

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. XXIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1887.

No. 1.

The Watered Lilies.

The Master stood in His garden,
Among the lilies fair
Which His own right hand had planted,
And trained with tenderest care.

He looked at their snowy blossoms,
And marked with observant eye,
That His flowers were sadly drooping,
For their leaves were parched and dry.

"My lilies need to be watered,"
The Heavenly Master said ;
"Wherein shall I draw it for them,
And raise each drooping head ?"

Close to His feet, on the pathway,
Empty and frail and small,
An earthen vessel was lying,
Which seemed of no use at all.

But the Master saw, and raised it
From the dust in which it lay,
And smiled, as He gently whispered,
"This shall do My work to-day."

"It is but an *earthen* vessel,
But it lay so close to me ;
It is small, but it is empty—
That is all it needs to be."

So, to the fountain He took it,
And filled it full to the brim ;
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him !

He poured forth the living water
Over the lilies fair,
Until the vessel was empty,
And again He filled it there.

He watered the drooping lilies
Until they revived again ;
And the Master saw with pleasure,
That His labor was not in vain.

His own hand had drawn the water
Which refreshed the thirsty flowers ;
But He used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

And to itself it whispered,

As He laid it aside once more,
 "Still will I lie in His pathway,
 Just where I did before."

"Close would I keep to the Master,
 Empty would I remain,
 And, perhaps, some day He may use me
 To water His flowers again."—*Anon.*

Nurse Maria's Story.

There are some trained English nurses in charge of our hospital in C—. One of them, while visiting at the minister's house one day, told us something of the cases that came under her care. She was a neat, alert woman, with sparkling black eyes set in a clean-cut face, and in her close gray gown, white apron and cap, gave one the idea of a swift machine.

"Do you ever read or pray with the poor creatures?" asked the minister.

"No," said Nurse Maria. "That is not my work. I have twenty-four beds, with night-watch until half-past four. Then I make up the ward, sponge and change my patients, make up twenty-four beds, and attend to twenty-four breakfasts. Four times a week I wash the floor. I have six hours for sleep, one for exercise, and am again on duty at three p. m.

"I sometimes speak a good word to a patient when I can edge it in. But reading and prayer—that is somebody's else work," she replied, looking about her at us all.

"I used to wish sometimes," she said, "that some of my patients had such treatment. Now there was a bed Number 36, in Casualty Ward. He was a newsboy; run over I had him two months. Thursday is visitor's day, but he had no friends. Nobody ever came. He had no pain to occupy his mind, either.

"When it came to my watch, there was always 36 with his claw-like hands holding down the sheet, and his bright eyes watching me, go where I would. It was a dull life for the boy," she said, meditatively. "Dull? Yes; with nobody to speak to all day long. Medicine, beef-tea, milk, alternate every two hours. Patients are not allowed to speak to each other.

"One day, as I gave him his milk, I tapped him on the cheek and laughed. Why, would you believe it? That boy trembled all over, and the drops of sweat came out on his face, he was so pleased. After that, when I came in the ward, he'd watch me like a half-starved caged animal,

when it sees its food. You may be sure I never forgot to pat him and joke a little. But he was moved into Nurse Johanna's ward."

"Was she kind to him?" eagerly asked a lady who had lost a boy lately.

"A nurse who was *not* kind would soon be discharged. There never was a more skilful or faithful woman than Johanna; and for this reason she had more beds than any of the nurses. I am sure," hesitating, "36 got his milk and all regular, to the tick of the clock. But Johanna had no time for patting him or saying, 'Well, bub!' or the like."

She stopped as if the story was told.

"What became of the boy when he was discharged?" asked the lady who had lost her son.

"When he?— Oh, you don't understand! There was no chance of the poor lad's recovery from the day of the accident. It was only a matter of time. I meant to go in to see him every day. But I actually had not a moment, and, besides, nurses don't like interference, especially Johanna.

"One day she came to the office when I was there, and reported one dead. 'It is your 36, she said to me.

"I asked her how he went, and she said, 'Quite quiet. He was always quiet,' she said. 'Never had a word to say to me nor I to him. I wish they were all like him! He used to be watching all the time as if he expected somebody, and when I came past the little fellow just now he was lying, his eyes open, watching still. When I touched him I found that he was dead.'

"I went into her ward, and there he was, with his lean little hands holding down the sheet from his chin, and his poor dead eyes still watching for something that never had come to him."

Nurse Maria's pleasant, sharp voice changed a little. "I wish I had gone in sooner," she said. "It was silly, but I tapped him on the cheek, and called, 'Why, Bub! Bub!' But it was too late then."

The woman who was in mourning for her boy, rose hastily to leave the room. But at the door she turned and said, vehemently, "I was not half a square away from that hospital, sitting idle and wishing God would send me some work to do! And now the child is dead!" and she burst into tears.

"There are many others," said Nurse Maria, quietly. — *Youth's Companion.*

The True Wife.

Flowers spring to blossom where she walks
The careful ways of duty ;
Our hard, stiff lines of life with her
Are flowing curves of beauty.

Our homes are cheerier for her sake,
Our door-yards brighter blooming ;
And all about the social air
Is sweeter for her coming.

Unspoken homilies of peace
Her daily life is preaching ;
The still refreshment of the dew
Is her unconscious teaching.

And never tenderer hand than hers
Unknits the brow of ailing ;
Her garments to the sick man's ear
Have music in their trailing.

Her presence lends its warmth and health
To all who come before it.
If woman lost us Eden, such
As she alone restore it.

And if the husband or the wife
In home's strong light discovers
Such slight defaults as failed to meet
The blinded eyes of lovers,

Why need we care to ask?—who dreams
Without their thorns of roses.
Or wonders that the truest steel
The readiest spark discloses ?

For still in mutual sufferance lies
The secret of true living ;
Love scarce is love that never knows
The sweetness of forgiving.

—Whittier.

The National Association for Supplying Female Medical Aid to the Women of India.

None will more heartily rejoice in the existence of such an association as the above than our missionaries in India, who understand the need better than those far away. It aims to do on a larger scale, and with better facilities, a part of what is done by our medical missionaries. But from the nature of the case, and the various sources from which the funds are derived, this Association must be unsectarian, and to a certain extent secular in its character. Notwithstanding this necessity, its very existence speaks favorably for Christianity as compared with Buddhism, which while providing hospitals for various kinds of animals, forbids the services of the male physician to wife and mother. The first Annual Report of this Association, recently issued, expressed a desire to affiliate with

the medical work of the various missionary societies, a desire which will be cordially reciprocated.

The formation of this society may perhaps be traced back to the message sent to the Queen of England by the Maharanee of Punna in 1881. The story is not new, but may be recalled.

In the beginning of this year 1881, Miss Beilby of Lucknow was summoned by the Maharajah of Punna to attend his wife, who had long been suffering from a painful internal disease, and who could receive no aid from native physicians because the customs of the country positively forbade a zenana lady from being seen by any man except her husband, father or brother. The lady physician, prompt to see the significance of such a call, made the journey of one hundred miles, stayed for weeks in this city in which there was no other European, and devoted herself with so much skill and fidelity to the care of the lady, that a complete recovery was the result. When the time came for her return, the Maharanee entreated her to tell the Queen what the Zenana ladies of India had to suffer in time of sickness, and to give the account in person that it might have more weight. Miss Beilby tried to make her understand that it might not be easy to obtain an audience of the Queen, and that if she could, the Queen would not be able to make lady doctors or order them to go out, not even the great Queen of England could do that. This explanation, however, was not accepted by the persistent lady, who brought pen, ink and paper, and said she *must* write a message, and "Write it small, Doctor Miss Sahiba, for I want to put it in a locket, and you are to wear the locket round your neck till you see our great Queen, and give it to her yourself."

On reaching England, Miss Beilby secured the interview with the Queen, who listened with deepest sympathy to the story the physician had to tell. A kind message was sent to the Maharanee, and another given to Miss Beilby for every one with whom she spoke upon the subject. "We wish it generally known that we sympathize with every effort to relieve the suffering state of the women of India."

From this time the sufferings of the women of India in sickness have attracted much attention in England, which has culminated in this National Association for

their relief. Lady Dufferin, wife of the Viceroy of India, is the efficient president, and the Queen has graciously accepted the position of Royal Patron. Its affairs are managed by a Central Committee, and branches have been formed in many parts of the country. Its aim is to train native women as nurses, doctors and mid-wives, and to open dispensaries and hospitals for women, under the supervision of women, as seems to be necessary in a country where the system of female seclusion prevails.

Large sums have been contributed to the fund for Lady Dufferin's work. One aged and wealthy lady gave \$60,000. A gift of \$50,000 came from a wealthy Parsee to build a hospital, and several foundations for dispensaries have been laid by native gentlemen. The income of the society the first year was £23,000. The subject of medical work in general seems to have had a new impulse throughout the country, and the medical work of missions receives the benefit of it. A remarkable instance is the gift made by the Nawab of Rampore to the mission at Bareilly. Miss Swain, the lady physician, felt the need of a site for a hospital. The most convenient property belonged to the Nawab,—an estate of fifty acres with a large brick house, two wells, a garden and out-buildings. When asked to sell it for Miss Swain's work, his answer was, "Oh, take it, take it, I am glad to give it to you for such a purpose."

