne, Edward Eggleston, and other prominent American authors will be printed during the year.

SPECIAL FEATURES

(with illustrations) include a series of articles on affairs in Russia and Siberia, by George Kenna, author of "Tent Life in Siberia," who has just returned from a most eventful visit to Siberian prisons; papers on the Food Question, with reference to its bearing on the Labor Problem; English Cathedrals; Dr. Eggleston's Religious Life in the American Colonies; Men and Women of Queen Anne's Reign, by Mrs. Oliphant; Clairvoyance, Spiritualism, Astrology, etc., by the Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., editor of the *Christian Advocate*; astronomical papers; articles throwing light on Bible history, etc.

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"THE IDEAL MAGAZINE"

for young people is what the papers call St. NICHOLAS. Do you know about it,—how good it is, how clean and pure and helpful? If there are any boys or girls in your house will you not try a number, or try it for a year, and see if it isn't just the element you need in the household? The *London Times* has said, "We have nothing like it on this side." Here are some leading features of

ST NICHOLAS

for 1886-87.

STORIES by LOUISA M. ALCOTT and FRANK R. STOCKTON,—several by each author.

A SHORT SERIAL STORY by MRS. BURNETT, whose charming "Little Lord Fauntleroy" has been a great feature in the past year of St. Nicholas.

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DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1886.

No. 5

Donation Days.

The long looked for, anxiously awaited days have come and gone; hope has been changed to fruition and faith to sight. Charity has thrown open her banquet hall, welcomed her guests, and her priestesses at her altars have received the offerings of our beneficent citizens. The rich men have brought from their abundance, the widow has cast in her mite, the children have proved their zeal, and as a crowning gift a sister has sent a generous donation to our Endowment Fund, in memory of a beloved brother.

Never before have so many of our citizens co-operated to make our annual festival a success, and most gratefully do we welcome our new efficient helpers, the German ladies

and those of St. Andrew's, the Park Avenue Baptist and the Unitarian churches, and of the Bazaar of Perfume, and our young friends, the Busy Bees.

With many misgivings the Managers announced a new reception hall; to them, a donation festival in Powers' Building was a guarantee of success, and a new departure might prove a failure; but our loyal patrons, in spite of chilly air and wintry blasts, responded nobly to our call, and December second and third, 1886, when the Donation Reception was held in the Washington Street Rink, will ever be marked as red-letter days in the Hospital calendar.

The Rink, tastefully dressed in flags, bunting, and oriental draperies assumed a festive air, and the general arrangements

were suggestive of gatherings in by-gone days in Corinthian Hall.

Directly in front of the main entrance were the Treasurer and members of the Reception Committee. At their right sat the Treasurer of the REVIEW, a hanging chart at her side indicating the debt on the Children's Pavilion; she welcomed subscriptions for the HOSPITAL REVIEW and the Children's Pavilion Fund. At the left of the Treasurer Mrs. Clark Johnston received and distributed the mite boxes.

The larger part of the main floor of the hall was devoted to the dining and supper tables, where, on Thursday, the German ladies and those of the Unitarian, St. Paul's, Christ, St. Peter's, St. Andrew's, the First Baptist, Universalist, Methodist, St. Luke's, and the First Presbyterian churches welcomed their friends, and on Friday, those of the Central, Brick, Park Avenue Baptist and Plymouth churches, and those of Mrs. J. H. Brewster's table.

The refreshment tables were tastefully arranged with flowers, ferns, choice fruit and tempting viands, and the ample space and graceful service conspired to the comfort and enjoyment of our guests, as they satisfied the needs of the inner man.

The ladies of the Park Avenue Baptist church had the honor of entertaining the Board of Supervisors.

Mrs. Oscar Craig was assisted at her Coffee and Oyster table by Mrs. Azel Backus, Mrs. Pomeroy Brewster, Mrs. Thomas Chester, Mrs. A. McVean and Misses Frost, Gardiner and Gibbs.

On the elevated platform in the rear of the hall were the supply tables, where Messrs. Scott W. Updyke, M. Dolanty, A. O. Gordon, J. D. Chamberlain and Dr. Isaac Gibbard did good service as carvers.

The east side of the Rink, back of the dining and supply tables, screened from view by flags, served as a kitchen, and there Mrs. S. S. Avery and members of the Hospital Board, by their prompt and efficient

supervision of work, added greatly to the comfort of our guests and of those who served at the refreshment tables.

The greater part of the elevated platform on the south side of the Rink was devoted to the Bazaar of Perfume, the Flower and Candy table, the Four O'clock Tea tables, and the General Fancy and Domestic table. The corresponding portion on the north side was occupied by Snap & Ketchum's Candy Store, the Busy Bees' table, and the Fancy and Basket tables of the Children's Pavilion Fund.

The Bazaar of Perfume tastefully decorated by Carroll & Southard, with Japanese portieres, oriental draperies and gay tapestries, conspicuously displayed the motto "*Bis dat qui cito dat.*" Bronze Japanese incense burners, Turkish amulets, gay fans and choice perfumery of every conceivable variety made the booth very attractive. The odor of the balsam-fir from New England woods, mingled with the fragrant incense from foreign shores and the delicate aroma of flowers from the neighboring Flower table, where—embowered with flags, ground pine and smilax,—roses, carnations, bouvardias, chrysanthemums, pink and blue water lilies and a wealth of orchids, elicited the admiration of all who beheld them. Mr. William S. Kimball with lavish hand had enriched this table, securing flowers from New York as well as rare specimens from his own conservatories. Among these were large, yellow, trumpet-shaped flowers from the Allamanda vine, and delicate dun-colored ones, with yellow centres, looking like insects hovering in the air, and rejoicing in the name of *Oncidium*s. There were *Cypripedium*s and other orchids of exquisite color and form, with names unpronounceable to the uninitiated, but suggestive of fluttering insects and summer odors.

The Four O'clock Tea booth was a charming, cozy retreat; its Turkish rugs, oriental draperies, jewelled lanterns, fragrant tea from tempting cups, and delicate chocolate

wafers, could not fail to please the most fastidious, and we did not wonder that many of its patrons bore away the dainty cups and saucers as mementos of the hour.

The General Domestic and Fancy table had its usual attractive variety of useful and fancy articles, though the opportunity for displaying them was not so good as that usually afforded in Powers' Building. There were some very beautiful specimens of decorated china by Miss Lois Whitney, in imitation of the Royal Worcester. There were also baskets, bags, head dresses, crocheted, knitted and painted articles in endless variety, and canned fruit, pickles, soup, etc.

Snap & Ketchum's Candy Store did a large business in home made candies—"Mr. Snap's peppermint kisses," and "Mrs. Ketchum's molasses candy, fresh every week" were in special demand. A conspicuous feature of the store was a large pair of scales, where, for five cents each applicant could receive a certificate of weight. A card attached to the scales conveyed the comforting assurance, "*The weigh money is in the ginger jar.*" A considerable sum of money was realized by this device, besides the royalty claimed by Barb'ry Aleshine and Mrs. Lecks.

The Busy Bees, by their untiring zeal in making, displaying and selling their own tasteful fancy and useful articles, fairly earned the title they bore, and brought a handsome sum into our treasury.

The young friends, who from year to year have so earnestly labored for the Children's Cot, brought their pretty crocheted and knitted articles, toys, baskets, and fancy work for the benefit of the Children's Pavilion Fund. They have so long proved themselves our constant helpers we are sure they will not desert us while a debt is resting on the Children's Pavilion.

At the close of the day, when the young people who had so acceptably served as waitresses were relieved from their duties, the front of the Rink was devoted to their

use, and accompanied by the enlivening music of Meyering's orchestra they enjoyed a merry dance.

We missed on Donation Days some who in bygone years have been our most faithful and honored helpers; some of whom were ministering to loved ones at home, while others had rested from their labors. It was pleasant to know that the mantles of some of our departed friends had fallen on their descendants, and that their children and children's children were walking in their footsteps.

We also missed the Jewish ladies, who for so many years have spread their tempting viands and welcomed guests at their refreshment tables, but this year they generously sent us cash donations. We trust another year we may enjoy their presence as well as their gifts.

The Treasurer's report and our long list of donations indicate that the late Donation Festival was the most successful ever held by the Managers of the City Hospital, and we trust all who have aided in this good work will realize the blessedness of ministering to the needs of the sick and suffering, in our City Hospital, and continue their labors of love in devising and perfecting plans for its support.

Our work grows on our hands and we cannot spare one of our helpers.

Thanks.

The Managers of the City Hospital gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to C. J. Hayden & Co., Copeland & Durgis, and Minges & Shale, for the use of tables at their recent Donation Festival at Washington street Rink; to the Mendelssohn Club, for the use of chairs; to Mr. Bryce and Mr. Charles W. Trotter, for stoves, and to the latter for his most invaluable personal services, and also those of an employe, to take charge of the fires; to Bascom & Morgan, for the putting up and use of a gas stove and sink, and for donating the sink; to Mr.

Winfred J. Smith, for the use of a large number of flags and for three days work in decorating the Rink ; to Carroll & Southard, for decorations and draperies ; to Glenny & Co., for the use of dishes ; to the Silver Lake Ice Company and Charles Hansen, for ice ; to K. P. Shedd, for the use of baskets and for carting articles ; to the Chief of Police, Major Cleary, for services of men and protection of the Rink night and day ; to Mr. Cossett, for facilitating the necessary work at the Rink ; to the editors and proprietors of the city papers for their unusually full advertisements and notices, and to all who in any way, by their gifts, services, or presence contributed to the success of the festival.

RECEIPTS

AT THE

Donation Festival,

HELD AT

WASHINGTON STREET RINK,

December 2d and 3d, 1886.

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M. F. Reynolds.....	200 00
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr.....	200 00
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Samuel Wilder.....	100 00
L. P. Ross.....	100 00
C. C. Morse.....	100 00
John H. Brewster.....	100 00
W. H. Gorsline.....	100 00
Sylvanus Macy.....	100 00
Samuel Sloan.....	100 00
Gilman H. Perkins.....	100 00
Alfred Wright.....	100 00
Hamilton & Mathews.....	100 00
Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co.....	100 00
Hough & Ford.....	100 00
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“ Granger Hollister.....	25 00
“ J. W. Oothout.....	25 00
Miss Cronin.....	25 00
Mrs. Emmett Hollister.....	25 00
“ Geo. H. Hollister.....	25 00
In memoriam, Mrs. A. D. Smith.....	25 00
Scrantom, Wetmore & Co.....	25 00
Weaver, Goss Hardware Co.....	25 00
Gilbert Brady.....	25 00
Chas. F. Smith.....	25 00
F. W. Elwood.....	25 00
Sidney B. Roby.....	25 00
N. P. Pond.....	25 00
J. De Witt Butts.....	25 00
Charles Pond.....	20 00
John H. Rochester.....	20 00
Mrs. M. Strong.....	20 00
“ E. M. Smith.....	20 00
“ Lewis Lee.....	20 00
Wm. Oothout.....	20 00
Miss Dunlap.....	20 00
John L. Stewart.....	15 00
B. Herman.....	15 00
B. P. Robinson.....	10 00
H. C. Gorton.....	10 00
Oaks & Stern.....	10 00
Edward Brewster.....	10 00
John W. Davis.....	10 00
Cash.....	10 00
Mrs. Samuel Gould.....	10 00
J. P. Varnum.....	10 00
Miss Newell.....	10 00

F. M. Mc Farlin	10 00
N. Osburn	10 00
James Brackett	10 00
Mrs. W. B. Sylvester (Batavia)	10 00
Ladies' Hebrew Benevolent Society	10 00
Wm. N. Sage	10 00
Frederick Durand	10 00
E. H. Vredenburg	10 00
Mrs. W. H. Ross Lewin	10 00
In Memoriam	10 00
Charles E. Fitch	10 00
Mrs. C. C. Merriman	10 00
" Howard Osgood	10 00
" Robert M. Meyers	10 00
W. H. Ward	10 00
Mrs. A. G. Whitcomb	10 00
Miss Celeste Gardiner	10 00
Miss Alice Whittlesey	10 00
Mrs. J. C. Van Epps	10 00
D. Andrews	10 00
J. Breck Perkins	10 00
Levi S. Fulton	10 00
Warren Scharf Asphalt Co., by W. Stuart Smith	10 00
John M. Davy	10 00
H. H. Morse	10 00
Mrs. Wm. Alling	10 00
Mrs. Max L. Gutman	10 00
O. Vogel	10 00
M. Kondolf	5 00
Max Brickner	5 00
John Mogridge	5 00
Jacob Howe	5 00
W. H. Mandeville	5 00
A Friend, Orange, N. J.	5 00
Mrs. T. C. Bates	5 00
M. S. Tower	5 00
George McAllaster	5 00
Miss Lizzie Ely	5 00
Mrs. F. W. Embry	5 00
James McCabe	5 00
Mrs. E. M. Lyon	5 00
Cash	5 00
E. W. Osburn	5 00
E. S. Martin	5 00
M. Greentree	5 00
Mrs. Tom. Hawks	5 00
" M. B. Anderson	5 00
Mrs. J. A. Eastman	5 00
E. S. Etenheimer	5 00
J. C. Lighthouse	5 00
Mrs. John Collier	5 00
" John C. Moore	5 00
James Terry	5 00
Miss Shaw	5 00
Dr. L. D. Walter	5 00
J. R. Chamberlin	5 00
Mrs. J. H. Martindale	5 00
Miss Eliza Hunter Little	5 00
Mrs. Caroline Gardner	5 00
Cash	5 00
Miss Backus	5 00
Joseph Farley	5 00
Mrs. Louis Chapin	5 00
Aleck. McVean	5 00
Henry S. Hanford	5 00
Miss Northrup	5 00
Mrs. Chloe Wilcox	5 00
" E. P. Reed	5 00
W. G. Watson	5 00
Dr. Angel	5 00
G. B. Miller	5 00
Mrs. E. M. Upton	5 00
A Friend	5 00
Charles Cauley	5 00
John G. Glen	3 00
Eugene Glen	3 00
R. H. Cochrane	3 00
William Willets	2 00
Mrs Joseph Craig (Brockport)	2 00

Mrs. E. D. Smith	2 00
A friend	2 00
Mrs. James Nichols	2 00
Smith & Oberot	2 38
L. M. Gould	2 00
Chas. Dowzer	2 00
Cash	1 00
Mrs. M. W. Goss	1 00
Mr. Fred. Quackenbush (Penn Yan)	1 00
Frank Parker	1 00
W. J. Vosburg	1 00
Mr. Rice	1 00
A friend	1 00
A friend	1 00
Mrs. Calvin Waite	1 00
H. P. Frear	1 00
Mrs. Campbell	50
Miss Kennedy	50
A friend	50

List of contributions collected by the German Ladies of Rochester for the City Hospital. Committee on collections consisting of Mrs. Frederick Cook, Miss Libbie Goetzman, Mrs. Barney Feiock, Mrs. Rudolph Hofheinz, Mrs. Edward Bausch, Mrs. J. W. Niederpruem, Mrs. George Koch, Mrs. Karl F. Lomb and Mrs. Henry Klein.

Henry Bartholomay	\$100 00
Dr. R. Hofheinz	3 00
J. Dufner	50
Mrs. James C. Gould	50
" Landbeck	1 00
Mr. Ziegler	1 00
J. A. Otto	50
H. P. Bartholomay	1 00
Wm. H. Bartholomay	5 00
Charles Englert	1 00
G. H. Haass	5 00
Mrs. George Bost	50
" Wilhelmina Vogel	50
Frederick Cook	25 00
A Friend	10 00
Louis Bauer	5 00
George Arnoldt	5 00
Matthias Kramer	5 00
Frederick Zimmer	2 00
John Weis	20 00
Rudolph Weis	5 00
Herman Behn	5 00
Philip Meyer	10 00
Christian Meyer	6 00
Matthias Kondolf	2 00
C. Meitzler	7 00
Frederick Roth	5 00
Casper Wehle	5 00
George J. Wagner	5 00
Frederick Miller	5 00
Peter Pitkin	5 00
William Vicinus	5 00
John Lutz	2 00
John Rauber	10 00
Henry Waltjen	5 00
John Agne	2 00
Henry Norden	5 00
Zimmer Brothers	2 00
Henry Hebing	3 00
Peter Schleyer	5 00
P. F. Rauber	5 00
McAllister & Koeth	2 00
John B. Snyder	3 00
J. E. Seigfreid	5 00
H. F. Atwood	5 00
Lovasso Field	5 00

George Herzberger.....	1 00
Dr. F. W. Zimmer.....	5 00
August Koeth.....	5 00
Jos. Elberding.....	3 00
Louis Wehn.....	3 00
N. Brayer.....	2 00
B. Haag.....	3 00
Eugene H. Satterlee.....	5 00
Charles Staud.....	1 00
E. Bloss Parsons.....	25 00
Frederick Goetzmann.....	15 00
H. H. Schnarr.....	5 00
Mrs. C. Yaky.....	4 00
Cash.....	1 00
Louis Kramer.....	2 00
Christian Muehl.....	2 00
Albert Vogt.....	5 00
Samuel Dubelbeiss.....	2 00
Bernard Feiock.....	5 00
H. W. Goetzmann.....	5 00
C. W. Vosshall.....	5 00
Charles Goetzmann.....	5 00
Fred. Klein.....	1 00
Hagen & Myers.....	10 00
Henry Lester.....	5 00
A. Vogel.....	2 00
M. Kolb & Son.....	5 00
George C. Maurer.....	5 00
J. G. Luitweiler.....	2 00
Oscar J. Uebel.....	1 00
M. Merk.....	1 00
Mrs. C. Spahr.....	1 50
George Werner.....	4 00
C. Hahn.....	1 00
H. Kohlmetz.....	1 00
C. C. Beck.....	2 00
Charles Kreuzer.....	1 00
Louis Fien.....	1 00
A. Friend.....	2 00
A. Kimmel.....	1 00
J. M. Abersold & Brother.....	1 00
J. M. Schmitt.....	2 00
John F. Linsin.....	1 00
J. Kippbut.....	1 00
Mrs. Fisher.....	50
“ Denninger.....	50
E. B. Beck.....	1 00
Fred. Murr.....	5 00
Frank Fritzsche.....	1 00
S. A. Zorn.....	1 00
John Felsinger.....	2 00
J. J. Bausch.....	25 00
H. Lomb.....	15 00
Carl F. Lomb.....	5 00
Henry Klein.....	5 00
Henry Kaul.....	2 00
Ferdinand Schafer.....	5 00
Edward Schafer.....	5 00
H. Aman.....	1 00
H. Engler.....	1 00
Mrs. Johanna Klein.....	2 00
Henry Bausch.....	5 00
Charles Vogel.....	1 00
Oaks & Stern.....	5 00
Oscar Knebel.....	5 00
Mrs. Henry Hoffman.....	1 00
A. Friend.....	50
Barr & Creelman.....	5 00
Paul J. Schlicht.....	5 00
Mrs. A. J. Wegman.....	2 00
“ John G. Schmidt.....	2 00
Emil Kuichling.....	5 00
Frederick C. Seitz.....	5 00
M. Mutschler & Son.....	3 00
George M. Borneman.....	1 00
John Luther.....	10 00
Mrs. Julius Stoll.....	1 00
“ J. W. Niederpruem.....	3 00
“ R. Miller.....	1 00
“ J. Keiser.....	2 00

Mrs. P. Sylla.....	1 00
“ A. Spiehler.....	2 00
“ J. Hofheinz.....	2 00
“ F. C. Young.....	50
John Boller.....	2 00
Bar. Hagel.....	1 00
P. Werner.....	1 00
John Meinhard.....	1 00
Adolph Niederpruem.....	1 00
Mrs. Henry Greiner.....	1 00
“ A. Hoeret.....	1 00
“ Veyhle.....	1 00
“ Becker.....	1 00
“ G. Germandt.....	50
“ E. Charles Rau.....	20 00
“ J. Marburger.....	5 00
Miss L. Vaeth.....	1 00
“ Lutz.....	1 00
E. Vogt.....	1 00
William Bausch.....	5 00
Minges & Shale.....	5 00
Louis Ernst & Son.....	10 00
Charles Flake.....	3 00
C. F. Wolters.....	5 00
E. E. Bausch & Son.....	5 00
Charles B. Wolters.....	5 00
Alvin Block.....	5 00
Odenbach & Schale.....	5 00
H. R. Milow.....	5 00
Charles Blauw.....	5 00
B. Kollofski.....	2 00
Edward W. Maurer.....	5 00
William E. Werner.....	5 00
J. Haas & Son.....	5 00
F. J. Fritzsich.....	2 00
Jacob Gerling.....	2 00
Henry Kobbe.....	2 00
John B. Klingler.....	2 00
Edward Bausch.....	5 00
Mrs. Charles Weis.....	5 00
W. H. Vicinus.....	2 00
Wehn & Bauer.....	5 00
Henry Brinker.....	5 00
Henry Herzberger.....	2 00
Allen R. Sheffer.....	5 00
Otto Block.....	5 00
Adolph F. Schlick.....	2 00
H. N. Schlick & Co.....	5 00
George F. Roth.....	3 00
Charles Wurtz.....	5 00
Charles J. Riehler.....	2 00
Mrs. Frank Ritter.....	5 00
“ Carlos Mensing.....	2 00
“ Dr. Schmitt.....	5 00
“ L. C. Duempelmann.....	3 00
Genesee Brewing Company.....	10 00
Joseph Wehle.....	3 00
George Ludwig.....	2 00
Miss Amelia Pauckner.....	1 50
Phillip Will.....	10 00
Fred Will.....	5 00
Mr. Thiem.....	1 00
Mrs. Heusner.....	2 00
“ Kaelber.....	2 00
“ Koch.....	5 00
“ Buckley.....	5 00
“ Cassabier.....	2 00
“ Erbe.....	1 00
“ A. Will.....	5 00
“ Siebenfeiffer.....	5 00
F. A. Stecher.....	2 00
Gus Rau.....	1 00
Mr. Aman.....	1 00
“ Yawman.....	2 00
Christian Amborn.....	Cakes

Grand total collected\$871 50

Contributions from Jewish Congregation collected by Mrs. M. A. Stern, B. Rothschild, I. Baum, H. Goodman, Jr., Miss Celia Stern, Miss Kate Michaels and Mrs. M. Landsberg.

Nathan Levi	5 00
Sol. Savage	5 00
Henry Michaels	5 00
M. Michaels	5 00
Max Brickner	5 00
Julius Wile	5 00
Cash	5 00
Julius M. Wile	5 00
L. Garson	5 00
Jac. Tichner	5 00
Israel Stern	5 00
D. M. and Jos. Garson	5 00
L. Stein and J. A. Baum	5 00
Mrs. Leo Stein	5 00
" I. J. Beir	5 00
Jos. Michaels	3 00
Simon Stern	3 00
Mrs. H. Bachman	3 00
" N. Levi	3 00
" J. Cauffman	3 00
" S. Hays	3 00
" H. Michaels	3 00
" Mary Strauss	3 00
" B. Wolff	3 00
" J. M. Wile	3 00
M. A. Stern	2 00
A. J. Katz	2 00
Marcus Strauss	2 00
Abe. Stern	2 00
Herm. Rosenberg	2 00
Chas. Blum	2 00
H. C. Cohn	2 00
Henry S. Cohn	2 00
A. E. Wolff	2 00
S. Steifel	2 00
Samuel Stein	2 00
Abr. Stettheimer	2 00
H. Leiter	2 00
Jos. Meyer	2 00
Jac. Thalheimer	2 00
Mrs. L. Adler	2 00
" A. Adler	2 00
E. J. Beir	2 00
B. Rothschild	2 00
Henry A. Hays	2 00
I. A. Wile	2 00
Maurice Garson	2 00
Rudolph Stein	2 00
Sam. Solomon	2 00
Jos. Cauffman	2 00
Mrs. C. Bronner	2 00
" I. A. Baum	2 00
" E. S. Ettenheimer	2 00
" N. J. Hecht	2 00
" R. Lichtenstein	2 00
" M. Lowenthal	2 00
" Eva Moore	2 00
" Jac. Myers	2 00
" M. Myers	2 00
" M. Dahlman	2 00
" J. Shatz	2 00
" M. L. Gutman	2 00
" L. Garson	2 00
" M. Garson	2 00
" E. Kirstein	2 00
" M. Lipsky	2 00
" Jos. Michaels	2 00
" Herman Rosenberg	2 00
" Simon Stern	2 00
" M. A. Stern	2 00
" F. Wolff	2 00
" I. M. Wile	2 00
" Abr. Rosenberg	2 00

Mrs. H. Leiter	1 50
" N. Stein	1 50
" A. Sichel	1 50
" E. Steinfeld	1 50
" A. B. Wolf	1 50
" Brickner	1 00
" L. Blum	1 00
" M. David	1 00
" A. Fechenbach	1 00
" H. Goodman, Jr	1 00
" H. Goodman, Sr	1 00
" F. Hays	1 00
" H. C. Cohn	1 00
Miss Julia Katz	1 00
Mrs. L. W. Moore	1 00
" Mehler	1 00
" A. Picard	1 00
" Blumenstiel	1 00
" H. Rire	1 00
" I. M. Sloman	1 00
" J. Shrier	1 00
" M. Solomon	1 00
" Sol. Wile	1 00
" Van Berg	1 00
" D. Wald	1 00
" White	1 00
" Salinsky	1 00
" Lehrberg	1 00
" S. Guggenheimer	1 00
" M. Dinkelspiel	1 00
" J. Friedrich	1 00
" D. M. Garson	1 00
" L. Garson	1 00
" J. Garson	1 00
" M. Goldschmid	1 00
" S. Goldschmid	1 00
" M. Goldwater	1 00
" N. Goldwater	1 00
" B. Herman	1 00
" A. Hays	1 00
" G. Hays	1 00
" M. Hays	1 00
" H. Hochstetter	1 00
" I. M. Hays	1 00
" F. Holy	1 00
" Ch. Lippman	1 00
" H. Lempert	1 00
" Leiser	1 00
" M. Michaels	1 00
" Sol. Adler	1 00
" Sim. Adler	1 00
" D. Abeles	1 00
" A. Beir	1 00
" E. J. Beir	1 00
" L. Block	1 00
" S. M. Benjamin	1 00
" L. Griesheimer	1 00
" A. Britenstool	1 00
" F. L. Leseritz	1 00
" S. Lichner	1 00
" M. Mock	1 00
" S. Abeles	1 00
" William Miller	1 00
" S. Meyer	1 00
" T. Meyers	1 00
" M. Meyers	1 00
" M. Meyer	1 00
" M. M. Meyer	1 00
" J. Marks	1 00
" N. Newhafer	1 00
" Pincow	1 00
" J. W. Rosenthal	1 00
" B. Rothschild	1 00
" S. Rice	1 00
" Sol. Rice	1 00
" S. Rosenberg	1 00
" D. Rosenberg	1 00
" D. Steefel	1 00
" M. Seligman	1 00
" A. Stern	1 00

Willie B., Belle F. Jennie S., Julia C., and Grace E. Fuller, Annie S., and Fred C. Buell, Holley, each one brick.....	1 75
Jamie Palmer and Maggie Harris.....	50
Herbert Siddons Mann.....	50
Miss Emma Bell, by Herbert S. Mann.....	25
Clarence Greenwood Lyle.....	1 00
Anson W. King, Wilmrngton, N. C.....	25
A Friend.....	25
Phillip Mumford.....	25
"In Memoriam," Elizabeth, N. J.,.....	5 00
Clara Sewell Huntoon.....	25
Bessie Fitch.....	1 00
Fritz Ward.....	1 00
"In memory of Caroline Thompson".....	2 00
Bessie Bristol.....	25
R. Willie Furman.....	25
Fannie Rawlings, card 151.....	1 00
Gabrielle Clarke.....	50
Marie Brewster.....	1 00
Isabel Hart.....	1 00
Children's Pavilion table, by Mrs. C. H. Angel.....	114 00
Mrs. Thomas Knowles.....	2 00
Amon and Margery Bronson.....	2 00
M. B. P.....	3 00
Mrs. J. L. Evans.....	5 00
Miss Carrie C. Levet, cards 82 and 83.....	2 00
Katie P. Levet, card 81.....	1 00
Edward Levis Prizer.....	1 00
Mrs. White, by Bessie Raines.....	2 00
Chester Dewey Averell, Ogdensburg.....	5 00
Douglas L. Furness.....	1 00
Marie W., Augusta and Esther W. Laney each one brick.....	75
Mrs. L. L. R. Pitkin.....	2 00
Tableaux given by Augusta Macomber, Stella Briggs, Cornelia Wilder, Flora Briggs and Ruth Whittemore.....	3 50
Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva.....	50
Alice E., Charlie P., and Mortimer T. Rebasz, each one brick.....	75
Gracie B. Kennaday, card 40.....	1 30
Mary and Arthur Dodds.....	50
James D. and Brian C. Bellows, Mandan, Dak.....	50
Mrs. R. T. French.....	5 00
"Babie Fannie,".....	25 00
Mrs. M. Strong.....	2 00
Fannie Rawlings, card 124.....	1 50
Frederick M. Blair, card 113.....	1 00
Mary W. Knapp, cards 158, 156, 160.....	3 20
May Carpenter, card 157.....	1 00
Interest on deposit.....	78
Busy Bee Club table, including cards.....	59 87
Miss Katharine Uehlin, Coldwater, card 77.....	2 70
Bertha Scales, card 114.....	1 00
Mrs. M. A. Gibson, card 104.....	1 20
Busy Bee Club, additional.....	1 45
Mrs. Willard Hodges, card 91.....	1 00
Miss Frankie Kemer, card 146.....	1 95
Susie M. Peeler, Sodus Centre, card 61.....	1 00
Total.....	\$ 364 40
Previously acknowledged.....	2,452 08
Total receipts.....	\$2,816 48

We still require \$3,683.52 to complete the last payment on the Children's Pavilion, and free the building from the blemish of a debt. Contributions are urgently solicited, and should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the fund.

DONATIONS

—FOR—

Refreshment and Fancy Tables.

The Unitarian Church Tables of Mrs. Joseph Curtis, Mrs. J. H. Howe, Mrs. H. E. Boardman, Miss Clara Warner, Miss J. E. Brewster, Mrs. P. Goodwin, Miss H. Howard. Mrs. G. A. Furness, Mrs. D. Andrews and Mrs. Horace C. Brewster.

Mrs. Simon L. Brewster, 2 turkeys.
 " D. Richmond and Mrs. J. A. Hinds, turkeys.
 " Homer Mann, wine jelly, pickles.
 " John H. Howe, chicken pie, squash pie, pickles.
 " N. M. Mann, 2 ducks, wine jelly.
 " Wm. Hollowell, 2 ducks.
 " Joseph Curtis, chicken pie, Charlotte Russe, wine jelly, biscuits.
 " John Bower, ham, wine jelly.
 " Charles Young, cranberries, cake.
 " H. E. Boardman, Saratoga potatoes.
 " H. Howard and Isaac Teall, Charlotte Russe.
 " Horace C. Brewster, biscuits, pies, pickles, Saratoga potatoes.
 " B. F. Blackall, mince pies.
 " E. T. Curtis, sweet cream.
 " Wm. Corning, flowers, celery.
 " H. Pyott, celery.
 " G. A. Furness, fruit, olives.
 " Shaw, olives.
 " J. Alexander, Mrs. B. E. Brown and Mrs. David Carter, cake.
 " C. T. Moore, biscuits.
 Miss Weaver, jelly.
 Mr. Isaac Willis, \$5.
 Mrs. Edmund Willis, \$5.
 " Wm. Hollowell, \$5.
 " J. Siddons, \$5.
 " D. Andrews, \$3.
 Miss Warner, \$2.

The Tables of the German Ladies, in charge of Mrs. Fred'k Cook, assisted by Mrs. Edward Bausch, Mrs. Henry Mutschler, Mrs. Henry Becker, Mrs. F. H. Klein, Mrs. C. Koch, Mrs. W. Neiderpruem, Mrs. Dr. Hofheinz, Mrs. W. Bartholomay, Mrs. B. Feiock, Mrs. Chas. Weis, Miss Bauer, Mrs. Julius Hoffman, Miss E. Weis, Mrs. Dr. Schmidt, Mrs. C. S. Mensing, Mrs. Alfred Haas. Mrs. C. F. Lomb, Miss Emma Goetzmann, Miss Libbie Goetzmann, Miss Blau, Miss Block, Miss Gerling, Miss L. Zimmer.

Mrs. P. J. Myers, Mrs. Peter Pitkin, Mrs. John Weis, Mrs. Rudolph Weis, Mrs. Neiderpruem, Zegewitz & Fisher, turkeys.
 Mrs. P. J. Myers, Mrs. Amelia Mutschler, Miss Mary Agne, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Erbe, Mrs. Albert Will, Mrs. Storms, Mrs. Ballard, Mrs. Alfred Haas, Miss Blau, Mrs. Engler, Mrs. A. Wagner and Miss Kate Zimmer, cake.
 Mrs. C. C. Myers, 2 chickens.
 " E. Boughton, 100 biscuit, cake.

Mrs. Fred. Zimmer, 4 chickens.
 " Fred. Roth, 2 tongues.
 " Herman Behn, basket fruit, jellies, pickles.
 " Louis Bauer, ham.
 " Casper Wehle and Mrs. Wm. Vicinus, each
 gallon of oysters.
 " John Rauber, half dozen celery, cake.
 " Fred. Miller, 2 chickens, gallon oysters.
 " J. E. Siegfried, turkey, ham, pickles.
 " Jacob Gerling, 2 cakes.
 " Louis Wehn, half dozen celery.
 " A. Kuich and Mrs. Fred. Walters, chicken
 salads.
 " Frederick Cook, 2 chicken pies.
 " Matthias Kramer, 2 gallons oysters.
 " Henry Norden, roast pork.
 Mr. Louis Hertzberger, 2 tongues, 1 chicken.
 Kleinhaus Brothers, 1 tongue.
 Kurtz & Hoellrigl, half bushel potatoes, 5 lbs.
 sugar, 1½ dozen celery.
 Albert Myers, Malaga grapes, oysters, lemons.
 Christian Amborn, cakes.
 Mrs. George Koch, fruit jellies.
 " Gillard, potato salad.
 " Henry Klein, 2 dishes cranberries, 50 rolls.
 " Casper Spahr, beef a-la-mode.
 " Carter, quart cream.
 " C. S. Menzing, 5 pounds lard.
 " Fred. Goetzman, 2 gallons oysters, half dozen
 lemons, cake.
 " Fred. Murr, roast beef.
 Mr. Beque, 2 dishes Charlotte Russe, 1 cottage.
 Mrs. C. Rickarts, roast beef.
 " Boor, dish pork and beans, cake.
 Mr. Merlau, basket grapes.
 Mrs. Dr. Hofheinz, cranberries, lemons, celery.
 " Bartholomay, cake, potato salad.
 " Wm. Bartholomay, chicken salad, napkins.
 " Edward Bausch, 2 gallons cream, 50 rolls,
 crackers, smilax.
 " Dr. Schmidt, potatoes, crackers, chicken
 salad.
 " Weis, 5 lbs. assorted cake, chicken pie.
 " E. Warncke, 2 cakes.
 Mr. Doel, 3 chickens.
 Schlegel & Sons, cut flowers.

**The St. Paul's Church Tables of Mrs.
 H. M. Ellsworth, J. S. Killip, Mrs. A.
 G. Yates, Mrs. Jonas Jones, Mrs. C.
 B. Hatch, Mrs. James Hatch, Mrs. W.
 C. Dickinson, Mrs. George Elliott,
 rs. Robert Furman, Mrs. George
 Weldon, Mrs. M. J. Barker, Mrs. J.
 W. Archer, Mrs. Robert Myers and
 Mrs. Walter C. Fish.**

White Brothers, center piece, ferns and flowers.
 Mrs. W. L. Halsey, Mrs. Jonas Jones, Mrs. Jas.
 Hatch, Mrs. E. F. Woodbury, Miss H. S. Mum-
 ford and Mrs. E. Martin, chicken salads.
 Mrs. James Laney, Mrs. B. E. Chase and Mrs.
 George Elliott, turkeys.
 Mrs. J. W. Gillis, Mrs. J. I. Robins, Mrs. F. W.
 Elwood and Mrs. M. J. Barker, Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. A. Collins and Mrs. P. B. Hulet, ducks.
 Mrs. Frank Amsden, Mrs. James Kelly and Mrs.
 S. Dewey, biscuits.
 Mrs. A. G. Wheeler and Miss Amsden, cake.
 " T. Evershed, turkey, pickles.
 " C. B. Hatch, chicken pie, wine and lemon
 jellies.
 " W. H. Platt, turkey, biscuits.
 " A. G. Yates, lobster salad, shell oysters.
 " H. H. Warner, turkey, Charlotte Russe.
 " Eugene Glen, chicken pie, celery.
 " J. S. Killip, Charlotte Russe, cake.
 " Ira Pratt, cabbage salad.

Mrs. W. C. Dickinson, biscuits, jelly.
 " J. W. Archer, scalloped oysters, cake.
 " H. M. Ellsworth, mince and squash pies,
 nuts, lemons, cranberry and currant jellies.
 " Eugene Curtis, lobster salad.
 " S. G. Andrews, bread, tongue.
 " D. B. Beach, boiled ham, chocolate cake,
 pickles.
 " A. G. Callister, turkey, cake.
 " George Welden, turkey, lemon jelly.
 " Hiram Sibley, fruit.
 " Robert Furman, chicken pie, Saratoga pota-
 toes.
 Miss Julia Thompson, cake, pickles.
 " Lovecraft, cheese, cake.
 " Lois Whitney, cake, jelly.
 Mr. R. M. Myers, Japanese napkins.
 " W. R. Corris, olives.
 Buck & Sanger, vegetables.

**The Christ Church, St. Peter's Church,
 and St. Andrew's Church Tables of
 Mrs. J. Moreau Smith, Mrs. C. C. Mer-
 riman, Mrs. George Moss, Mrs. Sam-
 uel Wilder, Mrs. Charles Whittemore,
 Mrs. Herbert Ward, Mrs. H. D. Wilkins,
 Mrs. Edward Warren, Mrs. Whitney
 Williams, Mrs. Cornelius R. Parsons,
 Mrs. Augustus Waters, Mrs. M. H. Mc-
 Math, Mrs. George Clarkson, Mrs.
 Frank Embry, Mrs. George Raines,
 Mrs. John S. Morgan, Mrs. Henry
 Brewster, Mrs. J. C. Bertholf, Mrs.
 Edmund Smith, Miss Clara Wales,
 Mrs. David Hoyt and Mrs. J. W. Steb-
 bins.**

Mrs. J. W. Stebbins, Mrs. Stowell, Mrs. W. D'Or-
 ville Doty, Mrs. John S. Morgan, Mrs. H. D.
 Wilkins, Mrs. Henry Brewster and Mrs. Charles
 Whittemore, Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. J. C. Bertholf, 2 turkeys.
 Mrs. Schake, Mrs. P. Lay, Mrs. Geo. Moss, Mrs.
 C. R. Parsons, Mrs. A. S. Mann, Mrs. Hiram
 Sibley, Mrs. L. Ward Clarke, Mrs. E. M. Smith,
 and Messrs. J. and A. Schake, turkeys.
 Mrs. Crabbe, Mrs. Frank Woodworth, Miss Rit-
 ter and Mrs. Robert Cartwright, cake.
 " J. M. White, Mrs. Years, Mrs. Frank Ward,
 Chocolate cake.
 Miss Celeste Gardener, Mrs. Ed. Metcalf, pound
 cake.
 " Ainley, Mrs. Henry Scrantom, nut cake.
 Mrs. C. E. Morris, 2 pans nut cake.
 " Arnold, orange cake.
 " Davis, dough nuts.
 " Carter Wilder, Mrs. E. C. Warren, Mrs. Wm.
 Kimball, Mrs. E. W. Osborne and Mr.
 Teall, chicken salad.
 " George W. Archer and Mrs. Wm. Dyer, lob-
 ster salad.
 Miss Fannie Dewey, Mrs. Joseph Ward, Mrs. S.
 H. Briggs, Mrs. David Hoyt, Mrs. W. D. Shu-
 art, Mrs. Thomas Leighton, Mrs. G. H. Hum-
 phrey and Mrs. Leonard, biscuits.
 Mrs. Whitney Williams and Mr. Woodruff, olives.
 " J. G. Cutler, 2 bottles olives.
 " Theodore Bacon, \$1.50.
 " C. C. Merriman, chicken salad, 2 ducks.
 " J. Moreau Smith, brown bread, pork and
 beans, cranberries, pickles.
 " F. W. Embry, chicken pie.
 " Curtis, tongue, mince pie.
 " Winn, pies.
 " Wm. H. Ward, Charlotte Russe, 1 qt. cream.
 " Freeman Clarke, pair ducks, chicken salad.

Mrs. Wright, jelly.
 " Mrs. George Raines, Charlotte Russe, quince marmalade.
 " Charles Dana, mince pie, tongue.
 " Charles Ellis, pickles.
 " George Clarkson, Saratoga potatoes, lemon jelly.
 " D. W. Powers, mince pies, cake.
 " M. H. McMath, currant and crab-apple jelly.
 " John Van Voorhis, turkey, pickles.
 " E. B. Warren, Saratoga potatoes, celery.
 " H. F. Hart, hot chicken pie, celery.
 " Chauncey C. Woodworth, 4 cranberry pies.
 " Harvey W. Brown, large box white grapes.
 " Wm. Corning, celery, flowers.
 " J. H. Hill, Saratoga potatoes, biscuits.
 " Cole, crackers and biscuits.
 " L. F. Ward, 200 biscuits, turkey.
 " L. A. Ward, hot chicken pie, 2 chocolate cakes.
 " Herbert Ward, ham.
 " S. V. McDowell, lemon jelly.
 " James Sabey, biscuits, cranberry jelly.
 " Samuel Wilder, roast of beef, biscuits, chicken pie, hot scalloped oysters, Charlotte Russe.
 " Corris, grapes, oranges, \$10.
 Miss Wales and J. B. Keller, flowers.
 Theo. F. Aldrich, basket fruit.
 Buck & Sanger, pyramid cake, turnip, mashed potatoes.
 P. Schleyer, 3 chickens.
 C. E. Morris, 250 paper napkins.
 Scrantom & Wetmore, 300 napkins.

**The First Baptist Church Tables of
 rs. K. P. Shedd, Miss Fannie Cole,
 Miss Alice Sage, Mrs. Henry Munn,
 Mrs. H. L. Achilles, Mrs. Geo. Morse,
 Mrs. A. W. Mudge and rs. Harry
 Brewster.**

Mrs. G. D. Hale, ham.
 Mrs. E. Griffin, Mrs. W. N. Sage, Mrs. Gorsline, each a chicken pie.
 Mrs. A. S. Lane, Mrs. C. F. Paine, Mrs. E. O. Sage, Mrs. F. B. Bishop, Mrs. C. P. Crouch and Miss Booth, each a turkey.
 Mrs. Dr. Davis, ducks.
 Mrs. A. W. Mudge, Mrs. Jas. Baker, Miss Florence Kendrick, Mrs. Clara Mudge, Mrs. Lee Judson, Mrs. Warrant and Mrs. J. F. Whitbeck, salads.
 Mrs. John Sage and Mrs. A. H. Cole, each 2 dishes Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. W. A. Stevens, Mrs. O. H. Robinson, Mrs. Henry Munn, Mrs. H. L. Achilles and Mrs. Junius Judson, Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. Herbert Grant, squash pies.
 " C. A. Phillips, 2 mince pies.
 " C. J. Russell, mince pies.
 " L. Sunderlin, 2 apple pies.
 " E. H. Shedd, Mrs. C. Aiken, Miss Caldwell, Coleman and Mrs. L. S. Chapin, biscuits.
 " H. L. Smith, Saratoga potatoes.
 " James McGuire, Mrs. K. P. Shedd, Mrs. E. B. Fenner, hot vegetables.
 " John Stewart, hot vegetables, cabbage salad.
 " T. DePuy, fruit.
 Miss Alice Pool, lobster salad.
 Mrs. H. J. Beers, fruit.
 " G. W. Percy, oranges.
 " O. B. Webber, nuts.
 Miss R. Bowman, Graham bread.
 Mrs. K. P. Shedd, shell oysters, cake, fruit, nuts.
 Miss Kate Smith, decorated menus.
 Mrs. E. O. Sage, \$5.
 Mr. C. Tappen, \$5.
 Miss Hill, \$1.
 Dr. Wilson, \$1.

Mrs. A. Leutchford, \$1.
 Mrs. A. R. Pritchard, \$5.
 " L. S. Chapin, \$1.
 " Griswold, 50c.
 " S. R. Robinson, Miss Mary Houghtailing,
 " L. R. Satterlee, Mrs. Cochrane, Mrs. Mosier,
 " Harry Brewster, Mrs. K. P. Shedd, cake.
 " A. H. Cole, cranberries.
 " A. H. Strong, celery.
 " Arthur S. Hamilton, cranberries, olives.
 " W. H. Crennell, Mrs. C. B. Achilles, Mrs. E. O. Sage, jelly.
 " M. S. Whitney and H. L. Achilles, pickles.

**The Universalist Church Tables of Mrs.
 F. M. McFarlin, Mrs. E. B. Chace, Mrs.
 E. J. Sugru, Mrs. George M. Sweet,
 Mrs. James Cook, Mrs. Palmer Smith,
 Mrs. Douglas Bly and Mrs. John
 Hannon.**

Mrs. Chauncey Perry, turkey, wine jelly.
 " James Sargent, turkey, cranberry jelly.
 " John Hannon and Mrs. George Crouch, Sr., turkeys
 " B. McFarlin and Mrs. Lewis Chase, ducks,
 " I. F. Force, Mrs. B. Southard and Mrs. R. D. McCrasson, chicken pies.
 " Sidney Lovcraft, ham, pickles, \$1.
 " H. S. Hanford, potatoes, turnips, squash.
 " L. Glover, Saratoga potatoes.
 " Douglas Bly, chicken salad, \$1.
 " K. Clinton, chicken salad, biscuits.
 " George Stillson, Mrs. George Crouch, Jr., and Mrs. James Cook, chicken salads.
 " F. M. McFarlin, lobster salad.
 " R. Milleman, Mrs. Stephen Remington, Mrs. S. Ballou and Mrs. F. McCord, scalloped oysters.
 " Seth Green, Mrs. Palmer Smith, Mrs. Wm. Pitkin and Mrs. E. J. Sugru, Charlotte Russe.
 " W. F. Balkam, Charlotte Russe, Angel cake.
 " M. N. VanZandt, biscuits, lemon jelly.
 " H. S. Miller, cake.
 " Chapman, biscuits, wine jelly.
 " Ottaway, biscuits.
 " George M. Sweet, celery, lemon jelly.
 " J. D. Whipple, cranberries, canned peaches.
 " F. Hungerford, \$1, mince pies.
 " Marceness, pumpkin pies.
 " Dr. Stacey, apple pies, cake.
 " James Graham, 8 pies,
 Miss Amanda Benton, pickles.
 Mr. D. D. Campbell, olives.
 Mrs. J. M. Ardrey, Mrs. W. R. Gray and Mrs. Thomas Wark, cake.
 " White, flowers.
 " R. W. West, 200 Japanese napkins.
 Mr. Swinburne, menus.
 Mrs. C. M. Palmer, fruits.
 " Mrs. Milton Smith, celery.
 " Schoeffel, oranges, grapes, bananas.
 " S. Servis, bananas.
 " Otis Cole, biscuits.
 " J. S. Irwin, pies, \$1.
 " J. Curtis, Saratoga potatoes.
 " A. Potter, cake, pickles.
 " Marsh Whipple, tongue, biscuits.
 " J. A. Stull, \$5.
 " H. S. Greenleaf, \$5.
 " E. B. Chace, \$5.
 " Frances Pollay, \$2.
 " N. S. Phelps, \$1.
 " Thomas Button, \$1.
 " Douglas Hovey, \$1.
 " E. J. Lovcraft, \$1.

The Methodist Church, Tables of Mrs. W. G. Bell, Mrs. W. F. Morrison, Mrs. E. B. Green, Mrs. S. A. Littimore, Mrs. A. V. Hayes and Mrs. Frank Tully.

- Mr. W. H. Marson, Mr. R. Cotchifer, Mrs. H. Thayer, Mrs. D. W. Wright, Mrs. L. J. Foote and Mrs. Burger, turkeys.
 Mrs. H. Scofield, Mrs. W. F. Morrison, Mrs. W. Basco, Mrs. R. Cooling and Mrs. W. D. Studs, cake.
 Mrs. Wyburn, Mrs. E. Ocumpaugh, Mrs. Charles Salmon, Mrs. J. T. Morrison and Mrs. Harned, chicken pies.
 Mrs. Brown, Mrs. A. N. Fisher, Mrs. J. R. Chamberlain and Mrs. S. A. Littimore, Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. E. B. Green, Mrs. F. A. Taylor and Mrs. Filkins, biscuit.
 Mrs. W. Dags, Mrs. A. Mandeville and Mrs. G. B. Watkins, tongues.
 " J. C. Gray, biscuits, pickles, cranberry sauce.
 " G. W. Gray, lemon jelly, biscuits.
 Mr. J. Keller and Mr. Jas. Vick, cut flowers.
 Mrs. W. G. Bell, ham, 2 pies.
 " J. Howland, 50 cents.
 " J. S. Brown, \$1.
 " N. P. Osborn, ham.
 " Wm. Witherspoon, brown bread, turnips, mashed potatoes.
 " Frank Tully, lemon jelly.
 " Teall, 2 pies.
 " N. L. Button, cranberry sauce.
 " S. N. Smith, 50 cents.
 " W. R. Chambers, mashed potatoes.
 " A. E. May, chicken.
 " I. Gebbard, chicken pie and salad.
 J. George Cramer, 100 napkins.
 Daniel Peacock, 2 dozen celery.
 W. H. Glenn, use of fancy glass ware.
 Mrs. H. S. Brown, 2 pies.
 " John Wright, salmon salad.
 " A. B. Lamberton, oranges.
 " Clarice French, chicken salad.
 " P. Davis, mashed potatoes.
 " W. B. Hoyt, sugar.
 Miss Helen Davis, olives.

The St. Luke's Church Tables of Mrs. Edward Williams, rs. Wm. Rebasz, Sr., Mrs. George Williams, Mrs. J. O. Howard, Mrs. Wilson Soule and Mrs. Wm. Rebasz, Jr.

- Mrs. W. H. Reid, Mrs. Thomas Raines, Mrs. Henry Moore, Mrs. Clinton Rogers, Mrs. E. M. Moore, Mrs. Josiah Anstice, Mrs. D. A. Watson and Mrs. A. Erickson, turkeys.
 Mrs. H. M. Dayfoot, Miss Wild, J. Teall, Mrs. Granger Hollister, Mrs. Warham Whitney, Mrs. Charles Potter, Mrs. H. B. Hathaway, Mrs. Alexander Thompson, Mrs. A. J. Cuming and Mrs. W. Eastwood, chicken salads.
 Mrs. Woodcock, chicken pie.
 Miss P. Ely, 2 chicken pies.
 Mrs. Charles Fitch, 3 dishes lobster salad.
 " Pomeroy Brewster and Mrs C. H. Babcock, each 2 dishes Charlotte Russe.
 " C. P. Ford, Mrs. Charles F. Smith, Mrs. J. Eastman, Mrs. P. Farley and Mrs. W. C. Rowley, Charlotte Russe.
 Miss Laura Hawkes, Mrs. H. F. Montgomery, Mrs. F. Whittlesey, Mrs. E. Cory, Mrs. Roswell Hart, Mrs. James Harrison and Mrs. Q. Van Voorhis, cake.
 Mrs. George Fisher and Mrs. L. Kelly, pork and beans.

- Mrs. J. Wolcott, 2 ducks.
 " R. Mathews, 2 ducks, rolls.
 " J. King, 2 mince pies.
 " D. Knapp, 18 pounds sugar, 2 pounds coffee.
 " Pitkin, olives, fruit.
 " J. M. Backus, fruit.
 " Wilson Soule, lobster salad, flowers.
 " John C. Moore, ham.
 " Wm. M. Rebasz, Jr., lemon jelly, menu cards.
 " Wm. M. Rebasz, Sr., cranberries, potato salad.
 " B. M. Sill, celery.
 " J. Emery Jones, tongues.
 " Henry Hoyt, oranges.
 Miss Wild, wine jelly, celery.
 Mrs. A. Erickson, pickles, jelly, fruit.
 Miss M. A. Bellows, 2 squash pies.
 Mrs. Foster Warner, celery.
 " D. A. Watson, pickles.
 Miss Sarah Frost, cake, flowers.
 Mrs. George Williams, cranberries, bread.
 " James Howard, scalloped oysters.
 " Henry Montgomery, cream.
 Miss Florence Montgomery, biscuits, butter balls.
 Mrs. E. F. Brewster, potato chips.
 " B. R. Lawrance, cake, rolls.
 " James Whitney, rolls.
 Miss Anderson, biscuits.
 " Saxton, wine jelly.
 Mrs. Gregory, biscuits and potato chips.
 Mr. Murray Moore, baskets.
 Mrs. Alfred Ely, \$5.
 " S. F. Jenkins, \$5
 " S. J. Macy, \$5.
 " W. S. Dewey, \$3.
 " D. Little, \$2.
 " A. J. Johnson, \$2.
 " H. Anstice, \$2.
 " Wm. Churchill, \$2.
 " Howard Osgood, \$2.
 " Edward Williams, \$2.
 " Ephraim Moore, \$1.
 " Peek, \$1.
 Miss C. Rochester, \$1.
 Mrs. J. H. Rochester, \$1.

The First Presbyterian Church Tables of Mrs. E. P. Gould, Mrs. J. T. Fox, Mrs. Elmer Smith, Mrs. C. E. Furman, Misses Bessie Ives and Margaret Nichols.

- Mrs. M. B. Sheldon, 2 turkeys; Mrs. G. Brady, " Wm. H. Perkins, Mrs. M. Strong, Mrs. S. D. Walbridge, Mrs. S. S. Avery, Mrs. B. D. McAlpine, Mrs. C. E. Hart, turkeys.
 Mrs. H. Rogers, Mrs. W. H. Ross Lewin and Oscar Craig, chicken pie.
 " J. F. Gordon, Mr. I. Teall, Misses Hall,
 " S. J. Nichols, Mrs. Wm. Webb and Mrs. H. D. Williams, Charlotte Russe.
 " Elmer Smith and Mrs. W. R. Gormley, chicken salad.
 " E. Webster, Mrs. M. Pardee, Mrs. A. McVean, Mrs. F. Bottum and Mrs. Harned, cake.
 Mrs. T. Ives and Mrs. G. Gilman, biscuits.
 " Henry Gould and Mrs. E. Walbridge, grapes.
 " E. P. Gould, plum pudding, pears, wine jelly, pickles, squash pie, mince pie.
 " D. Whitman, 2 chickens.
 " S. H. Terry, celery.
 " E. Furman, salad, brown bread, pie.
 Miss Dunning, pressed chicken, ribbon jelly, royal cream.
 " Rumsey, olives.
 Mrs. G. McAlaster, brown bread, cranberries.
 " J. Pardee, oranges.
 " C. J. Hayden, 3 mince pies.

- Mrs. J. W. Canfield, lobster salad.
- “ G. Hollister, ducks.
- “ J. T. Fox, half bushel Saratoga potatoes.
- “ John Durand, basket grapes.
- “ J. Aldrich, oranges, white grapes.
- Mr. Schlegel and Mr. T. C. White, flowers.
- Mrs. Gilman, rolls, \$1.
- Miss Henrietta Potter, \$5.
- Mr. C. Ford, \$2.
- “ D. M. Hough, \$2.
- Mrs. G. Jennings, \$2.
- “ E. Hollister, \$2.
- “ Wm. Mudgett, \$2.
- “ C. Wait, 50 cents.

The Central Church Table of Mrs. H. R. Stockbridge, Mrs. H. H. Pryor, Mrs. W. C. Watson, Mrs. R. C. Knapp, Mrs. L. L. Williams, Mrs. A. P. Little, Mrs. E. C. Proctor, Mrs. James B. Hayes and Mrs. M. L. Vickery.

- Mrs. W. G. Watson, chicken pie, Saratoga potatoes, cream.
- Miss Jennie Wait, cake, lemon jelly.
- Mrs. H. H. Pryor, potatoes, lemon jelly, cheese, celery.
- “ E. C. Proctor, fruit, brown bread.
- “ Cooley, lemon jelly.
- “ H. R. Stockbridge, mince pies, Charlotte Russe, lemon jelly, celery.
- “ A. P. Little, cake, olives.
- “ M. L. Vickery, fruit, cream.
- “ James B. Hayes, cranberries, tongues.
- “ Fields and Miss Mary Husbands, cake.
- “ W. B. Morse, Mrs. J. W. Goss, Mrs. F. W. Dewey and Mrs. Albert Hastings, turkeys.
- “ L. L. Williams, cream, 2 dishes Charlotte Russe.
- “ Mrs. Austin Brewster, Mrs. Samuel Sloan, Mrs. George Griffin, Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Henry Wray, Mrs. Hotchkess, chicken salads.
- “ Charles Pomeroy, Mrs. Hawkins, Mrs. Thos. Dransfield, Mrs. T. C. Proctor, Charlotte Russe.
- “ Henry F. Smith, chicken pie.
- “ Henderson, doz. celery.
- “ Hosea Martin, 2 ducks.
- “ Charles Hastings, 2 ducks.
- “ Royal C. Knapp, turkey, cake, fruit, pickles, cream, olives.
- “ Horace McGuire, ham, cranberries, celery.
- “ A. J. Warner, peck sweet potatoes.
- “ Hodges, cream.

The Brick Church Table of Mrs. E. D. Chapin, Mrs. C. West, Mrs. S. J. Arnold, Mrs. Louis Chapin, Mrs. F. W. Embry, Mrs. W. H. Matthews, Mrs. W. W. Chapin, Mrs. Edward A. Webster, Mrs. C. C. Laney, Mrs. Archibald Clark, Misses Mary Shaw, Margaret Carson, Fanny Shaffer, Edith Hunt, Josephine Osgood, Mary Haak, Frances Newton, Rena J. West, Bess Weaver, Laney and C. Chapin.

- Mrs. Lansing Wetmore, \$2.
- “ Henry Strong, \$2.
- “ A. J. Motley, \$2.
- “ Charles Angle, \$1.
- “ A. T. Cleveland, \$1.
- “ John Steele, 50 cents.
- Miss L. Griswold, 50 cents.
- “ R. G. West, 10 painted menus.

- Mrs. C. E. West, cut flowers.
- “ Scott Wilson, turkey, squash.
- “ W. W. Chapin, Mrs. S. J. Arnold, Mrs. Julia Davis, Mrs. Wm. Gorsline and Mrs. Martin Culver, turkeys.
- “ Jacob Howe and Mrs. Robert Little, each 2 ducks.
- “ S. C. Steele, Mrs. C. F. Weaver, Mrs. C. C. Laney, Mrs. A. Stephens and Mrs. Wm. Perry, each 2 chickens.
- “ E. P. Reed and Mrs. Alfred Wright, hams.
- “ A. Rogers, saddle of venison.
- “ A. V. Smith and Miss Frances Newton, Angel food.
- “ C. M. Kindley, very nice orange cake.
- “ Roscoe Ashley, Mrs. J. R. Culross and Mrs. George T. Frost, cake.
- “ E. C. Warren, cake, dozen celery.
- “ Ira Otis, 2 loaves of cake.
- “ J. D. C. Rumsey, 2 loaves cake, lemon and fruit jellies.
- “ Wm. Carson, 100 biscuits, jelly.
- Miss Mary Haak, 125 biscuits, cake.
- Mrs. E. D. Chapin, biscuits, mince pies.
- “ W. H. Matthews, brown bread, pickles, 50 napkins.
- “ Clark Johnston, Mrs. H. S. Mackie, Mrs. Henry Shaw, each 2 dishes Charlotte Russe.
- “ P. Ford, Mrs. A. Prentice and Miss Libbie Thompson, Charlotte Russe.
- “ T. A. Newton, Charlotte Russe, olives.
- “ F. W. Embry, chicken pie.
- “ Louis Chapin, currant jelly, chicken pie.
- Miss Fanny Shaffer, 3 moulds wine jelly.
- Mrs. Edward A. Webster, 2 moulds cranberry jelly
- “ G. W. Davis, cranberry jelly.
- Miss Sarah Stickles, lemon jelly, pickles.
- Mr. J. Donovan, basket pears.
- “ Gleighough, olives.
- “ E. R. Reuter, Mr. Teall and Mrs. J. W. Hatch, each 1 dozen celery.
- Mrs. Edward Phillips, large quantity mashed potatoes.
- “ D. Hunt, Mrs. James Lord, Mrs. Martin Briggs, lobsters.
- Unk town, lobsters.
- Unk town friend, fruit.
- Democrat & Chronicle and Post-Express, special notices.

The Park Avenue Baptist Church, Tables of Mrs. Ira A. Hebbard, Mrs. George Forbes, Mrs. Horace Higgle, Misses Hattie Hebbard & May Cooper.

- Mrs. T. Rider, Mrs. Castleman, Mrs. Acker, Mrs. Marden, Mrs. Moseley, Mrs. Dudley, Mrs. Oviatt and Mrs. Fry, turkeys.
- Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Widner, and “ Mary E. Stark, chicken salads.
- “ Williams, Mrs. T. Pattison, Mrs. Wilmot Castle, Mrs. A. Arnold, Mrs. I. A. Hebbard, Mrs. Caldwell and Mrs. Eustace, Charlotte Russe.
- Mrs. George Welsh, Mrs. Adolphus Morse and Westfall, chicken pies.
- “ Warner, Miss Lissie Rogers, Mrs. Whiting, L. Satterlee and Mrs. Gibbs, cake.
- “ Braman, Mrs. Shelley and Mrs. Sherman, potatoes.
- Heath Nursery and White Brothers, flowers.
- Mrs. J. C. Conolly, dozen oranges, flowers.
- “ J. Broddy, 3 mince pies, cake.
- “ Wolsey, ham.
- “ C. A. Hebbard, 2 dozen oranges.
- Miss H. R. Hebbard, 2 cream pies.
- Mrs. Headley, 2 pies.
- “ W. Sage, Mrs. Loveridge and Mrs. M. J. Backman, each 2 ducks.

Mrs. W. F. McBays, 2 ducks, cake.
 " Edmonds, pickles, cranberries.
 " Phinney, 75 biscuits.
 " W. Z. Lewis, 3 pies.
 " Caldwell, lemon jelly.
 " McCartney, biscuits, pie.
 " Chalice and Mrs. Wallace, scalloped oysters.
 " LeFoise, quart cream.
 " I. A. Hebbard, currant and cranberry jellies.
 Mr. McMaster, \$4.
 A Supervisor, \$4.
 Mrs. Prof. True, \$1.
 " M. Briggs, \$1.
 Mrs. Jones, 50c., Mrs. Stevens, 50c., Mrs. Perkins, 50c., Mrs. Delano, 50c., Mrs. Scribner, 25c., Mrs. Wagner, 25c., Mrs. Campbell, 25c.

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

Mrs. Oscar Craig, Miss Cogswell, Miss Danforth, turkeys.
 " Charles F. Pond, 5 dishes Charlotte Russe.
 " F. Macomber, Charlotte Russe.
 " Charles E. Hart and Miss Mumford, chicken pies.
 " Henry Morse, 4 ducks, pickles, cake.
 " Henry Huntington, ducks.
 " A. S. Mann, ham.
 " Warham Whitney, Miss Mumford, Mrs. Edward Harris, Mrs. George C. Buell, Mrs. David Gordon and Mr. Teall, salads.
 " James Chamberlin, Mrs. E. E. Brewster, Mrs. Jas. M. Whitney, Mrs. Eugene Curtis and Mrs. Wm. Hoyt, biscuits.
 " Charles Angel, pumpkin pies.
 " H. Austin Brewster, cranberries.
 " Alexander Thompson, celery, cake.
 " James Chamberlin, Mrs. John H. Hill, Mrs. John Snyder, Mrs. Wm. Alling cake.
 " James C. Hart, cake, jelly, pickled oysters.
 " John H. Brewster, biscuits, chicken pie, mince pies, pickles.
 " Van Epps and Mrs. Charles C. Morse, wine jelly.
 Mr. J. Mogridge, white grapes.
 Mr. James Pitkin, oranges and grapes.
 Mrs. John Durand, Saratoga potatoes.
 " Joseph Harris, cream.
 Miss Benjamin, 4 jars cream, roll of butter.
 Mrs. P. V. Crittenden, olives.

The Plymouth Church Tables of Miss Mary Hooker, Mrs. E. V. Stoddard, Mrs. J. Farley, Jr., Mrs. Samuel Porter, Mrs. Edward W. Peck, Mrs. A. Moser and Mrs. George C. Wanzer.

Mrs. Joseph Farley, Jr., Mrs. Edward Peck, Mrs. Brackett Clark, Mrs. G. G. Wanzer, turkeys.
 " F. A. Sherwood, 2 turkeys.
 Mr. D. C. Hyde, 2 dishes Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. S. F. Hess, Miss Booth and Mrs. J. Keyes, Charlotte Russe.
 " Charles Hoyt, 2 dishes chicken salad.
 " L. P. Ross, chicken salad.
 " Henry Brewster, Mrs. Hiram Hoyt, chicken pies.
 " Myron Adams and Mrs. Wm. Seward, each 2 ducks.
 " Charles Darrow and Mrs. Miles, biscuits.
 " Samuel Porter, 100 biscuits.
 Miss Van Dorn and Miss Mary Smith, lemon jellies.
 Mrs. E. V. Stoddard, chicken salad, cranberry jelly.
 " J. C. Bertholf, grapes.
 Miss Mary Farley, Malaga grapes.

Mrs. Wm. Williamson and Mrs. Jas. Daly, olives.
 " H. E. Hooker, cream, celery, 2 dishes salad.
 " F. B. Rhoades, cake.
 " Edward Peck, pickles.
 " D. A. Robbins, celery, sugar.
 Miss Alice Johnston, oranges.
 Mrs. H. A. Atwood, 2 squash pies.
 " Galusha Phillips, ham.
 " Edward Wellington, Saratoga potatoes.
 " Daniel Clark, cranberry jelly, biscuits.
 " Gage, biscuits, pears.
 Mr. Wm. S. Osgood, oranges, olives.
 Mrs. E. B. L. Taylor, 2 loaves cake.
 " J. H. Kent, plum pudding.
 " A. N. Moser, chicken pie, mashed potatoes.

Mrs. Freeman Clarke, 3 turkeys.
 Mr. Chas. P. Barry, one-half bushel choice pears.
 " C. C. Beaman, gallon milk.

The Fancy and Domestic Tables, under the charge of Miss Mumford, Miss Whitney, Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, Mrs. L. S. Chapin, Mrs. M. Landsberg, Mrs. J. Anstice, Mrs. Myron Adams, Mrs. T. Chester, Mrs. E. S. Martin, Mrs. H. Anstice, Mrs. J. M. Whitney, Mrs. S. L. Ettenheimer, Mrs. H. F. Huntington, Mrs. W. L. Kingman, Mrs. Warham Whitney, Misses Quinby, Augusta Whitney and Hattie Lindsay.

Mrs. E. B. Putnam, 2 silk quilts.
 " Charles Gould, Santa Barbara, California, child's afghan, dozen washcloths, 3 pairs infant's socks, knit shirts and bands.
 Miss Gould, Santa Barbara, California, worsted slippers.
 Mrs. Henry Fowler, Buffalo, worsted hood.
 " W. S. Whittlesey, 2 infant's caps.
 Miss L. E. Whitney, decorated china and fancy articles.
 Mrs. Oscar Craig, 4 match safes, work bag, 2 fancy Handkerchiefs, worsted slippers, wax tapers, 4 glasses jelly.
 Mrs. M. Landsberg, fancy basket, lace tidy.
 " A. S. Hamilton, a number of dressed dolls and baskets.
 " W. H. Perkins, 3 silk work bags.
 " Clarice Jeffrey, 4 decorated china hair receivers.
 Miss Alice Whittlesey, 2 pair worsted slippers.
 " M. W. Lee, infant's shirt.
 Mrs. L. P. Ross, scrap basket.
 " Wm. Seward, fancy fan.
 Plymouth Bazaar, dressed doll.
 Mrs. E. V. Stoddard, dressed doll, fancy basket, silk bag.
 " J. H. Brewster, 3 baskets, 2 pen wipers, 4 ash receivers, match safe.
 " Gilman H. Perkins, 6 cans of fruit.
 " Charles H. Babcock, 2 fancy towels, dressed doll.
 " Pamela Frost, 2 pair infant's socks, 1 pair mittens, 2 wash cloths.
 Miss L. E. Guernsey, knitted doll.
 " Julia Hamilton, watch pocket sachet.
 " Danforth, 2 photograph frames, traveling case.
 " Griffith, infant's robe.
 " Julia Griffith, corn napkin.
 " Jeffrey, painting in water colors.
 " Hart, Utica, 2 pair infant's socks.
 Mrs. A. Erickson, 12 quarts pickles.
 " J. K. Chappell, 2 pen wipers, 2 blotters.
 " W. E. Hoyt, a great variety useful and fancy articles.

Mrs. H. P. Blair, hassock.
 " Josiah Anstice, dozen glass towels, 6 duster bags, 3 bibs, box of pompoms, 2 shoe bags, umbrella case, 6 china ornaments.
 " Thomas Chester, pair knit shirts, 2 aprons, cake doily, 3 traveling cases, basket, cash \$15.
 Miss Thompson, Ballston Spa, 6 worsted oranges.
 " Cozzens, Infant's sacque.
 Miss Julia Cozzens, silk scarf.
 Mrs. B. Haywood, child's skirt.
 R. M. Myers & Co., wrapping paper, 2 balls string, 2 bunches tags.
 A Friend, set of reins.
 Miss Robbins, tripod workbasket.
 Mrs. H. F. Huntington, 130 Old Folks' puzzles, 8 aprons.
 Miss Whittlesey, knitted hood.
 Mrs. Arthur D. Fiske, New York, 5 candy bags, 2 satin bags, embroidered table cover, 8 China boxes, 3 tea caddies, 4 bon-bon boxes.
 " L. S. Chapin, 4 chamois bags, 3 shoe-button cases, 3 fancy baskets, 1 hair-pin basket, 3 tobacco pouches, top, work basket, 3 jars mustard pickle.
 " Charles Barton, opera glass bag, pen-wiper.
 " H. Osgood, 2 shoe-button cases.
 " M. M. Mathews, 2 needle-cases, 1 spool-case, nine glass towels, 1 jar pineapple.
 Miss Ruth Hart, infant's blanket.
 " Isabel Hart, 1 pair of mittens.
 Mrs. D. H. Griffith, infant's jersey.
 Miss Alice Smith, New York, 6 dolls' hats.
 Mrs. G. C. Buell, fancy basket.
 " H. M. Ellsworth, tea-cosy.
 Miss Fanny Smith, New York, 1 embroidered sofa pillow cover, 2 water-lily candlesticks, 4 dolls' water-proofs, 2 match-boxes, 2 sock match boxes, 3 photograph frames, 2 dolls' cribs, 2 bronze ink-stands, traveling cup.
 " Annie Anderson, balsam pillow, landscape, 2 hassock pin-cushions, 5 pen-wipers, 2 glass cleaners.
 Mrs. L. D. Ely, 6 packages soap and washcloth, 2 bath blankets.
 " J. L. Hatch, tray-cloth.
 Miss Delia Blum, embroidered apron.
 Mrs. Dan Clarke, apron.
 " J. M. Whitney, 2 fancy towels.
 Miss Ada Kent, blotter.
 " Davis, Boston, 6 worsted chickens.
 Mrs. Warham Whitney, baby blanket, 2 knit shirts.
 " W. L. Kingman, 2 collar baskets, 1 night-dress case, bag, dressing doll.
 " W. Lamb, duster, dress-cleaner, 2 holders.
 " S. G. Andrews, 8 jars soup, 3 jars bigdom, 3 jars, apple and quince, 5 pies, 4 jars mixed pickles, 9 boxes doughnuts, 1 dozen boxes cake, 3 silk bags, 6 dressed dolls.
 Miss Mumford, sundries.
 " Eliza French, 2 aprons.
 " Robert Mathews, 5 aprons, 3 indicators for grocer.
 " Lyle, 2 aprons, toilet cushion, embroidered banner.
 " Wm. C. Dickinson, decorated China bowl and plate.
 Miss Louise Killip, decorated cup and saucer.
 Mrs. C. E. Furman, 2 jars pickles.
 " M. W. Cooke, fancy basket, twine ball.
 Miss Warner, balsam bag.
 Mrs. C. B. Hatch, collar basket.
 " E. H. Scramont, work bag.
 Miss Jeannie Osgood, 3 court plaster cases, dressing two dolls.
 " F. C. Whittlesey, hood.
 " Emily Smith, Japanese doll.
 Mrs. D. B. Beach, button bags.
 " R. M. Myers, decorated cup and saucer.
 " J. W. Whitney, materials for handsome tidy.

Miss Augusta Whitney, 1 French doll, dressed, 3 cotton batting dolls, sunflower pin cushion.
 Mrs. Samuel Wilder, 3 jars fruit, 1 jar pickles.
 Miss Saxton, 2 pairs mittens, donation 75 cents.
 " Hattie Lindsay, 2 dressed dolls.
 Mrs. Quincy Van Voorhis, balsam bag.
 " Converse, cardigan jacket.
 " Mary Frost, 4 boxes ginger-snaps, 6 boxes doughnuts.
 " Eugene Babcock, Canandaigua, handkerchief case, bed-slippers.
 " Betsey Babcock, one comfortable.
 " Winfield S. Dewey, 1 toilet cover.
 Miss Bellows, 2 laundry cushions.
 " Libbie Farrar, large loaf of nut cake.
 Mrs. J. B. Jenkinson, clothes-pin bag, duster bag.
 " Myron Adams, 4 shoe-finding bags, 2 shoe-packing cases, 4 laundry cushions, 2 balsam bags, 2 loaves cake, box of patty-cakes.
 Cash from Friend, \$2.
 Philip G. Mumford, 2 sets reins.
 Mrs. S. Louie Ettenheimer, 17 needle-cases, 10 work-baskets, 10 hat pen-wipers, 7 tinsel pen-wipers, 14 felt pen-wipers, 1 leaf pen-wiper, dressing large doll, 15 satchel-bags.
 " Mrs. A. Rosenberg, handkerchief case.
 Miss Cauffman, tea-cloth.
 " Tabor, large dressed doll.
 Mrs. D. Garson, darning cotton case, by Mrs. S. L. Ettenheimer.
 Misses Mary Patton, Ida McCulloch, Helen Osgood, Hattie Cutler, Susan Morgan, Julia Backus, Grace Haywood, Emma Conklin, Nettie Shearman, Belle Wilson, Estelle Myers, Lottie Holdridge and Ella Boyd, each dressed a doll.
 Misses Florence McAlpine, Maude Dobbin and Lottie DeNeve, each dressed two dolls.
 Lois Alling dressed three dolls.
 Mrs. Dr. Olin, large linen shoe and umbrella bag.

The Children's Pavilion Tables of Mrs. C. H. Angel, Mrs. L. F. Ward, Misses. Anna Caffney, Eliza Little, Louisa Williams, Laura Page Ward, Emma Wilder, Cornie Wilder, Edith Peck, Julia Robinson, Bessie Backus, Laura Williams, Madge Backus, Helen Williams, Emily Harris, Victoria Raymond, Maggie Ashley, Marian Lindsay, Bessie Kingman, Masters Laurence Angel, Nelson Sage and Fritz Ward.

Mrs. John Collier, 2 crocheted hoods.
 " T. C. Wright, 2 crocheted sacques.
 " M. K. Woodbury, baby's crib comforter.
 " Henry Hart, child's shirt.
 Miss Breck, pair slippers, 4 holders.
 Victoria Raymond, \$5.
 Emma Wilder, \$1.
 Mrs. J. D. Whipple, \$2.
 " M. Strong, \$5.
 " Freeman Clarke, \$5.
 Cash, \$10.
 Miss Grace B. Terry, 2 handkerchief sachets.
 " Saxton, pair mittens.
 " Fitchner, pair slippers.
 Emily Harris, 2 baskets, satin work bag.
 Bessie Kingman, painted blotter, pen wiper.
 Julia Robinson, basket.
 Mary and Florence McDonald, 2 elephants, match safes, pitcher, 2 purses, 2 tidies, 2 scarf pins.
 Mary Sugru, basket.
 Miss Bessie Edgerton, doll, doll's bonnet and mittens.
 " Jeffrey, 2 pair mittens.

Mrs. Frost, 2 pair mittens.
 Maggie Ashley, 20 gilded nuts filled with candy, 2 china shoes, set china elephants, shell pocket book, glove pen wiper, 2 dusters, basket with pin cushion.
 Bessie Backus, 2 sets of doll's furniture, 5 large dolls, dozen small dolls, 3 French dolls.
 Mr. F. D. Roades, doll's shoes and rubbers.
 " A. B. Hone, 2 French dolls.
 McAllaster & Humburch, silver pin.
 Mr. Moses, doll.
 Mrs. Lyle, baby's sacque.
 Miss Lillie Blair, 2 worsted balls, fancy basket.
 " Anna Gaffney, satin lined basket, gilded baskets and ribbon.
 " Louisa Williams, gilded baskets and ribbon.
 " Laura Page Ward, gilded basket and ribbon, 2 crocheted hoods.
 " Eliza Little, baskets and gilding.
 " Amanda Green, 7 pen wipers.
 " Bessie Fitch, toys, 3 baskets. 2 pitchers.
 " Alice Hunter, 2 baskets.
 " Backus, 7 dolls' hats.
 " Mary Ward, picture.
 " Helen Ross Lewin, 2 sets paper dolls, tidy.
 Mrs. Bristol, 2 string bags.
 " M. M. Mathews, spool case, basket, toys.
 " Haight, San Francisco, 8 lavender balls.
 " John Howe, 2 aprons, 16 holders, 6 dusters.
 " Sweet, basket.
 " Hall, fancy basket.
 " George Williams, 2 yards skirt trimming.
 " Arnold, 2 doll's comforters, dolls' afghan.
 Mr. Wm. Eastwood, 6 pair dolls' shoes.
 Bush & Bull, 5 embroidered tidies,
 Mrs. Whitney Williams, handkerchief bag, gilded flat iron.
 " F. P. Hinkston, 2 hand painted vases.
 " George Sweet, cup and saucer.
 " C. H. Angel, baskets, fancy articles.
 " Jones, gilded slate.
 May Gordon, 2 spectacle wipers.
 Musette McCord, 2 Japanese sachets.
 Laura W. Williams, 2 match receivers, 2 easels, 6 mules and baby dolls, key board, 10 holders, gilded flat iron.
 Marian Lindsey, set doll's china dishes.
 Steele & Avery, wrapping paper.
 Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co., wrapping paper.
 W. J. Smith, loan of flag and arranging.

The Bazaar of Perfume in charge of
Mrs. George H. Ellwanger, Mrs. E. S. Ellwanger, Miss Creswell, Mrs. George Moss, Mrs. Edmund Smith, Misses Carolyn Perkins, Florence Montgomery, Minnie Montgomery, Bertholf and Leonard.

Curran & Goler, Haskin & Smith, Jacob K. Post, Isaac Post, Henry Aman, H. Mannel, Cooper Bros., J. Fahy, C. B. Woodworth & Sons, Czar Dunning, E. M. Higgins, James Backus, Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co., Borthwick & Clegg, G. H. Haass, Oaks & Stern, Mrs. George Moss, Mrs. James Laney, Mrs. George Raines and Miss Carolyn Perkins, fancy soaps, perfumery and incense.

Mr. Teall, use of candelabra.
 Mr. Hoyt, 2 vases.
 Post-Express, card board.
 Mr. Arms, signs with Latin inscriptions.
 Mr. Samuel Millington, the sign "Bazaar of Perfume."
 Mr. H. Harris, wooden partition.
 Carroll, Southard & Co., decorating Bazaar.
 Monseigneur DeRegge, \$5.

The Flower and Candy Table, of Mrs. Wm. S. Kimball, Mrs. J. W. Stedman, Mrs. M. W. Cooke, Mrs. J. C. Cutler, Misses Katharine Mitchell, Ruth Hart, Carrie Brewster, Frances Wilder, Bessie Watson, Cornelia Macy, Florence Hart, Jessie Powers, Bessie Clarke and Matty Pond.

Miss Lois Whitney, White Brothers, Messrs. Charles P. Barry, Wm. S. King, Frederick Schlegel, J. B. Keller, George Wales, Frost, and Wm. S. Kimball, flowers.
 Mrs. Alexander Thompson, caramels.
 Huyler's, quantity of boxes of bon bons.
 Winfred J. Smith, flags and decorations.
 Mr. Field, flags.

The Four O'clock Tea Table, of Mrs. George H. Perkins, Mrs. William H. Ward and Miss Daisy Montgomery.
 Smith & Perkins, delicious Oolong and Souchong tea.

Wm. C. Bush, use of tables.
 Howe & Rogers, use of Turkish rugs.
 Glenny & Co., use of dainty cups and saucers.
 H. C. Wisner, use of jewelled lanterns and dainty cups and saucers.
 Carroll & Southard, decorations and use of draperies.
 J. M. Backus, box of chocolate wafers.
 Scrantom, Wetmore & Co., 50 Japanese napkins.
 Huyler's, 6 pairs candy tongs.

Snap & Ketchum's Candy Store, in charge of Mrs. Arthur S. Hamilton.

Mrs. C. H. Babcock, butter scotch.
 Miss Mary Bellows, butter scotch.
 " Florence Osgood, caramels.
 " Alice Peck, candy.
 Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, chocolate creams, peppermints, wintergreens, salted almonds.
 Miss Alice Sage, cream walnuts.
 " Frankie Sage, English walnuts.
 Misses Lucia Green and Louise Killip, motto candies, peppermints, wintergreens.
 Miss Ella Wray, chocolate creams.
 Class of Young Ladies in Christ's Church, the making of 100 pounds of candy.

Busy Bee Club Table, in charge of Miss Carrie M. Soule, Prest.; Miss Mary Cushman, Vice-Prest.; Miss Frankie Bush, Sec'y; Miss Beth Shepard, Treas.; Misses Ella Shepard, Jennie Shepard, Grace Clark, Nellie Moore, Bessie Holmes, Fanny Rawlings and May Staton.

Members of the club made and donated a bride and groom, dolls, crocheted and knitted articles, baskets, pin-cushions, rolling pins, sofa pillow, bed slippers, splashes, tides, match safes, lamp screens, holders, pen wipers, satchets, and a variety of other fancy and useful articles.

For the Children's Pavilion.

Mrs. John Durand, check-red game of life, 1 set Crandall's building and letter blocks, also 11 volumes of choice books for the Children's Pavilion Library, viz: Lulu's Library and Jo's Boys, by Louisa M. Alcott; From the Crib to the Cross, by Mrs. E. A. Walker; Babyland for 1885; 2 volumes of St. Nicholas for 1886; Mother

Goose, copiously illustrated; Chatterbox for 1886; My Land and Water Friends, by Mary E. Rainford; Our Children's Songs, illustrated; and Birds, their Homes and their Habits, by Uncle Warren.

Contents of Mite Boxes.

No. 956.....\$ 2 79	No. 798.....\$1 10
" 939..... 1 88	" 974..... 2 65
" 814..... 8 76	" 994..... 2 34
" 932..... 3 78	" 966..... 2 49
" 921..... 13 11	" 832..... 1 74
" 1000..... 1 80	" 36..... 2 78
" 689..... 2 58	" 913..... 2 95
" 990..... 1 39	" 825..... 1 88
" 2..... 6 88	" 822..... 6 56
" 935..... 7 00	" 763..... 34
" 280..... 17	" 789..... 57
" 829..... 4 41	" 909..... 2 70
" 975..... 5 81	" 9..... 2 08
" 971..... 93	" 911..... 5
" 955..... 1 00	" 900..... 41
" 987..... 1 14	" 890..... 2
" 953..... 1 11	" 903..... 2
" 940..... 93	" 895..... 20
" 970..... 41	" 996..... 32
" 968..... 1 81	" 13..... 2 97
" 928..... 69	" 838..... 1 40
" 816..... 1 86	" 897..... 71
" 677..... 60	" 150..... 9 44

The following articles left at the Rink may be found at the house of the Treasurer, 174 Spring street: 12 white dinner plates, 11 white breakfast plates, 3 white soup plates, 3 white tea plates, 7 white sauce plates, 3 white deep baking dishes, 1 blue deep baking dish, 6 yellow deep baking dishes, 2 yellow pie plates, 12 tin pie plates, 5 tin baking pans, 1 granite pie plate, 2 large tin pails, 2 white fluted dishes, 7 tea cups, 2 jelly glasses, 2 white jelly moulds, 1 white bowl, 1 china dish with a band of grey and gold, 1 silvered hair pin, 3 pairs gloves, 1 pair black silk mittens, 1 pair black worsted mittens, 7 pocket handkerchiefs, 1 pair eye glasses. The lost overshoes and veils were left at the Rink.

We have endeavored this month to make a full report of every donation to the Hospital, but we fear some errors and omissions have occurred. We shall be glad to make any corrections next month, if notice be sent to Mrs. Seth H. Terry, 36 South Washington Street.

Nantucket Receipts.

A collection of carefully prepared and tested receipts, from reliable sources, arranged by some of the Managers of the Hospital Committee, in pamphlet form, and for sale by any of the Managers, or at the Hospital. Twenty-five cents each book for the benefit of the Hospital.

Ballad of the Donation.

BY M. B. W.

(E. H. COOK Co., Limited, Publishers.)

I.

An oyster sat on a cracker box,
With his handkerchief to his eyes;
"Why do you weep, my briny friend?"
Said the cracker in mild surprise.

II.

And he wailed a wild and woeful wail,
And rocked himself to and fro,
"The 'Hospital Dinner' will soon be here,
They'll be after me, I know."

III.

And a chicken heard the terrible news,
As he slept in his celery bed,
With his toes turned up to the man in the moon,
And a mushroom over his head.

IV.

"Wife, hand my waterproof, double quick!
I hav'n't a minute to lose;
They will have my beautiful head chopped off
Before I can put on my shoes."

V.

And a cucumber pricked up his scoloped ears,
And out of the garden he fled,
And the green pepper climbed a telephone pole,
And the cabbage stood on his head.

VI.

And the onion cried 'till he couldn't speak,
And the mustard gave a yell,
The gory tomato split his skin
And tumbled into the well.

VII.

And a teapot sat on a coffee mill
And fanned with a Japanese fan,
While a gallon of cream turned blue with fright.
And was drowned in a kerosene can.

VIII.

But what good did it do? They were all gobbled
up
And sent to the Hospital Dinner;
If you don't believe it go to the Rink,
You'll dine well or I am a sinner.

XI.

So eat your salad and oyster stew,
And goodies of every description,
Buy out the whole Fancy Table, too,
Take a "Hospital Review" subscription.

X.

Buy a jar of pickles, a button bouquet,
And subscribe for the Children's Cot,
Get a pound of candy, say no woman, nay,
Though you want it or though you do not.

XI.

Make a "cash donation," then buy ice cream.
And count yourself the winner;
Go home without a cent in your purse
And bless the Hospital Dinner.

The subscriptions for the REVIEW, received on Donation Day, will be reported in the January number.

The Hospital Patients.

On the morning of the fifteenth of December, we visited the Hospital, and found thirteen under treatment in the Female Surgical Ward. One patient was preparing to have a cataract removed. One had had diseased flesh cut from her arm, and there are indications that another similar operation will soon be necessary. Some were afflicted with neuralgia, others with ulcers, one had typhoid fever, but most of the patients were convalescing.

Of the seventeen patients in the Female Medical Ward, eight kept their beds most of the time, some of these were consumptives, others had rheumatism, some were convalescing from fevers, and some had diseased livers. No patient was very low.

In the Male Surgical Ward two nurses were preparing bandages, which they wound into rolls by means of a simple machine; some of these were of thin material to be used with plaster of Paris, and the others of thicker cotton for ordinary bandaging. Three of the nineteen patients were confined to their cots. One of these, an employe of the Buffalo, New York, and Philadelphia Railroad Co., had had his right arm fearfully crushed between two dead blocks, and amputation had been necessary, but the man was comfortable and apparently doing well. In the next cot was a man who had broken his leg by falling from a flume. He had weights attached to his limb, and was well enough to enjoy a book. Opposite him were three men playing dominos; one of these was convalescing from a broken hip, was sitting in a rocking chair, the second had ulcers on his leg, and the third was a new patient. One man with a bandaged arm had fallen and broken his wrist. Jacob Moore, seventeen years old, had ulcers on his hip and inflammatory rheumatism.

Three patients died in November in the Male Medical Ward, one had a diseased heart, another typhoid fever, and the third was a consumptive. Six of the fourteen

patients kept their cots. Three of these were eye patients; from two of them cataracts had been removed, the other had inflammation of the eyes. The condition of the eczema patient changed but little. A typhoid fever patient was convalescing. One man was suffering from some disease of the bowels, two patients had diseased lungs. There were several suffering from chronic diseases, and no patient was very sick.

One of the Pavilions was empty, the other had a fever patient.

The Little Folks.

Our young friends are bravely coming up to our help. Last month the treasurer of the Pavilion Fund reported that \$4,047.92 were needed to free the building from debt. This month her report shows how successfully our helpers have labored. The Children's Pavilion Fund tables, the Busy Bees, and individuals who gave donations at the festival for the fund, all worked for the same cause. One donation of \$25.00 came from "Baby Fannie," then the dime cards are bringing in a good many dollars. Three little children on Tremont street, A. Frederick Lent, Jennie May Lent, and Grace H. Johnson, each earned the money they contributed. Another little boy, far away, Freddy DePuy, sends fifty cents he has earned. Five little girls, Augusta Macomber, Stella Briggs, Cornelia Wilder, Flora Briggs, and Ruth Whittemore had in November a tableaux party for the Pavilion Fund, and earned \$3.50.

A few days since we received an invitation gotten up very tastefully. It read as follows: "You are respectfully invited to attend a sale of Fancy Articles, for the benefit of the Children's Pavilion, to be held at No. 18 North Washington street, Friday, Dec. 10th, 1886, from three to nine p. m. Misses Grace Steele, Margaret Wright, Sadie Bishop Bessie Whitbeck."

Of course we could not refuse so polite an invitation, and we were surprised to find such a variety of pretty articles collected by our young friends. They had toys, dolls, crocheted, knitted, painted, fancy and useful articles, candies and bonbons, and made a very successful affair of it. Now how do you think this fair started? One of these little girls was confined to the house by sickness, when she read in the HOSPITAL REVIEW that more than \$4,000 were needed to pay the debt resting on the Children's Pavilion. Her heart was touched, for as she had been sick, she knew how to sympathize with sick children who had no comfortable home nor kind friends to nurse them. She begged her mother to let her have a fair and do something for the sick children, and when she was well enough to work, she enlisted her playmates in the object, and this fair was the result of her loving promptings. We think the Children's Pavilion is a beautiful monument testifying to the zeal of warm and youthful hearts, and we feel as if every brick in it, if it could speak, would bear some loving message to the dear children within it.

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The Hospital Children.

We have been telling you about the Pavilion Fund and now you must hear about the children in the Pavilion. The cage is not worth much without the singing bird in it, is it? Our last visit to the Hospital was on a cold December morning. The white snow covered the lawn, and the delicate children could not stand the wintry blasts, Jack Frost was abroad, nipping the cheeks and toes of all who ventured out, and so not one of the inmates left their snug, warm quarters in the Pavilion. Two dear little babies were sleeping in the Nursery, and downstairs four boys were amusing themselves in the Boys' Ward. Max Krause, the German boy, now eleven years old, has been with us since October, 1884. He had curvature of the spine, and a good deal of the time has

worn a jacket made of plaster of Paris to straighten and strengthen the spine, and a harness on his head. Sometimes he has been confined to his chair or gone about on crutches, but now he has thrown all these away, and gets around quite nimbly. He was lounging on his cot, slate and arithmetic beside him, and said he felt "first rate," and hoped Santa Claus would bring him a nice story-book about the woods. Freddy Lyons and Tommy Heeney, both twelve years old have been in the Hospital more than two years. They both have ulcers on the hip, and at times have been confined to their cots, and sometimes have used crutches, but they both are better, and are greatly enjoying the instructions of a lady who comes two hours every afternoon to teach the Pavilion children; they are eager to learn, and the school is a pleasant variety in their quiet life. Another boy, Joseph O'Neil, seven years old, came to us early in October. He fell from a chestnut tree, broke his thigh, and injured his collar bone, but now he is so well he sits up in a chair, and was amusing himself with a transparent slate, drawing a boy and elephant. All the boys were quite anxious that Santa Claus should send them new suits of clothes and slippers.

In the Girls' Ward we found five children; Kitty Johnson, who came to us in June, two and a half years old, suffering from a limb that had been broken and improperly set, is now beginning to walk; she was just waking from her morning nap, and with her rosy cheeks, made a very pretty picture. On a warm rug, surrounded with blocks and playthings, were two plump, healthy looking little ones; one had been troubled with sore eyes and the other with rickets, but good nursing and proper food had made healthy, bright-looking children of them. Maude Henderson, who came to us in July, is still crippled, though better than she was. Some years since she had injured her spine by falling from a swing, and one of her limbs was shorter than the other; an opera-

tion had been performed and she is gradually improving. Sarah, our colored baby, who came to the Hospital in August, 1885, has a curvature of the spine and has gradually been wasting away. Now she is better than she has been, is taking cod liver oil and gaining some flesh, but we feel she can never be well. She needs a good deal of care, and we wish all the children, who have contributed to our Cot or Pavilion Fund, could see how comfortable she and the other children are made. The Pavilion is a bright, cheerful spot, and every effort is made to help the diseased little ones, and make them comfortable.

The Hospital Review.

We send this month a copy of the HOSPITAL REVIEW to many who have not yet given us their names as subscribers. We design to make the paper a means of communication between the Hospital workers and its patrons, to report our work, the condition of some of our patients, and the needs of this charity. We are very anxious to increase our number of subscribers, and will be very grateful to any one who will send a new name, address, and sixty-two cents, the price of a year's subscription, to our treasurer, Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring Street.

We particularly desire that those who have recently aided us on Donation Day should familiarize themselves with the work done in the Hospital, should know what is accomplished by the Training School for Nurses, and what is needed more effectively to prosecute our work. The HOSPITAL REVIEW is designed to convey such information. It also has its miscellaneous department, where choice original and selected articles are welcomed. The reports in the HOSPITAL REVIEW, of the condition of the little folks receiving Hospital treatment, have awakened and developed a benevolent spirit in many of the children in this

community, and we trust have secured to us life-long helpers. We feel the HOSPITAL REVIEW will be an aid to mothers who wish to educate their children in works of unselfish love. Please give it a trial.

The Blessed Refuge.

For years we have been a frequent visitor at the Hospital, but rarely have we so fully appreciated its worth, as a few days since when we found one, who for a month had been battling with disease, with no surroundings conducive to recovery. Convinced that death must come unless some change were made in her condition, she expressed a desire to be taken to the Hospital. A physician's order and a close carriage were procured, and in a few hours she was safely landed at the desired haven. No intimation had been given that she was expected, but there was no confusion. One of our most successful physicians was on hand, at once examined the patient, prescribed for her, and decided where she should be placed. Two strong men gently bore her to the designated room, where two nurses, as gently and tenderly as if she had been their sister, disrobed her, and placed her in a comfortable bed, and with a grateful heart she said "*It seems like heaven to me.*" She has since expressed great thankfulness for the unwearyed and comforting ministries of her attendants, day and night, and we trust through skilful advice and faithful nursing her life may be spared.