By these and many kindred means, God speed the day of deliverance to India's suffering daughters.

Less Bric-a-Brac.

Judging from the protests which are beginning to appear against excessive household decoration, it would seem as if the tide must soon begin to ebb and a simpler style of living become the fashion. *Harper's Magazine* gives us the following:

It is getting to be very embarrassing, this civilization, especially to women. We are accumulating so much, our establishments are becoming so complicated, that daily life is an effort. There are too many "things." Our houses are getting to be museums. A house now is a library, an art gallery, a *bric-a-brac* shop, a furniture warehouse, a crockery store, combined. It is a great establishment, run for the benefit of servants, plumbers, furnace-men, grocers, tinkers. Regarded in one light, it is a very

interesting place, and, in another, it is an eleemosynary institution. We are accustomed to consider it a mark of high civilization; that is to say, the more complicated and overloaded we make our domestic lives, the more civilized we regard ourselves. Now perhaps we are on the wrong track altogether. Perhaps the way to high civilization is toward simplicity and disentanglement, so that the human being will be less a slave to his surroundings and impediments, and have more leisure for his own cultivation and enjoyment. Perhaps life on much simpler terms than we now carry it on with would be on a really higher plane. We have been looking at some pictures of Japanese dwellings, interiors. How simple they are! how little furniture or adornment! how few "things" to care for and be anxious about! Now the Japanese are a very ancient people. They are people of high breeding, polish, refinement. They are in some respects like the Chinese, who have passed through ages and cycles of experience, worn out about all the philosophies and religions then on, and come out on the other side of everything. They have learned to take things rather easily, not to fret, and to get on without a great many incumbrances that we still wearily carry along.

When we look at the Japanese houses and at their comparatively simple life, are we warranted in saying that they are behind us in civilization? May it not be true that they have lived through all our experience, and come down to an easy *modus vivendi*? They may have had their *bric-a-brac* period, their overloaded establishment age, their various measles stages of civilization, before they reached a condition in which life is a comparatively simple affair. This thought must strike any one who sees the present Japanese craze in this country. For, instead of adopting the Japanese simplicity in our dwellings, we are adding the Japanese eccentricities to our other accumulations of odds and ends from all creation, and increasing the incongruity and the complication of our daily life. What a helpless being is the housewife in the midst of her treasures! The Drawer has had occasion to speak lately of the recent enthusiasm in this country for the "cultivation of the mind." It has become almost a fashion. Clubs are formed for this express purpose. But what chance is there for it in the increasing anxieties of

our more and more involved and overloaded domestic life? Suppose we have clubs—Japanese clubs they might be called—for the simplification of our dwellings and for getting rid of much of our embarrassing *menage*.

Important to Know Facts.

Evolutionists are confident that man has developed, by a long succession of changes, from the ascidian. They believe that he began his human existence as a savage, and that he has reached a state of civilization by long and tedious struggles. The rude implements found among the fossil remains of the iron, bronze, and stone ages are thought to demonstrate this slow progress from barbarism.

But a new line of facts has been recently discovered, which throws doubt on the truth of such inferences. It has been found that these so-called savages of the stone age were well acquainted with one of the most delicate operations of surgery.

Mr. Horseley recently reported to the Royal Institution of England some curious facts he had learned from a personal examination of fossil remains of the caves of France. He found no less than sixty cases where the operation of trephining, formerly called trepanning, had evidently been performed.

This operation consists in cutting the skull, and raising the fractured bone so as to prevent its pressure on the substance of the brain.

As the surgeons of that day had only instruments of stone with which to operate, it indicates a superior power of brain and a rare skill to do it successfully.

It is hardly safe to call men capable of such surgical feats rude savages. Kindred facts may yet be discovered which may essentially modify the entire theory of progress, as taught by the evolutionists.

Young Man, You Will Do.

A young man was recently graduated from a scientific school. His home had been a religious one. He was a member of a Christian church, had pious parents, brother and sisters; his family was one in Christ.

On graduating he determined upon a Western life among the mines. Full of courage and hope, he started out on his

long journey to strike out for himself in a new world.

The home prayers followed him. As he went he fell into company with older men. They liked him for his frank manners and his manly independence. As they journeyed together they stopped for a Sabbath in a border town. On the morning of the Sabbath, one of his fellow-travellers said to him "Come, let us be off for a drive and the sights."

"No," said the young man, "I am going to church. I have been brought up to keep the Sabbath, and I have promised my mother to keep on in that way."

His road acquaintance looked at him for a moment, and then slapping him on the shoulder, said "Right my boy. I began in that way. I wish I had kept on. Young man, you will do. Stick to your bringing up and your mother's words, and you will win."

The boy went to church, all honor to him in that far-away place, and among such men. His companions had their drive, but the boy gained their confidence and won their respect by his manly avowal of sacred obligations. Already success is smiling upon the young man. There is no lack of places for him.—*Christian Weekly*.

"How do you define 'black as your hat'?" said a schoolmaster to one of his pupils. "Darkness that may be felt," replied the youthful wit.

Sweep Before Your Own Door.

Do we heed the homely adage handed down
from days of yore,
"Ere you sweep your neighbor's dwelling,
clear the rubbish from your door"?
Let no filth, no rust there gather; leave no
traces of decay;
Pluck up every weed unsightly; brush the
fallen leaves away!

If we faithfully have labored thus to sweep
without, within;
Plucked up envy, evil-speaking, malice, each
besetting sin;
Weeds that by the sacred portals of the inner
temple grow;
Poisonous weeds the heart defiling, bearing
bitterness and woe;

Then, perchance, we may have leisure o'er our
neighbor watch to keep;
All the work assigned us finished, we before
his door may sweep.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1887.

The Hospital Patients.

The fervid July sun made the shady Hospital lawn an attractive lounging place for many of the patients, and groups gathered here and there upon it gave it a cheerful aspect. A paralytic who could not speak English was stretched on a settee under an overhanging tree, and near by a patient with bandaged head complained of the excessive heat, saying the thermometer registered eighty-six in the shade. Tommy was resting at full length on the green sod, and near him was Jacob Moore, who had thrown aside his crutches. The man whose skull had been fractured, six weeks before, by a piece of timber falling upon it, was recovering from his wound, and the surgical operation of removing portions of bone had proved very successful. One of the pupils of the Training School, convalescing from some trouble with the throat, was resting in a rocking chair. Jimmie Sollder, the little boy who was injured by the cars, while he was fishing, had recovered from paralysis, and with bandaged head was strolling about the lawn, evidently appreciating a bag of peanuts that had recently come into his possession. On the west side of the lawn a private patient in her rolling chair was amusing Eva, a little girl who came to the Hospital some weeks since to be treated for St. Vitus's Dance; near by was an interesting group of most of the Pavilion children, under the care of one of the patients who for eight years has had a sore hand, that under Dr. Kempe's care now seems to be rapidly improving.

Twenty patients were under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward, within which during the past month there have been many interesting cases. A horse trainer while training a horse belonging to M. F. Reynolds drove the animal past an ashes barrel

and a loose piece of paper flying from it frightened the animal, the buggy was upset, and the man thrown against the curb-stone, his head was injured, there was concussion of the brain, and the man never recovered consciousness, and died four days after he was brought to the Hospital. Mr. James Shody, from Oswego, an engineer of the Rome and Watertown Railroad, was on an excursion train, and when at Webster saw a head-light approaching on what he supposed was the track on which he was running. He reversed his engine, jumped from the train, was paralyzed, and brought to the Hospital, but lived only a few days. The train with the approaching head-light was on another track. Mr. J. Von K. on whose head a surgical operation was performed in June is doing finely. He feels the operation has cured him. He is so well that for some time he has been discharging the duties of Ward Master. One man for twelve years had had a blood tumor on his leg about the size of an egg, recently it had rapidly enlarged, and it was felt necessary to amputate the leg above the knee. Twelve days after the operation the man was up and wheeled about the Ward in a rolling chair. A man who had been shot by a policeman, and from whose arm three pieces of bone and seven pieces of ball had been removed, was up and dressed and doing well. The man whose knee was fractured by a fall from a lumber wagon was so far recovered that he had been home on a visit. A new patient, a physician, had a malignant growth under his throat. A man while in an ice wagon had been kicked by a mule and sustained a compound fracture of the right leg, below the knee. He did not appear to be suffering much. A man whose limb was resting on a pillow had fallen from a ladder and sprained his ankle. A man with an ulcer below the knee, when brought to the Hospital was suffering from severe inflammation from the foot to the knee, but under Hospital treatment the inflammation had subsided and

the ulcer was rapidly healing. Another patient with abscess on the groin, the result of a strain, had had tubes inserted for drainage. A man who for twenty years had been engineer on the Pacific Mail Steamship company, and sailed between San Francisco and New York, had been paralyzed, but was rapidly improving and hoped to be able again to resume his duties as engineer.