Our School.

Through the kind efforts of a friend of our children, a lady has been procured, who devotes two hours a day to the instruction of the Hospital children, who are in condition to avail themselves of her services. She teaches them the elementary branches and they are making good progress and are pleased with the variety this makes in their monotonous life.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR NURSES.

Introductory lecture to a new course of instruction.

The Fourth course of lectures to the Nurses, extending over the regular period of two years, begins the present month, with an introductory lecture by Dr. William S. Ely. This was given at the Hospital on Saturday evening, Dec. 18. The course will embrace one hundred lectures, one each week for two years, by some member of the Medical and Surgical staff.

Evening Entertainment.

We are pleased to state that the "Mikado" will be given for the benefit of the Hospital, and Mr. Dellon M. Dewey, Jr., will assume the direction of it. He will enlist the services of the best amateur talent of the city, and with a fine chorus, complete orchestra under the able direction of Mr. Richard Lansing, appropriate scenery and costumes, Mr. Dewey hopes to give one of the most delightful entertainments ever given here by amateurs, and this will be assured when we remember the charming performances of "Patience," "Iolanthe," and the "Princess Ida." Gilbert and Sullivan have given the world such pleasant music and capital dialogue in their bright operas, that it is a pleasure always to listen to them. Full particulars will be given as soon as possible in the daily papers.

Donations for November.

- Miss Mumford, reading matter.
- " Hayden, pears and grapes.
- Bessie Dickinson, reading for the children.
- Mrs. David Wing, reading matter.
- Friend, old cotton.
- Lovecraft & Son, kindling wood.
- Mrs. Edward S. Martin, 16 glasses of jelly.
- " Delia Dewey, reading matter.
- Miss Mumford, men's underwear.
- " R. T. Bowen, old cotton.
- " Cogswell, old linen and cotton.
- Harvey H. Newcomb, Sabbath School papers for the children.
- Mrs. Thomas Chester, old cotton.
- Ladies Book Club, 11 new novels.
- Margaret Wright, papers and flowers.
- B. C. Benjamin, 2 bags of potatoes.
- Mrs. David Little, night dresses.
- Friend, old cotton.

Mrs. G. G. Gould of Seneca Falls, a large trunk containing a quantity of children's clothing, outside wraps, night dresses, stockings, 3 comforters, new cloth for children's clothing, 4 dozen table napkins for Pavilion, 2 pieces of towelling, 18 new towels, books, games, and numerous fancy articles.

- Mrs. Delia Dewey, old cotton and reading matter.
- Mrs. W. C. Rogers, Albion, reading matter.
- " Earl Putnam, quantity children's clothing.
- " Sutherland, children's clothing.
- " Martindale, \$5 for Thanksgiving.
- " E. S. Martin, men's shirts, basket of pears.
- " G. W. Smith, New York, bound volumes of Harper's magazine.

Receipts for the Review

FOR NOVEMBER, 1886.	
Mrs. P. Storey, by Mrs. M. Strong.....	\$ 62
" H. L. Achilles, by Mrs. S. H. Terry....	62
" Geo. Crocker, Leroy, 50 cents; Mrs. J. C. Kerr, Auburn, 50 cents; by Miss L. A. Markham.....	1 00
H. J. Dignin, 50 cents; B. Herrman, adv., \$5; D. Leary, 62 cents; D. Leary, adv., \$10; Mrs. L. S. May, Pittsford, \$1; Miss E. C. Norris, Springville, 50 cents, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews.....	17 74
Miss C. Gardiner, 62 cents; Mrs. G. D. Hale, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Hazletine, 62 cents; Miss Husbands, 25 cents; Mrs. E. Loop, 62 cents; Mrs. C. R. Morgan, 62 cents; Mrs. H. F. Montgomery, 62 cents; Mrs. W. F. Morrison, 62 cents; Mrs. H. C. Roberts, 62 cents; Miss Bella Smith, 75 cents; Mrs. F. A. Ward, 62 cents, by Miss Hattie Smith.....	6 50
Miss F. Bryan, Philadelphia, \$1; Mrs. F. W. Embry, \$1; Miss A. K. Green, 62 cents; Mrs. E. W. Holmes, Boston, Mass., 50 cents; Mrs. J. Keener, 62 cents; Miss E. A. Spencer, Bergen Point, N. J., 50 cents; by Treasurer.....	4 86
MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treasurer, 96 Spring Street.	

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital November 1.....	97
Received during the month.....	43
Births.....	2
	—142
Discharged during the month.....	40
Deaths.....	7
Remaining in Hospital December 1.....	95
	—142

Died.

- At the Rochester City Hospital, November 4th, Mrs. Eliza A. Tuttle, aged 50 years.
- November 8, Mrs. Hattie Adams, aged 23 years.
- November 9, of typhoid fever, John R. Francis, aged 23 years.
- November 10, Emma Hall, aged 20 years.
- November 10, of chronic disease of the heart and liver, Adelbert Hellwig, aged 47 years.
- November 22, of pneumonia, Caroline Orford, aged 7 months.
- November 27, of phthisis pulmonalis, Charles Osborne, aged 34 years.

Mrs. Wm. L. Halsey has given an excellent likeness of her father, the late George H. Mumford, an early friend of the Hospital, and the President of the First Board of Directors. This picture has been hung in the parlor opposite that of the late Aaron Erickson.

We are indebted to Mrs. S. S. Gould, of Seneca Falls, for a large donation of children's clothing in excellent condition.

Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins kindly remembered our invalids, and sent them, through the Flower Mission, a quantity of potted plants.

The Ladies Book Club have kindly donated eleven volumes, a valuable addition to our Hospital library.

Since the above was in type the treasurer has received from Michaels, Stern & Co., \$50.00.

A Scotch correspondent of the Brooklyn Magazine writes that the children of Scotland repeat the prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," as follows:

This night, when I lie down to sleep,
I gi'e my soul to Christ to keep;
I wake a' noo, I wake a' never,
I gi'e my soul to Christ forever.

The Bee's Sting a Useful Article.

A new champion has arisen to defend the honey bee from the obloquy under which it has always rested. Mr. Wm. F. Clarke, of Canada, claims to have discovered, from repeated observations, that the most important function of the bee's sting is not stinging. In a recent article he says:

My observations and reflections have convinced me that the most important office of the bee sting is that which is performed in doing the artistic cell work, capping the comb, and infusing the formic acid by

means of which honey receives its keeping qualities. As I said at Detroit, the sting is really a skillfully contrived little towel, with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are filled brimful of honey. This explains why honey extracted before it is capped over does not keep well. The formic acid has not been injected into it. This is done in the very act of putting the last touches on the cell work. As the little pliant towel is worked to and fro with such dexterity, the darts, of which there are two, pierce the plastic cell surface and leave the nectar beneath its tiny drops of the fluid which makes it keep well. This is the "art preservative" of honey. A most wonderful provision of nature, truly! Herein we see that the sting and the poison bag, with which so many of us would like to dispense, are essential to the storage of our coveted product, and that without them the beautiful comb honey of commerce would be a thing unknown.

If these things are so, how mistaken those people are who suppose that a bee is, like the Prince of Evil, always going about prowling in search of a victim. The fact is that the bee attends to his own business very diligently, and has no time to waste in unnecessary quarrels. A bee is like a farmer working with a work in his hay field. He is fully occupied, and very busy. If molested or meddled with, he will be very apt to defend himself with the implement he is working with. This is what the bee does; and man, by means of his knowledge of the nature and habits of this wondrous little insect, is enabled, in most cases, to ward off or evade attack. It is proof of their natural quietness, industry, and peaceableness that so many thousands of them will go through a summer of ceaseless activity so close to your dwelling house, and perhaps not a half a dozen stings be inflicted during a whole season.

Early Traits.

Very few men have achieved eminent usefulness who have not, as boys, given some indication of a talent or a desire strong enough to confine their lives into one narrow channel. John Howard, the great prison reformer, although successful as a tradesman, left, while still a lad, the upholster's shop in which he had lived, and set off on a tour of reform and exploration in his neighborhood. Wilberforce, when but fourteen, wrote a letter to the local paper against "the odious traffic in human flesh."

A little Scotch boy of nine was once reproved for misconstruing a Latin sentence by Dominic Frazer of the Edinburgh High School. The boy insisted he was right, and was whipped for his insolence. The next day he appeared loaded with grammars, and forced his master to confess himself in the wrong. The obstinate young disputant was afterwards Lord Brougham, who never suffered himself to be worsted in argument.

James Watt, before he was fifteen, had constructed a steam engine, and George Stephenson, when a child of nine used to build clay engines.

We might multiply illustrations, but such have already been made familiar. The years between twelve and sixteen are the most anxious and important in a boy's life, for it is then that he and his family are choosing his future trade or profession. It is only fair to the boy and to the man he is to be, that this choice should be decided, not by outside transient circumstances, but by his talent, character, and natural bent.

Queer Almsgiving.

There are some very curious customs in England that have come down from ancient times. Among the quaintest are those connected with almsgiving at Easter-tide. Take, for example, the "royal Maundy."

Maundy Thursday, the day before Good Friday, is so called from the practice of washing the feet of the poor, in imitation of our Lord, and in supposed

compliance with His command, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." New commandment is in Latin, *novum mandatum*, and *mandatum*, or mandate, has been corrupted into maundy.

On the Thursday before Easter, during the service at White Chapel, sums of money are distributed to poor people. First a sum instead of an allowance of clothing, which used to be given—about nine dollars to each woman, and eleven dollars to each man.

Then, at a later point in the service, there is a second distribution—a gold sovereign to each man and woman; with an addition of thirty shillings in money for each person, instead of provisions, which used to be given in kind. This is given in a red purse.

At the same time is given a white purse containing, in silver, as many pence as the queen is years of age, all in silver pennies, twopences, threepences and fourpences. The recipients of this bounty are, every year, as many men and as many women as the queen is years old. As Queen Victoria is now sixty-six, the sum distributed among the one hundred and thirty-two recipients was more than three thousand dollars.

At another London church, the priory church of St. Bartholomew the Great, a custom was observed on Good Friday this year which dates from the Reformation. Twenty-one new sixpences were placed on a tombstone in the churchyard, and were picked up by a like number of poor widows of the parish, in the presence of the rector and the wardens. The name of the person who gave the fund from which these small bounties are supplied is forgotten.

On the same day sixty boys of Christ's Hospital attended service at All-hallow's Church, and received each a new penny and a bag of raisins. This was in accordance with the will of a man who died in 1586. In a mission church in London, also, hot cross buns were given to over a thousand destitute children.

Turner's Father.

Turner, the great English artist, was the son of a barber. After he had attained fame and wealth, his father remained with him, living in his studio, his most intimate friend. On one occasion, it is stated, a large and brilliant party was examining Turner's pictures in the studio, when the scent of broiling chops filled the room, and a dirty old man thrust his head in at a back door, with—

"Them's a burnin'! If you don't come, them'll be sp'iled!"

"I cannot go now, sir. 'My father, gentlemen," said Turner, as calmly and respectfully as though the sire he presented had been a royal duke.

All temptation to ridicule was quelled by his unconscious dignity.

Another fine trait of the great painter is hinted at in a story recently told of him by Ruskin in a lecture at Edinburgh. His picture of "Cologne" cost him years of thought and study. It had an exquisite golden sky when brought to the Exhibition, in 1826. On the evening of varnishing day, a friend, passing through the room in which it was hung, was dismayed to find the sky a dull dun tint. He hastened to find Turner.

"What has happened to your picture?" he demanded.

"Oh, poor Lawrence's portraits were hung at either side, and it killed them. He was very unhappy. I gave the sky a coat of lampblack. It will all wash off after the exhibition."

The story is true, but unselfish generosity is so rare among artists that Ruskin states he never told it to but one man who believed it. The action lives, and is helpful and fine to thousands who will never see the golden sky of the picture.

"My Son."

We can imagine "how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is" to know and feel the wrong-doing and disgrace of one's own child. With such an afflic-

tion, fathers are oftener seen to suffer in

"The silent manliness of grief,"

than heard to cry like David over his son Absalom. But the heart, especially of the aged, is only the more surely broken by this stifling of its pain.

Colonel Dyke, eighty years old, was summoned in Montreal to testify against his own son for forgery.

"Do you know the prisoner?" asked the counsel for the defence.

"I do. The prisoner is my only living son."

"Do you know Eckersdorf?"

"Yes. He was my son's partner.

As Colonel Dyke spoke the last words his face grew suddenly white. He gave a great gasp, fell back against the wall behind the box, then sank in a heap on the floor. Those who looked on supposed he had fainted. A doctor who was in court made his way to the side of the colonel, and after making an examination, pronounced him dead. The news spread rapidly, causing the utmost consternation. Many cried.

The prisoner clapped his hands wildly to his head, and burst into tears. The body was carried out of court. Judge Ramsey ordered the jury to retire, then left the bench, with his handkerchief to his eyes. Shortly afterwards he returned and adjourned the court.

Whether in youth, like early fruit,
Or in the sere and solemn suit
Of our autumnal age, like wheat
Ripened, and for the reaper fit,
Thou cut us off, O God, may we
Gathered unto Thy garner be!

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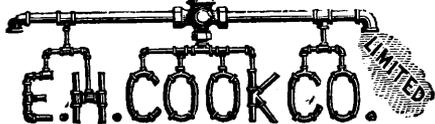
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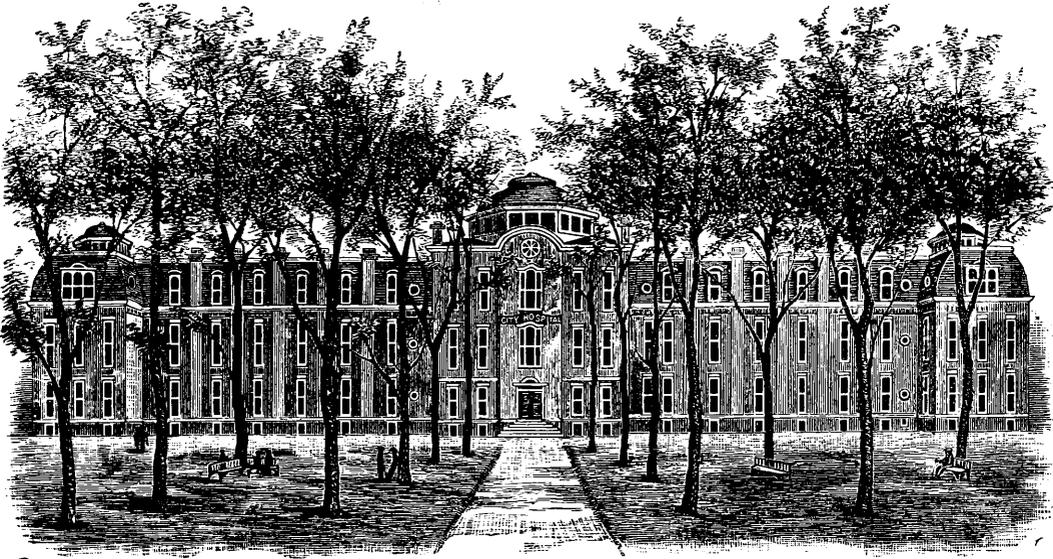
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INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

“I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME.”

VOL. XXIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1887.

No. 6.

The Lily in the Sheaf.

O, weary, and worn, and bent, and gray,
Was Dame Durand; she had gleaned all day
Behind the reapers—despite her care
Her sheaf held little of value there.
Yet far from being distraught or sad,
Her lips were wreathed in a smile so glad,
Her sister gleaners all gathered 'round,
And questioned: “Good Dame, what hast
thou found,
That thou, who hast toiled the live-long day,
Should'st look, at even, so blithe and gay?”

Down from her head she lowered her sheaf;
Her brown hand shook like an autumn leaf;
“See my good fortune, kind friends, I pray,
A Lily I've found in my sheaf, to-day!
Flame-like it burned in the wheat-field's breast,
But here, in my sheaf, it findeth rest.”

“A worthless weed,” with a sneer, one cries,
“Not worth the room that it occupies.”
“Not so,” said the Dame, “the weary hours
Were cheered by the breath and bloom of
flowers,
And lighter all day my load has been,

For the fair Lily that lay within;
And how 'twill brighten and cheer my home,
When I to that longed for place have come!
In the Wheat, food for our hunger lies,
Yet on the Lily we'll feast our eyes.”

Ah, we who glean in life's harvest fields,
Do we garner all its richness yields?
Our physical wants are all our care,
What we shall eat, and what we shall wear,
Forgetting too oft, as seasons roll,
The want of heart or the needs of soul.
“Consider the Lilies,” Jesus saith,
They teach the lesson of living faith;
Who fears to follow where His hand leads,
Our Savior, who knoweth all our needs?

He has given to each his work to do,
But He has given us pleasures, too;
The while we gather the sheaves of care,
The Lilies of love and joy bloom there.
So, let us garner them day by day,
The blessings blossoming by the way,
Neglecting not each day so brief,
To bind a Lily within the sheaf.
—DART FAIRTHORNE, in *Vick's Magazine* for
October.

Pinktottens ; How She Put Her Money in Heaven.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DODDLEKINS."

The western sky was like another world of ruddy golden sea and purple land, when Pinktottens was standing by Willie's bed, saying, "You must put my money up in heaven, and the flowers out of my corner of the garden, until I come too."

Willie took the plump little hand and kissed it. "Poor little Pinktottens! Give me that cup of milk that is on the table!" And when she trotted off for it he rubbed his eyes with his white sleeve, and looked bright again before she came carefully with the cup between both hands.

"Going to heaven" meant more for him than she could understand. It meant that he would have to part with little Pinktottens—that she would see him no more for all the long, long years, until the end.

"Won't you put my money in heaven, Willie—and my flowers?"

"We can't put the flowers in heaven, Pinktottens. I'm afraid they must fade," he said cheerily; but we shall hold on to the sixpence and put it in heaven. Most decidedly we shall!"

"Oh, Willie," with a jump of delight, "I think about the money in heaven when it is all like gold over there," pointing gaily through the white-curtained window, "beyond the apple trees, away to the west."

"That is only the sky, Tots—the clouds and the light. Heaven is beyond—beyond!"

"Does the money get bright in heaven?"

"Oh, Pinktottens, what questions!"

"And—tell me, Willie—if I put the money in heaven, can I get it down again, if I want some thing?"

"No, Pinktottens, you can't get your sixpence again; but you might get a hundred times more, and ever so much better."

Pinktottens stood silent for a min-

ute, and then took back the sixpence again.

Willie began to laugh. "Don't you want to put it in heaven?"

"I'll think," said Pinktottens gravely. And the gold in the west was fading to yellow, and the purple promontories and shores were stretching out darker, and showing lakes of pale green somewhere inland, far above the shining yellow seas.

Night after night poor John Worthington put out the light when the boy was sleeping, and when the dawn was glimmering through the white curtains.

It was during one of the night vigils, at that hour between two and three, when the night seems to stand still, that the boy's hot hand crept into his father's.

"Father, dear, I want to sell my violin."

"Are you awake, Willie?" whispered the father; he thought the boy was talking in a dream.

"Wide awake," said the gay voice, and the glimmer of the night-light showed Willie's own amused smile. "I asked Mrs. Haverford to-day how much my violin was worth, and she said twenty pounds. And, father dear, perhaps you would be sorry to see it about when I am not here; and I would like so very, very much to sell it, if you will let me."

"Yes—yes! anything you like—anything—anything!"

On the day after that talk about the violin, Mrs. Haverford came again, and then Willie had great news for Pinktottens.

He heard the strong little shoes climbing—"pat pat"—up the steep, narrow stairs, then there was a tussle with the door-knob, and in came the chubby, fair-haired little sister, and he smelt the fresh air after her play in the garden when she jumped on her toes at the bedside to scramble up and kiss him with that bud of a mouth. One would have thought she wore white by this time, the pattern of the pink cotton dress was so washed and washed

away; there was only the faintest wild rose tint remaining.

"Such news, my little Pinktottens; I shall have twenty pounds. Think, what a fortune!" laughing gaily. "Twenty pounds—eight hundred sixpences only we shan't have it in sixpences, shall we? We might be dropping it down stairs and all about the house."

"Where is it?" Pinktottens, breathless, looked about with bright eyes.

"It is coming to-morrow, Tots. I asked Mrs. Haverford if she knew anyone that would buy my fiddle, and she said she knew a lady that would give twenty pounds for the fiddle, and I should have it to-morrow."

"Oh!" cried Pinktottens—a long "Oh!" of amazement. "Twenty pounds for a fiddle!"

"And I am going to put the money in heaven," said Willie.

"I'll put my sixpence in heaven, too," said Pinktottens; she always liked to do the same thing as Willie. "I have twopence besides, so that is—how much, Willie?"

"Eightpence, Tots."

"I'll put in my eightpence—all my eightpence." And Pinktottens, with a dive into her pocket, produced twopence and a bright sixpence. "How does one put it in?"

"I'll tell you to-morrow, Pinktottens. We shall put all our money together, you and I—we shall have twenty pounds, one shilling and eightpence between us. I have only a shilling, for I did not care to have any all this time, when I could not buy anything."

"Twenty pounds, and one shilling, and eightpence!" Pinktottens felt rich. Dear, generous Willie! "That would buy everything in a shop," she said. "Tell me quick, Willie, how are we to put it in heaven?"

"To-morrow," said Willie, smoothing back the fair locks from over the eager eyes—"to-morrow."

It took a long time for Willie to explain next day to little Pinktottens how they were going to lay up their treasure in heaven. Gently, patiently

he answered her bewildering questions, until the puzzled little head understood at last. Whatever was given to the poor and suffering was given to God; and all that was given to God was added to the treasure of merit laid up in heaven, and it would be all kept safe there, to be part of the joy of the givers forever in their Father's home.

"You know the hospital, Pinktottens, at the other end of the road?"

"Yes"—a clear, brave yes. The little face looked wise with sudden earnestness. It was such a grand thing to be putting Willie's treasure and hers straight into heaven!

"And you know, Pinktottens, where there is something printed on the wall, and two little slits under the printing? The two little slits are in a cross—that way and that way—and the printing is, 'For the Sick Poor.' One puts money through the hole, and the money-box is inside the wall to catch it."

Pinktottens laughed with delight.

"Ask father to take you," said Willie, his voice falling in weakness to a whisper. He looked so nice to-day—all white—and he was not coughing any more. "Bring me flowers when you come back," he said, "out of your own corner. Mother"—he saw his mother coming in at the door—"Tots is taking the money as you said she might. Put it all through the hole, Tots." He could not speak any more, so she scrambled up on the chair at the bed's head and kissed him. His forehead was cold.

She tied on her pink bonnet crooked, but her mother did not come to set it straight. The mother was nursing Willie, and coaxed him to take a drink. The child, before she closed the door, saw him smiling at her, with his mother's arm around his neck. "Good-bye awhile, Pinktottens; and bring me the flowers."

Her father was not to be found. She did not know that he had hurried to the doctor's house. Pinktottens set off alone, and made her way to the hospital wall.

"Please hold me up," she said to an

old gentleman who had stopped to stare at her pretty face and her crooked pink bonnet. "Thank you. Now please turn your head away Don't look—don't!" Willie had explained to her that, except when permission had to be asked, no one should ever see the money was put in heaven, or it might not go there at all.

When the old gentleman let her down to the pavement again he was laughing. "I'm afraid," he said, "you are up to tricks, my little girl. You should not ask to be held up to stuff the hospital box with papers. But never mind now—good-by."

Pinktottens flushed, and nearly cried out, "It wasn't papers—it was big bank notes!" But that would be telling. So she choked up the words, almost crying. But the hospital people did not find their box stuffed with papers. They found the four five-pound notes, and a shilling, and a sixpence, and two pennies. The child ran home, snatched her best flowers from her own garden, looked up at Willie's window, and oh! what was the instinct of trouble that filled her little heart? Why did the house look so quiet, with all the white blinds down?

Pinktottens had learned so early how to put money in heaven that probably she would lay up for herself a great treasure in the years to come. Her secret was to slip it into the box for the sick poor when nobody was looking; and she would do this as long as she remembered "her own Willie," and that would be "for evermore."

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A Touching Incident.

A very touching incident occurred at Gouverneur Hospital, New York city, last month. Little Annie Ashpurvis was sent by her parents, who live at No. 36 Hester street, to the cellar for some fire wood. The child, who was but six years old, took a lighted lamp in her hand, and while descending the stairs, her foot slipped and she fell, breaking the lamp, and the flames of

the burning fluid soon enveloped her entire body. As soon as the surgeon was called, the little sufferer was wrapped in what is known as a "Stokes prepared sheet," and driven in an ambulance to the hospital. The child was put on a soft cot, and the house surgeon did all he could to alleviate her suffering, but it was impossible to save her life. Under the influence of a narcotic, she soon fell asleep. Thus she lay slowly breathing for some hours. Her face was so swollen, she could not open her eyes. About half-past two in the morning, she showed signs of returning consciousness. The watchful nurse asked her if she would have a drink. She distinctly answered "Yes." In a moment House Surgeon Aspell was beside her cot. He felt the pulse but shook his head and turned to go away. As he did so the little creature moved her body. She turned half around. The dim light of a candle shone on the blackened face. The swollen lips pursed out, and in a clear, sweet voice the dying child began to sing the hymn "Nearer my God, to Thee." The doctor and nurse stood transfixed. The other patients in the silent, darkened ward leaned on their elbows, and drank in the sweet melody. The first verse completed, she gradually sank back on her pillow. Her strength began to fail, and with it her voice, and only the humming like distant music of the air of the hymn could be heard. How sweet, yet weird, that humming sounded. The candle lent its meagre light, the big clock in the corner told out its seconds as the sweet little soul passed out to its Maker. The humming ceased. All was over. The doctor turned away; his handkerchief sought his eyes. The nurse gazed into the flame of the candle. She seemed to read the history of the little one's death there. She heaved a sigh, and no doubt offered a prayer. The remains were buried Friday from the hospital. The coffin was strewn with flowers, offerings of her little schoolmates, with whom the dead child had been a great favorite.

The Lost Sheep.

BY SALLIE PRATT M'LEAN.

[Said by the New York *Sun* to be one of the most beautiful poems in the English language. Miss McLean is well-known in Baltimore.]

De massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Look out in de gloomerin' meadows,
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he call to de hirelin' shepa'd.
Is my sheep, is dey all come in ?

Oh, den says de hirelin' shepa'd
Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
And some, dey's poo' ol' wedda's,
But the res' dey's all brung in,
But the res' dey's all brung in.

Den de massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
Whar de long night rain begin—
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof', Come in, come in!
Callin' sof', Come in, come in!

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf
Whar de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
De poo' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in,
De poo' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in.

Sister Dora.

In October last a statue was raised in the town of Walsall, in the Black Country, "the first ever erected in England to a woman, with the exception of Queen Anne and Queen Victoria."

A singular story lies behind this event. Walsall, a large manufacturing town, was filled, twenty years ago, with a rough, drunken community of laboring people. The drainage and streets were in a deplorable condition, and every year small pox and low fever raged unchecked.

In 1864, Dorothy Pattison, better known as "Sister Dora," went to Walsall during a fearful outbreak of small pox, nursed the sick and dying, and even with her own hands laid out and buried the dead, when no man would dare to perform the last friendly office. So violent was the antipathy to the gray gown of the Sister, that she was stoned and driven through the streets

of Walsall with vile obscenity and abuse.

Once a stone thrown by a boy cut her in the forehead, and felled her to the earth. She went on with her work quietly, but with indomitable resolution, treating her rough enemies, when they became her patients, with infinite tenderness, mixed with a shrewd, joking humor, which caught their fancy. One of the very men who had stoned her was brought in, crushed almost beyond recognition in a coal pit, for her to nurse. He became her most devoted friend.

Slowly she won over the multitudes of ruffianly men and women. She became "Our Sister Dora" to the ignorant, faithful souls.

On one occasion, when the hospital was filled with cases of virulent small pox, she closed the doors to prevent the spread of infection, and with one man's help nursed, cooked, washed, and scrubbed for them all. One patient, when in the last agony, raised himself with a terrible effort, and cried out, "Kiss me once, sister, before I die!" which she did instantly.

When she fell a victim to her work, at last, the people mourned for her as if each man had lost his nearest friend. One of the eighteen laboring men who carried her to the grave said:—

"We want her cut in marble, with her cap an' goon and blessed face. It's not that we'll forget her; no danger o' that, but we want her to be there so that when strangers come and see her standing up there, they'll say, 'Who's that?' An' we'll say 'Who's that? That's our Sister Dora.' "

The statue just erected was built by countless small contributions from the poor, and stands in the very square where she was stoned, to show one triumph of pure womanly goodness in the world.

For of this be sure, dearest,
Whatever thy life befall,
The cross that our own hands fashion
Is the hardest cross of all.

Be not simply good, be good for something.

Landseer's Lions.

Landseer had an extreme fondness for studying and making pictures of lions and from the time, when, as a boy, he dissected one, he tried to obtain the body of every lion that died in London. Dickens was in the habit of relating that on one occasion, when he and others were dining with the artist, a servant entered and asked, "Did you order a lion sir?" as if it was the most natural thing in the world. The guests feared that a living lion was about to enter, but it turned out to be the body of the dead "Nero" of the Zoological Gardens, which had been sent as a gift to Sir Edwin.

His skill in drawing was marvelous, and was once shown in a rare way at a large evening party. Facility in drawing had been the theme of conversation, when a lady declared that no one had yet drawn two objects at the same moment. Landseer would not allow that this could not be done, and immediately took two pencils and drew a horse's head with one hand, and at the same time a stag's head with the other hand. He painted with great rapidity; he once sent to the exhibition a picture of rabbits painted in three-quarters of an hour. Mr. Wells relates that at one time when Landseer was visiting him, he left the house for church just as his butler placed a fresh canvass on the easel before the painter; on his return, three hours later, Landseer had completed a life-sized picture of a fallow deer, and so well was it done that neither he nor the artist could see that it required retouching.—*From "Stories of Art and Artists," by Clara Erskine Clement, in St. Nicholas for September.*

Daniel Webster's Oxen.

Of oxen Mr. Webster was always fond, and was as good a judge of them as could anywhere be found. He knew all his own by name, kept track of their ages and peculiarities, and frequently wrote home from the national capitol directing such and such a yoke to be

sold and replacad by others in order to keep his stock always at the best. On his return from Washington they were among the first objects of his thought, and sometimes, after entering the house and greeting the members of his family, he would, without sitting down, go out to the barn to see those dumb members of his larger family, going from one to the other, patting and stroking their faces, and feeding them from his hands. Equally fond was he of showing them to his guests. On one occasion, as he stood thus with a friend, feeding them with ears of corn, his son Fletcher amused himself by playing with the dog. "My son," said Mr. Webster, "You do not seem to care much for this. For my part I like it. I would rather be here than in the Senate. I find it better company." Every one remembers how, only a week before his death, he had them driven up into the lane before the house in order that he might see them for the last time. Such glimpses as these are worth whole volumes in revealing to us the real character of the man.—*Providence Journal.*

A Christmas Card.

A friend of ours was much gratified on Christmas day by receiving a card on which was a photograph of the Holy Family, and beneath it the following:

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

Only a card this morning!
But it beareth a prayer from me,
That this Christmas day
May, in God's own way,
Be a happy one for thee!

If we practise goodness, not for the sake of its own intrinsic excellence, but for the sake of gaining some advantage by it, we may be cunning, but we are not good.—*Cicero.*

There is nothing will make you a Christian indeed but a taste of the sweetness of Christ. "Come and see" will speak best to your soul.—*Samuel Rutherford.*

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1887.

Evening Entertainment.

The Managers regret that circumstances beyond their control necessitate the indefinite postponement of the presentation of the "Mikado." They gratefully acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr. Dellon M. Dewey, Jr., and Mr. Richard Lansing, who have been indefatigable in their efforts to make the entertainment a success; also to their musical friends who have so kindly aided them.

A fine chorus of forty voices and several of the soloists are well prepared in their parts, and the Managers trust the "Mikado" may yet be given by our amateur musicians for the benefit of the City Hospital.

As some tickets have already been sold for the "Mikado," purchasers are requested to return these to Mr. Haywood Hawks, Powers' Bank, who will refund their money.

Hospital Inmates.

The pure white snow veiled the Hospital lawns, and the bright sunshine flooded its wards, as, on the 5th of January, we visited the invalids. The general aspect of the Hospital was unusually cheerful. In the reception room some of the patients on crutches, and one man with his arm in a sling, were searching for interesting books or papers, and in the male wards many of the patients were reading. Gay colored silks, a crazy quilt, and other bright pieces of fancy work, gave a pleasant tone to the female wards, and the absence of acute suffering or severe illness was a pleasant feature of the visit.

No deaths from sickness occurred in the Hospital during December; two were the results of accident, and neither of these patients were long in the Hospital. The

first of these was a young man who was injured by the cars and amputation of the arm was necessary, but this did not save him, and he died from the effects of the shock. The second young man was a carpenter, who fell, fractured his skull, and died from compression of the brain.

On the first day of the New Year there were one hundred and three patients receiving hospital treatment. The Pavilions were both empty.

Of the thirteen patients in the Male Surgical Ward none kept his bed all the time. Two or three did not get up till noon. Two men had their heads bandaged; one of these had fallen down stairs and had a scalp wound; the other was weak, chilly, and debilitated. One man had a broken arm, but was doing well; another had an ulcer on the ankle. One man, who was injured by a threshing machine, had his arm amputated and was improving. A young man who had fallen and broken his hip, while getting off a canal boat, had so far recovered as to be going about on crutches. One, who was in his cot, had been injured by a railroad accident, had had his right arm amputated, and was convalescing. An aged and infirm man had a diseased stomach. A painter, who had fallen from a ladder and broken his right arm, was so far recovered that on New Years he went out of doors for a walk. The nurse reported the ward as very quiet, with little that was exciting in it.

There were twenty patients in the Male Medical Ward. For of these were confined to their beds. Two men had just left who came from the Soldiers' Home in Bath. They were both blind when they came to the Hospital, but successful operations for cataracts had restored sight, and they went home rejoicing. Some typhoid fever patients were convalescing. The eczema patient was not so well as he has been.

Eighteen were receiving treatment in the

Female Medical and Cross Wards. Some of these had diseased stomachs, bowels or lungs. Three were recovering from rheumatism, two from jaundice. Annie, who was brought to the Hospital early in November, delirious, and apparently in a dying condition, having typhoid fever and pneumonia complications, is now perfectly well, and will soon be dismissed from the Hospital. A young girl seventeen years old, who had been bed-ridden for months, having a contraction of the lower limbs, is now able to walk the length of the wards. Two typhoid fever patients are rapidly convalescing.

Of the eighteen patients in the Female Surgical Ward three were confined to their beds. One of these had some trouble with her throat, another chronic rheumatism, and the third had fallen on the sidewalk and broken her thigh. The foot of her bed was elevated with blocks beneath it, and weights were attached to her limb. She was suffering and uncomfortable, and anxiously awaiting the arrival of the surgeon who was to minister to her. Tilly was much better than when we last reported her condition. She was up, dressed and using her needle. A woman, convalescing from an ulcerated leg, spoke most gratefully of the kindness and attention she had received from nurses and physicians. *Grossmutter*, now ninety years old, or as she said, "eighty and ten," was hobbling about very smart and active for a woman of her years. One woman, recovering from erysipelas, had hung a spray of holly on her cot, and spoke of feeling much better than she had done.

There were nine occupants in the Maternity Ward.

Our Advertisers.

The Holidays are over, and many of our advertisers are reducing prices, to close out their goods. Now is the time to avail yourselves of their offers and make cheap purchases.

The Little Folks.

When last we visited the little folks they were getting ready for dinner. Max had on his new shoes and his Christmas overcoat was near by. A table was spread in the Boys' Ward, with stewed mutton, boiled turnip, potatoes and bread and milk upon it, and round this, Max and Tommy, Maude and Jo, took their places, bringing with them good appetites. Some of the boys had been sharpening theirs by out of door exercise, and when dinner was over Jo and Tommy were playing with their sled on the Hospital grounds. We missed Freddy Lyons, the boy who had ulcers on his hip, and who has been with us more than two years. He has gone home and we hope will be well enough to remain there. In the Girls' Ward Kitty and Sarah and Joseph Welsh were seated in their rocking chairs, with napkins under their chins, as the nurse fed them with bread and milk. Little Sarah, the colored child, that has been so feeble for months, seemed brighter and better than we have seen her for a long time. She used to be one of the happiest, pleasantest children we have ever seen, but latterly sickness has made her nervous and irritable, and she has not been willing to be spoken to; but that day she was sitting in her rocking chair with a pillow behind her, she had on a pink flannel sack and a gay afghan wrapped about her, and Maude Henderson was amusing her with a checker board. She looked up to us with a pleasant smile and said: "Make it." So we placed the bits of card board that served as checkers on the board and the little maiden seemed satisfied. The nurse tells us that she now relishes her bread and milk and sleeps well at night. Kitty Johnson, now three years old, walks nicely. The Girls' Ward is such a pleasant, comfortable looking place we love to visit it, and think how nice it is to have such a sunny spot for the sick and crippled children. The nurse

seems very fond of them and we are sure they are happy.

You must remember dear children, we have still a debt on the Pavilion and must do your best to pay for it. When you go to the Hospital you must ask Mrs. Converse, our recorder, to show you the chart and then you will know just how many squares more will have to be crossed off before the debt is paid. Every dollar given to the fund crosses off one square. The little folks who are bringing in their dime cards are helping us, and the other day as we were at Mrs. Mathews' a dear little girl brought us, in a little basket, more than six dollars, the contents of Katie's bank. Every year we have such an offering, and thus the dear child though dead still speaks to us, through the memorial gifts that come from her bank.

Christmas.

Santa Claus was very generous this year to the little folks in the Pavilion. Don't you think he shows his good sense by remembering the sick children? Early in the morning he sent Mrs. Santa Claus and ten little maidens with her, laden with gifts. We think the Pavilion chimneys must have been built on purpose for Christmas. When we made our morning visit to the Boys' Ward, we found a group of little folks gathered around Mrs. Santa Claus, as she tried to explain to Jo. and Max, and Freddy, and Tommy, how to play the game of Tournament, which she had brought for them; then she distributed combination slates, sliced pictures, books and games—something for all the boys. Afterwards she and her troop visited the Girls' Ward, and every child was remembered. Little Sarah was bolstered up with pillows, in a rocking chair, and beside her was placed a Santa Claus baby. Did you ever see one? It was dressed just like old Santa, was made of calico and stuffed, and was the funniest looking doll baby we ever saw. Then

there was a cunning little black dog that little Joseph Welsh delighted to draw over the smooth floor, and a pretty rattle that pleased little Kittie Johnson.

Later in the day Santa came himself to the Pavillion. There was a beautiful Christmas tree, all ablaze with bright candles, and there were useful garments and toys for all the children. Some of the grown up patients came in to see how happy the little folks were. A lady whispered to us that she thought Santa realized he was bestowing gifts on delicate, sensitive children for he dropped the rough, boisterous manner he sometimes displays and appeared more like an *angel in disguise*. He certainly was a ministering angel on Christmas day.

Two young ladies who had tender Hospital memories sent oranges and ice cream for the Female Surgical Wards; the supply was so bountiful that the Female Medical Wards were included in the distribution.

Many of the Hospital patients enjoyed the Christmas letters received by them, and fully appreciated the thoughtfulness of those who remembered the solitary ones, away from home and kindred.

The flower mission brought their ever welcome offering, and Rev. Dr. Henry Anstice and some of his choir cheered the invalids with the sweet notes of their Christmas carols.

Those who in pleasant homes, surrounded by loved ones, enjoy a merry Christmas, can hardly realize how many tender memories are awakened in lonely hearts in the Hospital, by the return of the holidays, and how welcome are the kind ministries of those who seek to comfort the afflicted ones who might otherwise feel neglected.

If Thy Friend come into Thine House for
Pleasure and dear Amitie, Exile Sadness and
show to him Friendlie Familiaritie.

I stood by a grave and thought
How little has life to give!
I kissed a child as I came away,
How pleasant it is to live.

Correction.

Last month the following donations were credited to wrong parties. This month we would correct the error and thank our kind friend Mrs. James H. Gould, of Seneca Falls, for a large donation of children's clothing in excellent condition; we would also acknowledge a generous donation from Mrs. S. S. Gould, of Seneca Falls, who sent a large trunk containing a quantity of children's clothing, outside wraps, night dresses, stockings, 3 comforters, new cloth for children's clothing, 4 dozen table napkins for Children's Pavillion, 2 pieces of towelling, 18 new towels, books, games, and numerous fancy articles.

Among our acceptable gifts last month were overcoats and suits of clothing, shoes and slippers, for some of our boys.

Vick's Floral Guide.

In the midst of winter desolation and barrenness it is refreshing to catch a glimpse of Vick's Illustrated Monthly and Floral Guide. It comes to us in January, freighted with suggestions of summer glory. The delicate roses, the tempting ripe berries, the suggestive flower borders, and gay pansies, promise good things to come, and the useful and timely hints should be noted by all who are fond of fruit or flowers. The magazine, published every month at \$1.25 per year, is full of useful information and pleasant instruction for the amateur or professional gardener.

The attention of our readers is directed to the advertisement of Munn & Co., patent solicitors, in another column. Their name is familiar to patentees throughout the country. In connection with the publication of the *Scientific American* for the past forty years, they have made the drawings and specifications for more than one hundred thousand inventions, and their facilities for obtaining patents were never better than now.

Cash Donations.

ADDITIONAL DONATIONS.

Michaels, Stern & Co.....	\$	50	00
Bishop McQuaid.....		25	00
Previously acknowledged.....		7,612	38
Total	\$	7,687	38
Receipts from lunch tables.....		1,654	05
Receipts from fancy articles, &c....		1,169	31
Total	\$10,510	74	
Expenses		501	96
Nett.	\$10,008	78	

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.

Receipts for the Review, December, 1886.

Mrs. C. Smith, Andover, Mass., by Mrs. M. Strong.....	50
Mrs. Hosford, 50 cents; Mrs. A. D. Keeney, 50 cents; Mrs. H. N. Page, 50 cents; Mrs. E. M. Read, 50 cents; Mrs. R. T. Tuttle, 50 cents; Mrs. G. R. Traver, 50 cents, all of Perry, by Miss Mamie L. Read.....	3.00
Mrs. C. C. Beaman, Coldwater, 50 cents; Miss D. Cossett, 62 cent.; Mrs. R. L. Field, 62 cents; Miss M. Hotto, 50 cents; Mrs. F. Hinchey, 62 cents; Miss K. Patten, 62 cents; Mrs. J. L. Pixley, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Woodworth, 62 cents, by Miss Pixley.....	4.72
Mrs. E. F. Brewster, 65 cents; Mrs. Oscar Craig, 62 cents; Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, 62 cents; Mrs. H. H. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Strong, 62 cents; Mrs. H. F. Smith, 62 cents; Miss Whitney, \$1.24, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews.....	4.99
Mrs. D. D. S. Brown, Scottsville, 1.00; Mrs. H. B. Hoyt, 63 cents; Mrs. A. J. Johnson, 62 cents; Miss Mather, Sodus Centre, 50 cents; Mrs. E. Ray, Batavia, (2 subs.), \$1.00; Mrs. W. N. Sage, 63 cents; Miss E. Tompkins, 62 cents; Mr. D. Underhill, Chicago, Ill., (2 subs.), \$1.00; Mrs. C. Wait, 62 cents, by Treasurer.....	6.62
Mrs. N. Ayrault, 62 cents; Mrs. S. G. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. M. B. Anderson, \$1.00; Mrs. R. B. Ashley, 62 cents; Miss J. Adams, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Anstice, 62 cents; Mrs. C. H. Angel, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. F. D. Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. S. J. Arnold, 62 cents; Mrs. Myron Adams, 62 cents; Mrs. C. H. Babcock, (2 subs.) \$1.25; Mr. J. Brackett, (3 subs.), \$2.00; J. H. Boucher, \$1.00; Mrs. Beebe, for Mrs. J. Buell, Holley, 50 cents; Mrs. W. G. Bell, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Bertholf, 62 cents; Miss Bliss, Yonkers, 50 cents; Mrs. Horace Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Austin Brewster, (2 subs.), \$1.15; Miss H. H. Backus, 63 cents; Mrs. H. P. Brewster, 72 cents; Mrs. J. M.	

Backus, 62 cents; Mrs. Freeman Clarke, (5 subs.), \$2.86; Mrs. W. K. Chapin, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Churchill, 62 cents; Mrs. W. J. Curtis, 62 cents; Mrs. L. S. Chapin, 62 cents; Mrs. T. Chester, 62 cents; J. Craighead, 62 cents; Mrs. E. B. Chace, 62 cents; Miss L. A. Crandall, 62 cents; Mrs. J. A. Collier, 62 cents; Miss L. O. Caldwell, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Cole, 62 cents; Miss Cogswell, 62 cents; Mrs. F. W. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Durand, 62 cents; Mrs. C. DePuy, Tioga, Ont., 50 cents; Mrs. Col. Emerson, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Ely, 62 cents; Mrs. J. A. Eastman, 62 cents; Mrs. H. M. Ellsworth, 65 cents; Mrs. Geo. Elliott, 62 cents; Mrs. L. D. Ely, 62 cents; Mrs. J. L. Evans, 62 cents; Mrs. R. T. French, 62 cents; Miss Frost, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Fitch, 62 cents; Mrs. C. P. Ford, \$1.00; Mrs. G. A. Furness, 62 cents; Mrs. A. D. Fiske, New York, \$1.00; Mrs. F. Gorton for Mrs. A. B. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Grant, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Griffen, 62 cents; Myer Greentree, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. 62 cents; Mrs. D. M. Gordon, 62 cents; Mr. J. Greenwood, for Miss M. A. Brooker, 62 cents; Mrs. H. E. Hooker, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Hoyt, 62 cents; Mrs. E. E. Howell, 62 cents; Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, 62 cents; Mrs. E. S. Hayward, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Hart, (2 subs.), \$1.12; E. W. Hills, 65 cents; Mrs. J. O. Howard, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Hoyt, 62 cents; Mrs. W. L. Halsey, 75 cents; Mrs. G. A. Hollister, 62 cents; Mrs. H. F. Huntington, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Hill, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Jones, 62 cents; Miss A. Jeffrey, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kelly, 62 cents; Mrs. W. L. Kingman, 62 cents; Miss L. King, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Kuichling, 62 cents; Mrs. T. Knowles, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Knapp, 62 cents; Mrs. J. S. Killip, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kent, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Larrowe, Cohocton, 50 cents; Mrs. M. Landsberg, 62 cents; Miss C. C. Levett, 62 cents; Mrs. F. M. McFarlin, 62 cents; Mrs. H. M. Montgomery, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Mathews, 62 cents; Mrs. A. McVean, 62 cents; Mrs. J. S. Morgan, 62 cents; Mrs. Eph. Moore, 62 cents; Miss Montgomery, 62 cents; Mrs. C. C. Merriman, 62 cents; Mrs. O. W. Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. Chas. McLouth, Palmyra, (2 subs.), \$1.00; Mrs. S. A. Merriam, 62 cents; Miss Mumford, 62 cents; Mrs. U. Maier, 62 cents; Mrs. H. C. Munn, 62 cents; Mrs. C. C. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Z. Newcomb, 62 cents; Miss Northrop, 62 cents; Mrs. S. J. Nichols, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Newman, \$1.24; Mrs. H. Osgood, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Oothout, 62 cents; Miss. H. J. Paul, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. W. Pratt, 63 cents; Mrs. C. F. Pond, 62 cents; Mrs. E. W. Peck, 62 cents; Mrs. Otis H. Robinson, 62 cents; Miss C. L. Rochester, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H.