In the Male Medical Wards were twenty patients but one of whom was confined to his cot and he was convalescing from fever. Three were rheumatic patients. Peter Craig was so much better that he went down town on pleasant days, and the eczema patient who has so long kept his bed was able to be out and spend an hour at a time on the lawn. One man was a paralytic. One death had occurred during July.

Five of the twenty invalids in the Female Medical Ward were confined to the cots. One death had occurred during the month. The woman whose chest was aspirated was able to sit up and walk about a little each day. There were no fever patients and few new comers and most of the invalids were convalescing.

There were three deaths in July in the Female Surgical Ward; one was the result of cancer, another of consumption. Two patients were in bed. One of these was *grossmutter* who had some difficulty with her stomach. The eye patient was kept in a darkened room, and the inflammation had somewhat subsided, but she had not recovered her sight. Most of the occupants of this ward were under treatment for chronic diseases.

Five babies with their mothers were in the Nursery. One of the babies was a wee one weighing but six pounds.

The Little Folks.

Louis Yoker, a boy thirteen years old, is a new patient. He had been swimming and had crawled over the cars and they

came together, crushing his foot. This was in a shocking condition when he was brought to the Hospital, but for three weeks it had been kept soaking in water at a temperature of a hundred degrees, and by this treatment the foot will probably be saved.

Rose Niggli, a very dark-complexioned, feeble looking German girl, is a new patient, and we are sure, dear children, it would make your hearts ache to look at her. We first saw her seated on the lawn in a rocking chair with a pillow beneath her, her swollen knee and limp limb attracting our attention. She has a white swelling on her right knee and one on her arm, and there are indications that the other knee will be similarly afflicted. Eva, the little girl who had St. Vitus's dance, is so much better she will soon go home. Maud is able to use her limb, but it is still somewhat contracted. Sarah, the colored child, is more feeble than she has been. She had a boil on her chin and abscesses on her side and leg that are discharging. Max said he found his plaster of Paris jacket very hot and uncomfortable during the hot days. Clark Davis made a visit home but was glad to get back to the Pavilion. The plaster of Paris jacket had made his back sore and had therefore been removed. Johnnie Sollder was so much better that we found him playing on the lawn though his head was still bandaged. He had recovered from paralysis. Jacob Moore had had an abscess on the hip lanced. When we were on the Hospital lawn we heard a sweet little voice singing, in the midst of a group of the Pavilion children, and found Sarah Hallohan was the youthful musician, but we tried in vain to have her sing for our amusement. Katy McCarthy is being treated for curvature of the spine and for general debility. Fred. Witzel, fourteen years old, who had abscesses on his hand, after losing his finger in the Vacuum Oil works, was improving.

Remember the A B C schemes.

The Children's Party.

The engrossing subject with all the little folks was a delightful surprise that had been prepared for them by Mrs. W S. Osgood, of South Washington street. Her heart had gone out in sympathy for the dear children who had little in the Hospital to break the monotony of their regular life. She, with a few kind young friends, entertained them delightfully at her city home. Some of the young ladies who had instructed the children and brought them fruit and flowers offered to wheel those who were not able to go in the street cars to South Washington street. The children who could walk patronized the street cars, and all of the Pavilion children, with the exception of little Sarah, the colored child, shared Mrs. Osgood's hospitality. The grounds were adorned with Chinese lanterns, swinging chairs were arranged, and a bountiful repast of things the children appreciated were provided for them. They told us they had animal crackers, tongue, sandwiches, lemonade, cake, ice cream, and everything that was nice, and brought home some of their goodies for Sarah, who was too feeble to accompany them. They all tried to talk together to tell us of their rare pleasure, and we are sure the memory of the day will be a joyous one to them. Miss Hebbard told us that the kind hostess reported the children behaved beautifully. No evil followed the party; the invalids were somewhat tired but slept remarkably well and seemed fully to appreciate the kindness of their friends. We wish some of our friends who have carriages would occasionally take the Hospital children out for a drive.

The A B C Scheme.

Mrs. Mathews' Report indicates the success so far of the A B C scheme, and we hope next month to add more to this list. All of the B's have been heard from and most of them have been successful in carry-

ing out the designated scheme. The excessive, long continued heat has not been very propitious for workers in many departments, and some who would gladly have aided us, have been, on this account, deterred from so doing. As every scheme blank represents a dollar, we hope all holding papers will, at their convenience, report to Mrs. Mathews, and if they cannot just now do so, we trust they will preserve their schemes, and, in due time, return them accompanied by the dollar. In looking over the list of those who have given their twenty-five cent subscriptions, we find the names of many new friends of the Hospital, and we are grateful to all who, by small or larger gifts, aid us in our efforts to pay the debt on the Pavilion. We are glad to know that in many of the neighboring towns there are those who are trying to carry out the A B C scheme. The children in the Pavilion come from places² all around us, and as we welcome many little ones from different sections of Western New York we shall also welcome subscriptions from neighboring villages. During the summer vacations it will be a good time for the children to collect twenty-five cents each from some of their friends, and many such offerings will swell the amount of the Pavilion fund.

Infants' Summer Hospital.

Every mother who recalls her anxious vigils with teething children, or on whose threshold the gloomy shadow of cholera infantum has ever rested, will rejoice that, through the liberality of Col. H. S. Greenleaf and the perseverance of the Drs. Moore and other friends of children, a refuge is at last provided for the suffering little ones on Guilford Bluff.

Two large tents furnished with neat and attractive looking cots, protected by pink and white mosquito nettings, offer tempting resting places for the sick babies and their weary, anxious mothers, and the soothing balm of Ontario's breezes wel-

comes the wailing infants, and like Bethesda's waters, imparts its healing virtues to the afflicted.

This modern Bethesda is more liberal than that of the olden time, for there only he who "first after the troubling of the waters stepped in was made whole;" but here, from Ontario's broad bosom comes a benediction large enough to encircle all the teething infants of Rochester.

During one week of the recent heated term, eighty deaths were reported within six days, in Rochester, of children most of whom were less than a year old.

Besides the two large tents for the babies and their mothers there are several smaller ones for the employees of the Summer Hospital, and for dining room, laundry and cooking purposes, and also an open pavilion on the edge of the bluff, where, through the day, sheltered overhead by an awning, the little ones can inhale the invigorating air.

Miss E. C. Jones, a graduate of our Training School, who for a time acted as Supervising Nurse at the City Hospital, is winning laurels by her tender, motherly care of the sick infants. Her associates—graduates of our Training School—Misses Helen Jones, Da Belle and Conroy, are indefatigable in their loving ministries, and it is a pleasure to see how devoted, happy and successful they are in their work.

On the evening of August 2d, we visited the Infants' Summer Hospital, where we found nineteen children, some with their mothers and others from the Rochester Orphan Asylum, all of whom were doing well. In the arms of one of the nurses was a blue-eyed, bright-looking baby, three months old, that had not opened its eyes for forty-eight hours before coming to the lake. About twelve hours after its arrival, it opened its eyes, began to cry, and was taken out in a boat, slept well, and since then has been gaining all the time. Another child who had cholera infantum, and

had not slept for twelve hours, was brought to the Hospital and taken on the water, when it fell into a gentle sleep, seemed refreshed, and has since been steadily improving. The first patient, little Edna, was a motherless babe from the Orphan Asylum, a very interesting little creature, a pet with all the cottagers. Two mothers had each two children so young they may both be ranked as babies.

The summer's experience will test the efficacy of Ontario's breezes, and we hope the present experiment will be but the initiatory step to a more substantial refuge, where, in sunshine and in storm, the little ones afflicted with summer diseases incident to childhood may find a safe and healthful retreat.

Our Bountiful Benefactor.

Mrs. S. S. Gould, Jr., of Seneca Falls, has sent us a large Saratoga trunk filled with beautifully made clothes which will be very useful for our Pavilion children. Among these are 10 embroidered skirts, 11 white dresses for boys, 7 flannel skirts, 26 pairs of drawers, 12 under vests for adults, and 15 for children, 3 Jersey suits for boys, 2 woolen shirts for boys, 30 pairs of stockings, 6 infant's wrappers, woolen scarfs and caps for boys, 7 pairs of night drawers, 3 flannel petticoats for infants, picture cards, toys, mittens, gloves, shoes, rubbers, basket of books, pink and white mosquito netting. Mrs. Gould has often before, in a substantial way, expressed her interest in our little ones.

Flower Glasses.

We are indebted to Miss B. Brewster for collecting money from the following persons, each of whom contributed enough to procure a dozen glasses for flowers: Mrs. Warham Whitney, Mrs. E. F. Brewster, Mrs. J. C. Bertholf, Mrs. Granger Hollister, Misses Macy, Hathaway and M. B. Brewster.

Old cotton always acceptable.

The Pavilion Fund.

The Third Presbyterian Church Sunday School has sent us \$25, the offerings of one Sunday. The Park Avenue children have made \$1 by an entertainment, and sent this to the Pavilion fund. The following donation comes from an unknown source :

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 13, 1887.

Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer, etc.:

DEAR MADAM—Enclosed find \$1, being proceeds of "Our slang box." We prefer to have this devoted to the Childrens' Pavilion.

Thanks.

We are indebted to the Union & Advertiser Co. for generously giving us 5,000 A B C scheme blanks and also for printing 10,000 at only the cost of the paper.

Annual Subscription to the Rochester City Hospital.

Collected by Mrs. D. Andrews: A friend, Benj. E. Chase, L. A. Jeffrey, Geo. W. Archer, C. A. Phillips, John Kelly, C. J. Burke, C. F. Pond, J. C. Hart, Mrs. Wm. Corning, Mrs. W. N. Oothout, Curtice Brothers & Co., D. Palmer, S. B. Roby, James Wilson & Co., G. W. Crouch, Jr., Warham Whitney, J. R. Hunt, Geo. Eastman, \$5.00 each. Mrs. D. M. Hough, J. M. Libersold & Bros., J. G. Davis, \$2.00 each. By Mrs. H. F. Huntington: Mrs. Geo. Griffin, \$5.00.

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Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Treas.

Receipts for the Review.

JULY, 1887.

Thomas McBlain, Geneva, by Mrs. C. E. Converse 50
Mrs. H. O. Putnam, Buffalo, by Mrs. H. F. Huntington 50
Mrs. M. Rochester, Cincinnati, Ohio, by Mrs. W. H. Perkins 50
C. Cauley & Co., Adv., \$5.00; Curran & Golor, Adv., \$5.00; Wm. Eastwood, Adv., \$5.00; J. Fahy & Co., Adv., \$5; W. H. Glennly & Co., Adv., \$5; Ira A. Lovejoy, Adv., \$5; Miss S. M. Lawrence, 62c; Mrs. W. S. Osgood, 62c; Osgood & Brigham, Adv., \$5; Mrs. W. H. Perkins, 2 subs., \$1.12; Scrantom,

Wetmore & Co., Adv., \$5; by Mrs. M. M. Mathews \$42.36
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MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treasurer,
96 Spring Street.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

RECEIPTS TO AUGUST 1, 1887.

Mrs. J. Presto, Bath, Card 80 \$ 1.00
"Proceeds of an entertainment given by Park Avenue Children." 1 00
Contents of "Slang Box." 1 00
Sunday School of the Third Presbyterian Church 25.00
"Mrs. C. G. Starkweather's box," 56
Frank Quinn 2.00

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SERIES "E."—Miss Annie Upton, 1.00; Extra, 25c; Albert G. Duncan, 1.00; Miss A. M. Woodbury, 1.00; Mrs. Horace C. Brewster, 1.00; Mrs. W. C. Bush, 1.00; Extra, 75c; Jas. S. Watson, 1.00; Mrs. I. S. Averell, 1.00; H. W. Sibley, 1.00; Mrs. Hiram Sibley, 1.00; Mrs. F. S. Upton, 1.00; Mrs. E. A. Miles, 1.60; Mrs. G. D. Butler, 1.00; Mrs. J. C. VanEpps, 1.00; J. Alex. Hayden, 1.00; Miss Nettie A. Burgess, 1.00; Miss Carrie M. Soule, 1.00; Mrs. J. H. Stuart, 1.00; M. Cauffman, 1.00; Miss Fannie Rosenberg, 1.00; Mrs. F. A. Macomber, 1.00; Mrs. E. P. Gould, 1.00; C. I. Hughson, 1.00; Extra, 25c; Miss Elizabeth Farrar, 1.00; Mrs. J. O. Hall, 1.00; Mrs. E. H. Howard, 1.00; Miss Nelly H. Motley, 1.00; Miss Julia E. Thompson, 1.00 28.25
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C. Brewster, 1.00; Miss M. E. Carson, 1.00; Mr. James S. Watson (4), 4.00; Mrs. I. S. Averell (4), 4.00; H. W. Sibley (4), 4.00; Mrs. Hiram Sibley (4), 4.00; Frank S. Upton (3), 3.00; Laura M. Upton, 1.00; Mrs. Arthur J. Gibbons, 1.00; Mrs. Hosea Martin, 1.00; Extra, 50c; Mrs. Wm. Eastwood, 1.00; Miss M. Beattie, 1.00; Mrs. E. S. Fray, 1.00; Extra, 25c; Mrs. Dr. Farley, 1.00; H. V. W. Wickes, 1.00; F. & H. Cotchefer, 1.00; Miss Carrie M. Soule, 1.00; Mrs. W. S. Dewey, 1.00; Mrs. F. L. Murray, 1.00; Mrs. Amos Skeele, 1.00; Miss Marion Drew, 1.00; Miss M. E. Husbands, 1.00; Mrs. H. D. Wilkins, 1.00; Mrs. F. A. Macomber (4), 4.00; Miss C. L. Gould, 1.00; Mrs. S. A. Servis, 1.00; Extra, 25c; Mrs. Hiram Hoyt, 1.00; B. F. Freeman, 1.00; Miss Mabel Croft, 1.00; Mrs. W. B. Sylvester, Brockport, 1.00; Miss S. M. Hough, 1.00 ... 59.75

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Receipts for the month.....	\$ 324.56
Previously acknowledged.....	3,495.56

Total receipts\$3,820.12

We still require \$2,679.88 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 July 1.....	85
Received during Month.....	67
Births.....	7
	—159
Discharged during Month.....	52
Deaths.....	11
Number remaining in Hospital July 1, 96	—159

Donations for July.

Mrs. Cowley—Reading matter.
M. A. S., June 15—25 Seaside novels and old cotton.
Mrs. D. K. Robinson—16 lbs. of butter.
Mrs. A. Backus—Closet chair.
Moore & Cole—Reading matter.
Mrs. John Moore—Reading matter.
Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt—Toys, etc.
Mrs. Earl B. Putnam—Children's clothing, underwear, hose, neckties, etc.
Mrs. A. D. Fiske, N. Y. city—1 pair of slippers.
Belle Bradley—Reading matter.
Mrs. S. S. Gould, Seneca Falls—Large trunk full of children's clothing of every description—dresses, skirts, drawers, underwear, shoes, caps, etc., books, games, picture cards too numerous to mention.
Bertie Elva Burnes—Scrap book.
Mrs. Swering—Infant's clothing.
Miss Hopkins—Old cotton.
Eddie Fenner—Reading matter for Children's Pavilion.
Mrs. Wray—Reading matter.
Friend—Old cotton.
Mrs. Weaver—Second-hand shirts and old cotton.

Mrs. Alfred Wright—Child's truss.
Mrs. J. A. Stull—Second-hand shirts, col-
lars, stockings, water-proof circular and old
cotton.
Miss Florence Osgood—5 books.
Miss Angie Mumford—Second-hand clothing.
Mr. Ponnett—Reading matter.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 1, of
Chronic Nephritis, Catherine E. Hoyt, aged
70 years.

July 2, Achsah Newland, aged 71 years.

July 5, Henry Quinn, aged 4 years 6 months.

July 8, Efal Sholtz Feezler.

July 9, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, Minnie
Northorst aged 32 years.

July 12, Mrs. Cora Brown, aged 35 years.

July 19, George Birdsey, aged 52 years.

July 17, of Compression of Brain, Peter San-
derson, aged 42 years.

July 20, Infant of Kate Graham.

July 28, James L. Snody, aged 25 years.

July 30, Susie King, aged 40 years.

Sagacity of the Partridge.

Instances of the sagacity of the partridge,
woodcock and other birds have often been
related. But the most singular illustration
of the deception practiced by the first of
these wily species to protect their young is
given by Mr. Henshaw, of the Government
Survey, west of the one hundredth meridian.
While riding through pine woods a brood
of partridges, containing the mother and
eight or ten of about a week old, was come
upon so suddenly that the feet of the fore-
most mule almost trod upon them. The
young rose, flew a few yards, and, dropping
down, were in an instant hid in the under-
brush. The mother meanwhile began some
very peculiar tactics. Rising up, she fell
back again to the ground as if perfectly
helpless, and imitated the actions of a
wounded bird so successfully that for a
moment it was thought she had really been
trodden upon. Several of the men, com-
pletely deceived, attempted to catch her,
but she fluttered away, keeping just out of
reach of their hands until they had been
enticed ten or twelve yards off, when she
rose and was off like a bullet. Her tactics
had successfully covered the retreat of her
young.

Take care lest your tongue should cut off
your head.

Tennyson's Locks.

During a long cruise it is customary, we
believe, on a man-of-war, to give the crew
a play-day now and then, the summons be-
ing, "All hands, ahoy! to make mischief!"
For an hour or two Jack, being at liberty
to make as much fun as he pleases, behaves
like a schoolboy just let out.

The undergraduates of Oxford are en-
titled by custom to turn "commemoration
day," when degrees are conferred, into a
day of mischief-making, and they uproar-
iously avail themselves of the privilege.
One of their amusements is to chaff the dis-
tinguished men who enter the Oxord
Theatre, where commemoration is held, to
receive honorary degrees.