Reid, 62 cents; M. F. Reynolds, 62 cents; Mrs. W. M. Rebasz, 62 cents; Mrs. A. W. Riley, 62 cents; Mrs. T. D. Snyder, 62 cents; Mrs. S. C. Steele, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Shatz, 62 cents; Mrs. D. E. Sackett, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Sunderlin, 62 cents; Mrs. E. V. Stoddard, 62 cents; Mrs. C. B. Thomas, 75 cents; Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva, 50 cents; Miss M. C. Tabor, 65 cents; Mrs. Q. Van Voorhis, 62 cents; Mrs. M. J. Matson, 62 cents; Miss A. Wright, 62 cents; Mrs. L. F. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. J. E. Wolcott, 62 cents; Mrs. J. B. Ward, 62 cents, by Treasurer at Donation..... \$91.16
 MRS. ROBERT, MATHEWS, Treasurer,
 96 Spring street.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Harry C. Hugh C., and Eric C. Moore, Card 137.....	1.00
Olive Mason Elliott, Card 152.....	1.00
Hattie Arnold, Card 153.....	1.00
Busy Bee Club, additional.....	.30
Mamie Reisch.....	.35
"Friends for brick".....	.45
Mrs. Henry U. Martin, West Henrietta, Card 97.....	1.00
Lizzie E. Tanner, Card 106.....	1.00
Mary E. Breck, New York, Card 69.....	1.15
"Contents of Katie's Bank".....	6.03
Infant Class, Plymouth Church S. S., by Miss Ruth M. Booth.....	3.75
Mrs. J. K. Chappell, Card 162.....	1.00
Annie L. McEwan, Card 109.....	1.00
Grace, Elliott and Mary Louise Lawrence.....	3.00
Total.....	\$23.28
Previously acknowledged.....	2,816.48

Total Receipts..... \$2,839.76

We still require \$3,660.24 to complete the last payment on the Pavilion, and free the building from the blemish of a debt. We most earnestly solicit contributions for this object, which should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring St., the Treasurer of the fund. Who will help?

Donations for December.

Miss Morse, Miss McIntosh and Miss Smith, scrap books.
 Mrs. W. J. Hecht, quantity of infant's clothing.
 Mrs. James H. Gould, Seneca Falls, quantity of children's clothing.
 Mary B. Dodds, 2 copies of *St. Nicholas*.
 Miss H. J. Paul, reading matter.
 Mt. Hoar Society, bed tidies.
 Mrs. Hatch, magazines.
 Rev. Mrs. Wm. Swan and Mrs. Ray, of Batavia, old cotton.
 Mrs. John Durand, games, a collection of choice books for children's library.
 Miss Backus, reading matter.
 Mrs. Maltby Strong, slippers.

Miss A. Mumford, afghan.
Miss Bessie Ives and her Sabbath School scholars, games, books and toys for the children on Christmas.

Mrs. Laney, fruit for the children, oranges and apples.

A Friend, package of new clothing for adults and children.

George Sabey, half a dozen caps for boys.

Mr. Eastwood, 6 pairs of slippers for the children.

Miss Nora M. Ferreira and Miss Sallie M. Ferreira, oranges and ice cream for the Female Surgical Ward.

Bessie Bristol, "Babyland" for the children.

Mrs. Parry, 2 turkeys.

Friends, of East Bloomfield, a box of clothing for adults, and dolls for the children; one made by a poor little girl.

Mrs. Henry Morse, second-hand shirts.

An Unknown Benefactor.

An unknown friend has given the Pavilion a very nice, handsomely bound, illustrated quarto Bible. On the blank leaf is written :

"For the free use of the Hospital Pavilion Children. Dear children, search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are which testify of me.—St. John v. 29. December 1st. 1886."

An Acceptable Gift.

Miss H. Mumford has given an excellent likeness of her father, the late George H. Mumford, an early friend of the Hospital, and the President of the First Board of Directors. This picture has been hung in the parlor opposite that of the late Aaron Erickson.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital December 1.....	95
Received during the month.....	64
Births.....	1
	—160
Discharged during the month.....	55
Deaths.....	2
Remaining in Hospital January 1, 1887..	103
	—160

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, December 17, from shock of railroad accident, Patrick Howley, aged 22 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, December 23, of fracture of skull, causing compression of brain, John H. Gargon, aged 22 years.

It would be well for all engaged in ministries of mercy to exercise the same forethought. Providence cares for them who care for themselves, and religion no less than prudence requires that valuable lives should be exposed to no avoidable risks.

Nothing small!

No lily-muffled hum of summer-bee,
But finds some coupling with the shining stars;
No pebble at your feet but proves a sphere;
No chaffinch, but implies the cherubim.
Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God.

—Mrs. Browning.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE,

MRS. MALTBY STRONG, MRS. WM. H. PERKINS,
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Subscriptions for *The Review*, and all Letters containing Money, to be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer, No. 96 Spring Street.

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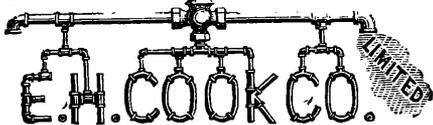
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XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum will be allowed on all sums which may be on deposit on the first days of March, June, September and December, for each of the three preceding months during which such sum shall have been on deposit.

XVII. Deposits made on or before the third days of March, June, September and December, shall be entitled to interest from the first days of such months, respectively, if left for the required time.

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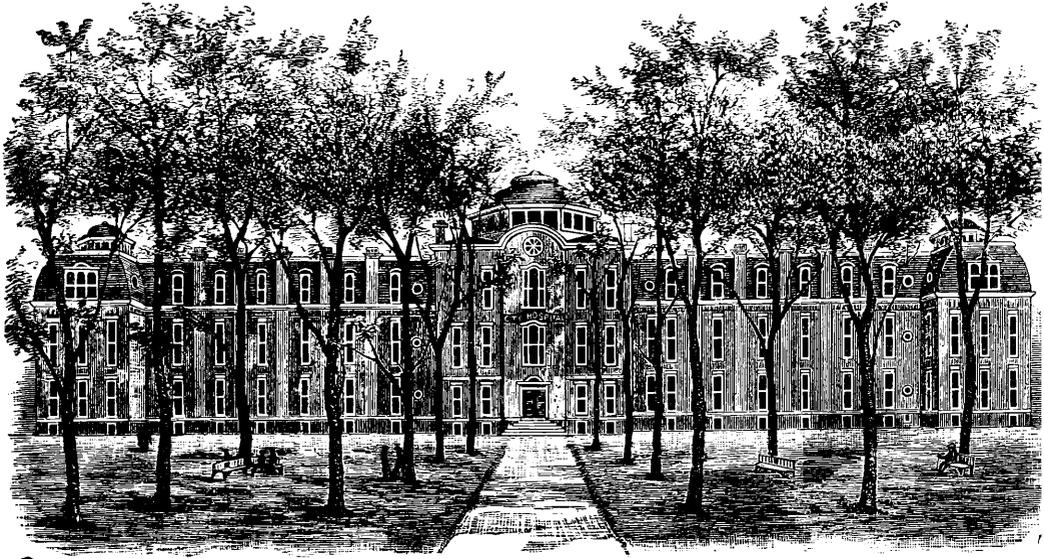
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DEVOTED TO THE

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AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

“ I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME.”

VOL. XXIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1887.

No. 7.

A Bit of Wreck.

“Bright fields beyond the swelling flood,”—
Sing the old hymn once more ;
It makes me hear the breakers—I thought I
saw the shore ;
The mighty waves were tossing their white
arms up to me,
And on those arms I drifted out, far out upon
the sea,

Out, out, beyond the coast lights. The night
was coming in,
And there it lay, beyond the flood, the bright
fields of the hymn ;
Those pastures green—those valleys cool—
what then is it to me,
That like a broken oar my life is tossing on the
sea ?

I'm trying to forget this place, the fever and
the heat,
The wailing of the children down in the pent-
up street.
Rich folks can say, “God's will be done,” far
easier than we,

And parson, landsmen never know this long-
ing for the sea.
For one full breath of ocean—to see the ships
sail out,
To hear the cordage creaking, the sailors call
and shout
Above the booming breakers—Is that the tide's
low moan ?
I'd like to hear a fisher lad sing now at sight of
home.

So sing the old hymn once again and bring it
back to me—
* * * Oh, mother ! mother ! there you sit a-
knitting by the sea ;
And here is Rob, your sailor-boy * * * The
cool waves kiss my feet,
The strong arms lift me as a flood—
* * * * *
* * * * *

O moaning tides

that beat
This rocky isle of weary life—O far-off, unseen
shore ;
He drifts within the port at last, so like a
broken oar.

JANE MARSH PARKER.

For the HOSPITAL REVIEW.

Our Anniversary.

In the city of Brooklyn, N. Y., in May or June each year, is celebrated what they call there "Anniversary Day," and hundreds of children connected with the Sunday Schools of the city parade through the streets. What anniversary they thus keep, I do not know, and I rather think few, if any, of the children who march long distances on this day can tell, but they can surely tell how much they enjoy the ice cream and cake provided for them usually after the parade is over.

Now we have what we think a very suitable anniversary to keep, and although it must be kept in rather a different way than our young friends in Brooklyn keep theirs, we believe it will be even better. February eleventh will mark the day on which the Children's Pavilion was completed and thrown open to the public, one year ago, and we ask all our friends, young and old, to make this an anniversary to be celebrated each year. Much as we would like to see all together, the happy, kindly faces of the faithful helpers we have had in the years since we began the endowment of the Children's Cot, and now in building the Pavilion, we cannot ask you all to form in a long procession and march to the Hospital, for the sick and suffering ones there under our care could not endure so much excitement; but we ask you to send or bring to the Treasurer of the Pavilion fund, Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, on that day an anniversary offering to help us pay the debt on our building, and show your thankfulness that for one year we have had a place for sick children, where they receive the kindest care.

Our friends have nobly assisted us in many ways, and by collecting our dime cards alone, have added \$135.75 to our fund, for all of which we are very grateful. How many will be ready to help us celebrate Children's Pavilion Anniversary Day, 1887?

G.

A Bit of Ribbon.

Outside, the keen, sharp winds of a cold winter day, the particles of snow and ice gleaming like diamonds in the bright rays of the sun, which possessed no power to melt them. Inside, in the light, clean ward of the H— Hospital, warmth and brightness and comfort; rows of neat white cots on either side, and nurses in white caps and aprons fitting to and fro, in constant attendance upon the sufferers lying there.

At the farther extremity of the long ward, where the sunshine fell softly over the white-draped cot, lay a little girl of eight years, but so small, so frail and delicate, she seemed scarcely more than half that age. An accident on the street, several weeks before, had seriously injured her, and as no one seemed to claim or care for her, she had been brought to the Hospital.

The skill of the ablest physicians and the constant care of skilled nurses had, however, been able to do little more than to give temporary relief from the severe pain she constantly suffered, but her gentleness and patience had won the hearts of all about her.

To-day she lay quietly upon her cot, twisting in and out over her slender fingers a strip of bright tinsel paper, which she now and then held in the sunlight, turning it to and fro to catch the lustre upon its shining surface. Then, folding it softly, she tried to fashion a tiny bow, but the stiff, brittle paper parted in her hands, and fell in shining bits over the white coverlid. With a patient sigh, she dropped her hands and turned wearily upon her pillow.

Dr. Jay, one of the visiting physicians, was making his morning tour of the hospital and had stopped a moment to watch the child's patient endeavors to amuse herself. The case had been one which had interested him deeply. Poor little Maggie! Her patience and gentleness had won his sympathies.

"She seems to have a particular love for everything bright and pretty," the nurse said, in answer to a low-toned remark from Dr. Jay. "She will amuse herself for hours with some bit of paper or string."

"You should petition for a supply of dolls," was the doctor's humorous rejoinder. "I think in this case they would be more beneficial than medicine," and with a smile and a pleasant word to the child, and a few directions to the nurse, he passed on.

The next day, in making his morning round of calls, he was delayed a few moments by a passing procession. His carriage had stopped just in front of the windows of a millinery store, and a piece of bright brocaded ribbon caught his eye.

In an instant there rose before him the pale face of his little hospital patient, and her piece of tinsel paper, and the next moment he had put a five-dollar bill in the hand of his colored coachman, as he took the reins from him.

"Run in there, Jim, and buy me two yards of that flowered ribbon," he said; and five minutes later the procession had passed and he was driving down the street, with the package of ribbon stowed away in his capacious pockets. He seemed perfectly indifferent to the fact that Jim had returned but two dollars of the five, and to the apparent absurdity of paying three dollars for a gift to a child who, doubtless, could not have told the difference between this elegant fabric and a piece of ten-cent ribbon.

"There, Maggie, you can make a bow out of that to suit you," he said, pleasantly, as, an hour later, he stood by the little one's cot, and unrolling the ribbon, let it fall in lovely shimmering waves over the white coverlid.

The child's large dark eyes opened wide in surprise and delight; there was a quick indrawing of the breath, a clasping of the thin white hands in an ecstasy of rapture too deep for words.

At last she stretched out her hands, touched lightly the shining folds, drew them softly through her fingers, and laid them against her cheek with loving tenderness, as if the ribbon had been some animate creature.

It was indeed a lovely piece of goods; a soft, lustrous background of bright, delicate blue, over which was carelessly strewn half opened moss-roses and buds, the deep pink of the flowers and soft shaded green of the leaves forming a lovely contrast to the lustrous blue of the groundwork.

"And is it mine—for true?" she said, at last, as if such great good fortune could not possibly be hers.

"Yes, all your own, to do just as you choose with."

"Oh! oh!" was all the delighted child could say, but there was such a world of love and gratitude in the depths of the soft,

dark eyes, that Dr. Jay turned away with suspiciously wet eye-lashes.

"You have made a heaven for little Maggie," the head nurse said, upon his next call. "I never saw such pleasure as the child takes with that bit of ribbon. She has certainly made a hundred different combinations of bows and dolls and all sorts of fancy things out of it. She is a queen, a fairy princess, and everything else by turns. Once I offered to cut it for her, that she might make bows more conveniently. You should have seen her. She hugged it up to her, and looked at me with such frightened, pleading eyes, one would certainly have thought it was some living creature I was going to harm. There, just look at her! Isn't she a picture?"

She certainly was a most lovely picture, as the doctor came up to the little bed. The dark eyes were bright with happiness, and the pale cheeks flushed a delicate pink, rivalling the roses on her beautiful gift. Pain and sorrow were all forgotten in the delight in her new possession.

She had evidently exercised all her taste and skill in arranging her beloved ribbon to the best advantage, in anticipation of the doctor's visit. It was looped and bowed and festooned in a most graceful manner about her head and form, for, all unknown to herself, Maggie had inherited all the taste and skill of the loving, gentle little French mother who, deserted by the one who should have been her protector, had died broken-hearted at the birth of her child.

"If she could but see how pretty she looks," the nurse said, softly.

The next day when, from the capacious pockets of his overcoat, Dr. Jay brought forth a small hand-mirror, and held it before the eyes of the delighted child, her cup of happiness was overflowing.

Every night the beloved gift was carefully smoothed and folded in tissue paper. With one bunch of roses turned on the outside of the package, and with a tender pressure of it against her cheek, and a loving good-night kiss, Maggie would fall asleep, her hand resting lovingly upon its soft, lustrous folds. At her first waking moments it was unrolled, and the delight of manifold manipulations recommenced, with ever fresh delight.

But there came a day when even the possession of her heart's treasure could not

overcome the terrible pain which racked her slight frame.

For days she had been growing worse, and the physicians saw no hope save in an operation—difficult and dangerous, one which if unsuccessful must result fatally.

They had postponed it from week to week, hoping for favorable results without it. But one morning Dr. Jay found Maggie lying so white and exhausted from pain and sleeplessness, he saw clearly that there was no alternative.

She seemed unconscious of his presence, even when he pressed the thin white hand as he felt her pulse. The pallid, pain-marked face, the limp, wasted little form, appealed most pathetically to his kind heart, and bending over her he pressed a kiss of fatherly tenderness on her white forehead. Her large dark eyes suddenly unclosed, the warm blood flushed the pale cheeks, and a smile of tender, loving delight flashed over her face.

"Is the pain so hard to bear, dear child?" he asked, sympathetically.

"It is better now," was her low reply.

Ah, how little Dr. Jay suspected, as the dark eyes followed him with such worshipful tenderness, that his kiss was the first caress the poor child had ever known! Kicks and cuffs and drunken oaths had been often showered upon her, but a father's kiss, a mother's tender caress, poor Maggie—worse than orphaned—had never known.

"There must be an operation without delay," was Dr. Jay's decision, after a brief consultation with the house physicians. "To-morrow at eleven at the very latest. She cannot live over forty-eight hours in her present condition.

Then to the head nurse whom he had summoned, "You will please tell her, Mrs. Hatch, sufficient to have her understand the necessity of the operation. She seems unusually intelligent, and she needs everything possible in her favor. Do not tell her until an hour before the operation; let her sleep to-night if she can under the opiate, without knowing it."

So at ten o'clock the next morning the nurse, in the most tender manner possible, explained to the child, so far as she thought necessary, the operation she was about to undergo, concluding with:

"We hope to make you strong and well again, dear."

"Will they hurt me very much?" Maggie

asked, her lip quivering notwithstanding her brave efforts at self-control.

"Not very much, and you will know nothing about it; they will give you something to put you to sleep until it is all over."

"Who will do it?"

"Dr. Jay."

"Oh, it's all right then!" with a glad smile of loving confidence; "he will save me for sure, if anybody can, and I know he will not hurt me."

When the hour arrived, without a murmur of dread or shrinking on her part, the little frail, emaciated form was laid upon the operating table, her hand tightly clasping the beloved ribbon even in that dread hour.

She glanced from one to another of the grave faces of nurses and physicians who stood around, looking in vain for Dr. Jay, who, delayed by patients, had but just arrived. She called his name softly, and hastening to her side, he bent over her with a kindly, reassuring smile. The thin, wasted little hands were eagerly outstretched to him, and the face lighted up with a smile of loving tenderness as she said, softly:

"I'm not afraid if *you* do it—you'll save me if you can, I know—but if I should die"—she hesitated, stopped, looking up appealingly into the kind face above her.

"What is it, dear?" he asked reassuringly.

"Would you mind—would you care—if—I"—her voice sank lower and lower, as she hesitated, her eyes still wearing that appealing look—"would you—let me kiss you—just once—before I go to sleep? I mightn't wake up, you know, and you've been so good to me." Still lower, almost a whisper, "No one ever kissed me before you did!"

Did Dr. Jay think of his own petted darling at home—his only child—to whom life had been one long caress? and did he feel the contrast between her and this poor homeless little waif, to whom caresses were unknown luxuries?

Perhaps so. There certainly were tears in the kind eyes as he tenderly raised the frail little form in his arms and pressed her to his breast.

The slender, childish arms were clasped about his neck, and her lips met his with a tender, clinging kiss. For a moment her cheek nestled fondly against his, then

touching her lips lightly to his forehead, she sank softly back upon her pillow.

"Will you hold my hand, please, while I go to sleep?" she asked, pleadingly.

Dr. Jay clasped the frail little hand in his broad warm palm, and with her beloved ribbon tightly held in the other hand, Maggie fell asleep.

At the end of half an hour it was over, and Maggie slowly unclosed her eyes.

Then glancing down as if searching for something, the lips moved faintly.

"What is it, dear?" Dr. Jay asked, bending near her lips.

"My ribbon," came faintly to his ear.

Picking it up from the floor where it had fallen, he laid it in her outstretched hand. Feebly she raised it to her cheek, her lips, then the hand fell, with a slight, tender pressure on that of Dr. Jay. The eyes met his with a world of tender, loving devotion, then their light faded, and little Maggie was safe from pain and sorrow.—*Jennie P. Arnold, Youths' Companion.*

Ministering.

BY LILIAN GRAY.

What though your feet are often overweary,
On ceaseless errands sent;
And tired shoulders ache and ache so sorely
'Neath heavy burdens bent?
Be patient, lest the ones whom you are serving
Be soon beyond your care;
Lest little wayward feet that you are guiding
Slip past you unaware.

Ah, then, no joy would seem so dear and
blessed

As spending months and years
In ceaseless service for the vanished darlings
So vainly mourned with tears.
But while you have your dear ones still around
you,

Do not regret your care;
Far easier aching feet and arms and shoulders,
Than aching hearts to bear.

And still beyond your household duties reach-
ing

Stretch forth a helping hand;
So many stand in need of loving comfort
All over this wide land;
Perchance some soul you aid to-day, to-morrow
May with the angels sing;
Some one may go straight from your earthly
table

To banquet with the King.

—*Congregationalist.*

Not what we think, but what we do, makes
saints of us.

Brakes on the Tongue.

The habit of putting a restraint on our tongue and practising occasionally the grace of silence is a difficult but useful habit, though we need not go to the extremes of the monks of La Trappe in speaking by signs. A restraint should, too, be put by worthy individuals on a tendency which they occasionally display to using their tongues to find fault with the harmless practices of their neighbors. Mr. Spurgeon, in the interesting account he has written of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, has told a humorous anecdote of the mode in which Dr. Gill, a star of the Baptist persuasion during the last century, rebuked a well-meaning but silly person of this kind. "It is said," he writes, "that a garrulous dame once called upon him to find fault with the excessive length of his white bands. 'Well, well,' said the doctor, 'what do you think is the right length? Take them and make them as long or as short as you like. The lady expressed her delight; she was sure that her dear pastor would grant her request, and therefore she had brought her scissors with her and would do the trimming at once. Accordingly, snip, snip, and the thing was done, and the bibs returned. 'Now, said the Doctor, 'you must do me a good turn also.' Yes, that I will, Doctor. What can it be?' 'Well, you have something about yourself which is a deal too long and causes me no end of trouble, and I should like to see it shorter.' 'Indeed, dear sir, I will not hesitate,' said the dame. 'What is it? here are the scissors, use them as you please.' 'Come then, good sister, *put out your tongue.*

Be cheerful. Do not brood over fond hopes unrealized until a chain, link after link, is fastened on each thought and wound around the heart. Nature intended you to be the fountain-spring of cheerfulness and social life, and not a traveling monument of despair and melancholy.

Yesterday.

Said our bright-eyed boy with hair of gold,
 "I'll be a bachelor when I'm old,
 And always stay with mamma and you,
 As sure as sure, and as true as true!"
 But he fell a prey to Cupid's dart,
 For tiny Bess stole his tiny heart.
 Next day he announced with solemn air,
 "He loved dear Bessie, he did, so there—
 Bessie was pretty, Bessie was good—
 He'd marry Bessie—yes, he would."
 Reminded of what he had said before,
 He pondered a moment the problem o'er,
 Then softly said, in his bashful way,
 "I hadn't seen Bessie yesterday."

Oh, boy of mine, 'tis vain to plan
 "I'll be a bachelor when a man."
 Some fairy creature with golden hair,
 And sweet blue eyes like your mother's there,
 With rippling laugh like the song of bird,
 Or the voice the sweetest ever heard,
 Makes us forget the words long spoken,
 Half unconscious their spell are spoken,
 And then, like you, we simply say,
 "I hadn't seen Bessie yesterday."

Laughter as Medicine.

There is not the remotest corner or little inlet of the minute blood vessels of the human body that does not feel some wavelet from the convulsion occasioned by good, hearty laughter. The life principle of the man is shaken to the innermost depths, sending new tidings of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the person who indulges therein. The blood moves more rapidly and conveys a different impression to all the organs of the body, as it visits them on that particular mystic journey when the man is laughing, from what it does at other times. For this reason every good, hearty laugh in which a person indulges lengthens his life, conveying, as it does, new and distinct stimulus to the vital forces. Doubtless the time will come when physicians, conceding more importance than they now do to the influence of the mind upon the vital forces of the body, will make up their prescriptions more with reference to the minds and less to the drugs for them; and in so doing, find the best and most effective method of producing the required effect upon the patient.

Typhoid Fever.

Typhoid fever is not a very fatal disease. As it is one of the "filth" diseases, having its origin in unsanitary conditions, doubtless its rate of mortality would be still less were it not that, in a very large number of cases, the patients are treated in the midst of the conditions out of which it took its rise and received its deadly virulence.

When they are removed to a hospital the death rate is not one-half what it is outside, and that, too, though the former includes many received at an advanced stage. Of four hundred and forty-two admitted to the hospital, only forty-seven died—slightly over ten per cent.; of one thousand three hundred in the city at large reported to the Boston Board of Health, there were two hundred and eighty-eight deaths, or twenty-two per cent. But even the latter mortality gives nearly five recoveries to one death.

Says Dr. A. L. Mason,—a high authority,—in a paper read before the Boston Society for Medical Improvement, "Last year there were more deaths from whooping cough than from typhoid fever; twice as many from diphtheria, a comparatively new disease in this community; and six times as many from pneumonia."

It is believed by many that typhoid fever in Boston is less virulent than formerly. Such a result would naturally follow from the improved sanitary condition of the city. Perfect sanitation ought to stamp it out utterly, as the plague of London was stamped out.

This malady used to be called the Fall fever. The name is still apposite, as sixty-five per cent. of the hospital cases were admitted in August, September and October. Its relation to the season is not by any means understood.

In most cases the only treatment needed is careful and abundant feeding,—chiefly with milk,—intelligent nursing, cold sponging, and an occasional medicine, according to symptoms. This

was all that was needed in three hundred out of the four hundred and forty two cases at the hospital. Many of the remainder entered at late periods of the disease, and some in a hopeless condition.

Dr. S. L. Abbot, speaking of the cause of typhoid in Boston, says, "Nearly all the cases in my private practice have been in persons in easy circumstances, who had passed the summer in the country and had returned in the autumn feeling poorly, with loss of appetite and strength, which developed into typhoid; or persons who came back from a home in the country where there were cases of the disease; or cases originating in the city where there were broken drains, worn out soil pipes, or untrapped sinks and basins.—*Youth's Companion.*

Do You Smoke ?

The United States Navy annually takes into its service a large number of apprentice boys who are sent all over the world and taught to be thorough sailors. It has been the policy of the government since the war, to educate the "blue jacket" upon the principle that the more intelligent a man is, the better sailor he is likely to become. There is no lack of candidates for these positions. Hundreds of boys apply, but many are rejected because they cannot pass the physical examination. Major Houston of the Marine Corps, who is in charge of the Washington Navy Yard barracks, is authority for the statement that *one-fifth of all the boys examined, are rejected on account of heart disease.* His first question to a boy who wishes to enlist is, "Do you smoke?" The invariable response is, "No, sir;" but the telltale discoloration of the fingers at once shows the truth. The surgeons say that cigarette smoking by boys produces heart disease, and that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the rejection of would-be apprentices, on account of this defect, comes from excessive use of the milder form of the weed. This is a remarkable statement, coming, as it does, from so high an authority, and based upon the results of actual examinations going on day after day, and month after month.—*Scientific American.*

Common-Sense in Sickness.

Dr. Guthrie, the eloquent Edinburgh preacher, never hesitated to visit parishioners who were sick with contagious diseases. He thought it a minister's duty to stand by the bedside of the dying, and administer the consolations of religion, even though he did expose himself to the disease. He never suffered by his fidelity to duty, and his presence comforted many sufferers while they were passing through the dark valley.

But he carried the sterling common-sense for which he was distinguished into the sick-room, and instead of trusting blindly to Providence to take care of him, used every precaution to ward off danger. Judging that the germs of disease, if floating in the atmosphere, would follow the currents of air, he never took his seat between the bed and fire-place, but invariably between the open door and the bed.

An intelligent physician says: "It is a good rule always to ride up in an elevator, and when coming down to take the stairs. Like going up hill, walking up stairs is hard work, and sometimes risky, especially for people with weak lungs, defective respiratory organs, or heart disease. But going down stairs hurts nobody, but is a good exercise; going down on a brisk run is really a good thing—it shakes up the anatomy, without incurring the danger of physical overexertion. This shaking up is good for one's internal mechanism, which it accelerates, especially the liver, the kidneys, and the blood circulation."

A little flower so lowly grew,
So lonely was it left,
That Heaven looked like an eye of blue
Down in its rocky cleft.

What could that little flower do,
In such a darksome place,
But try to reach that eye of blue
And climb to kiss heaven's face?

And there's no life so lone and low,
But strength may still be given,
From narrowest lot on earth to grow
The straighter up to heaven.

—Jerald Massey.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1887.

Our Pavilion Fund.

You know dear children that receptions are very fashionable this winter. Every few days cards of invitation are sent out. Ladies invite all their visiting acquaintances to call upon them, and if, by mistake, any friends fail to receive invitations they feel slighted. Of course everybody that receives a card either acknowledges the attention by making a call or sending a card in return. It would be considered discourteous to do otherwise.

We have not yet heard of many children's receptions this winter, but if the little folks who see the REVIEW will read an article headed "Our Anniversary," they will find they are all invited to a grand reception, on the 11th of February, and we trust all will respond either by a visit in person or by sending a card.

That none may feel slighted, we would say that all persons young or old, who have ever done anything for the Children's Cot, or the Children's Pavilion, or who feel a tender interest in sick, poor children are included in the invitation, and all the offerings that are made on the Children's Pavilion Anniversary Day will be for the Pavilion Fund.

When we go up to the hospital and look at the Children's Pavilion, it does not seem like the other buildings near it. As we gaze at the *bricks* on the outside, and the bright sunshine on the inside, we think of the dear children who have worked so faithfully and lovingly to build it. We remember the memorial offerings, the treasures from the banks of dear children now in the upper fold. Then we recall the fairs, the circuses, the sales, and all the devices by which the children have raised money for the Children's Hospital, and we seem to be

breathing in a purer air, an atmosphere of love.

How sweet it is to feel the dear children who have broken bones, aching limbs, curved spines, deformed bodies and painful ulcers, have this blessed refuge, where they can sometimes be nursed into health, and at all times be comforted by skillful physicians and tender care.

We have had a grand donation this month of \$85.50 from four of our young friends, who held a fair for the Pavilion Fund in December last. One of these dear children when sick herself read in the REVIEW about the sick children in the Pavilion and the debt that was resting upon it. Her warm loving heart prompted her to do something for the sick children, and she enlisted her young friends to work with her. They made and collected fancy and useful articles, held a fair at 18 North Washington street, and raised a very handsome sum for us—they would have preferred furnishing a room, or a bed, but just now money to pay for the Pavilion debt seemed more needed than anything else, and they generously contributed their earnings for this object. This gift marks off quite a large space on Mrs. Mathews' map and every dollar that is added to the fund fills up one square.

We hope none of the dear children will fail to make offerings on Anniversary Day, because the gift is very small. We had rather have ten cents each from ten children than a dollar from one child. While we are paying for the Pavilion by children's gifts, we feel we are training up Hospital workers to take our places when we are welcomed to the blessed home where sickness never enters.

The Hospital Patients.

On the last day of January we visited the Hospital, and as we entered the reception room we found the inmates of the Male Surgical Ward, who were well enough to assemble there, gathered about the scales for

their weekly weighing. The nurse of the ward was recording the gain or loss of each patient as reported by the male assistant, who was weighing them. Two of the invalids had bandaged heads; one young man had his hand in splints and his arm in a sling; another used two crutches, three had canes, and one was suffering from a sprained ankle. We soon visited the Male Surgical Ward and learned something of the condition of those we had met in the reception room, and of the other inmates of the ward. One of the two men with bandaged heads was suffering from a disease of the eyes, the other had fallen and received a scalp wound, but was convalescing, and in a few days would be well enough to be discharged. Jacob Moore, the youth who has been with us some months, is not so well as he has been; he has four ulcers on the hip and requires two crutches. A boy ten years old had been caught in a planing machine and lost all the fingers of his right hand. Of the sixteen under treatment in this ward three were confined to their cots, but all were doing well; one had an ulcer on the ankle, the second had broken his ribs, and the third, a youth of seventeen, while driving a butcher's wagon had been run away with and thrown out, fracturing his hip and sustaining other injuries. He was bright and cheerful and hoped in a few days to leave his cot. A man convalescing from a fractured hip was getting around very comfortably with his cane. One patient had in five days twice dislocated his shoulder. Dr. Kempe reported the favorable condition of a patient under his care, who had been four months in the Hospital and who, after three serious hemorrhages from his leg, was at last recovering after submitting to an amputation of the thigh near the body. One man who had fractured his thigh and received internal injuries by a railroad accident had died of peritonitis.

Five of the twenty-two inmates of the

Male Medical Ward were confined to their cots. A pneumonia patient was convalescing; the eczema patient had changed but little; two were troubled with rheumatism and the consumptives were weaker than when last reported.

Most of the thirteen patients belonging to the Female Medical Ward had left it and the painters were rapidly improving its general appearance. The sickest patients were suffering, the one from a diseased heart, the other from some disease of the stomach. One young woman, who had a paralyzed limb when she came to the Hospital, had so far recovered as to be able to walk without a cane. Some of the patients were afflicted with diseased veins, others with general debility, and some were consumptives.

There were fifteen patients in the Female Surgical Ward. The one with ulcerated limbs was nearly well; the one with fractured femur was so much better she expected to be up in a few days. The aged woman who had dislocated and fractured her thigh was also afflicted with a swelling on her neck, and was very feeble. Tilly had had several operations for the removal of diseased flesh and was expecting very soon to submit to another. One of the typhoid fever patients had left, and the other was rapidly convalescing.

Two nurses who have been seriously sick have practically recovered, and one of them is now visiting a friend in a neighboring town

The Little Folks.

When last we visited the Hospital much interest was manifested in the condition of a youth from Charlotte, fourteen years old, George McCaffrey, who was evidently fast nearing his end. His parents had gathered at his bedside, the priest had visited him, he was unconscious of all around him, and before we left the Hospital he had breathed his last. On the 21st of December last, he

and several other boys were playing with tin whistles. George had manufactured his own, and was amusing himself with it, when he was hit by one of the other boys and swallowed, as he said, the whistle. Several examinations and fruitless efforts were made to find the whistle, which the boy insisted was in his throat. Those whom he consulted felt it was impossible it could be there, but Dr. Rowe at last found it had lodged in the wind pipe and could be reached in no other way than by tracheotomy, which was performed on the twenty-fifth of January, when the whistle was removed. The boy appeared to be doing well until the 30th of January, when inflammation set in and death occurred the following day. The mother was with her boy all the time he was at the Hospital and everything was done to save him.

In the Nursery we found five mothers and six babies. One of the little youngsters was just taking its bath, and we know of no prettier sight than a plump baby in a bath tub.

In the Boys' Ward we found Max on his cot busy with St. Nicholas, reading the story of "Merry Mike." Max reported himself as better than when last we saw him. Tommy was housed with a bad cold and was reading the Bible; Jo was not at all lame in the lower limbs, but he had but a limited use of his arm. Jo is the little boy that was injured by falling from a chestnut tree.

In the Girls' Ward two of the little ones were in their cribs taking their morning naps, and Sarah, the little colored girl, was in the rocking chair, with pillows behind her, pencil in hand and paper before her, and was amusing herself drawing pictures. She has improved wonderfully in two months. We never expected to see her so bright and happy. Maud Henderson, the little girl who was injured by a fall from a swing, improves but little. She has had an operation on the contracted limb, but still

limps a good deal when walking. Joseph Welsh, the little sufferer from rickets went home so well that his mother published a note in the *Post-Express*, thanking the Hospital for what it had done for her child, a little boy two years and three months old.

Thanks.

It is pleasant as we pass through the Hospital wards to find those who are under Hospital treatment appreciating the tender care and skilful services that have ministered to their recovery. On our last visit to the Lower Female Ward, we found Mrs. R. M. Greenwood in the Cross ward, where for six weeks she had been receiving treatment for typhoid fever. She requested us to express through the *REVIEW* her gratitude for the services of Drs. Ely, Dewey and the house physicians, and also for those of the nurses, and for the kindness she had received at their hands. She said she had been very sick and she felt she never could have recovered if she had not been brought to the Hospital. Every one had been as kind to her as possible, and she could never be thankful enough for what the Hospital had done for her. We often hear expressions of this kind from convalescing patients, and none who are familiar with Hospital work can fail to appreciate the blessing it is to our city and the neighboring villages.

On the first day of the Donation Festival at the Rink, some one subscribed for the *REVIEW* and paid in the money but by mistake the name was not recorded. Any one failing to receive the paper, or who has access to the *REVIEW*, and does not find himself or herself credited as paying for the paper, will confer a favor by reporting the same to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring St.

Many of our friends the past month have donated reading matter. This is always acceptable.

Receipts for the Review.

JANUARY 1887.

R. M. Greenwood, by Mrs. M. Strong...\$ 62
 Mrs. S. Stern, by Mrs. M. Landsberg.... 63
 Mrs. Isaac Willis, by Mrs. Converse..... 75
 Mrs. H. Bryar, 62 cents; Miss D. Cossett,
 3 cents addtl.; Mrs. P. Maier, Cold-
 water, 50 cents; by Miss Pixley..... 1 15
 Miss M. E. Campbell, Auburn, \$1.00;
 Mrs. S. S. Gould, Jr., Seneca Falls, 50
 cents; by Miss Markham 1 50
 Dr. E. B. Angell, 63 cents; Rev. Dr. H.
 W. Pierson, 50 cents; Mrs. G. W. Sill,
 63 cents, by Mrs. S. H. Terry 1 76
 Mrs. W. J. Ashley, 62 cents; J. V. Alex-
 ander, 62 cents; C. H. Amsden, 62
 cents; Mrs. E. R. Andrews, 62 cents;
 Mrs. L. Adler, 62 cents; Mrs. Henry C.
 Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. S. M. Benjamin,
 62 cents; W. F. Balkam, 62 cents; Mrs.
 W. C. Barry, 62 cents; Mrs. F. M. Bot-
 tum, 62 cents; Mrs. F. B. Bishop, 62
 cents; W. B. Burke, 62 cents; Miss
 Cochrane, 62 cents; Mrs. A. E. Crabbe,
 62 cents; Mrs. J. P. Cleary, 62 cents;
 Mrs. J. W. Canfield, 62 cents; Mrs. J.
 Cauffman, 62 cents; E. Darrow, 62
 cents; C. M. Everest, 62 cents; Mrs. P.
 M. French, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Gors-
 line, \$1.00; Miss E. Hanford, 62 cents;
 Mrs. D. T. Hunt, 62 cents; Mrs. C. S.
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 62 cents; D. C. Hyde, 75 cents; Mrs. E.
 H. Hollister, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Hal-
 lowell, 62 cents; Mrs. P. W. Jennings,
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 cents; Mrs. L. H. Lee, 62 cents; Mrs.
 W. S. Little, 93 cents; Mrs. D. H. Little,
 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Lattimore, 62 cents;
 Mrs. B. R. Lawrence, 62 cents; Mrs. C.
 M. Lee, 62 cents; Mr. H. Lomb, 62 cents;
 Miss E. Manvel, 62 cents; Mrs. A. G.
 Mudge, 62 cents; Dr. M. Mallory, 62
 cents; Mrs. S. J. Macy, 62 cents; Mrs.
 F. A. Macomber, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo.
 McAllaster, 62 cents; Mrs. Thomas
 Oliver, 62 cents; Odenback & Shale,
 62 cents; Mrs. M. C. Phelan, 62 cents;
 Mrs. D. W. Powers, 62 cents; Mrs. A.
 V. Pells, 62 cents; Dr. C. E. Rider, 62
 cents; Dr. J. O. Roe, 62 cents; Mrs. W.
 H. Ross Lewin, 62 cents; Mrs. B. Roths-
 child, 62 cents; G. W. Ross Lewin, 62
 cents; Mrs. C. Rogers, 62 cents; Mrs. J.
 H. Rochester, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Sproat,
 \$1.24; Mrs. J. G. Stoothoff, 62 cents;
 Miss S. Shelton, 62 cents; Mrs. E.
 Strouss, 62 cents; Mrs. G. H. Thomp-
 son, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Vick, 62 cents; M.
 Van Voorhis, for Mrs. L. Van Voorhis,
 Fishers, 50 cents; Mrs. W. H. Ward,
 62 cents; Mrs. F. Wolff, 62 cents; Mrs.
 E. K. Warren, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo.
 Weldon, 62 cents; Mrs. L. A. Ward, 62
 cents; Mrs. A. G. Yates, 62 cents, by
 Miss Hattie Smith 48 48
 Mrs. H. M. Arnold, Geneseo, 50 cents;
 Mr. W. B. Brown, Norfolk, Virginia,
 50 cents; Bascom & Morgan, Adv, \$5.00;

Mrs. B. E. Chase, 64 cents; Mrs. R. D.
 Charles, Cuba, 50 cents; Mrs. W. S.
 Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Dawes, \$2.50;
 Miss E. Z. Field, Albion, 50 cents; Miss
 Field, Albion, for Mrs. Samuel King,
 Ellas, Kansas, 50 cents; Mrs. J. O.
 Guthrie, 54 cents; Mrs. J. C. Jones,
 Pawlet, Vermont, 50 cents; Miss E. C.
 Long, Scottsville, 62 cents; Mrs. T. F.
 Olmstead, Geneseo, 50 cents; Mrs. A.
 H. Porter, Niagara Falls, 50 cents; Mrs.
 F. Roderick, East Pembroke, \$1.00;
 Mrs. M. Rochester, Cincinnati, Ohio,
 \$1.00; Union & Advertiser Co., Adv.,
 \$5.00; Mrs. S. Williams, Chicago, Il-
 linois, \$1.00; Mrs. D. A. Watson, 62
 cents; Mrs. Wm. Walker, Geneseo, 50
 cents, by Treasurer..... 23 04
 Mrs. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treasurer,
 96 Spring St.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Ada Liscom, Suspension Bridge, card 50. \$ 1 00
 Helen Liscom, Suspension Bridge, card,
 51..... 1 00
 Proceeds of Parlor sale, Dec. 10, 1886,
 given by Gracie Steele, Sadie Bishop,
 Bessie Whitbeck and Maggie Wright.. 85 50
 Children's Pavilion Table, additional by
 Mrs. C. H. Angel..... 1 25
 Mr. W. B. Brown, Norfolk, Va., annual
 Subscription..... 50
 "Little Missionary Society," Cincinnati,
 Ohio, by Mrs. Montgomery Rochester, 1 50
 Clara & Rosa Landsberg, card 46..... 1 00
 A class in the Jewish Sunday School... 1 75
 A friend, for one brick..... 25
 Francis Chester Nickerson..... 1 00
 \$94 75
 Previously acknowledged.....\$2,839 76

\$2,934 51

We still require \$3,565.49 to complete the last
 payment on the pavilion, and free the building
 from a blemish of a debt. We most earnestly
 solicit contributions for this object, which
 should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96
 Spring St., the Treasurer of the fund. Who
 will help?

**Donations for the Month of Jan-
 uary, 1887.**

Mrs. Eliza Loop—Quantity of second-hand
 clothing.
 Mrs. A. Byron Smith—Reading matter.
 Mrs. Maltby Strong—Reading matter.
 Mr. Benheimer—Reading matter.
 Mary Wanzer—Reading for children.
 Mrs. S. M. Bentley—Reading matter.
 Mrs. Trenneman—Old linen and cotton.
 Mrs. Lower—Jelly.
 Mrs. D. M. Dewey—Reading matter.
 Mrs. W. L. Kingman—Second hand shirts.
 Mrs. Mary Carson—Brace for child with hip
 disease.
 Mrs. M. Strong—Reading matter.
 Mrs. Henry Brewster—Reading matter.
 Mrs. D. M. Dewey—Reading matter.

The Flower Mission.

When the white snow takes the place of summer verdure the visitors of the Flower Mission are peculiarly welcome. Last month as we were directing our REVIEW at the Hospital, a young lady from the Flower Mission was distributing her fragrant offerings. There were roses, abutilons, carnations, bouvardias, hyacinths, mignonettes, primroses and other beautiful flowers. How they gladdened the hearts of those who were confined to the Hospital wards. Thanks to the kind friends who thus remember the invalids.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 3, Sarah Skuse, aged 29 years.

January 13, Emily P. Luther, aged 56 years.

January 14, of Abscess of Brain, Lizzie Graystock, aged 26 years.

January 15, of Chronic Peritonitis, Mrs. R. H. Hampton, aged 26 years.

January 25, M. Wendell, aged 75 years.

January 29, Robert H. Thompson, aged 44 years.

January 31, George McCaffrey, aged 14 years.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Jan. 1.....	108
Received during Month.....	50
Births.....	6
	—159
Discharged during Month....	50
Deaths.....	7
Number remaining in Hospital Feb. 1	102
	—159

Puzzling Question.

At breakfast he began to play with the cruet-stand. I told him not to do so. He persisted, and at last upset it, and spilled the red pepper on the table-cloth. I said,—

“Now, Allen, you were disobedient, and upset the pepper-castor, and I should make the punishment fit the crime by putting some of the red pepper on your tongue.”

He looked up like a flash, and asked:

“Would the punishment be the same, papa, if I upset the sugar-bowl?”

The Flight of the Birds.

O wise little birds, how do you know
The way to go
Southward and northward, to and fro?
Far up in the ether piped they:
“We but obey
One that calleth us, far away.
He calleth and calleth year by year,
Now there, now here;
Ever He maketh the way appear”
Dear little birds, he calleth me
Who calleth thee.
Would that I might as trusting be.
—Harriet McEwen Kimball.

To Transfer Newspaper Prints to Glass.

First coat the glass with dammar varnish or else with Canada Balsam mixed with an equal volume of oil of turpentine, and let it dry until it is very sticky, which takes half a day or more. The printed paper to be transferred should be well soaked in soft water and carefully laid upon the prepared glass, after removing surplus water with blotting paper, and pressed upon it, so that no air bubbles or drops of water are seen underneath. This should dry a whole day before it is touched; then with wetted fingers begin to rub off the paper at the back. If this be skillfully done, almost the whole of the paper can be removed, leaving simply the ink upon the varnish. When the paper has been removed, another coat of varnish will serve to make the whole more transparent. This recipe is sold at from \$3 to \$5 by itinerants.—*Nat. Druggist.*

Silence is one of the hardest arguments to refute.—*Show.*

MESSRS. J. & R. LAMB, the Church Decorators and Furnishers of 59 Carmine Street, NEW YORK, will send free, on request, to the readers of the REVIEW, their Illustrated Hand Books. These embrace Stained and Mosaic Glass, Memorial Windows for Churches, Domestic Glass and Interior Decorations, Church Metal Work (Memorial Brass Pulpits, Lecterns, Altar Crosses and Vases, etc.) Memorial Tablets of Bronze, Brass, Carved Wood and Carved Stone, Church Furniture and Carved Wood Work, Embroideries, Banners, Hangings, Altar Cloths, Vestments, &c., Mosaics, Communion Plate and Alms-Basins, Prie-Dieu, Crucifixes of Ivory, Gold and Silver, Bronze and Boxwood, &c., &c.

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Let us be content to work,
To do the thing we can, and not presume
To fret because it's little.
—*E. B. Browning.*

Let patience have her perfect work
and bring forth her celestial fruits.
Trust to God to weave your tread into
the great web, though the pattern
shows it not yet.—*George Macdonald.*

As every thread of gold is valuable,
so is every moment of time.—*Mason.*

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE,

MRS. MALTBY STRONG, MRS. WM. H. PERKINS,
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS, MRS. A. S. HAMILTON,
MRS. WM. E. HOYT.

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Letters of inquiry, and All business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 96 Spring Street.

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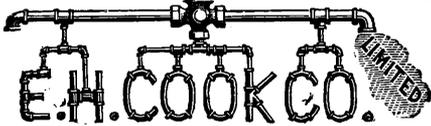
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

“ I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME.”

VOL. XXIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1887.

No. 8.