A few years ago the poet Tennyson was
honored by Oxford with the degree of D.
C. L. When he entered the theatre, on his
way to the platform, to be presented to the
Chancellor who confers the degrees, the
students in the gallery noticed the poet's
dishevelled hair, hanging in disordered
locks on his shoulders, and a voice called
out to him, "Alfred, did your mother call
you early, dear?"

Those who are familiar with the "Queen
of the May," will recall the opening line:

"You must wake and call me early, call me early,
mother dear."

Take joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow and cherish her;
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee,
When thou art working in the furrows; ay,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.

It is a comely fashion to be glad;
Joy is the grace we say to God.

—Jean Ingelow.

Oh, let thy will be stirred,
To purest purpose and divinest deed,
And every hour be touched with grace and life.

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ver, Bronze and Boxwood, &c., &c.

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by the firm, are submitted on application.

Trust.

Build a little fence of trust
Around to-day;
Fill the space with loving work,
And therein stay.

Look out from the sheltering bars
Upon to-morrow;
God will give you grace to bear what e'er
may come
Of joy or sorrow.

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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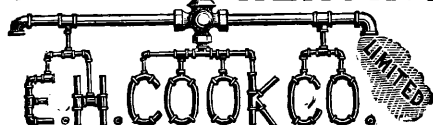
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1887.

No. 2.

A City Incident.

BY GEORGE BANCROFT GIFFITH.

It was only a bootblack, cheaply clad—
A poor, unlettered, luckless lad—
Who knelt in an alley-way,
A few white blossoms that soon would fade
To cull from a wreath which the chambermaid
That morning had thrown away.

"To clean from the mud, you must love them
well ;

You cannot expect such things to sell,"
Said a man just passing by.

"Sell 'em? Not I! They're for sister Lill,"
And the bootblack's eyes began to fill,
And he breathed a weary sigh.

"For your sweetheart, I think, my sly young
imp,
Whose flowing locks she fain would primp."
But the boy, with quiv'ring chin,
Looked up and said "Believe me, sir,
These poor bruised things I cull for her—
My sister, so pale and thin!"

"She talks of nothing but flowers and birds.
Save when she prays; then, sir, *such* words
As our darling speaks to God!
And mother says dear Lill will die
Before another Spring draws nigh,
And bright flowers gem the sod."

The banker was deeply moved, and said
As he patted the ragged gamin's head

"Come, drop those mean things all!"

How the florist at his patron stared,
When he gave the lad a wreath prepared
For his petted daughter's ball,

And bade him with trembling voice haste
home,

And not forget each day to come

For a rare bouquet for Lill!

And he heard *she* said, while glad tears shone,

"Of that moneyed prince before God's throne,
I'll speak when my heart is still."

Remember, every moment of resistance
to temptation is a victory.—Faber.

"His Faithful Soldier."

"O nurse! do see if the carriage isn't coming up the drive."

It was the third time the little, tired, plaintive voice from the sofa had made this inquiry within ten minutes, and once again the kind-faced, spectacled old woman laid down her work and peered out through the library window, only to return the same answer as before.

"Not a sign of it yet, dear. The clock hasn't chimed the quarter yet, and the train isn't due till then."

"O nurse, how slowly the time goes. I'm so tired of waiting," and the little invalid turned impatiently round, disarranging once more the dark, clustering curls that poor, patient nurse had just smoothed so carefully.

"Poor lambie," she said, stooping to kiss the little, feverish face. "It's a sorry change Uncle Rex will see in you."

It was truly a sorry change that three months had wrought in the bonny boy who had stood shouting his last good-bye to Uncle Rex in the snow-clad porch of the old Manor. He had been all health and activity then. What merry snowballing matches he and his soldier uncle had enjoyed together! What delicious slides on the frozen pond! What long walks on the hard, country roads, with ice crackling beneath their feet, and the bare branches overhead gleaming white with hoar frost. Douglas remembered it quite well. O how everything had changed for him since then! A venturesome slide down from the top of the broad balustrade, a sudden giddiness, a brightness and beauty had been crushed out of the boy's young life, and the high-spirited, restless, little lad had been transformed into a helpless cripple.

The prospect of his uncle's visit had been the only thing that had seemed to bring Douglas any pleasure since the sorrowful day when his father had broken the sad news so tenderly to his motherless child.

"Never to run about any more!" Douglas had repeated the words over and over before he could bring himself to realize their truth. Vainly was his every wish anticipated. Toys, pictures, books alike failed to please him. "Make me well again," had been his constant cry to the doctors, to the nurses, to the loving father, who would have given all he possessed to restore his

child to health and strength had that been possible.

Sorely poor little Douglas tried those around him by his irritability and impatience. On the bright Spring afternoon of which I am writing, he had just sent poor old nurse to look out for the sixth time, when the welcome sound of wheels was heard at last.

"How I wish he would make haste," fretted Douglas, impatiently, as the well-known tones of Uncle Rex's voice were borne to his ear. "He needn't stop so long talking to papa."

A moment later the library door was opened, and Douglas outstretched his thin little arms in welcome to a tall, soldierly-looking young man. "O Uncle Rex! I thought you were never coming. I've wanted you so badly!"

"Have you, Douglas? Poor little chap! It has gone badly with you since I saw you last."

"O Uncle Rex," sobbed the little child, "it's all spoilt, everything we talked about when you were here before. I can never, never be a soldier now, like you and grandpa, and win great battles, and be called a hero, and wear a lot of medals like he has in the picture."

Douglas had always loved that picture of the grandfather he could not remember, the fine, noble-looking soldier, something like Uncle Rex, only much older. In the days when he had been well and strong, Douglas used to stand and gaze at the full-length portrait, and picture himself in a similar dress, with a big sword at his side; and his uncle noticed that the picture was hanging now where he could see it from his sofa. It had been the boy's wish to have it there, and though his father had objected at first, fearing it would only serve to remind his child of the dreams that could never now be realized, he had given way when he saw how his heart was set upon it.

"Poor little Douglas," said Uncle Rex, kindly, taking one of the small, wasted hands in his. "It must be very hard for you, I know; but you must not think you cannot be a hero, because this trouble has come to you."

"Why, how can I be a hero if I'm lame, Uncle Rex, and have to lie on this sofa all my life? I can't do any of the great things I planned, and I meant to do such a lot."

"You remember, Douglas, you told me

when I was here at Christmas, that you meant to be a soldier of the great King, as well as of the Queen; and we talked about the promise that was made for you when you were a little baby, 'To continue Christ's faithful soldier unto your life's end.' By bearing this trouble He has sent you bravely and patiently, you can serve Him better than in any other way."

"But that isn't at all the sort of soldier I should like to be," said Douglas. "I want to do something great; not just lie still."

"Doing is always easier than bearing, Douglas; but God does not always let us choose the way in which we will serve Him. He knows what is best for us far better than we do, and you may be as great a hero as any a battlefield has ever known."

"Even though I'm lame, Uncle Rex?"

"Yes, dear. 'Patient in tribulation is what you must strive to be; that is the work our great Captain has given you to do.'"

"That means not getting cross when the pain is very bad, doesn't it, Uncle Rex? I get dreadfully cross often, even when it's only because nurse doesn't bring me something I want just at the minute, and then sometimes, when my back hurts so, I feel as though I must call out, although I know it makes papa very unhappy. If I were to try very hard not to, and bury my face in the pillow so as he wouldn't hear, do you think that would be as good as winning just a very tiny battle?"

"Quite as good, Douglas; I am sure of that," said Uncle Rex.

"And when I have to take that nasty medicine, if I swallow it up quick, instead of making a fuss wont that be doing something brave, too?"

"Why, you have found out quite a number of ways already in which you may be a hero."

"But it will be so hard to go on being brave always," said Douglas, with a sigh. "Grandpapa was seventy when he died, and I am only ten. I shall get so tired of fighting. O papa!" he added, impatiently, as his father entered, "you haven't come to take Uncle Rex away, have you?"

"I have scarcely spoken to your uncle yet, Douglas; can't you spare him to me now?"

There was a momentary struggle in the boy's breast, and then he drew his uncle's

head down, and whispered in his ear "I don't want you to go, Uncle Rex; but I know poor papa wants to talk to you, and I'm going to be brave."

"Your first victory over self, Douglas," said Uncle Rex, with an encouraging smile, as he rose and followed his brother from the room.

Only a few happy days was Uncle Rex able to spend at the Manor, for the call had come for him to go forth and fight for Queen and country in a distant land.

"I will never forget what you told me," sobbed Douglas, at parting. "Whenever I look at grandpapa's picture I shall think about it, and try to be as brave as he was, and you are, Uncle Rex, only in a different way."

Once again the Spring-time had clothed the trees around the old Manor in a new garment of green, and once again the rustic hues of Autumn had replaced their Summer foliage, and Uncle Rex knelt beside his little nephew's couch once more. Time had wrought some change in the young soldier, for he had undergone much suffering and hardship for the sake of the country he had served so loyally and well; but far more changed was little Douglas, and Uncle Rex was grieved and shocked to see how white and thin the child's face had become. But in spite of all, there was a very bright, happy expression on it, as he nestled in his uncle's strong arms; the old, tired, impatient look was there no longer.