For the HOSPITAL REVIEW.

Pensées.

To K. G. B. on her box of Pansies.

I wonder who first named them
In some garden quaint and old,
Bending, soft as graces
Rare Provengal faces
O'er their dusky gold?
Some one it was who loved them,
With a spirit true and clear,
Reading tender meaning,
Happy omen gleaming,
Some one, like you, dear.

Thoughts! gentle as the tracing
On each little velvet cheek,
Thoughts—as varied surely,
Tenderly, demurely,
See they almost speak!
Between the lines thus reading
I can find your care for me,
Fraught with subtile sweetness,

In its own completeness
Like a melody.

Not even travel marred them;
'Tis as though your gracious hand
Bade them keep their beauty,
Each do lover-duty.
Ah, they understand!
Take back these thoughts as guerdon
Of all else that I would say,
Thoughts whose fragrance folds you,
Charms, allures, and holds you,
With your flowers' way!

BERTHA SCRANTOM POOL.

I walk amid the darkness, my way I cannot
see,
But still I know it tendeth, O Father, unto
thee;
And so I'll journey onward, for thou art lead-
ing me.

—Lucy Wheelock.

Commencement Exercises March 31st.

With an Ambulance.

The visitor in New York witnesses now and then an incident which was not, until very recently, to be seen in any other great city of the world. Walking up Broadway, he may suddenly have his attention arrested by an unusual agitation up the street; a bell clangs harshly, and he is startled to see omnibuses and carts and carriages pull suddenly to either side, leaving an open lane between. Down this course comes a covered four wheeled wagon drawn by a powerful horse galloping hotly.

It is not a runaway. Though the horse is speeding, it is not a mad gallop, but a measured, trained pace. The driver is cool and alert, and has control. Moreover, after the rattle of its wheels, and the sound of its warning bell have passed, one looks after the dashing vehicle and sees on the rear seat a uniformed young gentleman, who carelessly contemplates the press on either side. So an explanation is asked of a policeman.

It is easily given. The vehicle is an ambulance summoned by telegraph from one of the large public hospitals, to attend to some casualty and to carry the sufferer to a place of relief. It has the right of way over all other vehicles. It is supplied with all appliances necessary in emergencies, and the young man on the rear seat is the ambulance surgeon.

Suppose that we follow it, or better still, that the surgeon is a friend of ours who has invited us to accompany him in order that we may see how an ambulance "call" is answered. A call may be given by telegraph from any of the alarm boxes of the fire department, or from any police station, and the surgeon responds as quickly as do the engines when they are summoned to extinguish a fire.

He may have been sitting in his room at the hospital; the instant his bell rings he runs down stairs and finds the ambulance already at the door, and springs upon the rear seat while the

vehicle dashes off on its message of mercy.

Only a few minutes elapse before the scene of the accident is reached, and there, perhaps, we find a pale and bleeding workman who has fallen from a scaffolding, or some one who has been run over and maimed in the crowd of the city streets. The surgeon jumps out of his seat as nimbly as an acrobat and at once sets to work to give relief.

While he is attending to the case, we may examine the ambulance itself. In general appearance it is not unlike a covered grocer's wagon, a resemblance heightened by the broad step suspended behind. Beneath the driver's seat is a receptacle in which are stowed tourniquet, bandages, splints, emetics, antidotes, ether, stimulants, anodynes—all the resources of which experience in city casualties has taught the need.

Behind is the surgeon's seat, cushioned but backless, bridging the wagon from side to side. Remove it, drop the back-board, and a stretcher may be slid into the ambulance, or a patient can easily board it by the rear step.

The floor is cushioned, the sides are padded, and the whole is swung on easy springs; fast time over the cobble stones can thus be made without causing discomfort to a sick or injured inmate. A stretcher, fracture-box and strait-jacket complete the equipments.

In some hospitals the ambulance horses are stalled with their harness on. Speed, power and steadiness, rather than good looks, are sought for in them, and drivers are valued according to the time they can make safely. When special haste is needful, the police telegraph a "fire-call." It takes less than a minute to harness and be out of the gate, when the driver will guide his ambulance at full speed through any crowd, scarcely once drawing rein.

In the course of duty an ambulance surgeon sees little of the bright side of life, and his work brings him in contact chiefly with the poorer classes. He is summoned to render, first, aid in all forms of injury and disease. At any time of day and night he is prepared.

From the calm perusal of his books, he may in a few moments be transferred to scenes of frantic confusion, there to encounter the greatest surgical emergencies.

The queer places of metropolitan life become familiar. He knows the precinct stations as well as his own room. Docks and garrets, cellars where sickness lurks neglected, streets unfrequented save by the outcast and the police, haunts of violence and crime, are included in his daily ride.

Wherever he goes a curious throng gathers around him. The same types of faces are seen again and again. It sometimes seems as if the same persons followed him from place to place, by a strange instinct foreknowing his destination.

One feature of these episodes he can never explain. Though he respond to a call at the top of the horse's speed, perhaps before he reaches the scene of accident, almost certainly before the patient can be removed, the mother, or wife, or sister of the injured man or boy unaccountably appears.

How has she heard? Who has told her? Nobody knows. Yet, though she live far away, and must come afoot, a mysterious summons has been served, and she is there, bare-headed, weeping, her arms red from the laundrying, or white with flour. This the surgeon expects as a matter of routine, yet it is none the less incomprehensible.

Night comes down, but the work of a hospital does not cease. Night nurses and orderlies go on duty; doctors make their late rounds. To the ambulance surgeon darkness brings no guarantee of rest. He may, and often does, sleep undisturbed for nights together, yet there is always an overhanging uncertainty of which he becomes aware by contrast, when on his short vacations, he goes to bed finding unutterable peace in the thought "I shan't be called to night."

Speculating as usual on these chances he looks from his window in Bellevue Hospital upon the river, where the lights of the ferry-boats are gliding hither and

yon. Watchmen on the ships strike "five bells," half-past ten—a good time to turn in, he thinks.

But his alarm rings also just then, and it is plain the fates think differently. Pulling on his coat, as he rushes down stairs two steps at a time, he is told that a "fire-call" has come for all the ambulances—a rare occurrence.

No one knows what has happened; a big accident or fire, probably. One after another, all the ambulances gallop up from the stable to the hospital steps, where their surgeons board them while they are under way. Our friend mounts the rear steps of one and leaps into the seat.

What a rush it is! How the lights flash by! How the wheels jar on the cobble-stones! Jolting this way and that, shaving past lamp-posts and the pillars of the elevated railroad, the gong sounding, the driver shouting to his horse, the surgeon has a stirring ride!

A broad, brilliantly lighted avenue is crossed. A dark, silent crowd fills the street ahead, and the vehicle enters a space cleared by the police, and draws up in line with the ambulances from other hospitals.

Torches and lanterns show what has happened. The upper story of a place of amusement has toppled over, and lies, a broad heap of wreckage, across the street. Two carriages in waiting have been crushed like eggs, the horses killed as by a thunderbolt.

It is said that a festival was in progress, and that many pleasure-seekers and passers-by are buried. Firemen are digging among the bricks and mortar and beams. A crack regiment had but just marched past when the catastrophe occurred; many of the soldiers are at work. Beside the working parties, stretchers in hand, stand the ambulance surgeons, ready to render instant service.

Finally, the deepest recesses of devastation have been explored.

The crowd dwindles away. The firemen withdraw and the police post sentries. It turns out that the loss of life

is not so great as was feared, and our friend's ambulance is not needed.

Awed by a scene uncommon even in his life, and thankful for once that his vehicle is empty, he rides leisurely back to the hospital, while the stars shine down upon the city with a chill indifference. WM. S. CHEESMAN, M. D.

Youth's Companion.

Woman's Heartlessness.

In one of the most widely circulated newspapers, the fashionable news from Paris begins, "Birds are worn more than ever." Birds "are worn"! Pitiful phrase! Sentence of deadly significance! "Birds are worn"—as if that were final, as if all women must follow one another like a flock of sheep over a wall, and forget reason, forget the human heart within, forget everything but the empty pride of being "in the fashion." Ah me, my fire-flecked oriole, watching your airy cradle from the friendly elm bough swinging, go get yourself an inky coat. Your beauty makes you but a target for the accursed gun that shatters your lovely life, quenches your delicious voice, destroys your love, your bliss, your dutiful cares, your whole beautiful being, that your dead body may disfigure some woman's head, and call all eyes to gaze at her! But no—that will not save you! Black-birds are not safe, they "are worn." Carrion crows "are worn," unsavory scavengers though they be. No matter on what they may have fed—they "are worn." Soar, swift sea-swallow—I would it could be millions of miles away from the haunts of men—to the uttermost parts of the earth, and the ocean carry your grace, your slender loveliness of shape, your matchless delicacy of tint and tone of color, soft, wondrous, like gray cloud and silvery snow—fly, dear and beautiful creature, seek the centre of the storm, the heart of the arctic cold, the Winter blast—they are not so unkind as woman's vanity. Do I not see you every day, your mocking semblance writhing as if in agony around female heads—still

and stark, sharp wings and tail pointing 'in stiff distress to heaven, your dried and ghastly head and beak dragged down to point to the face below, as if saying "She did it"? The albatross of the Ancient Mariner is not more dreadful. Yesterday I saw three of you on one hat. Three terns at once, a horrible confusion of death and dismay.

Does any woman imagine these withered corpses (cured with arsenic) which she loves to carry about, are beautiful? Not so; the birds lost their beauty with their lives. To-day I saw a mat woven of warblers' heads, spiked all over its surface with sharp beaks, set up on a bonnet and borne aloft by its possessor in pride. Twenty murders in one; and the face beneath bland and satisfied, for are not "birds to be worn more than ever"? Flit, sandpiper, from the sea's margin to some loneliness remote, and safe from the noble race of man. No longer in the soft May twilight call from cove to cove along the shore in notes that seem to breathe the very spirit of tender joy, of happy love, of sweet content; tones that mingle so divinely with the warm waves' murmur, with the south wind's balm, and sound in music through the dusk, long after the last crimson flush of sunset has faded from the sky. Year after year you come back to make your nest in the place you know and love, but you shall not live your humble, blissful, dutiful life, you shall not guard your treasured home, nor rejoice when your little ones break the silence with their first cry to you for food. You shall not shelter and protect and care for them with the same divine instinct you share with human mothers. No, some woman wants your corpse to carry on her head. You shall die, that vanity, that "fashion" may live.

I fear we no longer deserve these golden gifts of God. I would the birds could all emigrate to some friendlier planet, peopled by a nobler race than ours, where they might live their sweet lives unmolested, and be treated with the respect, the consideration, and the

grateful love which are their due. For we have almost forfeited our right to the blessing of their presence.—*Celia Thaxter in the Audubon Magazine.*

Filial Fidelity in the Bee.

A writer in the *American Bee Journal* relates the following incident in the introduction of queens, which shows the filial instinct in this wonderful little insect: "Last fall, while putting my colonies in order for wintering, they were carried, one by one, a few yards from the summer stands, and the frames removed, boxes cleaned, etc.; the bees adhering to one hive were poured on the ground with the scrapings from the hive, and the queen with them. Shortly after the colony had been replaced upon its stand, robbing began, thus indicating something wrong with the queen. Her hive was closed until sundown and visited early the next morning—a light frost having fallen—when it occurred to me that the queen might be found where the bees had been poured out the morning before—about twenty-four hours previous; and there, to my amazement, was a cone-shaped cluster of bees as large as a tea-cup, and in the center of it was the queen, cold and stiff. Upon taking her to a fire, in a few moments she was restored to activity; and, on lifting the cushion over the bees and presenting her, the first thing, even before she left the fingers, a bee "gave her to eat"; and thereupon, almost instantly, a joyful hum passed through the hive; and, quicker than it can be told, dead bees were carried out, and defensive warfare against robbers began.

The fidelity exhibited in protecting their mother on that frosty night, and the joy manifested on her safe return home, are worthy of our imitation.

Pleasure must first have the warrant that it is without sin; then, the measure that it is without excess.—*H. G. Adams.*

Man must work. He may work grudgingly or gratefully. He may work as a man or as a machine.—*Henry Giles.*

A Hospital Story.

White faces, pained and thin,
Gathered new pain—as at some sight of slaughter—
And waiting nurses, with their cups of water,
Shrank, when they saw the bargeman's little daughter,
From Hester street, brought in.

Caught by the cruel fire,
In act of filial duty, she had tasted
Death even then. The form that flame had wasted,
In vain, to save, the swiftest helpers hastened,
With love that would not tire.

And all that skill could do
Was done. Her fevered nerves, with anguish leaping,
The surgeon soothed at last; and, left in keeping,
Of tender eyes that night, the child lay sleeping
Until the clock struck two.

The streets' loud roar had died.
No angry shout was heard, nor drunken ditty;
From Harlem to the bay, peace held the city
And the great hospital, where holy Pity
With Grief knelt, side by side.

The watchful nurse leaned low,
And saw in the scarred face the life-lightwaver.
Poor Annie woke. A cooling draught she gave her,
And called the doctor; but he could not save her,
And soon he turned to go.

Calm, as from torture free,
She lay; then strangely, through her lips, sore wounded,
Broke warbled words, and the tones swelled,
and rounded
To a clear hymn, that like an angel's sounded,
"Nearer, my God, to Thee!"

One stanza, strong and sweet,
Of that melodious prayer, to heaven went winging
From the child's soul; and all who heard that singing
Gazed through quick tears, or bowed, like suppliants clinging
Around the Mercy Seat.

Then to a slender hum
Sank the soft song, too feeble to recover;
But the sick heard, and felt it o'er them hover
Like a saint's blessing—till the scene was over,
And the young voice was dumb.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee!"
God heard. He loosed from earth, in his good pleasure,
That little life, and took it for his treasure;
And all his love—a love no mind can measure,
Answered poor Annie's plea.

Youth's Companion. THERON BROWN.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1887.

The Hospital Patients.

On the first day of March we made our monthly visit to the Hospital. The air was cold and chilly, and there was not much to tempt the invalid to leave comfortable quarters within the wards. The lawn was decidedly unattractive, and scattered twigs and branches indicated that boisterous winds had recently prevailed.

Of the fourteen patients under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward but one was confined to the cot, and he was improving, though still suffering from an ulcerated ankle. The young man whose hip was fractured, by being thrown from a butcher's wagon, was walking out and expected soon to leave the Hospital. The boy who had lost all the fingers on his right hand, by being caught in a planing mill, had gone home. The two patients who had had broken hips and the two with fractured legs were up and doing well. Jacob Moore, the youth who has been with us for months, with ulcers on his hip, has been more feeble than usual, but is now more comfortable. The Ward was unusually quiet. The nurse stated that the patients had very little inclination to go out and preferred a book or game to outside exercise.

The small pavilions were both occupied. In one was a case of erysipelas, and in the other patients with measles; but all were doing well.

The Male Medical Ward had been very full, but within a few days some had left and others had died. Three of the twenty-one inmates were confined all the time to their beds. The eczema patient had been troubled with a sore foot that had required poulticing. A patient who had died of consumption, was awaiting burial; the funeral was to be held that afternoon. A group of convalescents were gathered in

one corner of the Ward, where they were enjoying a social chat; among these were two eye patients, one of whom was rejoicing in a successful operation for cataract—one eye had been useless for a long time, but sight had recently been restored to the other, and the man looked very happy, as he said to us: "*It is worth a good deal to see.*"

There was something very touching in the case of a young Italian who was brought to the Hospital very sick with erysipelas. He was a stranger in a foreign land and could not speak English. He had some of his Italian friends around him, but he required great care, became delirious and at last died. The physician tried to get him to write his name that it might be properly recorded, but with great effort he wrote three letters, then his strength failed him. He was tenderly cared for, but probably had it not been for the Hospital his sufferings would have been greatly increased. How beautifully in such cases the Hospital illustrates the sentiment, "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

In the Female Medical Ward much interest was manifested in the case of a young girl, Jennie Fee, who had been in the Hospital since September, and who had died of consumption and was to be buried in the afternoon. She was but seventeen years old, but by her lovely character and gentle bearing she had won the affection of all about her. The nurses said she was a very patient sufferer, rarely complaining, but brave and cheerful, thankful for any attention that was shown her, and loved by every one in the Ward. She was ready when the Master called her. One patient had died of diseased heart. Three of the fourteen patients in this Ward were confined to their cots; one of these was suffering from debility; another from an ulcer on the leg, and a third was rallying from typhoid fever. The young girl who had paralysis of the hip and leg, who could not walk at all when she came to the Hospital, had improved

rapidly and was walking about without her cane.

There were seventeen under treatment in the Female Surgical Ward, three of whom did not leave their beds. One of these had slipped on the steps and fractured her hip; another had some disease of the bladder; and the third had fallen and broken her leg below the knee. She had been for some time receiving treatment in the Hospital, and had only left it a fortnight, when she met with a fall that resulted in the fractured limb. One patient recovering from fractured hip was getting around very comfortably and expecting very soon to leave. *Grossmutter* had been laid up with rheumatism but was about again, quite smart for a nonogenarian. Tilly's arm bore marks of three wounds made by removing pieces of diseased flesh, but for the past month she has been more comfortable. Mrs. B., who has been eleven years in the Hospital, is more sensitive to atmospheric changes than formerly, and is restless and sleepless at night. It requires much Christian grace and patience to endure suffering so long continued as hers; but she always seems patient and cheerful.

An unusually large number of persons have died in the Hospital the past month, several of whom have been consumptives.

The Little Folks.

One of the most interesting cases the past month has been that of a young girl fourteen years old, who was suffering from sewer poisoning. She was living on Exchange street during the recent high water, when the cellar of the house was flooded, and sewer gas escaped, and sickness resulted. She had had high fever, but improved wonderfully after being brought to the Hospital. She was convalescing rapidly when we saw her.

Five babies and five mothers were enjoying our pleasant Nursery.

"If you want to find something interest-

ing to write about, you must go to the Pavilion," said the physician on duty, and we wished we could take all our readers to the cheerful Pavilion Wards where our sick little ones are so carefully nurtured. There is such a home atmosphere there; such a tender, motherly spirit seems to pervade the nurses, that we almost always feel like sending up a psalm of thanksgiving to Him who has put it into the hearts of our citizens to build the Children's Hospital. We cannot be too thankful for the loving service here rendered. As we entered the Children's Ward we found two little ones, about three years old, clinging to and playing with one of the nurses. In reply to a question, one of them said: "I'm Miss Wotser's girl," and then she sang for us the old Mother Hubbard rhyme, commencing—

"Ding-dong bell!
Pussy's in the well."

Then little Sada Hollerman was coaxed to show her attainments, and when asked what they did to naughty girls, spanked her little hands, then kissed them, indicating how good girls are treated. A little colored girl is "Miss Wotser's brown sugar baby." These things may seem too trivial to find place in our REVIEW, but trifles show how the wind blows, and none but loving motherly hearts would delight as do some of our nurses in the growth and improvement of the Pavilion children. We are always charmed to see a young, doting mother fondle her babies, and 'tis a blessed thing when Hospital nurses can welcome to their hearts the little ones for whom they are caring. The cold service of a mere hireling may relieve physical needs, but it does not bring sunshine to the heart.

The three three-year-old Pavilion children that now specially interest us are Kitty J., Sada Hollerman, and Sarah Thompson, the colored child. Sada H. is one of five children whose father has a dropsical effusion and is in the Hospital at Buffalo. She has a lateral curvature of the spine and wears a plaster of Paris jacket. When she

came to us she had trouble with her eyes and could not walk. Sarah T. has also curvature of the spine and has been very feeble, but now is rapidly improving. She sits up all day in a rocking chair, with pillows about her, has good appetite, is happy and playful. On the tenth of February she was three years old, and seven little colored children came to visit her. She was baptized not very long since, and the clergyman who baptized her often comes to see her. She has a very happy disposition and makes many friends.

Maud Henderson, the girl who was injured by falling from a swing, and who has a stiff knee and contracted limb, improves very slowly. She wears a plaster cast four hours a day to straighten her limb.

The boys are about in their usual condition; Max had been out to buy a slate pencil; Tommy, who was reclining on his cot, said he had a dull pain in his hip and side. Joseph seemed lively and happy.

An Italian baby had been three days in the Paul room in the Pavilion. It had some spinal disease, and an operation had been performed before it was brought to the Hospital. but this did not save it, and as it could not live the parents took it home where it soon died.

◆◆◆
A Pillow.
◆◆◆

Margaret E. Sangster, in *Harper's Young People*, speaks of a Babies' Ward connected with the New York Post-graduate Medical School, where little folks are tenderly cared for as they are in our Children's Pavilion. She says: "Two hundred dollars a year will pay for a pillow on which some little head may rest. Can there be a lovelier way of remembering the birthday of some dear child in heaven than by caring in this kind way for some suffering baby on earth?"

Is not this a pleasant idea? When we have paid for our Pavilion we think we shall have to start a "Baby's Pillow."

Commencement Exercises.

The Fifth Annual Commencement of the Training School for Nurses, connected with the City Hospital, will be held in the Chapel of the First Presbyterian Church, on Thursday evening, March 31, at 8 o'clock.

- Mrs. M. STRONG,
- Mrs. W. H. PERKINS,
- Mrs. M. M. MATHEWS,
- Mrs. J. H. BREWSTER,
- Mrs. H. H. MORSE,
- Miss MUMFORD,

Executive Committee.

The public are cordially invited to attend these exercises. The following is the programme for the occasion:

ORDER OF EXERCISES.

- 1—Prayer.....Rev. Myron Adams.
- 2—Music.....
- 3—Address.....Rev. Max Landsberg, D. D.
- 4—Music.....
- 5—Essays by Members of Graduating Class.
- 6—Presentation of Diplomas.
David Little, M. D.
- 7—Music.....
- 8—Benediction.....Rev. Myron Adams.

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Anniversary Offerings.
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The response last month to our appeal for anniversary offerings was most gratifying. The Treasurer of the Pavilion fund reports receipts for February amounting to \$124.02; most of this money came from anniversary offerings.

The Infant Department of the First Baptist church contributed ten dollars; five dollars came from Miss Margaret Wright, the young miss who was so active in preparing for the fair for the Pavilion fund, held December 10th, 1886. Many who had dime cards returned them filled with subscriptions. The inclement weather prevented many of the children from bringing their gifts in person but they did not forget us. Willie Farrand, a very pleasing child, brought offerings for himself and his sisters Hatta and Patia Farrand. Some of the most touching gifts were memorial offer-

ings; Ransom Noble Kalbfleisch sent one "in memory of his little brother Curtis;" another came from "Fritz, in memory of John Sage Darrow."

The following notes indicate how kindly our out of town friends remembered us: Florence and Edith Bates sent five dollars from New York to buy something nice for the children, and after expending some of it for oranges and other delicacies, Mrs. Mathews wrote them about the fund and one of them replied thus: "Mamma has told me about the chart and I think it would be wise to mark off two squares for us. I wish I could be there on the Anniversary. Mamma read me the pretty story in the last REVIEW about the sick girl and the ribbon."

COHOCTON, N. Y., Feb'y 10, 1887.

Mrs. R. M. THEWS:—Dear Madam:—Please find enclosed \$1 00, which my little daughter Bessie wishes to send to apply on the Pavilion Fund. Please write me where to send a box which I would like to send for the benefit of the Hospital. Respectfully,
 K. M. LARROWE.

Mrs. MATHEWS:—I was not at home at the time of the Hospital Donation, and have intended ever since to send something. I noticed in last evening's paper that you were to observe February 11th as an anniversary, and it gives me great pleasure to contribute a little towards the Children's Pavilion. My interest in the Hospital increases every year, and I hope this year will see the Children's Pavilion entirely out of debt. Very respectfully yours,

Mrs. WALTER S. HUBBELL.

Fairport, N. Y., Feb'y 10, 1887.

BUFFALO, Feb'y 10, 1887.

My Dear Mrs. MATHEWS:—I have just seen, from a Rochester paper, that to-morrow is the anniversary of the Children's Pavilion. I would so much like to be there, but send fifty cents from my little Herbert, and my brother's wife, where I am visiting, sends the same amount for her little daughter, Ella Ruger Siddons. Hoping you will be successful beyond your utmost expectations, I am,

Yours truly,
 RUTH SIDMONS MANN.

GENESEO, Feb'y 10, 1887.

Mrs. ROBERT MATHEWS: Dear Madam:—You will find enclosed \$1.00 for "Pavilion Fndd," I wish it was \$100. I am deeply interested in your Hospital work. Yours,

Mrs. J. B. ADAMS.

We hope next month to report many Easter offerings. Mrs. Mathews has a supply of dime cards if any more are desired.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Ellen Kelly.....	\$ 1 00
Mrs. Freeman Clarke.....	10 00
Mrs. Robert Mathews.....	1 00
Mrs. Walter S. Hubbell, Fairport.....	10 00
Mrs. J. B. Adams, Geneseo.....	1 00
Isabel Hart.....	1 00
Virginia Jeffrey Smith.....	1 00
Mrs. M. M. Mathews.....	1 00
Mrs. William H. Perkins.....	5 00
"Contents of Clement Rockwell's savings bank".....	50
Bessie Larrowe, Cohocton.....	1 00
Herbert Siddons Mann.....	50
Ella Ruger Siddons, Buffalo.....	50
Philip Mumford, card 29.....	1 20
Philip Mumford.....	1 00
"A friend, E. W.".....	1 00
Miss Carrie M. Soule.....	1 00
Dr. W. S. Ely.....	50
Mrs. Edward M. Smith.....	50
Laura Farley.....	1 00
Walter Lewis Farley.....	1 00
William Peck Farley.....	1 00
Victoria Raymond.....	2 00
Mrs. C. H. Angel.....	1 00
Laurance Angel.....	1 00
Wentworth Hoyt.....	1 00
Madeline Hoyt.....	1 00
Howard Converse Gould, Brooklyn, two bricks.....	50
Fannie Converse Gould, Brooklyn, two bricks.....	50
Cornelia J. Robinson.....	1 00
Jane Porter Robinson.....	1 00
Joseph Curtis.....	2 00
Mrs. Waldo Grant Morse.....	2 00
Paul and Ada Dewey.....	50
"Fritz, in memory of John Sage Darrow".....	5 00
Miss Grace B. Terry.....	1 00
Mrs. I. S. Emery.....	1 00
Kate Luvan Rogers.....	50
Fritz Ward.....	1 00
Mabel Frances Taylor.....	1 00
Fred Kalbfleisch Taylor.....	50
Mrs J. H. Brewster.....	1 00
Emily, Sallie, Carrie and Franklin Brewster.....	4 00
Carolyn Augusta Sherwood.....	1 00
Mary Farrar and Ellen Pierce.....	1 00
Florence and Edith Bates, New York.....	2 00
"A friend".....	2 00
Hattie, Willie and Patia Farrand.....	1 50
Mrs. William Churchill.....	1 00
Mrs. C. P. Ford.....	1 00
Laura M. Shaw, Wellsboro, Penn.....	1 00
E. Smith Munn.....	50
Emily L. Munn.....	50
Nellie A. Dodge, card 143.....	1 00
Agnes B. Raines, card 128.....	1 00
Bessie Raines, half of card 144.....	50
Frank C. Pitkin, card 119.....	1 00
Caroline and Vine Stoddard.....	5 00
Mortimer Reynolds Anstice.....	1 00
Paul C. Wild.....	2 00
"Ransom Noble Kalbfleisch, in memory of his little brother, Curtis".....	1 00
Walter H. Sill.....	1 00
Mrs. E. D. Smith.....	1 00

Master James Laney.....	1 00
Busy Bee Club, by Miss Carrie M. Soulé	1 37
Mrs. Myron Adams.....	1 00
Arthur S. Hamilton, Jr.....	1 00
"A friend".....	25
Marion Moore Reid.....	1 00
Florence Seymour.....	1 00
Katie Whitbeck, one brick.....	25
Hattie Whitbeck, one brick.....	25
Infant Dept. of the First Baptist S. S....	10 00
Additional from Parlor Sale held Dec. 10, 1886, by Margaret Wright.....	5 00
"For the Chart. from two little boys"...	20
Deetta Mitchell.....	1 00
Mrs. J. K. Chappell, card 17!.....	1 00
William Willingham.....	1 00
Mrs Carter Wilder.....	1 00
Elsie D. Alling, card 161.....	1 00
Katie Youell, half of card 117.....	50

\$124 02

Previously acknowledged.....\$2,934 51

\$3,058 53

We still require \$3,441.47 to complete the last payment on the pavilion, and free the building from a blemish of a debt. We most earnestly solicit contributions for this object, which should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring St., the Treasurer of the fund.

Cash Donations.

Mrs. J. S. Bean, Ogdensburg.....	\$ 50 00
Mrs. Shuart.....	10 00
Donation Box.....	2 45
Annual subscription Mrs. Mary H. Willis	5 00
To endow a bed in the Children's Pavilion one year, Miss Henrietta S. Mumford...	200 00
Mrs. W. H. PERKINS, Treasurer.	

Chapel Service.

On Sunday afternoon, February 13th, we joined a band of worshippers gathered in the Hospital chapel, for a short service, conducted by Mr. W. V. Higgins, a student of the Rochester Theological Seminary. It was a welcome variety in the monotonous life of the invalids, and an audience of twenty-five seemed interested in the exercises. We had come from the funeral of one who for years had been wont to join in the songs of the chapel, and many of those present had grateful memories of the departed, whose remains were then being borne to their last resting place in the neighboring cemetery.

At our left hand sat our young friend Max from the Children's Pavilion, and we

were delighted to hear such a volume of song poured out from so frail a body. Our right hand neighbor was *Grossmutter*, "eighty and ten years old;" her pure white apron, lace and cap indicated she had arranged herself for the Sabbath. A retired clergyman sat near us; Mrs. B. was there in her rolling chair; there too were the halt, the maimed and the blind, and there were also some of the Managers of the Hospital, and two of the nurses from the Training School, one of whom officiated as organist.

The Sabbath chapel service is a great comfort to the inmates of the Hospital, most of whom enjoy no other public religious exercise. We never mingle with the afflicted ones in the chapel service without being reminded of the group that gathered at the side of Bethesda's pool, to be healed of their diseases.

Our Kitchens.

It is interesting to visit the Hospital kitchens just before dinner time. The neat, attractive waiters, prepared for the well cooked food; the savory dishes ready for the patients and the family, and the special delicacies in the diet kitchen all have an appetizing effect on the visitor, and seem adapted to the needs of the various classes who look to the Hospital larder for nourishment.

From 35 to 45 loaves of bread are baked every day, and sometimes on Saturdays 60 loaves are made for two days' supply.

Acceptable Gift.

A valuable and acceptable box from Mrs. Henry Martin, of Canandaigua, was sent us in December last, but we regret that by mistake it was not duly acknowledged. We intend to report every donation but occasionally one is omitted. We are very grateful for the interest manifested in us by people outside of our city.

A Memory.

MRS. S. K. WARREN.

On Sunday, the 13th of February, a large concourse of people gathered at a home on Reynolds street, to pay the last tribute of respect to one whose life in this community had beautifully illustrated the divine precept: "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

On the 11th of February Mrs. Julia A. Warren rested from her labors, and as we gazed at the peaceful sleeper we felt as if in the presence of one of the nobility of heaven. We recalled the prophetic words: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Rarely have we been brought in contact with one whose every day life seemed so thoroughly permeated with the spirit of the Master, or who so delighted like him to go about doing good. The destitute, the sick, the helpless, the disabled soldier, the poor inebriate, the fallen woman, the condemned criminal, all received her tender sympathy, wise counsels, watchful care, and earnest prayers, and many an answering blessing has testified to the efficacy and power of her petitions.

Mrs. Warren will be greatly missed at the Hospital, where, since it was first opened till detained by sickness, she has been a frequent and constant visitor, and only they who have been closely associated with her can fully appreciate her blessed ministries in the Wards and at the bedsides of the suffering, as well as in the homes of the sick and needy.

For years she was a regular attendant at the Hospital chapel service on the Sabbath, taking a prominent part in singing, and then visiting those in the Wards too feeble for the public service, and cheering them with some of the songs of Zion. Often during the week she would gather some of the

Hospital inmates for a social prayer meeting, and men and women, youths and maidens, shared her almost maternal care.

Simple and unostentatious in her life, she was a tower of strength to the sick, the erring and the needy, and we know of but few in our city on whom her mantle can worthily fall.

To her bereaved family we offer our heartfelt sympathy, and may the memory of her useful life long linger in the home so lately brightened by her cheerful presence.

Wanted.

This is the season of the year when house-keepers are making arrangements for spring improvements, and we would suggest that carpets are now cheap. Please buy some new ones and send your second-hand ones to the Hospital.

We also greatly need stockings and clothing for boys eight and twelve years old, and drawers and garments of all sorts for children two and three years old. We also need infants' clothing.

Last year, during Lent, some of our young friends made under garments for the Hospital. Are there not some this year who will sew for the sick children?

Sheets and pillow cases are always acceptable.

There are persons in the Hospital who could repair or make over children's garments if second-hand ones are sent us.

Accidents.

Some of our Hospital workers have the past month met with serious accidents. One of our nurses has sprained her ankle; our matron has fallen on the slippery sidewalk and broken her arm, but with unflagging zeal she discharges all her duties; one of our Lady Managers has fallen on the ice and broken her limb near the ankle, and the treasurer of the REVIEW has been housed with a sprained ankle. We hope next month they can all report progress

Receipts for the Review.

FEBRUARY, 1887.

Mrs. J. L. Stewart, by Mrs. S. H. Terry.	\$ 62
Mrs. J. S. Bean, Ogdensburg, by Mrs. W. H. Perkins	1 00
Mrs. M. J. Burke, 50 cents; Mrs. H. Martin, 50 cents; A. S. Newman, 50 cents; Chauncey Stoddard, 50 cents; all of Canandaigua, by Mrs. H. Martin	2 00
Alling & Cory, adv., \$5.00; Mechanics Savings Bank, adv., \$15.00; C. F. Paine & Co., adv., \$5.00; Joseph Schleyer, adv., \$5.00; Woodbury, Morse & Co., adv., \$5.00, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews	35 00
Mrs. G. W. Archer, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Beir, 62 cents; H. F. Bush, 62 cents; Mrs. D. W. Bush, 62 cents; F. L. Durand, 62 cents; H. Herman, 62 cents; Mrs. A. E. Hoyt, 62 cents; Miss A. A. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Luetchford, 62 cents; Mrs. A. S. Mann, 62 cents; Mrs. A. M. Moser, 62 cents; Miss H. Oothout, 65 cents; S. B. Perkins, 62 cents; Mrs. E. B. Parsons, 62 cents; Mrs. H. T. Rogers, 62 cents; Mrs. C. B. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. G. G. Street, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Teall, 62 cents; Mrs. Alex. Thompson, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Zeeveld, 62 cents, by Miss Hattie Smith	12 43
Edward Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. George Cummings, 62 cents; W. G. Lightfoot, Canandaigua, \$1.00; Miss L. Townsend, Niagara Falls, \$1.00; Mrs. E. M. Thomas, Cuba, 50 cents; Mrs. M. H. Tuckerman, \$4.00; Mrs. F. S. Webster, Washington, D. C., 50 cents; Mrs. J. B. Whitbeck, 62 cents, by Treasurer	8 86
MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treasurer, 96 Spring St.	

Donations for February, 1887.

- Mrs. Mary Bellows, old cotton.
- Miss Clarice G. Jeffrey, 1 copy Scribner's Magazine.
- Florence and Edith Bates of New York, half gallon ice cream, 3 dozen oranges, 2 boxes orange wafers, 2 boxes crackers, for children in Pavilion.
- Mrs. William E. Hoyt, children's clothing and games.
- Mrs. Josiah Anstice, infants' clothing, Margaret Wright, reading in the wards, Feb. 17.
- Mrs. A. G. Yates, quantity of children's clothing.
- Mrs. S. M. Bentley, reading matter.
- Miss Hopkins, old cotton.
- Mrs. M. I. Strong, reading matter
- Millie Gould, 2 books for children, Florence Beach, 2 books and dolls.
- Mrs. H. N. Page, Perry, second hand shirts.
- Mrs. L. F. Ward, gents' dressing gown.
- Mrs. Edward Cozzens, child's jersey.
- Miss H. Bell, reading matter.
- Mrs. C. H. Babcock, framed picture for Children's Pavilion.

Old cotton is always acceptable.

Died.

- At Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 2, Mrs. L. A. Blennerhassett, aged 71 years.
- Feb. 3, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, Mrs. Harriet Milliken, aged 35 years.
- Feb. 5, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, Stephen Barthelman, aged 25 years.
- Feb. 6, of Chronic Gastritis, Margaret E. Bailey, aged 30 years, 3 months and 5 days.
- Feb. 10, of Erysipelas, Frank Turey, aged 24 years.
- Feb. 11, of Chronic Cardiac disease, Helen Costello, aged 40 years.
- Feb. 12, of Marasmus, infant of Julia Crowley, aged 23 days.
- Feb. 14, of Hemorrhage of Lungs, Albert Shoecraft, aged 53 years.
- Feb. 15, of Cancer, Patrick Toomey, aged 38 years.
- Feb. 26, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, Jennie Fee, aged 17 years.
- Feb. 27, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, William Des Roches, aged 31 years.
- Feb. 28, Harrison M. Cooper, aged 53 years.
- Feb. 28, John G. Rowley, aged 48 years.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Feb. 1.	102
Received during Month	48
Births	4
	—154
Discharged during Month	42
Deaths	13
Number remaining in Hospital Mar. 1	99
	—154

Neatness.

Paint and whitening have greatly improved some parts of the Hospital. We never saw a building so thoroughly neat as the Hospital.

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In what we share with another’s need ;
Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare ;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds
three,—
Himself, his hungry neighbor, and Me.”

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE,

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Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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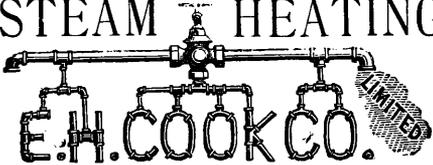
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1887.

No. 9.

Anniversary Exercises.

The interesting exercises connected with the fifth annual commencement of the Training School for Nurses in the Rochester City Hospital were held, according to previous announcement, in the chapel of the First Presbyterian Church, on the evening of Thursday, March 31st, 1887.

The rostrum was tastefully decorated with palms, callas, and other potted plants kindly furnished by Mr. F. Schlegel, and with cut flowers from Mrs. Wm. S. Little, Mrs. Josiah Anstice and Miss Sarah Frost. A profusion of roses, baskets of flowers, and boquets, designed for the members of the graduating class and kept in reserve near the entrance to the chapel, welcomed

the guests with their fragrant odor. Many of these were the grateful offerings of friends who, in their hours of pain and weakness, had received the comforting ministries of members of the Training School. Conspicuous among the flowers for the graduates was what appeared to be an immense wreath of pure white flowers, but what was really a collection of white carnations arranged in large boquets, one for the Supervising Nurse, and one for each of the eight graduates, a sister's offering, in memory of Miss Isabel Casson, a most conscientious and faithful nurse, who entered the Training School in May, 1885, but was attacked with pneumonia in August, 1886, and on the 5th of September passed to the home above, where

there are no sick to be cared for. Loving hearts and hands had ministered to the sick classmate; one of the nurses had accompanied the remains to the home in Steuben county, and the class in token of affection had sent a floral pillow, and meet it was that at the graduation of her classmates each should wear the white carnation bouquet, with its appropriate motto, "In memory of our sister," provided for them by Miss Elizabeth Casson, a sister of the deceased.

A large audience gathered to witness the exercises, extra seats were brought in, and it was evident that the increased interest in this branch of Hospital work would demand, next year, a larger gathering place than the chapel of the First Presbyterian church. Messrs. George H. Perkins and Wm. B. Burke kindly officiated, as in former years, as ushers. Dr. E. V. Stoddard presided on the occasion, and on the platform were the speakers of the evening and members of the Hospital Staff. The front seats in the center of the house were occupied by some of the officers of the City Hospital organization, and the musicians. The seats in the north west corner of the chapel were devoted to the nurses; the under graduates were dressed in their appropriate Hospital uniform — seersucker dresses, white aprons and caps.

It was an interesting sight, that band of maidens in the full flush of youthful womanhood, with earnest purpose and zeal consecrating their lives to a profession as useful as it is honorable. What possibilities were wrapped up in their future! What precious lives might be lengthened, what sufferings alleviated, what saddened hearts cheered by their soothing and gentle attentions. Only they who with wearied bodies and helpless hands have sought to meet the needs of some emergency in the sick room can fully appreciate the blessing of an educated, skilful nurse, whose calm bearing and prompt assistance can relieve the sufferer till medical aid can be summoned.

The evening exercises were opened by Rev. Myron Adams who offered prayer. This was followed by a quartette—"Blue Bells of Scotland"—most acceptably rendered by Messrs. Van Zandt, Gove, Kingsbury and Carnahan. The following was the

Address

BY REV. DR. M. LANDSBERG.

One of the most striking characteristics of modern times is the ever increasing attention paid to the workings of nature. Unquestioning reliance on authority is thereby more and more crowded out; that which used to be regarded as undoubted truth, because handed down from generation to generation, is now put to the test of scientific investigation. This tendency has wrought a great change in all professions and in all conditions of life. But in no department is this change more thorough than in the practice of medicine, which has been completely revolutionized thereby. He who would use the same physic for every disease is now written down as a quack by all intelligent people, and those who trust in him are cases of survival of the blind belief in the healing power first of sorcerers and then of priests, using supernatural means for the cure of all ills, spiritual and bodily, means which stand in no logical connection whatever with the evil to be cured. Belief in a specific to heal all diseases, or in one to heal the disease called by the same name in every instance, independent of the individuality of the patient and the accompanying circumstances, is now considered by enlightened physicians as barbarism unworthy of our state of civilization; is regarded by thinking men as equally absurd as the faith in a cure by pilgrimages to holy places or the use of the water of Lourdes.

The liberal use of the lancet and the continual and indiscriminate administration of drugs have, for the benefit of humanity, been replaced by careful observation of the patient; and close watching of the varying

symptoms of his condition is now acknowledged to be all important.

The more this revolution in medical treatment has become recognized as an accomplished fact, the better the modern physician understands that it is impossible for him to attend to his duty in a satisfactory manner, alone without the assistance of a skillful helper. If he has elevated himself above the level of the medicine-man among the savages, he does no more consider himself able by looking with a wise mien upon the patient, entrusted to his mercy, to make a correct diagnosis of his case, and to tell what ought to be done. A superficial glance at his tongue and an occasional feeling of his pulse do no more tell him the whole story. A Dr. Bartolo, pronouncing poor Father Basilio's sickness as a case of yellow fever in "the Barber of Sevilla," would no more be tolerated. Our physician of today knows that for all the minute observations, necessary for his work, he depends on the assistance of a nurse, and of one as far remote as possible from the type of the familiar Mrs. Gamp.

Since the most ancient times the work of nursing has been in the undisputed possession of women. It is one of the few occupations which even ignorance and unfairness, so largely dominant in confining the work of the female sex upon the narrowest limits, have never dared to derogate. It is a work which offers to woman full scope for the exercise of those powers and graces which are peculiarly her own. She seems to be made for the healing of wounds, for practising mercy and kindness, for alleviating pains, for nursing the sufferers. At her home it becomes the duty of the mother to care for the children's health, to nurse them in sickness. The husband also in case of illness needs the tender and patient attendance of his wife. This relation is so naturally indicated by the position of woman that originally among all nations at the beginning of culture the care for the sick and wounded and even the art of heal-

ing was her province. But it is only very recently that nursing has been elevated to the rank of a profession, and only since the physicians realize how largely the success of their work depends on the intelligent and faithful co-operation of the nurse that such qualities are expected of her as are supplied by our training schools for nurses.

A good nurse, fully equipped for her arduous duties must indeed possess an array of the most excellent virtues. The physician expects to find in her exactly the opposite of that material which was available before the training schools began their work. He expects from his co-operator cleanliness and neatness, obedience, sobriety, truthfulness, honesty, punctuality, trustworthiness, quickness and orderliness. She must have all those qualifications which are developed by a scientific training, and be good-tempered and cheerful, not easily depressed or disturbed, possessed of great patience, observant and accurate. Her moral character must be of the highest. She should combine the devotion of the loving wife with the self-sacrificing spirit of the tender mother, without being hampered by the unreasonable indulgence, natural in the near relative, which so easily prevents an energetic and strict adherence to orders when they come in conflict with the wishes and whims of the poor sufferer under her care. Add to all this the necessity of physical health and strength, sufficient for arduous and trying work, and you will grant that a good nurse ought to be almost a perfect and ideal woman.

Such women are educated in our training school. Every one of those who has gone through the course is impressed with the manifold duties and great responsibilities connected with her calling; and many a family in our city or neighborhood which enjoyed the benefit of this noble institution appreciates the blessing conferred by it upon the community. Those who went forth from this school on their noble errands succeeded in removing the

horrors of the typical sickroom, conditions which, instead of contributing to the recovery of the patient had the tendency of making the healthy sick. The vast array of medicine bottles and the odor of drugs are replaced under her ministrations by a plentiful supply of fresh air and sunlight, and she makes the place of suffering cheerful and bright by her refined manners and her devoted services.

During many centuries it was taken for granted that such high-minded women, who combine with all the necessary skill and good qualities, refinement and education, could only be found among those who belonged to clerical orders. For it was generally held that only in connection with motives supplied by dogmatic religious belief, could the enthusiasm needed for the work of nursing be found. In the middle ages, therefore, hospitals were only founded by the church, and nursing only practised by those who devoted their whole life to her service, and with that confusion between the ideas of religion and creed, so hard to overcome, it is still claimed by many that there is no hope of successful work in this calling except when based upon a religious foundation.

If the term religion be used in its proper sense, it is impossible not to give assent to this proposition; for no good and philanthropic work can prosper unless it be built upon the basis of religion and morality. But it is decidedly hurtful to mix up any efforts in the service of dogmatic teaching with what is a pure matter of humanity and unlimited love of our neighbor. Human feeling should be fostered and protected because it is human, not in the interest of any sectarian end.

One of the greatest promoters of modern scientific nursing, Prof. Virchow who has an unusually large experience with both kinds, thus states the difference between church nursing and modern nursing: "Clerical care of the sick is destined under the rules to serve the church, whatever that

may mean, while serving the sick; the main duties and aims in view are ecclesiastical and not humane, and, instead of a nurse solely given to the performance of her duties, you deal with ecclesiastical officers."

The care of the sick ought only to be undertaken for its own sake, apart from all ulterior aims of whatever sort.

This is taught and accomplished by our school here, which is conducted on the broadest principles of humanity.

Every one of you, young ladies, went through the training of your school prompted by an inward vocation for rendering services of love to the sick, for alleviating suffering, not impelled by the blind obedience enforced by a powerful church organization. It is far easier blindly to obey, than either to obey or command under a sense of personal responsibility which can only be properly developed under the guiding principle of freedom of conscience. This sense of responsibility has been awakened and fortified in you. It is this which makes the profession you have chosen so noble and deserving.

Your power and influence will be great, not only upon the patients that will come under your immediate care, but upon the community at large. You will have the opportunity for removing prejudices, spreading knowledge and enlightenment, healing and preventing disease.

While congratulating you upon the degree you have earned and offering you my best wishes for your future success, let me express the hope that you will make good use of your opportunities for doing good, and that there will be many induced to imitate your example, and like you, engage in the noble work to which you have devoted your lives.

The greater the number of pupils trained at the school from which you now graduate, the greater will become its humanizing influence upon our population and the better will be appreciated the unselfish labors of the members of the medical staff who

furnish the instruction, and the noble work of those ladies, who by their efforts make it possible that such a beneficial institution as the nurses' training school, exists in our city.

Our musical friends again favored us with "I Know a Maiden," after which the following essay and poem and an essay on "Life," by Miss Caroline H. Worcester, were read by three of the graduates :

Kindness.