"So this is your Victoria Cross, Uncle Rex. I've wanted to see it so much. I was so glad when they told me you had won it."

"And you have been brave too, Douglas, brave and patient. Every one has told me that."

"I have tried, Uncle Rex, though it was very difficult sometimes; but it hasn't been so bad since I knew it wouldn't be for very long. Papa cried when he told me that. I know he did, although he didn't want me to see; but I was so glad; it would have been so hard to be always brave. Only I asked God to let me see you again first."

"You mustn't mind my going," continued the child, as his uncle did not answer. "I shall never have this bad pain in heaven, and mother will be there, and Jesus. Do you know, uncle, I have often wondered whether He'll mind my having done so little for Him, only He knows I couldn't help it, because I was ill and lame."

"He knows all about it, darling. He has seen how bravely you have striven to bear your cross."

"And, Uncle Rex, don't you think that perhaps, when I get to heaven, Jesus will give me one of those golden crowns, and He will say 'You may wear this crown, little Douglas, because, though you have never won any great victories for Me, you have tried hard to be My faithful little soldier.' Don't you think perhaps He will?"

"I am sure of it, dear."

"'Unto my life's end. That was what the clergyman said when he christened me, wasn't it? It's getting very near the end, now, Uncle Rex."

Yes, little Douglas, the end was very near for you then; the end of all the pain and weariness you had borne so patiently, of the battles over selfishness and impatience you had fought so bravely. Only a few more short, suffering days remained to you on earth, and then the loving Saviour took you home to Himself forever, to wear amid the white-robed multitude in heaven the crown that He has promised to all who are His faithful soldiers and servants below.—*The Church Press.*

The Miser's Hand.

FROM THE ENGLISH JOURNAL.

One evening, in the year 1520, a female, completely enveloped in a long black mantle, was walking towards the bridge of Rialto in Venice. Her steps were weak and uneven, and at intervals she looked around with a hurried, frightened glance.

She paused at the centre of the bridge, and looked down with a shudder on the clear, blue waters of the Adriatic; then, closing her eyes, and murmuring faintly, "Antonio, my Antonio—adieu!" she prepared to throw herself over the parapet.

Just as she was falling a man rushed forward, seized her with a powerful grasp, and drawing her back, said:

"Girl, destroy not the life which has been given you! If you are unhappy enter your church, kneel on its hallowed pavement, pour out your sorrow, and thank your Maker that you have been preserved from rushing uncalled into His presence!"

The girl tried impatiently to shake off the strong, kind hand that held her, and said:

"Let me go! I must die in peace!"

In another moment she tottered and fell to the ground, where she lay without sense or motion. Her preserver raised her head, and, in order to give her air, drew back the veil which concealed her features. They were lovely, and the man gazed on her with wonder and admiration as she was gradually restored.

By degrees she told him who she was and where she lived. Her history might be summed up in a few words: An avaricious father, a poor lover, a mutual but unhappy love. Vainly had Maria pleaded with her father, a rich inn-keeper in Venice, the cause of her lover, Antonio Barbarigo, the handsomest gondolier plying beneath the Bridge of Sighs.

At length, this evening, her father, Giannettini, so far forgot himself as to strike his daughter with some violence; and she with a far more culpable neglect of her duty, fled from her home, and, as we have seen, was arrested on the verge of suicide.

The person who had saved her led her gently to her home, and, having given her up to her father, seated himself in an obscure corner of the hostelry.

Giannettini received his child with rude reproaches; and bidding her retire to her own apartment, he cast a suspicious glance at the person who had brought her home; whose stout, manly figure and firm countenance, however, deterred the innkeeper from addressing him in a hostile manner.

As Maria turned to depart a young gondolier appeared at the door, and furtively approaching her, said:

"Dearest! Dearest!"

Giannettini rushed forward, shouting:

"Out of this! Out of my house, beggar!"

The young man did not stir.

"Have you finished!" he said in a good-humored tone. "Wherefore these hard words? Have you never loved, Signor Giannettini? Have you totally forgotten the feelings of your youth? Know you not that since I was ten years old and Maria five we have loved each other fondly? Will you not, then, allow us to hallow your old age with grateful blessings, or must we water your path with tears?"

"I don't want to have a parcel of beggars for my grandchildren," said Giannettini, roughly.

"Certainly, you are rich," replied the young man; "but what hinders that I should not become so too! A stout arm,

a brave heart, an honest soul, will, with the help of heaven, do much."

"A lover's dream!"

"Nay," said Antonio, "it is sober sense. Prince Lorenzo de Medici was a merchant; Duke Giacomo Sforza a cowherd."

The man in the corner had harkened attention to this dialogue. He arose, and touching Barbarigo's shoulder, said:

"Well spoken, gondolier. Courage brings success, and struggling, conquest. Maria shall be thy wife!"

"Never!" cried Giannettini.

"Well," said the unknown, turning disdainfully toward him, "if this youth could lay down six hundred pistoles, would you object to the marriage?"

"Be that as it may, you must remember that he is now little better than a pauper."

"Pshaw?" said the unknown, "babblers are more tiresome than thieves? Before to-morrow you shall handle that sum."

So saying he drew from his pocket a piece of parchment and a crayon, and, turning to a table, began rapidly to sketch a man's hand. It was represented open, impatient, with hollowed palm, as if expecting a shower of gold pieces. It had, so to speak, an avaricious expression, and one of the fingers was encircled with a massive ring.

"Tis my hand!" cried Giannettini.

"And your history," said the artist.

Giving the sketch to Antonio, the author desired him to carry it to Pietro Benvolo, librarian at the palace of St. Mark, and demand in exchange for it six hundred pistoles.

"Six hundred fools' heads!" cried the innkeeper. "I would not give a zecchin for it."

Without speaking the artist turned haughtily away.

The gondolier took the parchment and looked with astonishment at its guise. He then turned doubtfully towards Maria, but a glance from her soft, dark eyes reassured him, and he set out on his mission. An hour passed; then hasty, joyous steps were heard, and Antonio appeared, bearing in his hand a bag and a letter. The bag contained six hundred pistoles, and the letter was addressed to the artist, and prayed him to honor the librarian with a visit.

"Take these coins and weigh them," said the unknown, as he threw the bag towards Giannettini.

Antonio Barbarigo stood before his benefactor, pale and trembling with joy.

"One favor more," he said; "who are you?"

"What does it matter?"

"What does it matter, say you?" cried the gondolier. "Much, much to me! Tell me your name, signor, that I may love and honor it to the last moment of my life!"

"Men call me Michael Angelo!"

As to the crayon sketch of the miser's hand, it was taken from Italy by a soldier in Napoleon's army, and placed in the Louvre. During the invasions of 1814, it was unfortunately lost, and, so far as can be ascertained, has never been recovered. The story of its production, however, still lingers among the traditions of Venice.



There is an old story about a man who carried two bags slung across his shoulder: in the one that hung behind him he put all his own faults, and in the one in front those of other people. It is apt to be true of us all that we notice the faults of others, and forget about and easily excuse our own. Shall we not all see whether we are carrying bags in this way? And if we find that we are, shall we not try to turn them around; so that other people's faults may be behind our backs, but our own before us, where we can see them plainly, and try to get rid of them.—Christian Advocate.



Prof. Drummond dropped a little sentence at Northfield the other day, which ought to set a good many of us thinking: "Christ's time was largely taken up in making people happy."



Depend upon it, in the midst of all the science about the world and its ways, and all the ignorance of God and His greatness, the man or woman who can say "Thy will be done," with true heart us, is nearer the secret of things than the geologist and theologian.—George MacDonald.



Many men employ the first part of their life in sowing seed that makes the rest of their life miserable.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1887.

The A B C Blanks.

The reports this month from the A B C blanks have been smaller than during the previous month, but this is easily accounted for, as so many of our friends were absent from the city in August. September brings back many of the wanderers, and we trust all who have received the A B C scheme blanks will carefully preserve them, (as each represents a dollar), and will return them, each accompanied by a dollar to Mrs. R. Mathews, treasurer of the Pavilion fund. Our friends in Canandaigua and other neighboring towns have kindly remembered us. The Pavilion children are by no means all of them from Rochester, and as children out of the city share with Rochester children the benefits of the Pavilion, it is but right they should be represented in the A B C scheme. If every blank sent out could be returned with one dollar, this would pay the Pavilion debt. The object of this scheme is to pay the debt without making a large demand on any one person. If all the blanks now issued could receive each the name of four persons with a contribution of twenty-five cents from each, the work would be done. Many of the names sent in on the blank schemes are those of persons who have not been previously interested as contributors to the Hospital, and we doubt not that many others with a little effort could be obtained.

Please remember our debt and also that many hands make light work. Collect the twenty-five cents and send in the dollars.

As we pass through the Hospital wards we find the traces of the young ladies of the Flower Mission, and their beautiful gifts gladden the invalids and brighten the Hospital.

Hospital Inmates.