BY CHARLOTTE J. CAPWELL.

"Certain shells by the sea give a trumpet-like tone,
Certain footprints in sand become sermons in stone;
So the voice of thy life like a trump may be heard,
After thou art forgotten, still may live thy good word "

to give sunshine wherever it goes ; to find its way into the sorrowing heart, carrying in its train contentment and pleasure.

Write your name by kindness, on the hearts and into the lives of the people with whom you come in contact in the sick room and you will never be forgotten.

There is nothing like kindness in the world. It is the very principle of love, an emanation from the heart, which softens and gladdens, never failing to inspire every one we meet.

It is impossible to resist continued kindness. Patients may, in a moment of petulance or passion, waive the exhibition of good will on the part of a nurse, but let her persist, let her continue to prove herself really benevolent, generously and kindly disposed, she will find the stubborn nature giving way, sometimes even unconsciously.

Give no pain ; say not a word, breathe not a sentiment, give not the expression of countenance that will offend or repulse. You are surrounded by sensitive hearts which a word or look might fill with sorrow.

If you are careless of the opinions of others, remember that they are differently constituted from yourself, and never by

word or sign cast the shadow of thoughtlessness. Kindness is its own reward.

Good or friendly conduct may meet with an ungrateful or unworthy return, but every act of kindness done, whether acknowledged or not, gives a measure of happiness to the doer.

"To do evil for good is human, to do good for good is natural, but to do good for evil is perfection," and this should be the underlying principle of a nurse in connection with her patient.

Most calmly, kindly and quietly let her minister to the sick ones, finding encouragement and pleasure in the consciousness of duty fulfilled.

The Bulletin Board.

BY HELEN T. JONES.

You have come to us, from your homes to-night,
With motives that justify the deed.
'Tis because you know, or you fain would know,
The sort of life we Nurses lead.

So, in quiet style, from our point of view,
Without ado or wearisome fuss,
To tell you, in brief, of our work and life,
I'll ride my ambling Pegasus.

'Tis not of the deeds of the doctors,
On their visits, to and fro,
Nor yet of pills, potions, or plasters,
I would sing as my numbers flow.

Not of quizzes, or lectures, or clinics,
Or physiological themes,
Not of sensory hallucinations,
Sick visions, or fancies, or dreams,

Not of wonderful, desperate cases,
With symptoms that show no flaws,
Not of idiosyncrasies noted,
Nor Hygeia's inflexible laws,

Not of Hospital rules and directions,
Of happenings glad or deplored,
Would I venture poetical mention,
My theme is "The Bulletin Board."

As index to this varied life of ours,
The most of you, no doubt recall
The Bulletin Board, with our names enrolled,
That hangs in our main entrance hall.

It will tell at glance where we all may be,
Therein doth lie its greatest beauty,
If on "Leave of Absence," "Excused for half day,"

"Sick and excused," or where "On Duty."

And the Bulletin tells what our work may be,
Where in the house we're called to serve,

It may chance to be in a place quite easy,
Or one requiring considerable nerve.

Now across from most of the names enrolled
The words, "On Duty," are sure to be,
For we work all day, or else work all night,
With few exceptions, as you will see.

And it means to Nurses a myriad of things;
Hard work or light to each will fall,
To accept with grace what the task may be,
Is perhaps the bravest duty of all.

It may mean the care of contagious disease,
To which we have accustomed grown,
And so brings no fear, and scarcely a tear
O'er days or weeks we spend alone,

Away from the house, in the small Pavilions,
Where nights we serve, as well as day,
Nor allowing the thought of our great isolation
The theory of germs to overweigh.

We are taught, each one, in the kitchen to make
All sorts of things, from broths to custard,
How delicately to season delectable salads
With salt, vinegar, sweet oil, and mustard.

"Night duty" there is, which is strange and
appalling,
When first its routine work we try,
But we often recall, with genuine pleasure,
The nights so wierd as they pass by.

For the wear and tear of the long night time
Will fade from thought with coming day,
As we "Fold our tents, like the Arabs" of old,
And to rest and quiet steal away.

There are operations which all must attend,
Nor even think of growing faint,
For if there's one thing which a Nurse must
avoid,
It's a tendency to that complaint.

So changing ever our places of duty,
Two years have passed more like a dream,
But the fact remains, to quite reassure us,
Our minds with living memories teem.

Then across from two, or three names on the
board,
"Excused for half day," you generally find ;
For in every week, there is one afternoon
We're free to spend to suit our mind.

Shopping and calling, an afternoon flies,
Hardly giving us time to think,
We can only sip at liberty's pleasures,
But never take a good long drink.

Letters to write, many books to read,
Time does not drag you may be sure,
And *ennui* cannot be put on the list
Of troublesome things we have to endure.

We expect and try to be very strong,
But truly flesh is "pow'rful weak,"
And even the strongest of constitutions
Will sometimes take a sudden freak,

And then "Sick and Excused," you'll find on
the board,
And p'raps you heave a little sigh,

But the care we receive, you can scarcely con-
ceive,
Unless, indeed, you come and try.

There's no time to dwell upon the vacation,
That comes to each Nurse once a year;
The Bulletin says it is "Leave of absence"
And list'n'ng you would simply hear

The old, old story, of happy reunions,
When curious friends will gather round,
For o'er us, it seems, kind relations and friends.
A web of mystery have wound.

And when, after all, we are found quite human,
And our old characteristics keep,
It is still very plain, that benefits many,
From a two years' course we're sure to reap.

When, at last, our course is duly ended,
Our names no longer are enrolled,
In the past, the board has spoken for us,
As members of its little fold.

But instead, other names our places have taken,
Of workers faithful, kind and true,
Who replace us so well, that mutely we wonder
If we again would better do.

But at least we go with the satisfaction,
The old and well worn creed we test,
Better years in humblest of services spent,
Than a weary life time of unrest.

After the reading of the essays and poems
the graduates—Misses Anna L. Greenwood,
Ezma R. Jones, Helen T. Jones, Cornelia
M. Ayres, Caroline H. Worcester, Adella
F. Frink, Charlotte J. Capwell and E. Lillie
Côle—took their places in front of the
platform, where before presenting them their
diplomas they were thus addressed by
David Little, M. D.:

YOUNG WOMEN: A beautiful text,
appropriate to this place and occasion,
occurs to me. "But a certain Samaritan,
as he journeyed came where he was, and
when he saw him he had compassion on
him; and went to him and bound up his
wounds, pouring in oil and wine."

The epitome of the Divine Healer's mis-
sion on earth was that "He went about
doing good," and He commended the man
who imitated him in his humble way. This
is your mission, womanly—divine. To
carry the soothing oil and the wine of glad-
ness to suffering humanity. No blatant
plaudits shall spur your ambition. No
earthly herald shall trumpet your fame.
Rather seeking solace in the hush of the

sick room from an approving conscience, and the wan smile of a grateful sufferer, work on and wait on to the end, then to hear the "Still small voice from Heaven" saying, "She hath done what she could." May God prosper you here and bless you hereafter.

Another selection was rendered by the quartette after which the Rev. Myron Adams pronounced the benediction.

After the close of the public exercises the graduating class were conveyed to the hospital in carriages kindly furnished by A. W. Mudge, where they and their friends partook of a supper provided by the Lady Managers. Nothing marred the pleasure of the evening except the absence of one of the classmates, Miss Isabel Casson, whose memory was lovingly enshrined in the hearts of her companions, whose fragrant bouquets of white carnations symbolized the purity of the home she had entered.

Thirty-six nurses have now completed their two years' course of instruction at the Training School for Nurses, connected with the City Hospital. They have gone out from us after passing satisfactory examinations, well equipped for their work, and this community and other places will in the future reap the benefits resulting from their training in the City Hospital.

As the years go by the facilities for saving useful lives and comforting the afflicted are rapidly increasing in the City Hospital. The best sanitary means are resorted to, and the most useful appliances appropriated, but the expenses are proportionate to the benefits, and we trust our benevolent citizens will in the future meet the growing demands of this charity.

Examination of Nurses.

The examination of the graduating class was held at the City Hospital, on Tuesday evening, March 29th, and was conducted by eight of the visiting physicians and surgeons; each nurse was examined separately

by each of the eight examiners. Dr. F. W. Abbott, from the Buffalo General Hospital, came down to attend the examination and expressed himself much pleased with the result.

Thanks.

The graduating class of 1887 would tender their sincere thanks to the Lady Managers of the City Hospital, who provided their entertainment Thursday evening, March 31st; to the senior class for their interest and services during the supper; and to their friends at the City Hospital who assisted in making their entertainment a success.

A Legacy.

The Treasurer of the City Hospital gratefully acknowledges the receipt, from the Executors of the estate of Hon. Thomas J. Paterson, of \$250, for the Endowment Fund of the Hospital.

The Invalids.

On the first Monday of April we visited the Hospital. Thirteen were receiving treatment in the Female Medical Ward. Five were confined to their cots; one had had typhoid fever, another had ulcers on her limb, a third was suffering from indigestion, another from chronic rheumatism, and a new patient had some disease of the throat.

One death had occurred in the Female Surgical Ward; twenty-six were under treatment, seven of whom kept their beds. Three patients had each fractured a hip and one her leg. Among them was one of the most faithful visitors of the Female Charitable Society, who while carrying some delicacy to a dying girl fell and broke her limb. Some of the patients were paralytics.

There were twenty-two patients in the Male Medical Ward and there had been three deaths during the month of March. Of the five patients who were in their bed

one had eczema, another, an Italian, had pneumonia, two were consumptives, and one had had ulcers on his arm. Four men were receiving treatment for rheumatism, one had paralysis, one was convalescing from malaria, one had had diphtheria. Of the eleven inmates of the Male Surgical Ward none was confined to his bed. Several who had had fractured limbs had left during the month and one eye patient was expecting to leave in the afternoon.

There were several cases of measles in the small pavilions.

The Little Folks.

We found three babies in the Nursery. A brother of Kitty Johnson had recently been received at the Hospital; the little fellow was about three or four years old, cross-eyed and bow-legged. Kitty Johnson and Tommy were convalescing from measles; as soon as they were taken sick they were removed to one of the small pavilions, and the Childrens' Pavilion had been fumigated and cleansed throughout, lest any infection from the cases of measles should have crept into it. The boys had been placed in the Male Ward, and the girls in the Female Wards. Little Maud Henderson had had the cords of her leg cut again and her limb was enclosed in a wooden case.

The Children's Pavilion Fund.

Two large contributions have come to us this month and several smaller ones, some of which are memorial gifts. Some friends far away have remembered us. We hope next month to record some Easter offerings. We long to wipe out the debt resting on the Pavilion; every dollar helps us. Mrs. Mathews has plenty of the dime cards for the little folks who would like to fill them.

Dr. G. R. Trowbridge from Buffalo, and Dr. G. M. Harrison from Dunkirk, on the first of April, entered on their duties as House Officers at the City Hospital, taking the places of Dr. Steele and Dr. Hartwell, who have just retired from office.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

"In Memory of Frederika Storrs Bliss, Brookline, Mass.".....	\$ 1.00
Sally Bliss, Brookline, Mass.....	50
Margaret Louise Whitney, Santa Barbara, Cal.....	50
Jeannette Eleanor Baker, Columbia, Dakota.....	1.00
"A. D. B.".....	1.00
"In loving memory of E. A. U., Entered into Rest, March 7, 1883.".....	5.00
"Surplus from Bachelor's parties,".....	40.00
Sophia Strong, Geneseo.....	25
Miss Catherine Uehlin, Coldwater, c'd 14.....	2 00
Miss Emma C. Norris, Springville, c'd 123.....	1.00
Mrs. C. B. Cook.....	1.00
Miss Florence Esté, Philadelphia, Easter offering.....	20.00
Receipts for the month.....	\$73.25
Previously acknowledged.....	\$3,058.53
	<hr/>
	\$3,131.78

We still require \$3,368.22 to complete the last payment on the Pavilion, and free the building from a blemish of a debt. We most earnestly solicit contributions for this object, which should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring St., the Treasurer of the fund.

The smallest gifts are welcome.

Receipts for the Review.

MARCH, 1887.

Dr. A. J. Campbell, Warners, \$1; Mrs. W. B. Ogden, New York, 50c.; by Mrs. W. H. Perkins.....	\$ 1.50
E. H. Cook & Co. adv., \$5; Mrs. W. J. Mandeville 65c; D. Palmer, adv., \$5; Smith, Perkins & Co., adv., \$5; Charles W. Trotter, adv., \$5; C. B. Woodworth & Sons, \$5; by Mrs. M. M. Mathews..	25.65
Mrs. L. H. Alling, 62c; Mrs. C. P. Achilles, 62c; Mrs. C. P. Boswell, 62c; Miss J. Barton, 62c; Miss G. A. Badger, 62c; Mrs. N. L. Button, 62c; Mrs. W. T. Bassett, 62c; Mrs. E. Bausch, 62c; Mrs. S. L. Brewster, 62c; Mrs. M. W. Cooke, 62c; Mrs. G. G. Clarkson, 62c; Mrs. J. A. Daly, 62c; Mrs. Wm. Eastwood, 62c; Mrs. J. T. Fox, 62c; Mr. M. Filon, 62c; Miss C. Gardiner, 62c; Mrs. E. Glen, 62c; Mrs. E. Harris, 62c; Mrs. S. Hamilton, 62c; Mrs. A. B. Lamberton, 62c; Mrs. N. P. Osborn, 62c; Mrs. E. Prizer, 62c; Mrs. R. A. Sibley, 62c; Mrs. E. D. Smith, 62c; Mrs. S. Sloan, 62c; Mrs. W. W. Varney, 62c; Mrs. E. C. Warren, 62c; Mrs. L. G. Wetmore, 62c; Mrs. E. W. Williams, 62c; Mrs. E. F. Wilson, 62c; Mrs. A. Wright, 62c; Miss A. E. M. Wild, 62c; by Miss Hattie Smith...	20.46
Mrs. John Bower, 65c; Mrs. W. H. Farrand, 62c; Mrs. Thomas Hawks, \$1; Mrs. D. H. McCrea, Chicago, \$1; Mrs. E. B. Putnam, 62c; Mrs. W. H. Smith, \$1; by Treasurer....	4.89
Mrs. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treasurer, 96 Spring St.	

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, March 14, Margaret P. Lapham, aged 42 years.

March 24, A. D. McMaster, aged 75 years.

March 24, Catharine Hardy, aged 55 years.

March 27, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, John C. Brennan, aged 28 years.

Donations for March, 1887.

Mrs. A. D. Fiske, New York, very nice set of furniture.

Miss Lois Whitney, wraps and collars.

Mrs. L. D. Ely, 20 knitted wash cloths.

Mrs. Ellis, second-hand night dresses.

Mrs. M. F. White, old cotton.

H. Pomeroy Brewster, Cassell's National Library, edited by Prof. Henry Morley, 25 copies.

Mrs. Maltby Strong, reading matter.

Isabella Hart, papers for the children.

Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, shirts, boy's suit of clothing, 1 pair of shoes, 2 pairs of slippers, and neckties.

Friend, reading matter.

Mrs. S. M. Bentley, reading matter.

Mrs. Stafford of Albion, 3 baby slips.

Mrs. W. H. Mandeville of Olean, large number of second-hand shirts.

Sophia Strong, Genesee, magazines for children.

Miss A. Mumford, shirts and socks.

Mrs. Martin, 22 bottles of wine.

J. H. Moore, Graphics.

Mrs. Chas. M. Lee, illustrated London papers.

Mrs. Earl B. Putnam, second-hand clothing.

Mrs. L. Rogers, old cotton.

Mrs. A. Prentiss, children's clothing and toys.

Miss Danforth, shirts and collars.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital March 1.....	99
Received during Month	50
Births.....	5
	—154
Discharged during Month....	55
Deaths.....	4
Number remaining in Hospital April 1	95
	—154

Easter Carol.

O bells in the steeple

Ring out to all people,

That Christ has arisen, that Jesus is here;

Touch Heaven's blue ceiling

With your happy pealing,

O bells in the steeple, ring out full and clear.

O violets tender,

Your shy tribute render,

Tie round your wet faces your soft hoods of blue;

And carry your sweetness,

Your dainty completeness,

To some tired hand that is longing for you.

Correspondence.

We are very grateful for the interest manifested in the following letters:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., March 12, 1887.

My Dear Mrs. Mathews:

I enclose my check for forty dollars, which please consider as a donation to the "Children's Pavilion." The money is the surplus from the "Bachelor Parties" given during the past winter, and should be credited to them.

Knowing of no more deserving charity than the City Hospital, I thought it best to send it to you, and thus be sure of pleasing the subscribers to the parties. Will you kindly acknowledge the receipt of this in the usual way, through the columns of the Hospital paper?

Respectfully,

GILMAN N. PERKINS,
 Treasurer of "Bachelor Parties."

COLUMBIA, Dak., Feb. 21, 1887.

Dear Little Friends:

I am only a wee little girl living in far off Dakota. But my dear grandma sends me your HOSPITAL REVIEW, and I am very much interested in your earnest endeavor to provide a comfortable home for the sick and suffering. And I wish to send a few bricks, though your anniversary day is past. I trust they may not be too late. Hoping that sometime I may see the Children's Pavilion,

I am very sincerely,

JEANETTE ELANOR BAKER.

Jim's Corner.

Donation day at the Children's Hospital was over, and the matron stood looking at the great store of gifts which had been received. "Only one picture," she said, "and Jim Wray has long been wishing that there would be lots of pictures. I will hang this opposite to his bed, and maybe it will cheer him up."

Poor Jim! some weeks before, he had fallen under the wheels of a carriage, and was carried to the hospital maimed for life.

"His leg must come off," the doctor had said, "and it will be a long time before he can go home."

As the time passed, he longed more and more for the free air and the old busy life. Donation day entertained him; he watched the crowds of ladies as they walked through the ward. One or two had stopped to ask if he was not thankful that he had such a nice place to be sick in, and he had answered

"Thankful? Yes'm. A fellow generally is thankful when he has to go on crutches all his life."

The next morning when Jim opened his eyes, he saw the picture hanging right before him.

"Donation, I s'pose—something the folks didn't want, and so they sent it here; that's the way they generally do. It's a wonder it isn't a picture of some fellow dying with a crowd of people looking at him."

It was a photograph of two boys; the one was dark and handsome, while the face of the other was as pure and sweet as that of an angel.

The longer Jim looked, the better he liked the "donation." At last, unable to enjoy it alone any longer, he spoke to his neighbor in a loud whisper:

"Look at the picture over there. The folks who brought that wanted to give something nice."

"Who are those boys, Jim?"

"Don't know, but I like them."

"What is that light around that one's head?"

"Don't know; I wish it wasn't there. It don't look real. We will ask Miss Marion when she comes."

Jim studied the picture until the sweet faces seemed like friends, and a new light had come into his life.

Miss Marion sometimes felt discouraged about visiting at the hospital. On this bleak day in particular, she almost gave up going; but something in Jim's farewell glance the week before made her feel that to one sufferer at least her visits were helpful. This time his face was so bright when she entered the ward that she was startled.

"What has hapened to please you, Jim?"

He pointed to the picture.

"Christ and John the Baptist!" she exclaimed; "where did that come from?"

"Eh! who did you say?"

"Jesus and John the Baptist. That is a copy of a celebrated picture by a painter named Guido; he lived three hundred years ago. Do you like it?"

"Like it? I have been wishing you

would come and tell me who they are, and why the blue-eyed boy has that light around his head."

"Jim, it is a picture of Christ. No one knows how He looked; but I think the artist was inspired when he painted that face. You have learned at Sunday-school that one of Jesus' names is the Light of the World; and He told His disciples that they too were to be like lights in this dark world. The old painters often put a light like that around the heads of Christ and the saints. Shall I tell you what it means? Every one in this world, whether he knows it or not, has an influence over other people. The influence of a good person is like a light shining in the darkness. Are not your dark hours brightened by the visits of the good people who come to see you? The artists could not paint the good influences of the saints; and so they expressed it by putting a light around their heads."

Jim repeated softly

"Jesus bids us shine,
You in your small corner,
I in mine.

I learned that long ago, but I did not know what it meant. If you will tell me how, maybe I can shine; but," and the voice was choked with sobs, "how can a fellow like me shine? I am lame, and I haven't much education, and I'm poor."

"Jim," said Miss Marion, "those disciples to whom Jesus said 'Ye are the light of the world,' were poor, and some of them were no better educated than you are. It did not seem as if they would ever have much chance to shine—did it? But it does not mean being rich or famous. It is what you have within you that makes the light around you. If your heart is pure, you can make others purer. If you are like Christ, you can make those around you more like Christ. If you have Christ within you, He will shine through you; and so, as He was the Light of the World, you will be a light in the world."

Jim's eyes were fixed on the sweet

face beside him. Miss Marion had uncovered her head, and the last rays of the setting sun just touched the outline of her golden hair, until to the boy it seemed as if she too had a shining halo around her head. The tears ran down his pale cheeks as he felt the divine light breaking into his heart. He looked again at the picture. The lovely face of the Christ-child was in a flood of light, and Jim felt as if he were in the presence of something holy.

"My small corner," he said, "is—where?" The last words were said in a husky tone. The answer came softly and tearfully:

"Here, Jim, on this bed, just as long as it is necessary for you to stay. Our corners are just where God puts us."

Jim was perfectly alone to think it all over. Shine on that cot where he had lain for weeks? "It's a mighty dark corner," he groaned. "Maybe a little light would go a good way. Jesus was a poor boy; He worked in His father's carpenter shop in a little town. I never thought much about it before. The painter put that light around His head to show that He was a light in the world then, when He wasn't any older than I am. His corner was small too; and I believe he will help me to shine anywhere, if I ask Him."

It was moths before Jim could leave his "small corner." Often he felt weary; the quick, impatient words would come; some ugly old habits were not to be easily given up. Each day brought its trials and temptations. Sometimes when speaking an unkind word, his eyes would fall on the face opposite to him, and a voice seemed to say "You in your small corner."

At last the doctor said "To-morrow you can leave."

When Miss Marion came to say good bye, she found him in tears at the thought of leaving his picture and the "corner" that he had learned to love, and in which he was beginning to shine. For a long time afterwards he often visited the ward, and the sound of Jim's crutch was a signal for rejoicing among the boys. He always came with a hap-

py face, and many a cripple was cheered by his smile.

Jim's corner is larger now; but the secret of his happiness is the same as when he was lying on his cot in the hospital. The light that shone in that "small corner" fitted him to shine in larger ones. He owns a copy of the picture, too; and underneath it hangs his golden text, "Ye shine as lights in the world."—*Amey Ewing in Sunday School Times.*

A Notable Affair.

Col. Ingersoll was thrown incidentally into the society of Henry Ward Beecher. There were four or five gentlemen present, all of whom were prominent in the world of brains. A variety of topics was discussed with decided brilliancy, but no allusion to religion. The distinguished infidel was, of course, too polite to introduce the subject himself, but one of the party finally desiring to see a tilt between Bob and Beecher, made a playful remark about Col. Ingersoll's idiosyncrasy, as he termed it. The Colonel at once defended his views in his usual apt rhetoric; in fact, he waxed eloquent. He was replied to by several gentlemen in very effective repartee. Contrary to the expectations of all, Mr. Beecher remained an abstracted listener, and said not a word. The gentleman who introduced the topic with hope that Mr. Beecher would answer Col. Ingersoll, at last remarked:

"Mr. Beecher have you nothing to say on this question?"

The old man slowly lifted himself from his attitude and replied:

"Nothing—in fact if you will excuse me for changing the conversation, I will say that while you gentlemen were talking, my mind was bent on a most deplorable spectacle which I witnessed to-day."

"What was it?" at once inquired Col. Ingersoll, who, notwithstanding his peculiar views of the hereafter, is noted for his kindness of heart.

"Why," said Mr. Beecher, "as I was

walking down town to-day, I saw a poor lame man with crutches slowly and carefully picking his way through a cess pool of mud, in the endeavor to cross the street. He had just reached the middle of the filth, when a big burly ruffian, himself all bespattered, rushed up to him, jerked the crutches from under the unfortunate man, and left him sprawling and helpless in the pool of liquid dirt, which almost engulfed him."

"What a brute he was," said Col. Ingersoll.

"What a brute he was," they all echoed.

"Yes," said the old man slowly rising from his chair and brushing back his long white hair, while his eyes glittered with their old time fire as he bent them on Ingersoll, "Yes, Col. Ingersoll, and you are the man. The human soul is lame, but Christianity gives it crutches to enable it to pass the highway of life. It is your teaching that knocks these crutches from under it and leaves it a helpless and rudderless wreck in the slough of despond. If robbing the human soul of its only support on this earth—religion—be your profession, why, ply it to your heart's content. It requires an architect to erect a building, an incendiary may reduce it to ashes."

The old man sat down, and silence brooded over the scene. Col. Ingersoll found that he had a master in his own power of illustration, and said nothing. The company took their hats and parted.—*Religious Intelligencer*

To keep ice in the sick room, cut a piece of flannel about nine inches square, and secure it by ligature about the mouth of an ordinary tumbler so as to leave the cup shape depression of flannel within the tumbler to about half its depth. In the flannel cup so formed pieces of ice may be preserved many hours, all the longer if a piece of flannel from four to five inches square be used as a loose cover to the ice cup. Cheap flannel with comparatively open meshes is preferable, as the water easily drains through it and the ice is kept quite dry.

Corea.

The following interesting note comes from the Rev. H. G. Appenzeller, of the Methodist Mission in Seoul, Corea, under date of September 13th: Western medical science has reached the throne of Corea, and both the King and Queen are now treated by foreign doctors. The "Corean Government Hospital," in charge of Drs. H. N. Allen and J. W. Heron, has been such a success among the natives as to recommend itself favorably to the attention of His Majesty. The King, from the beginning of the medical work here, has taken a lively interest in it, and the doctors had but to make their wishes known to him and their requests were granted. For some months past the King received medicines from Dr. Allen at his private office. During the recent cholera epidemic, His Majesty sent for a large supply of carbolic acid. Dr. Annie J. Ellers came to Seoul under the auspices of the Presbyterian Missionary Society, in July. In August the Queen was taken sick, and Miss Ellers was sent for, and has been very successful in her treatment. The native court physicians have been dismissed from the palace, and our doctors have thus a clear path before them.

The real things are inside. The real world is the inside world. God is not up, nor down, but in the midst.—*Mrs. A. D. F. Whitney.*

"Here's a health to all those that I love;
Here's a health to all those that love me;
Here's a health to all those that love those that
I love,
And to those that love them that love me."

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and disappear?
Whene'er the spirit moves to nobler creeds.
When conscience disapproves, or duty pleads.
Then make resolves, and of resolves make
deeds,
And make each day begin a New and Happy
year. G. K.

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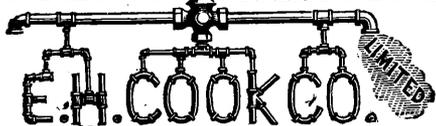
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DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

“ I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME.”

VOL. XXIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 16, 1887.

No. 10.

When the Cows Come Home.

BY MRS. AGNES E. MITCHELL.

With klinge, klangle, klinge,
Way down the dusty dingle,
The cows are coming home ;
Now sweet and clear, and faint and low,
The airy tinklings come and go,
Like chimings from some far-off tower,
Or patterings of an April shower
That makes the daisies grow ;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglingle,
Way down the darkening dingle,
The cows come slowly home.
(And old-time friends and twilight plays,
And starry nights and sunny days.
Come trooping up the misty ways
When the cows come home.)

With jingle, jangle, jingle,
Soft tunes that sweetly mingle,
The cows are coming home ;
Malvine and Pearl and Florimel,
De Kamp, Redrose, and Gretchen Schell,

Queen Bess and Sylph and Spangled Sue—
Across the fields I hear her “loo-oo”

And clang her silver bell ;
Go-ling, go lang, golinglingle,
With faint far sounds that mingle,
The cows come slowly home.

(And mother-songs of long-gone years,
And baby joys and childish fears,
And youthful hopes and youthful tears,
When the cows come home.)

With ringle, rangle, ringle,
By twos and threes and single,
The cows are coming home ;
Through violet air we see the town,
And the summer sun a-slipping down,
And the maple in the hazel glade

Throws down the path a longer shade,
And the hills are growing brown.
To-ring, to-rang, toringlingle,
By threes and fours and single,
The cows come slowly home.

(The same sweet sound of worldless psalm,
The same sweet June day rest and calm,
The same sweet scent of bud and balm,
When the cows come home.)

With the tinkle, tankle, tinkle,
Through fern and periwinkle,
The cows are coming home ;

A-loitering in the checkered stream
Where the sun-rays glance and gleam,
Charine, Peachbloom, and Phebe Phillis
Stand knee-deep in the creamy lilies ;

In a drowsy dream,
To-link, to-lank, tolinklelinkle,
O'er banks with buttercups a-twinkle,
The cows come slowly home.

(And up through memory's dim ravine
Come the brook's old song and its old-time
sheen

And the crescent of the silver Queen.
When the cows come home.)

With klingle, klangle, klingle,
With loo-oo and moo-oo and jingle,
The cows are coming home ;

And over there on Merlin Hill
Hear the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will,
And the dew-drops lie on the tangled vines
And over the poplars Venus shines,

And over the silent mill ;
Ko-ling, ko-lang, kolinglingling,
With ring a ling and jingle,
The cows come slowly home.

(Let down the bars ; let in the train
Of long-gone songs and flowers and rain,
For dear old time's come back again,
When the cows come home.)

How Madge Paid the Doctor.

BY MARY H. GROSVENOR.

Father had been sick a long time, three years Madge thought, although it had not really been more than that many months, but then Madge was a little thing and a month to her seemed as long as a year to most people. She remembered the day though, for mother, crying, had told her father had failed and she must be a good child and help him to bear it. No one explained the meaning of failed to her, so she had thought then and continued to think that failing was a strange disease which took the color from her father's face, gave him that dreadful cough, and made him so weak he had to lie on the sofa nearly all day long, with the doctor coming every morning and shaking his head gravely at him for being no better. They did not move away from their pretty home as at first they feared would be necessary, but Madge noticed many changes, and while her tongue was silent her brain was very busy. First, the servants disappeared and mother did all their work, helped occasionally by her elder daughter when she could be spared from the school where she taught. Then, they sat no more in the pleasant sitting room, it

was too cold, for one morning the fire had gone out and it was never rekindled, mother shaking her head sadly when Madge wanted to try her hand at lighting it. There was always a warm fire in father's room, and he never knew the fires were out in all the other rooms in the house except the kitchen. Many a time Madge could have cried with the pain in her little cold fingers, but she tried to laugh instead, and mother called her a brave little girl. Christmas had come and gone. Such a sad Christmas, no tree, no stocking, only five big silver dollars from a god-mother who never forgot her. And now as New Year's day drew near a shadow came upon mother's face, reflected on the fair young brow of her elder daughter, and the doctor's tread in the hall would deepen it.

One night Madge heard her mother say to her sister: "He does not know our circumstances, he sees your father kept in comfort and does not realize it takes our all to accomplish it. I cannot see how we can ever pay him. And yet your father would have died without a doctor." Then the tears were wiped hastily away at the sound of her husband's voice calling her. Madge crept from her corner to her sister's side.

"What is the matter, Alice? Why does mother cry?"

"You would not understand, Madge."

"Yes I would, too; you always think I can't understand things."

"Why should you be worried when you cannot do anything to help?"

"I do help," Madge said indignantly, "I dust father's room, and watch his fire, and run errands for him."

"To be sure you do, you are a regular little busy bee; but I mean't help in this trouble."

"But Alice, tell me, please tell me, I don't want to be left out of all the bad times."

"Will you promise not to breathe it before father?"

"Of course, Alice, I will not tell father anything to worry him."

"Well, mother is afraid Dr. Smith's bill will be very large, he has been to see father every day, and she has not one cent of money to pay him. If father knew it it would break his heart, for we never had a bill before in all our lives we could not pay,"—then seeing the little girl's face clouding over sadly, she kissed the rosy lips—"there,

Madge, do not worry your little self, you cannot help us, so run away and forget your trouble in dream-land."

There was no running for Madge that night, slowly she crept up the stairs and, in spite of the cold, stood by the window a long time thinking. If the doctor was not paid he would not come any more, then father would find out about the bill and grow worse and worse. Somebody must pay him, the money must come from somewhere, and she seemed the only person to do it, for there in a little bank on the shelf the five dollars were quietly reposing. Could she possibly give them up, there were so many things she wanted and the money was all her own. Perhaps it would not take all that to pay the bill; five dollars seems a great deal of money when they are in silver; there might be some change; she had often seen mother pay a bill and get money back she called change. But then Alice had said it would be a big bill; and she had better make up her mind to give it all; and before Madge crept into bed the question was settled that to-morrow the money should find its way into the doctor's hands and the cloud be lifted from mother's face.

The morning found her resolution unchanged, and as she trotted along by Alice's side taking her morning exercise she determined to lose no time. The sisters parted with a kiss at the usual corner, and then it was expected that Madge would go directly home, but to-day she turned down another street and was soon standing with beating heart upon the doorsteps of the doctor's house, where she had sometimes been sent on errands. Once inside her courage returned, and when Dr. Smith came in she held up her head quite bravely.

"Well, Madge, nothing wrong with father, I hope."

"No, sir, this is my own errand, I want to speak to you all by yourself."

There was a kind smile upon the doctor's face as he led her into his private office and lifted her into a great easy chair.

"Now, Madge, what is it? I hope you are not sick."

"No, I am quite well, thank you, but I have brought you the money to pay your bill," and she laid the five silver dollars gravely down before him.

Dr. Smith looked at her keenly through his glasses, while a little smile twitched his lips.

"Who sent you here, Madge?"

"No one, I came all by myself. Last night mother was crying, and I asked Alice the reason, and she told me mother was worried about your bill because there was no money to pay it." She had slipped down from the big chair now, and was standing before him looking into his face with eager eyes, one little hand, in its brown mitten, resting upon his knee.

"Well," he said, inquiringly as she paused for breath.

"You know we are real poor since father's been sick. One day mother told us father had failed, and he's been sick with it ever since, although I hope you will cure him before long. After that we were afraid we'd have to move, but instead of that we sent the servants away and put all the fires out except in father's room and in the kitchen. Alice has to teach now every day, and we did not have one bit of Christmas, but you must not tell father. We never tell him anything like that. Mother always begins to sing when she goes into his room, though sometimes she stops to wipe the tears away outside the door. So you see, when I heard there was no money I knew that bill must be paid; father says we must always pay for everything we get, and I had all that money Cousin Elsie sent me. She is my godmother, you know; so last night I made up my mind it must get to you to-day, and there it is."

She stopped now and stifled a little sigh, resolutely turning her eyes from the tempting heap of silver upon the table. The doctor, with the keenness of his profession, caught the sigh and saw the averted gaze, reading plainly by these little signs the sacrifice it had been. He had children of his own, and he knew all the uses little girls have for money. "But, Madge, what will you do without it?" he asked. "I can get on," she answered cheerfully; "besides it is for father, you know."

The doctor had drawn an envelope from a pile upon the table, and was gravely looking at the amount written upon the paper it enclosed. He smiled again, contrasting it with the money she had brought. Madge was regarding him gravely, too. The thought of any insufficiency never crossed her mind. She was only wondering whether there would be any change.

"Madge," the doctor said after a while—he had been very busy tearing up one piece of paper and writing something upon another—

er—"you are a brave little woman to want to help father. Many little girls would not have cared whether the bill was paid or not. Go home now, give this to your mother, and tell her I will call as usual to-morrow. You can say it is a New Year's present from yourself." Then as she reached the door he called her back. "Oh, I forgot here is your change," and to her delight handed her one of the silver dollars. Her eyes fairly danced with delight and she really could not walk home—it was absolutely necessary to skip over each crossing and jump from every step.

Mother was in the kitchen when she reached home, too busy for any questions as to her delay, and she never turned until Madge said: "Mother, I've brought you a New Year's gift," and handed her the envelope. The mother's face blanched, and her hands trembled as she tore it open. Then she cried: "Madge, what does this mean? I cannot understand it. The doctor's bill is only four dollars, and it is marked paid."

"Of course it is marked paid mother, for I've just paid it out of godmother's money, and here is my change." Explanations followed, smiles mingled with tears. Madge was kissed and caressed a dozen times, and when Alice came home the whole thing was gone over again. The next day when the doctor came he was waylaid and taken into the cold parlor to hear trembling thanks and blessings from quivering lips that made his own mouth rather unmanageable and his voice grow husky. "I would never have taken one cent of the money," he said earnestly, "but she seemed so eager I did not dare refuse, and we can make it up to her in some other way. That's a nice child, and she will make a fine woman one of these days," and he hurried away to avoid further thanks.

The mother, cheered by the brave self-sacrifice, felt her heart grow lighter, and seeing that one cloud had rolled away, had faith that the same hand was powerful to lead her safely through the others, and gave all the burdens into his keeping.

And Madge noticed after a while that mother's little song was heard, not only in father's room, but even down in the kitchen, where the sound could not possibly reach him; so, looking at the lonely dollar in the savings bank, she felt more than repaid, and never regretted that it's four compan-

ions had gone to pay the doctor.—*New York Observer.*

A Story of Faith.

A rustle of robes as the anthem
Soared gently away on the air—
The Sabbath morn's service was over,
And briskly I stepped down the stair;
When, close in a half-illum'd corner,
Where the tall pulpit's stairway came down
Asleep crouched a tender, wee maiden,
With hair like a shadowy crown.

Quite puzzled was I by the vision,
But gently to wake her I spoke,
When, at the first word, the sweet damsel
With one little gasp straight awoke.
"What brought you here, fair little angel?"
She answered with voice like a bell;
"I tum to I've dot a sick mamma,
And I want oo' to please pray her well."

"Who told you?" began I; she stopped me;
"Don't nobody told me at all;
And papa can't see, tos he's crying";
And 'sides, sir, I isn't so small;
I've been here before with my mamma—
We tummed when you ringed the big bell—
And ev'ry time I've heard you prayin'
For lots o' sick folks to dit well."

Together we knelt on the stairway
As humbly I asked the Great Power
To give back her health to her mother,
And banish bereavement's dark hour.
I finished the simple petition,
And paused for a moment—and then
A sweet little voice at my elbow
Lisped softly a gentle "Amen!"

Hand in hand we turned our steps homeward;
The little maid's tongue knew no rest;
She prattled and mimicked and carolled—
The shadow was gone from her breast;
And lo! when we reached the fair dwelling—
The nest of my golden-haired waif,
We found that the dearly loved mother
Was past the dread crisis—was safe,

They listened amazed at my story,
And wept o'er their darling's strange quest,
While the arms of the pale, loving mother
Drew the brave little head to her breast.
With eyes that were brimming and grateful
They thanked me again and again
Yet I know in my heart that the blessing
Was won by that gentle "Amen!"

Newly Found Sarcophagi.

[From Letter of the Rev. William K. Eddy, Sidon, Syria, March 12, 1887.]

About a mile northeast of the city, in an open field above the line of the gardens, was found a shaft, open at the top, about thirty feet square, thirty-five or forty feet deep. When this was excavated, doors were found on the four sides of the perpen-

dicular walls, leading to as many chambers. Entering the south one, first, we found it about fifteen feet square, cut out of the solid rock, roof and sides all of rock, but a built wall between it and the court of shaft. Entering, two sarcophagi met the eye: the one on the right, of black marble, highly polished, with lid of peaked shape, very little ornament; the one on the left of purest white marble of dazzling brilliancy and enormous size. Remembering that we saw these only by flickering light of candle, and in an atmosphere so dense with carbonic acid gas that a candle held near the bottom went out, and that one became faint, it will be easy to see that guesses at measurements may be very faulty.

This sarcophagus was eleven feet long, five wide, and twelve high. The body was of one piece, and also the top of another solid block. The top was a grand arch of shining marble, the front of which was divided by a line into two panels, and so the back. At the four sides were four projections, with noble lions heads. On each panel was a symbolical figure—body of animal, head of eagle, with uplifted wings facing each other. Below, on the front of the tomb, beneath a very elaborate cornice were two centaurs facing each other, and trampling on a warrior who strove to defend himself by a shield.

On the sides, which were alike, were first two human figures, with four spirited horses ahead of them. Some of the horses have their heads turned back, and beneath the horses' feet a lion on the one side and a boar or hyena on the other, then two more figures with four more horses.

At the back, in the upper part, were also figures, bodies of birds, heads of men (if I remember aright), with beautifully extended wings. Below, two centaurs carrying a captured stag between them. The cloaks falling from the shoulders of these centaurs had lion's heads in the corners. One centaur carries the branch of a tree like a gigantic arrow upon his shoulders.

Below these figures, all around, was a band of figures, quite small and exquisitely cut, representidg hunting scenes, &c. This was partly covered with stones, so that we could not see it. The workmanship of this was good, but not remarkable.

A hole had been broken in its front, through which its contents had been rifled, and some of the figures had been broken,

but in general it was in a fine state of preservation. Three skeletons and five dogs' heads remained. From the long noses of the latter it is easy to infer they were hunting dogs.

The east chamber had also two sarcophagi, one small and plain, but on the left; while the larger one was on the right. This was the finest thing I remember to have seen in stone. A Greek temple, formed of finest marble, translucent as alabaster. The roof is slanting, and carved to represent tiles, with strips of metal covering the joints and pretty carved knobs where these strips cross the ridge. At the ends of the ridges are carved ornaments. The sides of the sarcophagus rise up above the eaves. On the upper projection was a representation of the funeral procession, mourning women, two horses without saddles or trappings, but with men walking by them. A chariot with four horses, a man in the chariot; then four more horses drawing the funeral car; more figures. In front, three figures above and three on a strip below, all symbolizing grief. This top is all of one piece, and has the right upper corner broken open in order to rifle the tomb. The great beauty was the body of the temple, with a porch of columns all about it, and in the porch between these stood eighteen statues about three feet in height, not discolored nor touched by dirt, as beautiful as if finished yesterday. Of the finest art, muscles and form showed through the drapery. Each one of these eighteen would be a gem of itself, not a scratch or a flaw anywhere. All the carving on this temple, cornices, friezes, columns, &c., in perfect lines, as perfect and sharp as could be wished. Below is a band covered with representations of hunting scenes, &c. The imperfect view we could get of this was enough to fill us with enthusiasm. I cannot describe all the details; dragons, dogs' heads, mourners, &c. Thirty human figures above this band, &c.

In the north room is a plain sarcophagus. The west room has four sarcophagi, which I have not seen. I forgot to say that this temple has painted figures, cloaks, flowers, eyes with black pupils—paint mostly gone now. The west room is said to be the finest of all. We were not able, however, to enter it.—*New York Evangelist.*

Arise sad heart: if thou dost not withstand,

Christ's resurrection thine may be:

Do not by hanging down, break from the hand
Which, as it riseth, raiseth thee.

A Novel Suspension Bridge.

"They are coming toward the bridge; they will most likely cross by the rocks yonder," observed Raoul.

"How—swim it?" I asked. "It is a torter there."

"O no!" answered the Frenchman. "Monkeys would rather go through fire than water. If they cannot leap the stream, they will bridge it."

"Bridge it!—and how?"

"You will see in a moment," my companion replied.

Presently the monkeys appeared upon the opposite bank, headed by an old gray chieftain officered like so many soldiers. One, an aid-de-camp, or chief pioneer perhaps, ran out upon a projecting rock, and after looking across the stream, as if calculating the distance, scampered back, and appeared to communicate with the leader. This produced a movement in the troops. Meanwhile several of the monkeys (engineers, no doubt) ran along the bank, examining the trees on both sides of the *arrayo*. At length they all collected around a tall cotton-wood that grew over the narrowest part of the stream, and twenty or thirty of them scampered up its trunk. On reaching a high point, the foremost, a strong fellow, ran upon a limb, and taking several turns of his tail around it, slipped off and hung head downward. The next on the limb, also a stout one, climbed down the body of the first, and whipped his tail tightly round the neck and forearm of the latter, dropped off in his turn, and hung head down. The third repeated this manœuvre upon the second, and the fourth upon the string rested his forepaws upon the ground. The living chain now commenced swinging backward and forward like the pendulum of a clock. The motion was slight at first, but gradually increased, the lowermost monkey striking his hands violently on the earth as he passed the tangent of the oscillating curve. Several others upon the limbs above aided the movement. This continued till the monkey at the end of the chain was thrown among the branches of a tree on the opposite bank. Here, after two or three vibrations, he clutched a limb and held fast. This movement was executed adroitly, just at the culminating point of the oscillation, in order to save the intermediate links from too sudden a jerk. The chain was now

fast at both ends, forming a complete suspension bridge, over which the whole troop, to the number of four or five hundred, passed. It was a comical sight to witness the quizzical expression of countenance along that living chain.

After the troops had passed, one monkey attached his tail to the lowest on the bridge, another girded him in the same manner, and another, until a dozen more were added to the string. These last were powerful fellows, and running up to a high limb, they lifted the bridge into a position almost horizontal. Then a scream from the last monkey of the new formation, warned the tail end that all was ready, and the next moment the whole chain was swung over and landed safely on the opposite bank. The lowermost links now dropped off like a melting candle, while the higher ones leaped to the branches and came down by the trunk. The whole troop then scampered off into the chapparal and disappeared.—*Capt. Reid's Adventures in South America.*

What One Woman Did.

Several years ago, Miss Beilby, a young English woman who had studied medicine to fit herself for usefulness as a missionary at Lucknow in India, was sent for by the wife of the native Prince of Punna, who was ill. Punna was a long distance from Lucknow, and the journey was a dangerous one; if Miss Beilby went, she would be separated by more than a hundred miles from any white man.

Her friends urged her to refuse. The Englishwoman was young and timid, but she knew her duty; she went, remained two months and cured the patient. When she was about to return, the Ranee sent for her and begged her to go in person to Queen Victoria, with the message that Indian women, not being allowed the attendance of men physicians, died in great numbers every year for want of care. The Ranee brought paper, pen and ink, and, with tears, besought Miss Beilby to write her petition to the Queen to send to them women doctors.

"Write it small, Saheba," she begged, "for I shall put it in a locket and hang it about your neck, and you must wear it until you put it in the hands of the great Ranee herself."

Miss Beilby returned to England the

next year, obtained an interview with Queen Victoria, and placed the locket in her hands with the message. The Queen was deeply touched, and empowered Lady Dufferin, the wife of the Viceroy of India, to form an association for sending out female medical aid to the women of India.

Many women doctors have been sent out by the association, and Indian women are now being educated as physicians and nurses. An estate of fifty acres, with large buildings, has been given by a native prince as a hospital for Hindoo female patients.

Had the timid missionary refused to undertake the perilous duty to one woman, these great blessings—which are but the beginning of help and hope for all the women of India—probably never would have come to them.

Sow the seed, however small it be, of good deeds. Only God knows what the fruit will be.

Right Breathing.

Breathing through the open mouth is practised for the most part only by "civilized" men. The aborigines of our country, and savage tribes elsewhere, always keep the mouth tightly closed and breath through the nostrils.

Nature is a wiser teacher than fashion, for the primitive method of breathing is the best one on every principle of hygiene. There is danger of severe injury to the bronchial tubes, and to the delicate vessels of the lungs, in passing from the warm air of a house to an atmosphere in the neighborhood of zero, if the air is taken directly into the lungs. By passing it through the nostrils the chill is removed, and the shock from the sudden change escaped.

Yet our readers will remember that Lieutenant Schwatka, in an article said that in the most intense cold of the Arctic regions, one must usually breathe through the mouth.

If the modern germ theory of the origin of infectious diseases is true, breathing through the nostrils is one of nature's safeguard's. The hairs which line the entrance to the nostrils, may arrest the germs floating in the air and prevent their passage to the lungs, and consequent absorption by the blood. Parents ought to teach their children early to breathe only through the nostrils.

The Bug in the Rug.