As we entered the Hospital grounds on the morning of September sixth, the falling, withered leaves proclaimed that the glory of summer was departing; the sound of the woodman's axe fell on our ear, and with a sudden crash one of the old locusts bowed its lofty head and lay prostrate on the green lawn. The mandate—more sunshine—had gone forth, and sixteen of the old tenants of the Hospital grounds, whose wide-spreading branches for many years had waved their protecting shadows over the invalids, had been laid low. Most of the condemned trees were locusts, whose rapid growth had made them valuable in their younger days, but other deciduous trees had assumed goodly proportions, and sunshine rather than shade was needed for the Hospital inmates. One of the small pavilions was empty, in the other was a man who in the discharge of his duties as brakeman of a gravel train fell and had both legs run over by the cars. No bones were broken, and his flesh wounds were healing.

Our first visit was to the MALE SURGICAL WARD where twenty-three patients were under treatment. One of these was a colored boy with a large swelling on his neck, a new patient. Another was a man whose horses had run away with him; he had received a large scalp wound and been otherwise injured. Jacob Moore, the boy with abscesses, was having another one on the inside of his thigh, and was suffering considerably. Our notes on this ward have unfortunately disappeared, and our report is consequently very meagre.

There were fifteen under care in the MALE MEDICAL WARD, five of whom were confined to their cots. One of these was a paralytic, another had some disease of the bladder, a third was a consumptive, another was suffering acutely from sciatic rheumatism, and the fifth was a boy, a new patient, who had just been brought in. In the Cross ward were two typhoid fever patients. One

was convalescing, and in the other case the fever had not passed its crisis. The eczema patient who has so long been receiving hospital treatment, intended the next week to start for his home in Missouri. He proposed to take a berth in the car and hoped to be able to endure the long journey. Peter Craig, the aged colored man, had died. He had a diseased heart and dropsical effusion.

There were but seven patients in the FEMALE SURGICAL WARD. Skin grafting had been tried on a woman who had long been afflicted with an ulcer on her leg. It was hoped the operation would be successful. Tilly had had no more diseased flesh removed from her arm but was receiving hypodermic injections. Grossmutter was not quite so well as usual, but one can hardly expect vigorous health in a patient ninety-two years old. The woman with fractured clavicle had recovered and gone home; the woman who had been operated upon for cataract had also gone home benefited. A cancer patient was very feeble. One patient had dropsy in her feet, her limbs discharged fluid, and had to be dressed several times a day.

The FEMALE MEDICAL WARD was quite full, numbering twenty-three inmates, two of whom were very feeble. One of these was a pneumonia patient, the other the empyemic patient who recently has had hemorrhages and was much weaker than when last we visited her. A woman with enlarged glands was also feeble. Mrs. McEntee, who for thirty years had been afflicted with a sore leg, was for a second time trying skin grafting—a piece of skin had been taken from her arm. Both her lower limbs required dressing, and she certainly has full opportunity to cultivate the grace of patient endurance during her long years of trial. A consumptive had died. Most of the patients were convalescing. A woman who had ruptured a vein in the leg was well enough to walk. A woman who

had had ulcers on her lower limbs was better and expressed much gratitude for the kind treatment she had received at the Hospital. In the Nursery were three mothers and three babies.

◆◆◆

The Little Folks.

A group of five little folks, each in a rocking chair, on the ample piazza of the Childrens' Pavilion, attracted our attention, and thither we bent our steps. Other children gathered around us, and we soon found ourselves the centre of attraction, listening to the story of the recent visit of the little folks to the Infants' Summer Hospital, at Guilford Bluff, on the lake shore, a topic that awakened pleasant memories to the Pavilion children. As we talked of it, little Sada Hollohan was very eager to let us know she was there, and putting her chubby hand on her breast, to arrest our attention, she shouted: Me too! Me too!! Dr. Moore's interest in her, and his enquiries about her back, had evidently made a great impression on the little one, and in reply to the nurse's question, "What did Dr. Moore say to you?" the little prattler, imitating his manner in her gesticulation, answered: "How back? How back?" The allusion was to her diseased spine. Miss Lawrence, our new Supervising Nurse, as with motherly tenderness she petted little Sada, told us that the children all seemed refreshed and invigorated by their lake-shore visit, but that in none of them was the benefit so apparent as in little Sada, who was very languid and feeble when taken from the city, but improved rapidly while away.

An outing to any child is a blessing, but it means a great deal to children confined for weeks and months to Hospital wards and grounds.

But we have strayed away from the five rocking chairs and their occupants on the Pavilion piazza. Do you want to know who the rockers were? Number one was Maud

Henderson ; number two, Katy McCarthy ; number three, Byron Peterson ; number four, Nellie Collins ; and number five, Sada Hollohan. Maud Henderson, the girl with contracted limb, who was injured by falling from a swing you all know, and Sada Hollohan is no stranger to you. Katy McCarthy has been with us some time, and is rapidly improving under treatment for diseased spine. You have not yet been introduced to Byron and Nellie, but of course you want to know them. Byron Peterson is a bright little boy, nine years old, from Port Byron, who was born with diseased eyes, and came to us almost totally blind, but Dr. Rider has removed a cataract from one eye and hopes to give sight to the afflicted boy. Byron is a happy little fellow, and feels his way about the Hospital without much difficulty though his eyes are still covered by a silk shade. Nellie Collins, eleven years old, has been with us two weeks. She has a diseased hip, sores on her limb, and goes about on crutches. While we were talking about the visit to the lake Max Kraus and Tommy Heeney joined us, and Louis Yoker, fourteen years old, took a seat on the Pavilion piazza steps. Louis had his foot crushed by the cars and for weeks it was kept in water ; now it is poulticed and the physicians hope to save it. Two more children on the piazza must not be forgotten, Sarah, the little colored child, and Jerry Sheehan, a new patient. Sarah hardly spoke and only shook her head in response to our questions. She is a good, patient little sufferer, and is evidently failing, and as she can never be well, we shall not be sorry when we hear the Good Shepherd has taken her to his fold above. Jerry is a bright, blue-eyed pretty baby, about two years old, who comes to us from the Orphan Asylum. He has a diseased spine and cannot take a step.

Now we must leave these dear children in their pleasant quarters on the piazza and go into the Boys' Ward, where two nurses

are taking care of Courtney Crary, who has just had some pieces of dead bone taken from his leg ; this is now bandaged and resting on soft pillows. Courtney is seven years old, a pretty curly-headed boy. A tear is standing on his cheek and he says his leg pains him. A year ago he fell from a tree and injured his limb, but we hope Hospital treatment will help him. The boy injured while fishing is rapidly improving. A boy came in last month and had a fish-hook taken from his thumb. Did you ever think, dear children, what a blessing it is, that when little children have to have operations performed upon them, the physicians can put them into a sort of sleep, so that the child knows nothing of what is being done? You must ask your mother to tell you about this, for in old times the patient could not be thus relieved from pain.

Miss Sarah Laird, of Auburn, N. Y., has been received as a member of the Training School, and Misses Dora Baldwin and Emma Seaman have entered as probationers.

Miss Lawrence, our new Supervising Nurse, enters upon her work with zeal and efficiency, and expresses great delight in the discharge of her duties. Our pleasure in our work is often the measure of its success, and we congratulate Miss L. on her auspicious enthusiasm which is an earnest of future blessings to the Hospital.

A Useful Gift.

We are indebted to Mrs. M. Jewell, of Vineland, N. J., for a valuable remembrance for the invalids.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Aug. 1.....	96
Received during Month.....	47
Births.....	2
	—145
Discharged during Month.....	48
Deaths.....	4
Number remaining in Hospital Aug. 1, 98	—145

Receipts for the Review.

AUGUST, 1887.

Mrs. P. H. Rew, by Mrs. C. E. Converse.. \$	62
Mrs. Wm. Corning, \$1.25; Mrs. E. W. Osborn, 62 cents; Mrs. T. H. Turpin, \$1.25, by Miss Hattie Smith.....	3 12
G. C. Buell & Co., Adv., \$5.00; Haskins & Smith, Adv., \$5.00; Rochester Savings Bank, Adv., \$15.00; Steele & Avery, Adv., \$5.00, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews.....	30 00
Mrs. Curtis Clarke, Boston, \$1.00; Miss E. C. Long, Scottsville, 50 cents; Mrs. Mrs. H. T. Noyes, \$1.00; G. T. Palmer, East Avon, 4 Subs., \$2.01, by Treasurer	4 51
MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treasurer. 96 Spring St.	

The Pavilion Fund.

To September 1st, 1887.