[A housekeeper of long experience sends the following communication, hoping that some of our readers may be able to relieve her perplexity.]

Will you kindly give a little space to the "bug in the rug," in behalf of perplexed housekeepers, and perhaps in defense of innocent and persecuted lady-bugs? Does the buffalo bug in any phase resemble the little insect which our childish fingers were taught to spare, and which we when older grown, welcome to our house plants? It is not enough to know how the buffalo looks when grazing; let some modern Ovid give us the story of his metamorphoses.

In the coldest winter weather the writer found that something had been nibbling a plush sofa, and probably a Brussels carpet. The latter was lifted forthwith, and laid on frozen snow, the former given a cold air bath, and a mixture of camphor, borax and saltpeter, generously strewn over the floor. No more nibbling. But careful searching showed only a few bugs in the windows. Now the milder days are setting them stirring between the double windows; they lie in groups, flat pressed in the groove in which the windows run up and down against the frames, in a space almost inconceivably small for insect life, but they are alive. In the sunny attic windows one may count almost a score. In size and general appearance they resemble the lady-bug—the color may be a trifle deeper, duller red. There are but two spots on each bug. It almost goes against one's conscience, certainly against childish traditions, to crush them, but fear of the devouring "buffalo" prompts to a war of extermination. What shall we do? If they are genuine lady-bugs, will not some one come to their rescue? In either case, please instruct many inquiring housekeepers.—*Congregationalist*.

Useful Employment.

Live for something; be not idle;
 Look about thee for employ;
 Sit not down to useless dreaming,
 Labor is the sweetest joy.

Folded hands are ever weary,
 Selfish hearts are never gay;
 Life for thee hath many duties,
 Active be then, while you may.

Death no longer now we die,
 We but follow Christ on high.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 16, 1887.

The Invalids.

On the Second of May we visited the Hospital. The warm sunshine had tempted some of the Pavilion children to exchange their indoor quarters for more airy ones on the piazza, and *grossmutter* was apparently enjoying herself seated beneath the leafless branches of an old tree, north of the small pavilions. The birds were gathering their breakfast from the lawns, and the robins greeted us with their welcome notes, as they investigated the condition of last year's nests, not yet concealed from public gaze by Spring verdure, but the birds evidently had faith in the future, when bud and leaf would veil their treasures.

As we entered the Hospital the odor of ether indicated some surgical operation, and we learned that Dr. R. was just removing, from a young Italian, an eye that had been destroyed by accident.

The death record at the Hospital has been unusually large the past month, and there have been some cases of peculiar interest. Mrs. Bragg, a twelve years' sufferer with us, is no more shackled by earth's limitations, but she has been so associated with our Female Surgical Ward that we long shall miss her gentle presence there. An aged paralytic and his wife, hoplessly sick, have been brought to the Hospital where both have died. The young man, Henry Bauer, who was so great a favorite with his employers, and who fell from a window of the Rochester Whist Club room, was taken after the accident to the Hospital, where he died the following day. Faithful as a son, and honored and respected by all who knew him, his untimely death has called forth many expressions of sympathy for his bereaved family.

There were but eleven under treatment

in the Female Medical Ward, several had been discharged recently. No death had occurred during the month. Two patients were confined to their cots suffering from nervous depression, one was afflicted with debility, another had an ulcerated limb, and several had rheumatism.

Most of the fourteen patients in the Female Surgical Ward were doing well. Mrs. E., who had fractured her hip had so far recovered that the stretcher and straps had been removed, and she was able to sit up an hour a day. She looked bright and cheerful, and appreciated plants and flowers sent by an unknown friend as an Easter gift. She spoke of the great work that was being done at the Hospital, and said the nurses and attendants were kind as they could be. Another patient with broken hip was able to sit up part of the time, and was rapidly convalescing. A woman who had fallen and broken her ankle, was wearing a plaster of Paris cast, and was confined to her cot, and a young Italian woman was also in bed. Poor Tilly had had diseased flesh removed from her left arm, and one of the fingers of her right hand had been straightened; both of her arms were bandaged and we pitied her, for her oft repeated trials call for great patience. Mrs. Bragg was removed from this ward a week before her death.

There were fourteen patients in the Male Medical Ward, four of whom were confined to their cots. Two of these have rheumatism, one has long been suffering with eczema, and the fourth has diseased lungs. One of the rheumatic patients was going about on crutches. A tempting looking dinner was spread in the ward for the patients who could not go down stairs for the meal. The bill of fare was roast veal, baked beans, baked potatoes and pickles. There had been six deaths in this ward in the month of April; one of these was caused by diseased kidneys, two by diseased hearts, one by diseased liver, one by congestion of the lungs, and one by exhaustion and old age.

None of the twelve patients in the Male Surgical Ward was confined to his bed. One man had been a great sufferer from a large carbuncle on his neck but he was convalescing; the young Italian whose eye had just been removed wore a bandage but looked comfortable; Jacob Moore, the youth suffering from diseased hip, was gaining strength, but still used his crutches. Henry Bauer, the young German who fell from the Whist Club room window, had died in this ward. He was brought in at about eleven o'clock the day of the accident, was delirious, and died at 7 p. m. the next day.

The small pavilions were both empty: had been fumigated after the departure of the patients who had had measles, and were ready to receive any new patients who required isolation.

The Little Folks.

Four babies were quietly sleeping in the nursery and the fifth was in the arms of its mother. The dinner table for the pavilion children was spread in the boy's ward, and several of the little folks were gathered around it. One of these was mounted on a box placed in a chair. Perhaps some of our friends can send us another high dinner chair for the Children's Pavilion.

Kitty Johnson, Sada Hollahan, and Tommy, have recovered from the measles, and are back again in the pavilion. Kitty looks bright and healthy, and opposite her at the table was her little brother Eddy, five years old, who is cross-eyed and bow-legged. Maud Henderson, whom we found last month in bed, one of the cords of her contracted limb having been cut, was up and eating her dinner and the nurse said her limb was much improved by the operation. Tommy complained of not feeling very well, and Max had a poor appetite and said he felt sick all over. His back was giving him more pain, and the physicians intended the next day to put on another plaster of

Paris jacket. In the Julia and Edith room, we found a little blind girl eating her dinner. The room was darkened, but she had a doll, doll's bedstead and trunk of clothes that amused her. She had been in the Hospital but a week, had been blind five months; could not see at all when she came to the Hospital, but under Dr. Rider's treatment was improving and hoped to regain her sight without a surgical operation. She is seven years old and comes from Auburn; her name is Grace Ward. She told us her blindness came on her after a bad cough. Little Sadie, the colored child, looks bright and happy, she was bolstered up in a rocking-chair eating her dinner, and quite anxious we should see a music-box Miss Hebard had bought for her. Clark Davis, thirteen years old, had just been brought to the Hospital; he had a diseased spine and had been sick four years. The time has come now when our children can be taken out of doors and enjoy the bright sunshine, and green lawn, and we think some of them would be delighted if on a pleasant day some kind friend should call and invite them to take a drive into the country. Those of you, dear children, who can romp and play during the bright Spring days can hardly realize how great a pleasure an hour's drive would give some of our "shut in" children.

Donations.

We are indebted to our kind friend, Mrs. A. D. Fiske, of New York, for a valuable curled maple bedstead and dressing bureau with mirror, with dark trimmings, also a spring bed and hair mattress. Mrs. Fiske's handiwork has often been a conspicuous feature of our Fancy tables on donation days, and although absent from us, she often remembers the charity that occupied so large a place in the heart of her mother. A liberal donation of beautiful roses and a carpet from Mrs. George Ellwanger, are also very acceptable.

A Memory.

No one who has been accustomed to visit the City Hospital, during any of the past twelve years, has failed to become interested in Mrs. Sarah Bragg, whose light has ever burned brightly dispelling the gloom, and whose life has been a daily illustration of the Christian graces, faith, patience, and cheerful submission to the divine will amidst circumstances of peculiar trial. She has been a living epistle, known and read by many, and among the white-robed, palm-bearing multitude around the throne above, who have come "out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," we are sure our beloved friend will be numbered.

Sarah Strickland Bragg was born in Kenyonville, Orleans County, N. Y., where she was married. Her husband entered the Union Army, and while he was sick in the Hospital she joined him and tenderly cared for him. After his convalescence, she took a situation in the army hospital, and there rheumatism, the disease to which for years she has been a martyr, was developed, and in consequence of this she returned home and grew so much worse that she came to the Hospital, twelve years since, hoping to derive benefit from the treatment here. When she became helpless her husband left her, and two years ago he died at the West.

The peculiar form of rheumatism with which Mrs Bragg was afflicted, was one that caused the stiffening of the joints, allowing her only a very limited use of any of her limbs. She had to be lifted from her bed to her chair, and from her chair to her bed, and in the position in which she was placed there she must remain. She could not dress herself, and at first made out to feed herself by placing her food on the edge of a large palm leaf fan and thus carrying it to her mouth. Four years ago a very long handled fork and spoon were substituted for the fan. Kind friends also provided a rolling chair for her, and on this she could

go about the ward, and availing herself of the elevator, could be taken into the chapel for the Sabbath service which she greatly enjoyed. In pleasant weather she was often rolled out on the Hospital lawn, and occasionally taken to Westminster church, where she was a communicant.

Sometimes she wrote letters for other patients as well as for herself, crocheted, and did fancy work, but the use of her hands was so limited that this required a good deal of effort.

She was very attractive, and the marvelous neatness of her person and toilet, in spite of her disabilities, was as conspicuous as the lovely, gentle, patient, uncomplaining, cheerful spirit that marked the twelve years of her suffering at the City Hospital.

She was peculiarly refined in her tastes and feelings, was passionately fond of music and flowers, and her influence in the ward was invaluable. She delighted to gather the lonely ones around her, and divert them by reading aloud some cheering story. The children, the patients, the matron, nurses, visitors, physicians and all who came in contact with her were charmed by her gentle, patient, sunny spirit. Among those who knew her most intimately was Miss Hopkins, one of our city Missionaries, who, after Mrs. B.'s death, found among her papers the following testimony, which gives a true key to the character of the departed :

"For y'rs, God has been depriving me of one blessing after another :—but as each was removed He has come in and filled up its place, and now I am helpless and not able to take care of myself. But He careth for me—and I am happier now, than I ever thought I could be in this life. If God had told me what He was going to do to bring me nearer to Him, I should have thought it a very strange mode of accomplishing His purposes—and yet how is His wisdom manifest even in this! First, to shut me up in a dark room—then after, to throw open the shutters and let in the light of Heaven."

It is said that Fra Angelico used his figures as lanterns through which the soul

beamed forth, so those who came in frequent contact with our beloved friend felt that her body was indeed a temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, and that she habitually drank from heavenly fountains, and sent forth a holy influence all around her.

It has been evident for several months that Mrs. Bragg was failing; she spoke to us of sleepless nights and weary days. She was attacked by measles, followed by congestion of the lungs and general debility, and on the twenty-sixth of April she passed earth's portal. Who would recall her?

The funeral services on the following day were conducted in the Hospital chapel by her pastor, Rev. Mr. Gardiner, of the Westminster Presbyterian church, after which her remains were removed to the home of her surviving father, where other services were to be held previous to her interment.

The memory of her holy life and fervent prayers are her legacy to the City Hospital.

Blessed Tears.

I've welcomed tears e'er since the day
I saw that by and by,
God's own dear hand will wipe away
The tears from ev'ry eye.

And I have learned to welcome grief,
For grief doth bring me grace;
I would not know the Lord's relief
Had woe with me no place.

God's compensation is so sweet,
No more I shrink from pain:
With fortitude each loss I meet,
Since he gives richer gain.

As golden stars shine out at night,
That are not seen by day,
His promises shed brightest light
When sorrow clouds my way.

—ROBT. M. OFFORD in *N. Y. Observer*.

Some of our friends favored us with Easter cards and flowers, and young ladies from St. Luke's church and our late teacher visited the wards and Children's Pavilion, and gladdened the invalids with their gifts of flowers and cards and their cheering Easter carols.

New Nurses.

Four new nurses have entered our Training School, viz: Miss Grace Burroughs, of Waterloo, N. Y.; Miss H. L. Day, of Seneca Falls, N. Y.; Miss Ellen Hill, of Buffalo; and Miss F. C. Norris, of Springville, Erie Co., N. Y.

We have also two probationers; Miss J. H. Agnew, from Rochester, and Miss E. Jennie Gregory, from Norwich, N. Y.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Louise, Jamie and Fred. McKittrick, Brooklyn, Easter offering.	\$ 1.00
Mrs. Alfred Bell.	50.00
Robert Mathews Floyd, Brooklyn, card 175	1.00
"B. K. Young Folks' Society,"	8.00
Mrs. James C. Kerr, Auburn, card 89.	1.00
Dr. C. H. Whiting.	1.00
Mrs. E. C. Colter, one brick, by Alice Little.25
Esther Chapin, card 141.	1.00
Mrs. W. R. Humphrey, Ithaca.50
St. Luke's Church, Sewing School mite box	3.00

Receipts for the month.	\$66.75
Previously acknowledged.	\$3,131.78

Total receipts. \$3,198.53

We still require \$3,301.47 to complete the last payment on the Pavilion, and free the building from the blemish of a debt. We most earnestly solicit contributions for this object, which should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring Street, the Treasurer of the fund. The smallest gifts are welcome.

Receipts for the Review.

APRIL, 1887.

Mrs. A. P. Little, by Mrs. C. E. Converse. \$.62
Mrs. M. S. Jewell, Vineland, N. J., by Mrs. M. Strong.	1.00
E. S. Ettenheimer, adv., \$5.00; Howe & Rogers, adv., \$5.00; Mrs. Hollowell, Penn Yan, 50 cents; A. W. Mudge, adv., \$5.00; Samuel Sloan, adv., \$5.00, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews.	20.50
Mr. J. Anderson, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Brown, 62 cents; Mrs. B. H. Clark, 62 cents; Miss Dunlap, 63 cents; Mrs. A. Devos, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Howard, 62 cents; Mr. James McCabe, 62 cents; Mrs. Thos. Meyer, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Moore, 62 cents; Mr. P. McConnell, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Palmer, 62 cents; Miss H. E. Phelps, 62 cents; Miss M. P. Por- ter, 62 cents; Rev. P. Ritter, \$1.25; Mrs. J. Rapalje, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Van Epps, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Woodworth, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Whittlesey, 62 cents, by Miss Hattie Smith.	11.80

Mrs. W. J. Averell, Ogdensburg, \$1.00;
 Mrs. M. Bellows, Mandan, Dakota, 62
 cents; Mrs. Alfred Bell, \$1.00; Mrs.
 W. B. Douglas, 65 cents; Mrs. F. R.
 Delano, Niagara Falls, 50 cents; Mrs.
 W. R. Humpbrey, Ithaca, 50 cents;
 Miss Carrie M. Soule, 62 cents; Mrs.
 Howard A. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. Mark
 Wells, Niagara Falls, 50 cents, by
 treasurer..... 6.01
 MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treasurer,
 96 Spring St.

Donations for April, 1887.

Miss A. S. Mumford, second-hand shirts, boy's
 cap, shirts, neck ties and collars.
 Joseph Lovcraft & Son, kindling wood.
 St. Peter's church, flowers, April 11th.
 Miss Emma Graves school, 319 Troup street,
 Easter cards, flowers and fruit for the child-
 ren.
 Mrs. Bellows, second-hand clothing.
 Mrs. James Hart, basket of fruit for the child-
 ren.
 Mrs. A. D. Fiske of New York city, curled ma-
 ple bedstead and bureau, with mirror, mat-
 tress and springs.
 Mrs. Geo. Ellwanger, two dozen Marechal Niel
 roses, old linen, cotton, reading matter and
 Brussels carpet.
 Mrs. Ford, reading matter.
 Mrs. G. C. Bragdon, 12 Lippincott magazines
 and 52 Little's Living Age.
 Mrs. M. A. Siddons, reading matter.
 Mrs. W. S. Kimball, variety of beautiful flow-
 ers.
 Mrs. King, old cotton and comforter.
 Mrs. Wm. Ailing, a beautiful book "Mamalia"
 for the children.
 Mrs. E. N. Buell, reading matter.
 Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, 1 pair of blankets, 1 rub-
 ber cushion, old linen, old cotton, child's
 bath tub, 2 useful articles of crockery, pic-
 tures for the children and children's clothing.
 Harry, Hugh and Erick Moore, papers.
 Miss Lucy Colvell, old cotton and reading
 matter.
 Mrs. Churchill, old cotton.
 Bascom & Morgan, vegetable strainer.
 Young women's sewing class during Lent, for
 Children's Pavilion, 4 night dresses, 5 pairs
 of drawers and 1 waist.
 Mrs. Angell, boys' shirts, collars and reading
 matter.
 Carrie Soule, 3 books for children.
 Mrs. Maltby Strong, reading matter.
 Mrs. C. E. Furman, gentleman's dressing gown
 and second-hand shirts.
 Mrs. E. M. Bentley, reading matter.
 Miss Sarah Frost, old cotton, socks, handker-
 chiefs and other useful articles.
 Mrs. Geo. C. Buell, second hand shirts.
 Miss Wolcott, bunches of geranium leaves.
 A. S. Hamilton, large number of papers and
 magazines.
 Mrs. G. C. Bragdon, Atlantic Monthlies and
 International Reviews.
 John McCartney, old cotton.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, April 1st,
 Abram Predmore, aged 66 years.
 April 2d, of Chronic Nephritis, John W.
 Castle, aged 66 years.
 April 11th, of Bone Abscess, right arm,
 Orange Owen, aged 83 years.
 April 14th, Isaac Weisman, aged 70 years.
 April 16th, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, Joseph
 Baldwin, aged 28 years.
 April 18th, Mrs. John Alexander, aged 60
 years.
 April 22d, T. M. Reynolds, aged 49 years.
 April 26th, Mrs. Sarah Bragg, aged 42 years.
 April 27th, Henry Bauer, aged 28 years.
 April 30th, John Alexander, aged 70 years.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital March 1.....	95
Received during Month	51
Births.....	4
	—150
Discharged during Month....	52
Deaths.....	10
Number remaining in Hospital April 1	88
	—150

Children's Day.

Children's Day will soon be observed in
 many of our churches. We would suggest
 that on that day offerings be made for our
 Pavilion Fund. We need \$3,301.47 to free the
 building from debt.—A hint to pastors and
 Sabbath school teachers might bring us an ac-
 ceptable benefit.

Death is another life. We bow our heads
 At going out, we think, and enter straight
 Another golden chamber of the King's,
 Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.

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 and Furnishers of 59 Carmine Street, NEW
 YORK, will send free, on request, to the readers of
 the REVIEW, their Illustrated Hand Books. These
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 dows for Churches, Domestic Glass and Interior De-
 corations, Church Metal Work (Memorial Brass Pulpits,
 Lecterns, Altar Crosses and Vases, etc.) Memorial
 Tablets of Bronze, Brass, Carved Wood and Carved
 Stone, Church Furniture and Carved Wood Work,
 Embroideries, Banners, Hangings, Altar Cloths, Vest-
 ments, &c., Mosaics, Communion Plate and Alms-
 Basins, Prie-Dieu, Crucifixes of Ivory, Gold and Sil-
 ver, Bronze and Boxwood, &c., &c.
 Special designs and photographs of work done
 by the firm, are submitted on application.

Resolution.

Why wait for the New Year's Day to come—
 and disappear?
 Whene'er the spirit moves to nobler creeds.
 When conscience disapproves, or duty pleads.
Then make resolves, and of resolves make
 deeds,
 And make each day begin a New and Happy
 year. G. K.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE,

Mrs. MALTBY STRONG, Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
 Mrs. M. M. MATHEWS, Mrs. A. S. HAMILTON,
 Mrs. WM. E. HOYT.

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Letters of inquiry, and All business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 96 Spring Street.

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Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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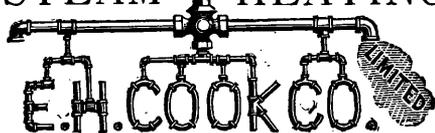
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1887.

No. 11.

They Say if Our Beloved Dead—

They say if our beloved dead
Should seek the old familiar place,
Some stranger would be there instead,
And they would find no welcome face.

I cannot tell how it might be
In other homes—but this I know:
Could my lost darling come to me,
That she would never find it so.

Ofttimes the flowers have come and gone,
Ofttimes the winter winds have blown,
The while her peaceful rest went on,
And I have learned to live alone.

Have slowly learned from day to day
In all life's tasks to bear my part;
But whether grave, or whether gay,
I hide her memory in my heart.

Fond, faithful love has blest my way,
And friends are 'round me, true and tried;

They have their place—but hers to-day
Is empty as the day she died.

How would I spring with bated breath,
And joy too deep for word or sign,
To take my darling home from death,
And once again to call her mine!

I dare not dream—the blissful dream,
It fills my heart with wild unrest;
Where yonder cold white marbles' gleam,
She still must slumber—God knows best.

But this I know, that those who say
Our best beloved would find no place,
Have never hungered every day—
Through years and years—for one sweet
face. —*Troy Times.*

Who wrote the most, Dickens, War-
ren, or Bulwer? Warren wrote "Now
and Then," and Bulwer wrote "Night
and Morning," and Dickens wrote "All
the Year Round."

Correspondence.

We are permitted to make the following interesting extracts from a private letter, written at Jerusalem, by a lady well known in our city:

Feb. 23d, 1887. This is the first time that I have had a pen in my hand for three months, and writing seems altogether a new experience. I must tell you of the dear Lord's tender faithfulness to the lonely old woman from whom I took this fever. She is an English lady, who for a long time has supported herself most precariously by teaching music, French, English, etc., but her day of usefulness has passed, and she is now very poor. She is a member of the English church, and always in her place when able to crawl to the services. She is one of the most generous contributors in the church, in fact she gives away everything she has. When General Gordon was here en route for the Soudan, he heard of her destitution—her kindness to others, etc., and sent her a quantity of groceries, and gave us thirty dollars to be given her as we saw her needs, withholding his name, but I finally told her from whence came the timely gold pieces. Thus God has cared for her all along. When she has been in great need we have known it. I have several times hastened to her lodgings to find her on her knees praying for food. In November she contracted a fever through which M. and I nursed her for five weeks. We had, at this time, a spell of sirocco, which, coming as it does from the desert, is always most trying in Jerusalem. We had never experienced such close, murky weather before. For more than five years we had had only enough sirocco to make us appreciate our glorious western breezes. * * *

We are having beautiful fresh vegetables, raised in the dear little valley of Siloam, which is watered by a well called Jacob's well. When it overflows it is the resort of the whole city, all classes in different parties going with entertainment for friends—a grand picnic, which lasts as long as the effect of the rains keeps the basin overflowing, and the stream running. "Cool Siloam" is in sight, with its velvety green gardens, beautifully kept and cared for by the "fellahin," who inhabit the little village on the side of the hill. We reach Jacob's well by following the grand old city wall along its eastern boundary to the southeast corner. From this point the way is very precipitous, but the view is so grand that it fills one with awe and delight.

April 20th, 1887. We have had a very busy time with visitors for two weeks past. The feast of the Moslems at the time of their yearly pilgrimage to the supposed grave of Moses, brought crowds of Mohammedans to Jerusalem from all the towns and villages of Palestine—from Egypt, from Constantinople, and all this eastern land. The bible tells us that no man knoweth the sepulchre of Moses, but the Moslems make this visitation, to what they believe to be his grave, a season of great feasting—great rejoicing and splendor—providing the most beautiful costumes to wear in the proces-

sion, and all Jerusalem turn out to see the display.

The Mufti is the head of this religion in the city, and on this occasion was obliged to go, leaving a young son just at the point of death. So strict are they in all religious observances, that no exception can be made in the discharge of duty. Our family were all invited to the house of an Effendi, to witness the ceremony of carrying forth the sacred green flag or banner, about which everything of distinction centred. The family of this Effendi have for generations had the honor of caring for this flag, at their house. A feast was spread for the family, after the flag had gone out, with great pomp and ceremony, and seats prepared in a shady place beside the road to Olivet where all could be seen without fatigue or crowding. This feast, the Jewish Passover, and the Greek and Latin feasts, all occur at the same time, so we have had many to entertain.

We had a very pleasant visit from the Rev. Dr. Robinson, of Rochester, while he was here. He spent Sunday evening with us, coming about five o'clock, and remaining for tea. Two weeks later we had a visit from the Rev. Arthur Brooks, of New York. Last Sunday, Professor and Mrs. Charlier, of New York, took tea with us. They entertained all the French gentlemen of the Evangelical Alliance, who were afterwards shipwrecked in the Ville de Havre, and knowing all about the loss of our little ones, we felt drawn to them very closely, and the Professor spent much time with us while here.

We have about a dozen young Effendi friends who spend their evenings with us—our young friends having all forsaken the coffee and drinking saloons, where the men congregate, and sit night after night listening to some Arabic story teller.

On the last day of the Moslem feast, we were invited by Effendi Abdel Fata to his house, to see the crowds that filled the Mosque grounds. We had such a view as few Christians ever have, not one being admitted to the grounds on any such occasion. It was a wonderful sight to see the surging mass which gave one some idea of Mohammedanism, and all was so orderly and quiet.

Incompleteness.

If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad,
We scarcely could be tender.

Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold, and miss indeed
Its sweetest consolation.

If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish was granted,
Patience would die and hope depart—
Life would be disenchanting.

Remember the Pavilion Fund.

A Gentleman.

The horse-car stopped at a crossing, and a news-boy jumped on the platform.

"Have a *Times*, *Inquirer*, *Press*?"

"I'll take a *Times*," said one of a group of school-girls.

"O Jenny," said another. "From such a little monster!"

An old gentleman who was reading glanced up from his pamphlet. The news-boy was a dwarf, and a hunch-back. His face, which was bent back on his shoulders, twitched suddenly at the girl's words, but he did not look toward her, as he stood waiting for his money. The old gentleman's grave look of rebuke angered the girl.

"It makes me sick!" she said, with a look of disgust. "The conductor ought not to allow him to come on board."

The boy turned and looked at her steadily. Everybody on the car expected a torrent of vile abuse, but he said, gently—

"If the Beast was not here, the people on the car would not appreciate the Beauty at her real value," and then bowing to her, he went out, amid the smiles of the passengers.

The old gentleman—who was a well-known physician, Dr. Avery—followed him, but he was already out of sight.

"Who is that boy?" he asked the conductor.

"His name's Willy, and his route is on this street. I don't know anything more."

"He has an educated voice, and he showed good breeding and sense just now."

"No doubt. The other news boys call him 'Gentleman Bill.' Everybody likes him. We conductors give him the freedom of the cars on this street."

A few days afterward Dr. Avery was on the car late in the evening, when Willy came in, carrying a large bundle of papers. He sold none, and turned to go out, looking discouraged and anxious.

Dr. Avery stopped him, drew out a

paper, and handing him a piece of silver, said, "Never mind the change."

"No, thank you," said the boy, smiling, as he gave it to him.

"Why not, young independence?"

"I don't need alms, sir. I really get on very well. And if I did"—

"You would not take it?"

"It would be the hardest thing I ever had to do. Good-evening, sir!" and touching his cap, the little hunch-back swung himself off the car.

Dr. Avery after that often met the boy, who puzzled and interested him. There was nothing morbid in him; he was always ready with a laugh or a merry answer. His voice was controlled and gentle, and there was a fine courtesy, a tact, a delicate feeling, in all his words, that we do not find sometimes in those who call themselves gentlemen. In spite of the boy's wretched clothes and patched shoes, Dr. Avery found himself talking to him as to an equal, and always thought of him as his little friend.

Late one night, when it was storming heavily, he met him trudging down Chestnut street.

"You have a hard life my boy," he said, kindly.

"Not so hard as you think, sir," he said, cheerfully. "I am never sick an hour. Then I do a better business than other boys because of—*this*," glancing down at his deformed body.

"Oh!"

The doctor was confused for a minute.

"Have you any plans, Willy? Do you ever look forward?"

"Yes. Oh, I have it all planned out! If I could save enough to start a street-stall of books and papers, then after a year or two I would be able to open a shop, and then a big store. Some men who began that way in Philadelphia have become publishers, and live in beautiful houses of their own."

"Hillo! Do you care for fine houses?"

"Not for myself, sir."

He became suddenly silent, and at

the corner of the next street said, "Good-night!" and ran away.

A moment later, Dr. Avery heard cries and shouts in the direction which Willy had taken; but such things are common in a great city. He hurried home.

The next morning, looking over the paper, he read:

"A little hunchback news-boy, known as 'Gentleman Will,' was knocked down by a run-away horse last night. Dr. Jones pronounced his injuries mortal. The lad was taken to the Penn Hospital."

Dr. Avery was soon beside the cot on which the misshapen little boy was laid.

Willy looked up trying to smile. "It is not so bad as they say, is it? I *can't* die now! I have too much to do."

"What have you to do, my boy? Let me be your friend; let me help you if I can."

"I thought you would come, maybe.

I haven't anybody to come. The boys are good friends, but they couldn't do anything now."

"I have come, you see. Tell me what I can do, my boy."

The lad waited until the nurse had passed his cot, and then whispered—

"It's Letty, sir. She is my sister. I have her out with a farmer's wife near Media. She goes to school there. It takes all I can make to pay her board and buy her clothes. I like to see her look nice." His mind began to wander and he began to wander at intervals.

"If could start the stall—the shop—a carriage for Letty."

The doctor was forced to leave him. When he came back in the afternoon, he was rational, and when the doctor wished to go for his sister, said—

"No, don't bring Letty here. She mustn't know how poor I am. When I go out on Sundays to see her I have my good suit on. She calls me a 'swell.' Yes, she does," laughing, but with the tears in his eyes. "I went once with some papers to a Quaker boarding school for girls near town, sir. They were such lovely young ladies, I always

thought I'd send Letty there when I could get the money. But now"—

Dr. Avery found out his story by degrees. He and Letty were the children of a planter near Savannah. Their mother was in Philadelphia during the war. Her husband was killed, her slaves and property were gone, she struggled for years, teaching and sewing, to support them, and at last died, leaving Willy in charge of his sister.

"And your name?"

"My father was Charles Gilbert."

Dr. Avery drew his breath quickly. "I knew Charles Gilbert in Savannah long ago. No wonder your voice seemed familiar, and that I was drawn to you so strongly. But you are my friend for your own sake, my boy."

That evening Dr. Avery sent a long dispatch to a lawyer in Savannah, where he had once lived and still had business there. He took two of the principal surgeons in the city to examine Willy.

When they had gone out for consultation, the boy lay, holding his hand, watching the door, breathing quick and hard.

"Do you want to live, Willy? You have had a hard life, my child."

"Oh no, no! I did not think it hard! I have so much to do for Letty!"

"Had you never any plans for yourself?"

The boy turned his gray eyes thoughtfully on him. They filled with slow tears.

"I used to think—if I could be a scholar—a gentleman, like my father—but"—

"If you do not live, my boy," said his friend, trying to reconcile him to death, "God will take care of you. This poor body will not be against you any longer."

"It is not against me here!" said Willy, vehemently. "It is not *me*. Everybody knows that. If God will only give me a chance to do something in the world, the body won't stand in my way." He muttered after a while again, "It is not *me*."

Dr. Avery was called out to hear the verdict of the surgeons. When he came back Willy gave one look at him and sank back, covering his face.

"There is still a chance, my boy, though but a slight one. I think it best to tell you the exact truth. Morning will decide. Would it comfort you to have Letty with you? I have brought her to town."

"Yes! yes! It doesn't matter now that she knows I am a poor little news-boy."

Letty was a sturdy, red-cheeked little woman, whose every word showed a heart full of love and a head full of good sense. She petted and soothed Willy, while he clung to her, and then said, cheerily—

"Now, dear, you must go to sleep. You are not going to die. The doctors don't know how strong you are. The nurse says I may sit here and hold your hand, and in the morning give you your breakfast."

For days the boy lingered between life and death. One morning, after the doctors had made their examination, his old friend came to him and taking his hand solemnly, said:

"Willy, God has given you the chance you asked for to do something in the world. You will live."

When he was able to be removed, Dr. Avery took the children to his own house. He laid before Willy a statement of his father's affairs that he had received from Savannah, which showed that enough could be rescued from the wreck of his estate to yield a small income for the children.

It proved to be enough to educate Letty at the Quaker school to which Willy dreamed of sending her, and to give him a thorough training in college and the law-schools.

They both always "came home," as they had learned to call Dr. Avery's, in the vacations. When Willy came back at the end of his course, with the highest record of his class, he said to his old friend—

"All that I am or may be in life I owe to you."

"No, my boy. I never should have noticed you more than any other of the hundreds of newsboys but for the honor, self-control and good breeding that you showed. A true gentleman will be a gentleman in any and all circumstances in life. God helped you to keep yourself separate, and above all the hard circumstances.

Willy's eyes grew dim. "If my friends and God can see the man inside of the 'lfttle monster,' I am satisfied," he said.

His dream in life does not seem unlikely to be realized. It is character that wins and tells.

—*Youth's Companion.*

A Good Example.

Mr. D. O. Mills's gift of a building for a Training School for male nurses, in connection with Bellevue Hospital, is another illustration of the good that millionaires may do with their superfluous riches. Those persons who have had the misfortune to require care during illness will appreciate the benevolence that provides for the training of competent nurses.

If the money of the very rich were more commonly used, even in relatively a small measure, to promote the well-being of their fellows, there would be less bitterness at the apparent unequal division of wealth. It is the selfish use of riches and the employment of the power of money to rob or otherwise to wrong the masses that beget and encourage Socialism in a Republic.

We commend Mr. Mills's princely gift as an example to other millionaires.—*World, May 25th, 1887.*

Mothers need to read and re-read that old parable of the seed and the sower before they grasp the hidden comfort in the fact it reveals, that growth may be going on though we see it not; for it was not the seed which forthwith sprang up that at last bore the full grain in the ear.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1887.

The Invalids.

On the last Saturday of May we visited the Hospital. The newly mown lawn seemed more attractive to the birds than to the Hospital patients. Tommy Heeney was playing on the Pavilion piazza, but most of the patients were safely housed within the Hospital, where a furnace fire imparted a genial heat very acceptable to the invalids.

No death had occurred during the month in the Male Surgical Ward, where twelve patients were receiving treatment. Only two of these were confined to their cots; one of these was a strong, vigorous looking man, who while driving a pair of young colts had fractured his leg. The cars had frightened the colts, they overturned the cart, and a fractured limb was the result. The man spoke gratefully of the excellent care he received at the Hospital. He had never been sick and found it hard to be unemployed. Jacob Moore, the youth with abscesses, was improving and was quite delighted with a potted geranium one of the young ladies of the Flower Mission had just left for him.

An Italian with curvature of the spine, who had recently arrived, was apparently suffering from the effects of Roman fever. There had been no recent surgical operations and most of the patients were convalescing. A lady had brought to the Hospital a pet parrot that had broken his leg; this was set and splints applied, being kept in place by straps, but the bird with its sharp beak had broken these off, and wires had to be substituted. The lady left a fee of one dollar, and as she has not since been heard from, it is presumed the bird's leg is doing well.

Nineteen were under treatment in the Male Medical Ward, where one patient

had died of pneumonia. Five in this ward were afflicted with rheumatism; one of these had his ankles and arms bandaged. M. L., the eczema patient, who has been confined to his bed for more than three years, is somewhat better, and hopes to be able to return to his home in Missouri. His wife for more than two years has been with him at the Hospital. We found her reading to him. His condition calls into exercise a vast amount of patience, but he never seems disposed to murmur at his lot. An Italian under surgical treatment for empyema was improving; a merry little baby ten months old comes daily with its mother to visit him. Peter Craig had been in the Hospital ten days; he was suffering from dropsy, though his condition was somewhat improved. He expresses great satisfaction with all that is done for him. We found him in a room by himself, a large bouquet of flowers, brought by the Flower Mission, was pinned to his night shirt. He said they were decorating him because he was a soldier. He told us he had served two years in the Union army. He said they gave him the best of care and the best of eating at the City Hospital.

Two eye patients had been operated upon during the month; one had left; the other was doing well and hoped to regain his sight. We are surprised in conversing with the eye patients to find how little pain they suffer while submitting to surgical operations. The eye seems so sensitive and delicate an organ that we always fancy an operation upon it must be very painful, but repeatedly we have been assured this is not the fact. The patient from whom a cataract had been recently removed, told us he took nothing to make him unconscious, and while Dr. R. was operating upon the eye he supposed he was merely making a preliminary examination. In this case blindness has been gradually coming on for five years, and the man hopes to return home with restored sight. Three in this ward were under treatment for diseased lungs.

There were twenty-one patients in the Female Medical Ward, five of whom were confined to their cots. One patient who had typhoid pneumonia had died. During the past month there have been some very interesting cases in this Ward. Three weeks before a woman came in violently insane, who was at the time of our visit sitting up perfectly sane. Two days before our visit a young girl was brought in unconscious, suffering from some brain disease; she had partially recovered her consciousness, but other symptoms still remained unpromising. Another patient, so maniacal when she came that she needed constant watching day and night that she might not injure herself, was up and dressed, was gentle and natural and convalescing rapidly. One woman had an obscure abdominal tumor, several had rheumatism, two had abscesses on their limbs, and one chronic diarrhea.

The Female Surgical Ward numbered eleven invalids. Mrs. E., who had broken her hip, had for two weeks been able to sit up a little while each day. Three were confined to their cots, one with a broken ankle, one with an internal tumor, and another with amputated limb. A young Italian had submitted to a very delicate surgical operation, which had been successful and she had returned home. A patient who had recovered from a fractured limb had the day before gone home.

Two cases of erysipelas had been treated in the isolated pavilions, one of these was the result of an injury to the head; both had gone home well. The pavilions had been disinfected and were vacant.

Our Young Folks.

John Sollder, a little boy nine years old, is a new patient who seems to be a great favorite out of the Hospital as well as in it. Hosts of young friends come every day to see him, and his nurse says he is one of the sweetest and most interesting little fellows

she ever met with; everybody seems to love him. His mother comes every afternoon to sit with him. Two weeks before we saw him he was fishing near the canal bridge by the Erie Railroad, and he was struck by the pilot of the engine and thrown against one of the columns of the bridge, and was injured about the head and partially paralyzed. When we saw him he was sitting up in bed, looking at pictures which several children were showing him. He said his left side was still paralyzed. Clarke Davis, thirteen years old, comes from Honeoye Falls; he has a curvature of the spine and was encased in a plaster of Paris jacket. He has been suffering four years, but grew worse in February. Maud Henderson has had a plaster cast on her knee and was lying on the outside of her cot when we visited the Pavilion. Kittie Johnson and Sarah have both had trouble with their ears since the attack of measles, but are both better. Sarah looked very fine in her gay red and white flannel wrapper and with red ribbon on her hair. She is very proud of a ring a little girl gave her. Max Kraus has had another plaster of Paris jacket and also a sort of harness for his head. Katy Cartley, twelve years old, is a new patient who is to be treated for diseased spine. Grace Ward, the little girl with diseased eyes, almost blind, still wears bandages over her eyes and has changed but little. Sadie Hallahan and Tommy Heehny were about as usual. When we entered the Pavilion we found most of the older children amusing themselves with a game of Loto.

Two babies were with their mothers in the Nursery.

Afternoon School.

Five afternoons in the week young ladies visit the school and gratuitously teach our children. This affords entertainment and instruction to our little ones, and we are very thankful that such acceptable services are rendered to our children.

An Appreciative Patient.

ED. REVIEW: Allow me a few words to express my gratitude for the efficient treatment and faithful care I received while a patient in the City Hospital, during the months of April and May. Having been carried within its walls a stranger to all about me, with a malady no doubt deadly in its effects, almost beside myself with pain, I soon began to feel and know that I was in the midst of those whose hearts were full of sympathy for suffering humanity, and whose willing hands were ready to administer to the needs of those upon whom the hand of disease was laid heavily. The kind words, the pleasant countenances, that met at first my gaze, almost frenzied on account of such mortal pain, were soothing in their effects, and were some of the great aids to cheer the heart and so materially assist the sufferer to again revive and look up and know that yet in this world of woe, some hearts are truly tender and sympathetic. My heart, as I recall these scenes, wells forth with gratitude and I exclaim, through these agencies, does the Almighty work miracles, as it were, and raise the dead to life. Such noble workers can never receive a full worldly remuneration, but can look forward to that time when they will hear the welcome plaudit: "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

L. T. FISK.

The following communication has reference to the young man, Henry Bauer, who was taken to the City Hospital after his fall from the window of the Rochester Whist Club. Surgical and medical skill and tender nursing could not save him, but he was faithfully cared for while he lived, and his funeral services were held in the Hospital Chapel:

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS, Treas.
Rochester City Hospital,

DEAR MADAM: In compliance with a resolution of the board of directors of the Rochester Whist Club I have the pleasure of transmitting to you herewith my check for \$63 00.

The members of this club feel very grateful for the care and treatment given their late steward, Henry Bauer, and think your bill of \$10.00 is altogether too small for the services rendered. They ask the privilege of contributing the larger sum named above to that noble institution, the Rochester City Hospital.

Very respectfully yours,
JAMES BRACKETT, Prest.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., May 24th, 1887.

DEAR MRS. TERRY: Twenty-one years ago to-day a little daughter came to us. She only tarried a few brief months, but her mission was not in vain. Heaven has seemed *nearer* and more *real* to each of our household, because she *is* there. "In memory of Baby May Baker" I send you \$5.00 for the Children's Pavilion.

Very sincerely,
MRS. CHAS. S. BAKER.

The Busy Bees of Perry.

Our little folks were delighted with a gift from our young friends from Perry, which filled a raisin box with thirty large bunches of wild flowers for the sick children, in the Children's Pavilion; they also sent six Jacks in their pulpits enclosed in the following lines:

Jack in the pulpit
Preaches to-day,
Under the green trees
Just over the way.
Squirrel and song sparrow,
High on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily bells
Ringing to church.

Come, hear what his reverence
Rises to say,
In his low painted pulpit
This calm Sabbath day.
Fair is the canopy over him seen
Pencilled by nature's hand
Black, brown and green.
Green is his surplice,
Green are his hands,
In his queer little pulpit
The little priest stands.

In black and gold velvet
So gorgeous to see,
Comes with his bass voice
The chorister Bee.
Green fingers playing
Unseen on wind lyres,
Low singing birds' voices,
These are his choirs.

The violets are deacons,
I know by the sign,
That the cups that they carry
Are purple with wine.
And the columbines bravely
As sentinels stand
On the lookout with all their
Red trumpets in hand.

Meek faced Anemones,
Drooping and sad,
Greet yellow violets,
Smiling and glad;
Buttercup faces,
Beaming and bright,
Clovers with bonnets
Some red and some white;
Daisies, their white fingers
Half clasped in prayer;
Dandelions, proud of
The gold of their hair.

Innocent children,
Guileless and frail,
Meek little faces
Upturned and pale;
Wild-wood geraniums,
All in their best,
Languidly leaning

In purple gauze dressed ;
 All are assembled,
 This sweet Sabbath day,
 To hear what the priest
 In his pulpit will say.

◆◆◆
Resignation.

We regret that circumstances beyond her control have compelled Miss A. A. Markham to resign her position as Supervising Nurse of the City Hospital. Miss Markham, of Albion, N. Y., entered the Training School for Nurses at the City Hospital, January 1st, 1881, and graduated March, 1883; since then she has most efficiently and acceptably discharged her duties as Supervising Nurse. During this time the Training School has rapidly developed and become a most important and useful branch of Hospital work. Miss Markham's resignation took effect last month, and Miss E. C. Jones, who graduated in April, has assumed for the present the duties of Supervising Nurse.

◆◆◆
The Pavilion Fund.

We by mistake last month omitted to make special mention of a donation of fifty dollars sent us by Mrs. Alfred Bell for the Pavilion fund; thus was the largest donation ever sent at one time by one person for this object.

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Donations.

The high dinner chair we begged for the Pavilion has already been appropriated, and will be very useful. We are very grateful for the large amount of aprons and children's clothing sent in last month: the books also were quite a valuable addition to our library.

Seventy-seven bouquets came to us from the Flower Mission during our last visit to the Hospital. Wild and cultivated flowers are a great treat to the invalids, who always welcome them. The Pavilion children have a great fondness for appropriating button-hole bouquets.

Receipts for the Review.

MAY 1887.

Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co., Adv., \$26.00; Oaks & Stern, Adv., \$5.00, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews	\$31.00
Mrs. Harvey W. Brown, 62 cents; Mrs. G. C. Buell 62 Cents; Miss Breck, 62 cents; W. H. Benjamin, 62 cents; Mrs. C. T. Converse, 62 cents; Mrs. E. T. Curtis, 62 cents; Mrs. P. Epstein, 62 cents; Mrs. W. N. Emerson, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Furman, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Finkle, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Fisher, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Frick, 62 cents; L. W. Kaufman, 62 cents; Dr. J. E. Line, 62 cents; R. Millman, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. W. D. McGuire, 62 cents; Miss S. Newell, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Oothout, 62 cents; Mrs. F. E. Peek, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Robinson, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Taylor, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Wallace, 62 cents; Mrs. H. D. Williams, 62 cents; by Miss Hattie Smith	14 89
Mrs. C. O. Beach, Geneseo, 25 cents; Mrs. S. M. Bentley, Holyoke, Mass. 50 cents; Miss Mitchell, Cleveland, Ohio, \$1.00; Mrs. George Mercer, Geneseo, 52 cents; Miss Ogden, Penn Yan, \$1.00; Mrs. A. Aug. Porter, Niagara Falls, \$1.00; Mrs. J. I. Robins, 62 cents, by Treasurer	4 89
MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treasurer. 96 Spring Street.	

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Children's Pavilion Fund.

Joe	\$ 25
Lenten savings, from Jeannette, Elizabeth and George Huntington, Katharine, Harriet, James and Fred Oliver	2 23
Miss R. M. Booth, card 170	1 10
"In memory of Baby May Baker"	5 00
Frank and Miriam Converse, card 116	2 00
Mrs. G. P. Strong, Somerville, Mass.	1 00

Receipts for the month	\$ 11 58
Previously acknowledged	3,198 53

Total receipts

.....	\$ 3,210 11
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We still require \$3,289.89 to complete the last payment on the Pavilion, and free the building from the blemish of a debt. We most earnestly solicit contributions for this object, which should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the fund. The smallest sums are welcome.

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Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital May 1	88
Births	3
Received during the month	61
152:	
Discharged during the month	49
Deaths	5
Number remaining in Hospital June 1	98
152:	

Annual Subscription to the Rochester City Hospital.

Collected by Mrs. D. Andrews :

R. A. Sibley, Robt. Liddle, Chas. FitzSimons, A. B. Hone, Bush & Bull, A. J. Kirley, C. H. Carroll, L. C. Paine, E. M. Higgins, Geo. W. Ross Lewin, Scrantom & Wetmore, Mr. Myers, Oaks & Stern, Cash, A. S. Mann, Mrs. D. Andrews, Mrs. F. A. Macomber, Jas. Vick, Mrs. L. W. Clarke, Mrs. J. W. Oothout, Mrs. D. W. Powers, Mrs. Granger Hollister, Mrs. H. Sibley, P. Barry, Mrs. James Laney, Cash, Mrs. H. R. Selden, M. G. Peck, Mrs. Geo. Raines, Mrs. Alfred Bell, Mrs. I. S. Averell, Mrs. J. H. Hill, Mrs. J. Sidons, Geo. Weldon & Co., Mrs. Wm. Little, Mrs. J. W. Whitney, Mrs. B. H. Clarke, John T. Roberts, J. H. Howe, Haskin & Smith, J. B. Bloss, Mrs. S. L. Willis, Buck & Sanger, Mrs. J. W. Whitbeck, Mrs. Robt. W. Rond, Mrs. Freeman Clarke, Mrs. William Webb, Mrs. B. P. Robinson, Mrs. A. G. Whitbeck, C. S. Whitcomb, L. P. Ross, Theodore Bacon, M. H. Briggs, J. N. Buckley, Alling & Cory, H. H. Babcock & Co., T. J. Reynolds, A. M. Lindsay, Cash, W. H. Bowman, Cash, Mrs. S. L. Quinby, Mrs. Carter Wilder, W. F. Cogswell, James Johnston, Yerkes & Burgess, Cash, Mrs. Fred Cook..... \$5.00 each.

Mrs. D. A. Watson \$20.00
 Mrs. Waldo G. Morse 15.00
 A. G. Yates 10.00

Mrs. Erickson Perkins, P. B. Hulett, Wm. Eastwood, Geo. McAllister, Gould, Lee & Luce, Mrs. Geo. Ellwanger, Mrs. S. W. Duncan, G. H. Haas \$3.00 each.

Mrs. J. VanVoorhis, Miss Cogswell, Mrs. F. A. Ward, Mrs. E. Warren, B. Herman, J. Schleyer & Sons, C. W. Trotter, Shale & Milo, C. A. Davenport, L. Ernst & Son, J. C. Barnard, Cary & Co., C. Cauley, Wheeler & Wilson, M. M. Perkins, J. M. Backus, W. S. Woodruff, Weaver & Co., Bernhard Haag, Stalker Spencer, Geo. B. Page, Mrs. M. H. Hallowell, Allen Straus & Co., Russ Coats, Mrs. J. G. Cutler, J. G. Luitwieler, W. K. Barlow, G. H. Smith, J. F. Warner, J. G. Morgan, C. C. Puffer, A. H. Cole..... \$2.00 each.

Mrs. J. C. Barnum, Miss Ruth Quinby, Mrs. W. A. Waters, Mrs. Levi Ward, Mrs. D'Orville Doty, Mrs. G. D. Hale, Mrs. J. A. Collier, Mrs. E. M. Smith, Mrs. O'Hare, Mrs. Wilbur Griffin, Plantz Morse & Co., H. S. Moore, H. B. Slade, A Friend, Henry Fellman, Cash, L. D. Whipple, Cash, Cash, Cash, L. P. Beck, E. B. Beck, Cash, David Hays, A Friend, A Friend, Cash, Cash, Charles M. Williams..... \$1.00 each.

Mrs. J. C. D. Rumsey, Cash, Mrs. Briggs, ea. 50
 Cash 25

By Mrs. Hoyt :

Mrs. Joseph Curtis, Mrs. G. A. Furness, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Hoyt... \$5.00 each.

Mrs. C. E. Matthews..... \$5.00

By Mrs. Strong :

Mrs. Oscar Craig, Mrs. Maltby Strong \$5.00 each.

Mrs. C. C. Gardner 4.00

By Mrs. Perkins :

Mrs. Howard Osgood, Mrs. James Hart, Mrs. Josiah Anstice, A. De Vos, Mrs. K. P. Shedd, Bascom & Morgan, Miss Mumford, Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Mrs. W. J. Averell, Mr. C. P. Dewey, James Brackett, Mrs. J. H. Stedman, Mrs. Earl Putnam \$5.00 each.

Miss Alice Whittlesey... \$10.00
 Sill Stove Works 10.00

By Mrs. C. E. Matthews :

Mrs. Alfred Ely, Mrs. Robert Matthews, Mr. Robert Matthews..... \$5.00 each.

By Mrs. Henry Huntington :

Judge Danforth, Mrs. Huntington, Mrs. W. B. Morse, Mrs. F. M. McFarlin, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. R. C. Knapp, Mrs. J. A. Daly, Mrs. G. F. Kitts, Mrs. W. A. Williamson, Mrs. D. W. Wright, Mrs. Isaac Gibbard, Mrs. Alphonso Collins, \$5 ea.
 Miss Danforth, Mrs. P. S. Wilson, Mrs. Geo. W. Goler \$2.00 each.

Mrs. R. J. Moore..... \$1.00
 Mrs. Robt. Reilly, Mrs. W. H. Clarke, 50c. each.

By Mrs. J. H. Brewster :

Mrs. E. F. Brewster, Mrs. A. J. Johnson, Mrs. S. L. Brewster, Mrs. Horace C. Brewster, Miss Potter, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Brewster, Mrs. John Durand, Mrs. Chas. Smith, Mrs. Wm. Mudgett .. \$5.00 each.

Rochester Whist Club donation..... \$53.00

By Mrs. Clarke Johnston :

Miss H. N. Backus, Mrs. Johnston \$5 each.

List of Mite Boxes.

No. 937 \$5.00	No. 16..... \$1.21
854..... 2.20	12..... 1.31
957..... 1.18	15..... 8
995..... 2.36	10..... 18
986..... 1.25	947..... 44
984..... 1.59	716..... 49
675..... 67	731..... 32
938..... 1.06	948..... 14
868..... 45	761..... 50
958..... 91	70..... 59
688..... 5	508..... 5.79
973..... 51	60..... 4.74

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treasurer.

Cannot God who first gave life to matter give resurrection to a body from which life hath departed.—*Athenagoras.*

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 8, Mrs. Sophia Milbredt, aged 28 years.

May 14, of Pneumonia, Mrs. W. H. Morgan, aged 25 years.

May 18, George Odell, aged 68 years.

May 19, Eri Darling, aged 53 years.

May 30, Florence Brown, aged 25 years.

Donations for May, 1887.

Mrs. C. C. Morse, new aprons for children.
 Friend, new pair slippers.
 Mrs. J. H. Stedman, second-hand shirts.
 Miss A. S. Mumford, second-hand clothing.
 Mrs. Landsberg, second-hand clothing.
 Mrs. C. M. Day, old cotton.
 Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, articles for children's wear, also several books.
 Mrs. Wm. Raines, flannel and cotton shirts, a child's rest and toys.
 Jennie Spere, a number of Harper's Monthly.
 Mrs. Maltby Strong, reading matter.
 Bettie Boorman, child's high chair.
 Mrs. J. L. Hill, reading matter, second-hand clothing.
 Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, reading matter, clothing and making aprons.
 Mrs. Oscar Craig, aprons, old cotton.
 Mrs. Calnor, old cotton and shirts.
 Mrs. Henry Morse, gas fixtures for dining-room.
 Mrs. C. C. Morse, St. Nicholas and pictures for the children.
 Busy Bees, Perry, N. Y., 29 bunches of wild flowers for the children.
 Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, lawn settee.
 Mrs. John C. Moore, lawn settee.
 Mrs. Elliott, Scribner's, Harper's, St. Nicholas and other reading matter.
 Mrs. H. B. Evans, 8 volumes for the library.
 George D. Mercer, Geneseo, 20 volumes for the library.
 Mrs. E. B. Putnam, second-hand clothing, Seaside miscellany, 20 volumes.
 Mrs. Loop, Flowers.
 Mrs. Danforth, flowers.
 Mrs. Taylor, reading matter.
 Mrs. S. H. Terry, reading matter.
 Mrs. J. A. Pixley, reading matter.
 Mrs. F. A. Jones's Sunday-school class of Charlotte, scrap books and cards for children.
 Mrs. A. B. Smith, Harper's Bazaar.
 Miss Clarice Jeffrey, Harper's Bazaar.
 Mrs. Ellis, Feather bed.
 Dr. Chas. G. Steele, subscription for Medical Press for the training school.
 Mrs. D. W. Bush, Harper's Young Folks.
 Dr. C. A. Dewey, book-case for office.

The Bobolink's Lesson.

BY JULIA H. MAY.

A three-year-old boy on the gate-post was leaning,
 And watching the frolicsome flight of the birds,
 When a sweet bobolink round the orchard came gleaming,
 And stopped as if listening for somebody's words.
 Stopped close to the boy, till, his natural feeling,
 Impulsive obeying, he lifted a rock,
 And raising it high, then quietly kneeling,
 He steadied himself to give birdie a knock.

Just then the soft throat, with pent melody swelling,
 Gently opened, and forth came the song, ever new,
 "Bobolink, bobolink,," as if some one were telling
 The bird what the baby was going to do.
 "Bobolink, bobolink, bobolink a-no-weet";
 "Bobolink, bobolink, I know it, I know it"
 "Bobolink, bobolink"—oh, the song was so sweet!
 "Bobolink, bobolink, don't throw it, don't throw it."

Robbie didn't. His fingers fell down by his side,
 And he gazed at the singer in joyful surprise,
 Till the solo was over, and then, satisfied,
 Let the innocent singer fly up to the skies.

Then he looked at me, doubtful, and read in my face
 The question my lips were preparing to ask.
 "Cos he sung so, me couldn't," he lisped with quaint grace,
 And left me to go to his play or his task.

But he left me a thought for the poem of years:
 When the demon of danger comes to your nest,
 Sing a song, sing it bravely, sing through your tears;
 And the arm that is lifted will fall. It is best

To sing while you can, like the brave bobolink;
 For the song of your hearts shall your enemy reach,
 And the danger will vanish. Ah! do you not think
 That the brave bobolink a sweet lesson can teach?

Nilsson's First Concert.

To know the beginning of a great career is always interesting. "What is the first little stone or bough which broke the current, and caused it to flow in a broader channel?" is always the question of the worshippers of genius. In a little hut among small pines, on the estate of Count Hamilton, near Wexio, in Sweden, the hut consisting of two rooms belonging to a poor forester, in the year of 1843 was born, writes Louis Engel, in his book "From Mozart to Mario," a little tow-headed girl, the youngest of seven daughters, who continually sang, trying to imitate the birds, or the murmuring of the waters.

The hamlet of Snugge, to which the

part of the forest belonged where she had first seen the light of day, was a few miles distant from Wexio, and the highest ambition of the poor children was to go to the Fair at Wexio and somehow earn a few pence.

In order to reach that glorious result, little Christine, who had taught herself to play on a small fiddle belonging to her brother, entered into partnership with him, and they started together for the celebrated Wexio.

On their way they stopped at a village where a small fair was being held, and there the young violinist accompanied her voice in the few Swedish national songs she knew.

This first open-air concert brought her the treasure of three pence half-penny. Repairing to Wexio with all the courage success can give, they arrived at the fair, tired but hopeful. Christine began her concert, to an audience that seemed to assemble by magic. The crowd so increased that it attracted the attention of Mr. Tornehrjelm, the provincial judge, who at once went toward it to investigate the cause of its assembling.

Fortunately for the great singer, the judge, a man over six feet high, looked over the shoulders of the people at the little girl who formed the centre of attraction, and heard, over the scraping of the little fiddle, a most enchanting voice. He spoke first to the boy and then to the little girl, and then and there laid the foundation of the *prima donna's* fortune, by the present of a sixpence.

Christine, frightened by the responsibility of carrying so much money, insisted, with great firmness, upon returning to the only place where such a sum could be safely invested—her father's hut.

A few days later, when a second venture was contemplated, the judge, who had had some difficulty in unearthing his small *prima donna*, came to visit her father, for the purpose of asking if he might educate the little Christine in such a manner as might make her talents better known.

Father and mother, after some consultation consented, and Christine's fortune was made.

A Beautiful Christian Act.

The following beautiful story is told of Lady Stanley, wife of the late Dean Stanley of Westminster Abbey, in connection with a London hospital near the Abbey :

Lady Stanley was in the habit of spending a good deal of time in this hospital, talking with the sick and suffering people there, and trying to cheer and comfort them. Among these was a poor woman suffering from a painful and dangerous disease. Lady Stanley's kind words had been a great comfort to her on her sick-bed. The doctors said that her life could be saved only by her going through a very painful operation. They told her that she must certainly die unless the operation were performed. "I think I could bear it," she said, "if Lady Stanley could be with me while it was being done. Lady Stanley was sent for. When the messenger arrived at her home, he found her dressed in the splendid robes which ladies wear when called upon to attend on Queen Victoria. She had been thus summoned and was just about starting for the Queen's palace. She received the message from the hospital. There was no time to change her dress ; so she threw a cloak over her and hastened to the hospital. She spoke some encouraging words to the poor woman, and stood by her side till the operation was over, and the poor, suffering patient was made comfortable. Then the noble lady hastened to the palace. She apologized to the Queen for her delay in coming, and told her what had caused the delay. The Queen praised her for kindly waiting on one of her suffering subjects before coming to wait on her.

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Acts are threads, but oft repeated, they become habits which are robes and chains.

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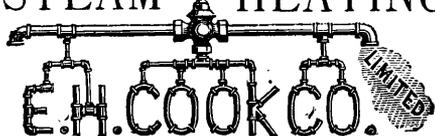
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

“ I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME.”

VOL. XXIII.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1887.

No. 12.

Dr. Holmes's Ode.

Read at the dedication of the Oliver Wendell Holmes Hospital at Hudson, Wis., June 7.]

Angel of love, for every grief,
Its soothing balm thy mercy brings,
For every pang its healing leaf,
For homeless want, thine outspread wings.
Enough for thee the pleading eye,
The knitted brow of silent pain ;
The portals open to a sigh
Without the clank of bolt or chain.

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

Not ours to ask in freezing tones
His race, his calling or his creed ;
Each heart the tie of kinship owns,
When these are human veins that bleed.

Here stand the champions to defend
From every wound that flesh can feel,

Here science, patience, skill, shall blend
To save to calm, to help, to heal.

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

Source of all truth and love and light,
That warm and cheer our earthly days,
Be ours to serve thy will aright,
Be thine the glory and the praise !

“ We are to live
As many years as atoms in the air ;
When these are past, as many thousands more
As grains of sand that crowd the ebbing shore ;
When these are spent, as many still behind
As leaves of forest shaken with the wind ;
When these are gone, as many more to ensue
As blades of grass on hills and dales that grew ;
When these are past, as many on the march
As midnight lamps that gild the stary arch ;
When these expire, as many millions more
As moments in the millions gone before.”

A Daughter Worth Having.

Two gentlemen, friends who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said :

"Well, I'm off. I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, two o'clock, sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other.

"Only one," came the answer, tenderly, "a daughter. But *she's a darling.*"

And then they parted; the stranger in the city getting into a street car bound for the park.

After a block or two, a group of five girls entered the car; they all evidently belonged to families of wealth; they conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately decorated lunch basket; each was well dressed. They, too, were going to the park for a picnic. They seemed happy and amiable until the car again stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl of about eleven and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces were looks of distress. They, too, were on their way to the park. The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say, with a look of disdain :

"I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion, too."

"I shouldn't want to leave home if I had to look like that. Would you?" This to another girl.

"No, indeed! But there is no accounting for tastes. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child too? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears. He was angry.

Just then the exclamation—"Why, there is Nettie! Wonder where she is going—" caused him to look out upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning to the car-driver. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"Oh, what lovely flowers! Who are they for?" said another.

"I'm on my way to Belle Clark's. She is sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then, glancing toward the door of the car, saw the pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then, forgetting that she wore a handsome velvet skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitted gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little ones. She laid one hand on the boy's thin cheeks as she asked of his sister :

"The little boy is sick, is he not? And he is your brother, I am sure."

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said :

"Yes, miss; he is sick. Freddie never has been well. Yes, miss; he is my brother. We're goin' to the park to see if 'twon't make Freddie better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied, in a low voice meant for no one's ears except those of the child. I think it will do him good; it is lovely there, with the spring flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a ride."

Over the little girl's face came a flush.

"Yes, miss; we ought to, for Freddie's sake; but, you see, we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—he's our brother—he saved these pennies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess, mebbe, Freddie'll forget about being hungry when he get's to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened; and very soon she asked the girl where they lived, and wrote the address down in a tablet, which she took from a bag on her arm.

After riding a few blocks she left the car, but she had not left the little ones comfortless. Half the bouquet of violets and hyacinths was clasped in the sister's hand, while the sick boy, with radiant face, held in his hand a package, from which he helped himself now and then, saying to his sister, in a jubilant whisper :

"She said we could eat 'em all—every one—when we get to the park. What made her so sweet and good to us?"

And the little girl whispered back :

"It's 'cause she's beautiful as well as her clothes." The gentleman heard her whisper.

When the park was reached the five girls hurried out. Then the gentleman lifted the little boy in his arms and carried him out of the car, across the road, and into the green park, the sister, with a heart full of gratitude, following. He paid for a nice ride for them in the goat carriage; he treated them to oyster soup at the park restaurant.

At two o'clock sharp the next day, the two gentlemen, as agreed, met again.

"This is my wife," the host said, proudly, introducing a comely lady, "and this, as a young lady of fifteen entered the parlor, "is my daughter."

"Ah!" said the guest, as he extended his hand in cordial greeting, "this is the dear girl whom I saw yesterday in the street-car. *I don't wonder you called her a darling. She is a darling,* and no mistake, God bless her." And then he told his friend what he had seen and heard in the horse-car.

TENNYSON'S EARLY LOVE.

The Original of "Maud" and the Heroine of "Locksley Hall."

Those who are familiar with the story of Alfred Tennyson's life (the new name does not suit him as well as the old,) will smile on reading his latest work, "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," over the spirit of self-deception which runs throughout the verses. To the world "Maud" and "Locksley Hall" are beautiful poems only. A few know that they are something more than poems of the imagination—they are heart records. In the sequel to "Locksley Hall," just published, the poet tells his grandson that he could never have loved a worldling like Judith, who has played such sad havoc with the susceptible youth's feelings, but this is precisely what he did. When Alfred Tennyson was a promising young poet, crowned with Oxford's academic laurels, he wooed his first cousin, the story of which wooing he afterward wove into beautiful verse and gave to the world. Another suitor, the wealthy heir of the earldom of Boyne, however, appeared on the scene and the fair Amy, afterward so liberally adjectived as "false and servile," became a peeress.

Lord Boyne, who is the owner of large estates and valuable coal mines in the county of Durham, the heart of the north-

ern coal fields in England, freely extended his hospitality to his bride's cousin at Brancepeth Castle, a modern but imposing mansion. The poet repaid the kindness by satirizing the good-natured peer, his brand new title and his recently acquired wealth most mercilessly in "Maud" and "Locksley Hall." Independent of his wife's very natural indignation Lord Boyne was not gratified to find his beautiful home described by a recent guest as a "gewgaw" castle, or at having the world informed in verse, however harmonious, that his wealth had come from the sweat of miners; neither did he enjoy the thought that the tongues of the world were wagging over the story of his money having bought him a wife who preferred another lover. It is possible, too, he failed to see the beauty of those Rembrandt like touches wherein he is described as a clown and drunken. It might be beautiful copy, the outraged host urged, but it was not good taste, and it was not true. His lordship is certainly one of the most commonplace and uninteresting of peers or of commoners, but he is neither coarse nor drunken, and Brancepeth Castle with its shivering larches knew Tennyson no more.

Mr. Tennyson's wounds healed like those of many another lovesick swain whose limited faculty of expression could not lead him into such betrayal of the Lares and Penates; but popular as he is as a poet he has never gone to the hearts of the English people. In his early days he was radical to the core, and his verses overflowed with the best instincts of humanity. Time has brought him wealth, and he has accepted a peerage, from which it is safe to assume that he no longer feels that contempt for new titles which he did in the days when he lampooned his successful rival. In reading his latest production one is reminded of a famous *mot*, applied by a wit to an over-praised nobleman: "I heard you were a lord among wits, but I find you are only a wit among lords." Alfred Tennyson was once a lord among poets; his new volume has proved him merely a poet among lords.

I know God is, and what He is,
Whose one great purpose is the good
Of all; I rest my soul on his
Immortal love and fatherhood,
And trust Him as His children should,
—Whittier.

Step by Step.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

"He knoweth the way that I take."

The fog hangs thickly about me
As I start to begin the day ;
I see not the hills or the meadows,
No noise is on the way ;
And carefully step by step I take
Lest I lose myself, or fall,
But ever the path is opening out,
And the sky is high over all

The way is never so hidden
But the next step can be seen,
And the Guide is ever beside me
Who always a light has been ;
And every hour the sun on high
More strongly and brightly shines,
And the beautiful landscape afar is shown
As the sun in the west declines.

Long is the reach of life's journey,
But the way grows strangely fair,
And the nearer I get to its ending
The sweeter the songs in the air.
The heart laughs out in its gladness
As the home is coming in sight,
And the western skies are all golden,
Where the day melts into the night.

Courage, O weary pilgrim,
Timidly journeying on ;
The mists that are thick about thee
Will soon be over and gone.
Take the step that is nearest to thee,
And soon shall the shrouded way
Brilliantly open before thee
In the full, fair light of the day.

What a Woman Did.

During the Crimean War, it required much suffering to convince conservative Englishmen that the routine way of doing things was not always the best.

Steamer loads of troops were sent from England to Malta, the first rendezvous. The voyage was made in seven or eight days, yet each steamer carried an allowance of eight weeks' supply of hospital stores.

The explanation of the fact brought out the cast-iron routine of the service. In the days of sailing vessels it took eight weeks for a transport to sail from England to Malta, and the old routine could not be departed from.

Some of the general officers had been trained for years in the martinet school of discipline. The Crimean summer is intensely hot and its winter is excessively cold. The army regulations forced the men to wear the leather stock, no matter

how blazing the sun, and to shave even when the winter's wind was bitterly cold.

Not until a year of suffering had been endured were the men allowed to leave off the terrible stocks, or to seek the protection of a full beard.

"Where there is much hair," said one general, "there is dirt, and where there is dirt there will be disease," and he compelled his men to shave when they were freezing.

In the midst of the terrible sufferings, when the men were dying from cholera and wanted the necessaries of life, a general issued an order directing cavalry officers to lay in a stock of yellow ochre and pipe-clay, for the use of men in rubbing up their uniforms and accoutrements.

When Florence Nightingale began her hospital work she was asked to walk in the routine paths. At the first step she took outside, she was stopped by a network of "red tape." She cut the "tape" at once and walked where she would.

A few weeks before she arrived, a surgeon of a transport-ship had asked for the loan of three stoves to save the sick soldiers from dying of the cold. The store-keeper refused to let one go, unless he received a requisition from headquarters. As it required several days to get that document, the surgeon saw that scores of men were doomed.

The second day after Miss Nightingale's arrival, six hundred wounded were brought to the Scutari hospital. On the first day she had been delayed by "red tape." Taking a few Turks with her, she went to a store-house. The guardian would not unlock it. "Break open the door," said the gentlewoman to the Turks. When they obeyed she selected the supplies she needed and ordered the Turks to carry them to the hospital.

A washing contractor returned the hospital linen in such a foul state that it could not be used. Miss Nightingale annulled the contract by establishing a washing house, and refused to send one article to the contractor.

The medical authorities turned a cold shoulder upon the gentle woman, but the troops idolized her.

"She couldn't speak to all the sick men, you know," said a soldier in the hospital ; "We lay there by hundreds. But we could kiss her shadow as it fell on our pillows."

"Before she came into the hospital," said another, "there was such cussin' and swearin'; and after that it was as quiet as a church."

Fish as Brain Food.

In his second article on Food in the *June Century*, Professor Atwater demolishes the popular theories that thought is especially dependent upon phosphorus, and that fish is particularly a brain food. He closes his demonstration as follows: "Even if fish were richer in phosphorus than meats or other food-materials, this would not establish its superiority for the nutrition of the brain or the production of intellectual energy. But there is no proof of any especial abundance of phosphorus in fish. On the contrary, an extended series of analysis in this laboratory have revealed proportions of phosphorus in the flesh of our ordinary food fishes differing in no important degree from those which have been found to occur in the flesh of the other animals used for the food of man.

"Perhaps some of the readers of this will put me down for an iconoclast, as did a most highly esteemed friend, who bade me, and with all candor and seriousness, to beware of thus ruthlessly attempting to uproot an old and important belief. But possibly they will have the charity to leave me a humble place in their consideration if I add that there is, after all, a way in which fish may make a very useful part of the diet of brain-workers.

"Physiologists tell us that the way to provide for the welfare of the brain is to see that the rest of the body is in good order, that, in other words, the old proverb of 'a sound mind in a sound body' is sound doctrine. And they are getting to tell us further that one way in which brain-work is hindered is by bad dietary habits, as, for instance, overloading the digestive organs by taking too much food. Of the vice of over-eating (a vice which we Americans by no means monopolize), a considerable part, in this country at least, and I think in England and among well-to-do people on the continent of Europe also, is the vice of fat-eating. We are a race of fat-eaters. If any one doubts this, I think the statistics to be shown in a succeeding article will convince him, unless he is ready to deny the practically unanimous testimony of such

facts as I have been able to gather. It comes about very naturally and is really due to the fertility of our soil, the consequent abundance of food, and the toothsoneness of food-materials rich in fatty matters. The result of this is that the quantity of fat in the average American's dietary is very large indeed, mainly because of the large amounts of meats, butter, and lard consumed, and is far in excess of the demands of his body, unless he is engaged in very severe muscular work or exposed to extreme cold, or both. For people with sedentary occupations, including the majority of brain-workers, this simply means charging the organism with the burden of getting rid of an excess of material. This excess, the physiologists and physicians assure us, is detrimental.

"Now it seems to me very reasonable to assume that brain-workers and other people who do not have a great deal of muscular exercise may very advantageously substitute fish in the place of a portion of the meat which they would otherwise consume. I am very well aware that such hygienic advice might come more appropriately from a physician than from a chemist, and am therefore glad to be able to quote from no less an authority than Sir Henry Thompson, who urges 'the value of fish to the brain-worker' on the ground that it 'contains, in smaller proportion than meat, those materials which, taken abundantly, demand more physical labor for their complete consumption, and which, without this, produce an unhealthy condition of body, more or less incompatible with the easy and active exercise of the functions of the brain.

"Perhaps I ought to add that the studies of the constitution of the flesh of fish in this laboratory, referred to above, as well as similar investigations elsewhere, show that, so far as the nutritive qualities are concerned, the only considerable difference between fish and ordinary meats is in the proportions of oily and fatty matters and water. The flesh of the fish has water where meats have fat."—*W. O. Atwater.*

Who doth himself in Christ's grave lay,
Shall rise with Christ on Easter Day.
Who conquers self for others' need,
Hath risen with Jesus, risen indeed.
Who selfishness at the cross lays down,
Shall share with his Saviour the throne and
the crown.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1887.

The A B C Scheme.

Ever since the opening of the Children's Pavilion, the Hospital workers have been devising means for the payment of the debt resting on the Pavilion. Memorial and Easter offerings, the profits of fairs and exhibitions, the earnings of children, and the contributions of their friends have gradually diminished the debt, but a novel scheme which has been inaugurated elsewhere, and worked successfully in raising funds for an art school and also for the new buildings of Abbott's Female Academy, in Andover, Mass., has impressed the Managers of the City Hospital so favorably that they have adopted it, hoping in this way speedily to wipe out the debt without making a large demand on any one.

The plan is known as the A B C scheme. It is thoroughly endorsed by Bishop Doane of this State who hopes by it to secure \$40,000 for the completion of the Cathedral at Albany, N. Y.

The scheme has been so thoroughly described in our city papers that probably most of our citizens are familiar with it, but as we desire the co-operation of the Hospital friends in neighboring towns, and this paper reaches some who do not take the city papers, we will repeat in detail what our citizens have learned through the daily papers. Persons from all parts of the State are received and cared for at the City Hospital, and we trust our friends out of Rochester as well as those in it, will heartily join in this new plan for the extinguishing of the Pavilion debt.

The success of the scheme depends not upon a *few* earnest workers who do *great* work, but upon a *general response from the many* who are only asked to do a *little*. With the exception of the "As" and the "Bs," no one is requested to do more than

contribute twenty-five cents and ask four others to do the same. The scheme is thus described in the "Scheme Blank," which may be obtained of Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring St.

SCHEME.

"A" subscribes 50 cents and collects from ten others 50 cents each for the object, and asks each of these ten "Bs" to find four others, "Cs," who will each give 25 cents, and pledge themselves to pass on the request in the same way. That is, each "C" asks four "Ds"; each "D" asks four "Es"; each "E" asks four "Fs"; each "F" asks four "Gs," and so on.

Scheme blanks should be filled as rapidly as possible and sent with remittance at once to Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer of Children's Pavilion Fund, No. 96 Spring St., Rochester, N. Y.

In accordance with the above plan the scheme is fairly started, and Mrs. Mathews' report indicates how much already has been realized by it. Responses have come from "As," "Bs," "Cs," "Ds," "Es," "Fs" and "Gs," and as the scheme so far as the Pavilion collection is concerned ends with the "Gs" those holding this letter can either return one dollar collected from four persons or given by one, and there the work ends. We trust as many as possible who now hold or who will receive the "Scheme blanks" will respond as promptly as is convenient; but as at this season many are busy in their arrangements for leaving the city and may not be able to collect the subscriptions at once, their reports and remittances will be welcome in the future.

We hardly realize how well this scheme illustrates the proverb, "Many hands make light work," till we see the figures. Each of the 10 "Bs" interests 4 "Cs"; each of the 40 "Cs" interests 4 "Ds"; the 160 "Ds" give to 640 "Es"; the 640 "Es" to 2560 "Fs"; the 2560 "Fs" to 10420 "Gs"

The Busy Bees of Perry have several times contributed, if we mistake not, to the

Pavilion fund. We should be glad to hear from Busy "Bs" in many places in response to this scheme.

Blank schemes with instructions will be cheerfully supplied by Mrs. Mathews to any who are disposed to aid us. We would refer our readers to her report of what has been done already and how much is yet needed to pay off the Pavilion debt.

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Bereavement.

Death has visited the home of another of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital, and brought desolation and anguish to a large circle of relatives and friends, who have long honored and cherished the venerable head of the household. His genial presence and welcome greeting will long be missed in the hospitable home where so many of his friends have gathered on festive occasions; but the affliction falls with crushing power on his beloved companion, who now, while fathoming the depths of widowhood, shares our tenderest sympathy. We have passed through the deep waters and know how powerless is human sympathy to sustain under such trials, but we trust the Lord will hide her in His Pavilion, and that His banner over her will be love.

The late Hon. Freeman Clarke has for a long time been widely known in business, political, religious and charitable circles, and his loss will be deeply felt and his memory cherished as one of our most useful citizens. For several years his failing health has deprived him from mingling actively in public enterprises. He has always been a friend of the City Hospital and his family have been earnest workers in advancing its interests.

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New Carpet.

We are indebted to Mrs. Lorenzo Ely for a very nice Brussels carpet for our dining room.

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Books and magazines are thankfully received at the Hospital.

The Hospital Patients.

On the morning of July sixth we visited the Hospital. The air was oppressively hot, and a succession of sultry days had imparted a feeling of languor to those who were ordinarily strong and healthy; but in the well ventilated, airy wards the invalids seemed to notice the excessive heat less than those who were in vigorous health.

On entering by the Troup street door we were greeted by our recorder, Mrs. C. E. Converse, who, after a three weeks' absence in Vermont and Massachusetts, had returned refreshed and invigorated, to resume her official Hospital work, and she expressed great pleasure in so doing.

Fifteen were under treatment in the Male Surgical Wards: Four of these were confined most of the time to their cots; one of these had fractured both bones of the leg below the knee, by being thrown from a cart, but he was so far convalescing that he could set up a little while each day, and was doing well; another was a new patient with an abscess on his side; a third had fallen from a tree, breaking his jaw, and as a result had an abscess on the side of his face; the fourth had fallen from a bridge on South St. Paul street, and injured his head, but was doing well. A man named Charles Watkins, who was working in a brewery, was struck on the head by a heavy block of wood which had fallen about twenty feet. The result of the blow was a depressed fracture of the skull, near the crown, about one inch and a half long and three-fourths of an inch wide. In order to remove the pieces of bone which were firmly wedged together and were pressing upon the brain, Dr. Kempe found it necessary to remove two buttons of bone (or trephine) in order to raise the wedged and sunken pieces. Eleven pieces were thus taken out and the patient made a good recovery, going out upon the lawn seventeen days after the accident.

Another interesting case was that of Mr.

John VonKorff, who was treated some time since in the Hospital for convulsions, and who after his partial recovery did good work as painter at the City Hospital. His history was quite interesting. He was educated in the cadet school in Vienna, and was drafted with other cadets in 1866, and was in the Austrian army, and was shot in the head in the battle of Konigkratz. He was taken to the Allgemeiner Hospital in Vienna, where for two months he was under treatment. After the healing of the wound in the head he had been subject to sick headaches, and two years ago was attacked with convulsions of which he had frequent returns. For a year these had been checked by cupping; recently he had had severe hemorrhages, and it was decided that a surgical operation might relieve him, and this was performed by Dr. Kempe, who excised the old scar tissue down to the skull, and brought the edges of the wound together. In three days it had healed, and the patient claims to be free from pain over the left eye and left side of the head, which formerly troubled him continually, and an aggravation of which had always preceded the attacks of convulsions. Mr. VonKorff said to us that before the operation his head felt like a barrel on his shoulders, but now, though weak, he thought he was cured. A man from Churchville, who had been bitten in the hand by a dog was under treatment; another man had trouble with his bowels; a German had died of some disease of the heart; the man who had so long suffered from a carbuncle on the back of his neck was almost well.

Of the sixteen patients in the Male Medical Ward none was confined to the bed. One German had died. The eczema patient was convalescing, and part of the time was up, dressed, and able to sit in a rocking chair. Several patients were afflicted with rheumatism, one of these was using crutches and trying to exercise his limbs. One patient had had his eye removed and had returned home; the Italian was convalescing;

Peter Craig, the colored man, was more comfortable, and able to go out on the Hospital lawn.

There were nine invalids in the Female Surgical Ward, two of whom were in bed. Mrs. E. who had recovered from her fractured hip was able to walk about and had returned home; one patient who had fractured her ankle was moving around the Ward, pushing a chair before her; another patient recovering from a fractured leg availed herself of crutches; a woman whose hand for eight years had been afflicted with some skin disease was rapidly improving under Hospital treatment; one patient had ulcers on her limb, another was a consumptive, and one who had been treated for tumor had greatly improved and gone home.

Dr. Ely, the house physician, supervising nurse, and ward nurses, were going their rounds in the Female Medical Ward, where there were twenty patients. One death had occurred during the month. Most of the cases were those previously reported. One new patient was being treated by Dr. Rider for inflammation of the eye, following overwork and an overheated condition of the patient.

There were no babies in the Nursery.

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The Little Folks.

We are sure the children will be interested in hearing about a small specimen of humanity that excited a good deal of interest during the few days of its brief life. This was a little baby that was born at nine o'clock one Monday morning and lived till three o'clock Thursday afternoon. When forty hours old, with its clothes on, it weighed two pounds and four ounces. Its arm was so small that a ring the physician wore on his third finger was large enough to pass over its elbow. Another child came to the Hospital with some disease of the throat, the result of scarlet fever, and was placed in one of the small pavilions where it died the following day. Johnny Solder, the little boy who was injured by the cars,

was up, dressed, and sitting in a rocking chair. He had almost recovered from paralysis, and his scalp wounds were healing. He had compresses and bandages on his head and was doing well. Freddy Wirtzel, who had been two weeks in the Hospital, had an abscess on the hand, he had lost a finger at the Vacuum Oil Works, taken cold, and an abscess had followed. Eva Shay came to the Pavilion on the 15th of June, afflicted with St. Vitus's Dance. She had improved rapidly. Katy McCarthy had been treated for six weeks for curvature of the spine. We found her and Eva enjoying oranges. Sada Hollerman was not as bright and playful as usual, at first we found her on a pillow in a rocking chair just as the nurse was taking her out on the Pavilion piazza; this did not satisfy her, and later we saw the nurse holding her in her arms and rocking her in a loving, motherly way that comforted the restless child. Maud, the little girl injured by a fall from a swing, whose limb had been in splints to straighten it had been having it rubbed, and was about having electricity applied to it. Sarah, the little colored baby had been more unwell than usual, had been confined to her cot for a week, and had an abscess on one side that recently had been lanced. Kitty Johnson had gone home. Max was playing on the lawn, and Tommy had just come in that Dr. Kempe might examine his limb, where there were three abscesses. Clark Davis and Grace Ward had each gone home for a week's visit.

The Pavilion looked very attractive and it proves to be a most comfortable and pleasant home for the sick children. We are sure if our friends could all visit it and see what a blessing it is to the diseased children, the A B C blanks would speedily be filled, and the debt on the building paid.

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The Pavilion School.

Kind young ladies still visit the Hospital and four days in the week give the children

instruction in the elementary branches. On two mornings they are taught from ten to twelve o'clock, and on two afternoons of each week from three to five. This gives variety to their life and opens new sources of entertainment to those whose lives are at best monotonous.

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Our Supervising Nurse.

On the first of July our new supervising nurse, Miss S. M. Lawrence of Hinsdale, Mass., entered upon her duties at the Hospital. She was four years and a half in the Massachusetts General Hospital at Boston, where, after graduating, she acted as head nurse. She comes highly recommended and brings with her an enthusiasm for her work which promises success.

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New Books.

Our library has received a valuable addition of fourteen books from the Rochester Book Club, and four bound volumes of Harper's Magazine from Mrs. Thomas Chester.

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Additional Annual Subscriptions.

By Mrs. M. M. Mathews,	
Mrs. L. L. Pitkin	\$3 00
By Mrs. M. Strong,	
Mrs. Samuel Gould.....	5 00
By Mrs. H. F. Huntington,	
Mrs. W. S. Oliver.....	5 00
DONATION ON BILLS.	
J. R. Chamberlain	\$24 86
Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Tr.	

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Donations for June.

- Miss Sarah Frost—Old linen.
- Mrs. W. P. Loop—Flowers.
- W. C. Rogers, Albion—Reading matter.
- Mrs. Jas. C. Hart and Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt—6 waists for the children.
- Mrs. Peacock—Reading matter.
- Lovecraft & Son—Kindling wood.
- Mrs. Bassett—Old cotton.
- Mrs. Davis—Reading matter.
- First Methodist Sunday School—Flowers.
- Mr. White—Filled vase on Hospital grounds.
- Mrs. C. M. Lee—Old cotton.
- Mrs. Dr. Mathews—Second-hand clothing.
- Mrs. W. E. Hoyt—Clothing for children.
- Mrs. Josiah Anstice—Nipples, absorbent cotton, toilet cushion, babies' food and flowers.

- Mrs. Halsey—Flowers.
 Mrs. Waldo Morse—Strawberries for children.
 Mrs. Lorenzo Ely—Brussels carpet.
 Mrs. Stedman—Magazines.
 Mrs. Arthur Robinson—Dressing gown and second-hand clothing.
 Mrs. M. Van Bergh—Second-hand clothing.
 Mrs. Ellwanger—Roses and six steel engravings.
 Mrs. Ellwanger—Gas fixture.
 Mrs. Hopkins—Old cotton.
 Mrs. Huntington—Second-hand clothing.
 Mrs. Joseph Curtis—Dressing gown.
 Mis. Florence Montgomery—One basket of cherries.
 Rochester Book Club—Fourteen books.
 Mrs. Thomas Chester—Four bound volumes Harper's Magazine, and old cotton.

Receipts for the Review.

JUNE, 1887.

- Mrs. W. Clarke, Buffalo, by Mrs. S. H. Terry \$ 50
 Mrs. A. B. Kimball, Haverhill, Mass., by Mrs. M. Strong 50
 P. Leonard, Albion, by Mrs. C. E. Converse 50
 E. B. Booth & Son, adv., \$5.00; W. W. Carr, \$1.25; H. Likly, adv., \$5.00; K. P. Shedd, adv., \$5.00; H. C. Wisner, adv., \$5.00; by Mrs. M. M. Mathews.. 21.25
 Mrs. J. W. Archer, 62 cents; Mrs. F. C. Armstrong, 62c.; J. T. Andrews, 62c.; J. J. Bausch, 62c.; Mrs. Dr. Bly, 62c.; Mrs. P. Barry, 62c.; Mrs. Briggs, 62c.; Mrs. C. S. Baker, 62c.; Mrs. E. G. Billings, 62c.; Mrs. E. T. Cory, 62c.; Mrs. Dr. Collins, 62c.; Mrs. A. J. Cumming, 62c.; Mrs. M. H. Cotter, 62c.; Mrs. Fred Cook, 62c.; Mrs. J. G. Cutler, 62c.; Mrs. W. C. Dickinson, 62c.; Mrs. W. K. Daggis, 62c.; Mrs. E. F. Ellsworth, 62c.; Mrs. H. B. Hathaway, 62c.; Mrs. D. M. Hough, 62c.; Mrs. H. S. Hanford, 62c.; Mrs. W. P. Latz, 62c.; Mrs. J. Laney, 62c.; W. C. Morey, 62c.; Mrs. Dr. Mandeville, 62c.; Mrs. H. S. Mackie, 62c.; Mrs. J. Marburger, 62c.; Mrs. Dr. Proctor, \$1.86; Mrs. O. S. Stull, 62c.; S. E. Tompkins, \$1.25; Mrs. Jas. Upton, 62c.; Mrs. H. Wray, 62c.; Mrs. G. D. Williams, 62c.; Mrs. Warham Whitney, 62c.; Mrs. G. G. Wanzer, 62c.; Mrs. S. Wiider, 62c.; Mrs. C. S. Whittemore, 62c.; by Miss Hattie Smith 24.81
 E. H. T. Cottman, 62c.; Mrs. D. B. Duffield, Detroit, Mich., \$1.00; Mrs. H. N. Griffith, Niagara Falls, \$1.00; Hamilton & Mathews, adv., \$5.00; Mrs. R. Johnston, \$1.00; Thos. McBlain, Geneva, \$1.00; Mrs. H. J. Moore, \$1.00; Mrs. M. M. Mathews, 62c.; Miss C. E. Ostrander, Brockport, 50c.; Miss J. H. Pool, 62c.; Mrs. S. Van Auken, Oswego, 50c.; Mrs. E. F. Woodbury, \$1.00; by Treasurer 13.86
 MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treasurer,
 96 Spring Street.

Subscriptions to the A B C fund, received after July 9th, will be acknowledged in the next paper.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

RECEIPTS TO JULY 9, 1887.

- Carrie Teall, Edna Stolz, Ida Medrow and Clinton White 50
 Helen Osgood, card 173..... \$ 2.50
 William V. Cottman 1.00
 Interest on deposit 5.50
 William and Richard Gorsline 5.00
 Amelia Tower Putnam 1.25
 Grace Tower Putnam 1.25
 Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Bosworth 10.00
 Emily, Sallie, Carrie and Franklin Brewster 2.45
 Mrs. Caroline Gardner 20.00

A. B. C. SCHEME.

- Series "A."*
 Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, \$5.50; Extra, 1.50 \$ 7.00
Series "B."
 Mrs. E. V. Stoddard, 1.00; Miss Florence Montgomery, 1.00; Miss Lydia Rumsey, 1.00; Extra, 3 25; Mrs. James C. Hart, 1.00; Extra, 5.00; Miss Julia M. Cozzens, 1.00; Mrs. Erickson Perkins, 1.00; Miss Fannie Soule, 1.00; Extra, 25c. 15.50
Series "C."
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Receipts for the month..... \$ 285 45
Previously acknowledged..... 3,210 11

Total receipts \$3,495 56

We still require \$3,004.44 to complete the last payment on the Pavilion, and free the building from the blemish of a debt. We most earnestly solicit contributions for this object, which should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the fund. The smallest sums are welcome.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital June 1..... 98
Received during Month..... 47
Births..... 1
—146
Discharged during Month 57
Deaths..... 4
Number remaining in Hospital July 1, 85
—146

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 8, Gustave Hapschnider, aged 50 years.

June 16, of Suppurative Phlebitis Puerperal, Mrs. Paulina Jursky, aged 24 years.

June 17, Henry Whall, aged 16 years.

June 20, Hank Smith, aged 66 years.

Consolation.

BY ALICE MABEL YOUNG.

Grieving because there's a gray sky, darling?
Lonely because thy beloved is gone?
Thinking for thee there is no more sunshine?
Feeling so sadly alone, dear one.

Yet there is some One near thee, darling;
Thy Saviour is "with thee unto the end."
Thus hath He spoken, and He will perform it,
In sunshine or shadow thy dearest Friend.

And though the clouds now lower darkly,
The blue is always above the gray;
And though for a season it now has left thee,
Be sure there is sunshine somewhere alway.

It will not always be dreary, darling,
In the cloud God sets His promise-bow;
And anon the shining will be e'en brighter,
For passing the clouds and darkness now.

Then cheer thee, and be brave-hearted, darling!
Look up till the blue sky meets thy sight:
The darkness endured but for a season,
He will send the joy with the morning light.

—Zions Herald.

Smoking Among Boys.

It would be well if some absolute standard existed as regards perfectly temperate habits among boys. The United States Navy is especially exacting in its requirements of young candidates. It takes annually into its service a large number of apprentice boys, who are sent all over the world and taught to be thorough sailors. The government aims at developing them in all possible directions, believing that the more intelligent a man becomes, the better sailor will he be.

There is no lack of candidates for these positions. Hundreds of boys apply, but many are rejected because they cannot pass the physical examination. Major Houston of the Marine Corps, who is in charge of the Washington Navy Yard Barracks, is authority for the statement that one-fifth of all the boys examined are rejected on account of heart disease.

The first question to a boy who desires to enlist is, "Do you smoke?"

The surgeons say that cigarette-smoking by boys produces heart disease, and that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the rejection of would-be apprentices on account of this defect, comes from excessive use of the milder form of the weed.

A Knowing Dog.

It is queer how some dogs know, or seem to know, even more than some children who are pretty well advanced in years. *The Boston Record* tells the story of a dog who not only understood language, but took a rebuke from his mistress quite as readily as some boys and girls receive the reproofs of their parents:

A lady called on his mistress the other day. During her call, Lion came in rather shyly, lying down on the parlor carpet, and went to sleep. The conversation ran on, and the visitor said finally:

"What a handsome Newfoundland you have!"

Lion opened one eye.

"Yes," said his mistress, "he is a very good dog, and takes excellent care of the children."

Lion opened the other eye, and waved his his tail complacently to and fro along the carpet.

"When the baby goes out, he always goes with her, and I feel perfectly sure then that no harm can come to her," his mistress went on.

Lion's tail thumped up and down violently on the carpet.

"And he is so gentle to them all, and such a playmate and companion to them, that we would not take a thousand dollars for him."

Lion's tail now went up and down, to and

fro and round and round, with great and undisguised glee.

"But," said his mistress, "Lion has one serious fault."

Total subsidence of Lion's tail, together with the appearance of an expression of great concern on his face.

"He will come in here with his dirty feet, and lie down on the carpet, when I have told him time and time again that he mustn't do it."

Here Lion arose with an air of the utmost dejection and humiliation, and slunk out of the room, with his lately exuberant tail totally crestfallen.

What a Little Girl Found Out.

A poor little street girl was taken sick one Christmas, and carried to a hospital. While there she heard the story of Jesus coming into the world to save us. It was all new to her, but very precious. She could appreciate such a wonderful Saviour and the knowledge made her very happy as she lay upon her little cot. One day the nurse came round at the usual hour, and "Little Broomstick" (that was her street name) held her by the hand, and whispered:

"I'm havin' real good times here—ever such good times! S'pose I shall have to go 'way from here just as soon as I gets well; but I'll take the good time along—some of it anyhow. Did you know 'bout Jesus bein' born?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "I know. Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk any more."

"You did? I thought you looked as if you didn't and I was goin' to tell you."

"Why, how did I look?" asked the nurse, forgetting her own orders in her curiosity.

"Oh, just like most o' folks—kind o' glum. I shouldn't think you'd ever look glum if you know'd 'bout Jesus, bein' born."

"Dear reader, do you know 'bout Jesus bein' born?"

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Lo! Jesus' power the sleep of death hath broken,
 And wiped the tear from sorrow's drooping eye!
 Look up, ye mourners, hear what he hath spoken,
 "He that believes on me shall never die."

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY

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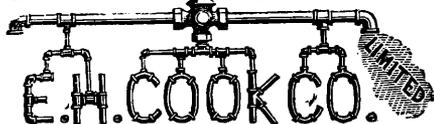
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