Rev. C. Siebenpfeiffer.	\$ 5 00
A, B, C SCHEME.	
Series "C."—Miss Lulu Hathaway, \$1.00, Extra 50 cents.....	1 50
Series "D."—Miss Elizabeth Spencer, Brockport, \$1.00; Mrs. N. B. Jennings, \$1.00; Miss Carrie Quinby, \$1.00, Extra 50 cents.....	3 50
Series "E."—Mrs. H. L. Achilles, \$1.00; Mrs. W. S. Whittlesey., \$1.00; Mrs. R. Leadley, \$1.00; Miss E. Hollister, \$1.00; Mrs. F. B. Bishop, \$1.00; Mrs. Mrs. M. M. Fraser, Scottsville, \$1.00; Mrs. C. H. Mordoff, Scottsville, 50 cents; Mrs. H. M. Montgomery, \$1.00, Extra 75 cents; George W. White, \$1.00; H. S. Crabbe, \$1.00.	10 25
Series "F."—Henry B. Howe, \$1.00, Extra 50 cents; Mrs. C. S. P. Cary, Brockport, \$1.00; Mrs. Elizabeth Craig, Brockport, \$1.00; Mrs. W. A. Sutherland, \$1.00; Nicholas T. Killip, \$1.00; Miss Emma Bell, \$1.00; Miss Hattie Lockhart, \$1.00; Miss C. E. Cook, \$1.00; Mrs. H. Osgood, \$1.00; Mrs. H. M. Dayfoot, \$1.00; Mrs. J. E. Bills, \$1.00; Spencer Mann, \$1.00; E. M. Gregg, \$1.00; Miss Olmstead, \$1.00; Miss Witherspoon, \$1.00; Ada B. Koehler, \$1.00.....	16 50
Series "G."—Mrs. Elizabeth Sturm, \$1.00; A Friend, \$1.00; Smith & Oberst, \$1.00; Miss Nettie Troan, \$1.00; Mrs. M. M. Mathews, \$1.00; J. W. Jacobs, \$1.00; Mrs. H. F. Huntington, \$1.00; W. A. Montgomery, \$1.00; Mrs. Milton H. Smith, \$1.00; Mrs. M. E. Stone, \$1.00; Miss Lottie E. DeNeve, \$1.00; Mrs. A. A. Hebbard, Lockport, \$1.00; Anna E. Meyer, \$1.00; Rev. L. L. B. Fisher, \$1.00; Miss Grace L. Avery, \$1.00; Miss Clara S. Reed, \$1.00; Mr. S. W. Dibble, New York, \$1.00; Mr. J. H. Wickes, \$1.00; G. Westfall, \$1.00; Mrs. A. A. Wood, \$1.00; R. Cotchefer, \$1.00; Miss Kate R. Montgomery, \$1.00; Mrs. H. Os-	

good, \$1.00; Helen Osgood, \$1.00; Augustine J. Cunningham, \$1.00; James Cyrus Dryer, \$1.00; Dr. Wheelock Rider, \$1.00; Miss L. L. Leavenworth, \$1.00; Mrs. S. S. Eddy, \$1.00; Miss Main, 25 cents; Spencer Mann, \$1.00; Rev. N. M. Mann, \$1.00; Mrs. E. A. Draper, \$1.00; Chas. J. Biehler, Miss Ida E. Marden, \$1.00; A Friend, \$1.00; D. L. Crittenden, \$1.00; Miss L. E. Witherspoon, \$1.00; Mrs. Chambers, \$1.00; Miss E. B. Gilman, \$1.00; Dr. A., \$1.00; Mrs. M. D. Knapp, \$1.00; Mrs. H. M. Montgomery, \$1.00; Miss Thompson, Ballston, \$1.00; Gracie Christine Curtice, \$1.00; Mrs. C. E. Converse, (2) \$2.00; K. P. Shedd, (4) \$4.00; Miss Bella Cobb, \$1.00, Extra 25 cents; Mrs. Richard Williamson, (2) \$2.00; Mrs. F. W. Zoller, \$1.00; Mrs. J. H. Kingsbury, Brockport, \$1.00; Miss Monaghan, \$1.00; George W. White, (5) \$5.00; Miss Jennie Osgood, \$1.00; H. S. Crabbe, (3) \$3.00 65 50

Receipts for the month \$102 25
Previously acknowledged..... \$3,820 12

Total receipts \$3,922 37

We still require \$2,577.63 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. The smallest gifts are welcome.

Donations for August.

Mrs. S. M. Bentley—Reading matter.
Wm. C. Dickinson, 14 bouquets of flowers.
W. S. Kimball, large quantity of beautiful roses for the children.
Mrs. Bellows—Valise, with contents of patch work and second-hand clothing.
Mrs. Fred. Allen—Large quantity of cut flowers
Rev. J. S. Root—Reading matter.
Philadelphia Floral Co.—2 boxes of beautiful cut flowers.
Miss A. S. Mumford—Second-hand clothing.
Misses E. & H. Bell—Large quantity of reading matter.
Mrs. E. H. Satterlee—Second-hand boys clothing.
Mrs. L. J. Chapin—Second-hand shirts.
Miss Macy—Large bundle of copies of "Life."
Miss Danforth—3 bowls of jelly.
Mrs. Harris—Fruit jar of grape juice.
Mollie Ward—Old cotton.
Mrs. H. C. Calvell, Henrietta—Reading matter.
Mrs. Gibson—Reading matter.
Mrs. S. H. Phinney—Spread for cot, and second-hand shirts.
Carrie Green, Jennie Gelder and Charlie Brown, flowers.
Mrs. John H. Rochester—Bound books, magazines, and 1 bushel of pears.

A Friend of the children—1 doz. flower glasses, filled with flowers.

Miss Edson—Reading matter.

Mrs. M. S. Jewell, of Vineland, N. J.—12 quart and 17 pint bottles of domestic wine, second-hand clothing, shoes, etc., \$2 to pay for freight.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 1, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, John Lee, aged 28 years.

August 10, Thomas Pope, aged 73 years.

August 21, Peter Craig, aged 75 years.

August 31, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, Lizzie Hough, aged 21 years.

English as She is Taught.

Mark Twain contributes to the April Century, under the above title, some examples of the curious answers made by pupils in our public schools. We quote a few as follows :

Aborigines—A system of mountains.

Alias—A good man in the Bible.

Amenable—Anything that is mean.

Ammonia—The food of the gods.

Assiduity—State of being an acid.

Auriferous—Pertaining to an orifice.

Capillary—A little caterpillar.

Corniferous—Rocks in which fossil corn is found.

Emolument—A headstone to a grave.

Equestrian—One who asks questions.

Eucharist—One who plays euchre.

Frenchise—Anything belonging to the French.

Idolater—A very idol person.

Ipecac—A man who likes a good dinner.

Irrigate—To make fun of.

Mendacious—What can be mended.

Mercenary—One who feels for another.

Parasite—A kind of umbrella.

Parasite—The murder of an infant.

Publican—A man who does his prayers in public.

Tenacious—Ten acres of land.

Here is one where the phrase "publicans and sinners" has got mixed up in the child's mind with politics, and the result is a definition which takes one in a sudden and unexpected way:

"Republican—A sinner mentioned in the Bible." Also in Democratic papers now and then.

Here are two where the mistake has resulted from sound assisted by remote fact :

"Plagiarist—A writer of plays.

"Demagogue—A vessel containing beer and other liquids."

Here is one which—well, now, how often we do slam right into the truth without ever suspecting it :

"The men employed by the gas company go round and speculate the meter."

And here—with "zoological" and "geological" in his mind, but not ready to his tongue—the small scholar has innocently gone and let out a couple of secrets which ought never to have been divulged in any circumstances :

"There are a good many donkeys in theological gardens.

"Some of the best fossils are found in theological cabinets."

Hints to Swimmers.

"When the bathing season arrives," remarked a natatorium professor the other day, "we'll hear of the usual maximum of drowning cases, and among them, as usual, a fair share of expert swimmers. The chief reason why good swimmers are so often drowned when they are accidentally thrown into the water is because the shock causes them to lose their presence of mind. The loss of presence of mind leads to paralysis of body, or to such wild exertions as accelerate drowning, instead of contributing to preservation. The ability to behave wisely in case of sudden accidents can only be acquired by experience, just as everything else has to be acquired. The theory of the matter can be taught in swimming schools, but the practice must be acquired by experience. Hence, in some of the European swimming schools, says the *Hebrew Journal*, the pupils are taken out boat riding and purposely upset, as though the upsetting were accidental. They are also suddenly pushed overboard, and subjected to all manner of prepared accidents, so as to accustom them to acting in emergencies. In this way they learn how to behave in case of real accidents, and are protected against the loss of their presence of mind on occasions of danger on the water. They are also taught to have faith in the sustaining power of the water itself. They get to know that the water will sustain them if they will only render it the least help.

A finger laid upon an oar, or the gunwale of an overturned boat, or a board, or al-

most any floating substance, will sustain the human body in calm water. Persons who have been properly taught, and have acquired the habit of acting with self-possession in the water when they are upset, do not attempt to climb upon the overturned boat, but simply take hold of it and quietly support themselves. A boat half-filled with water, or completely overturned, will support as many persons as can get their hands upon the gunwale, if they behave quietly. In a case of accident, a person who understands and acts in accordance with these facts would stand a better chance of being saved, even if he were a poor swimmer, than an expert swimmer would stand who should lose his presence of mind.

What Natural History Reveals.

Bees are geometricians—their cells are so constructed as with the least quantity of material, to have the largest-sized spaces and least possible loss of interstice.

So, also, is the Ant Lion—his funnel-shaped trap is exactly correct in its conformation as if it had been made by the most skillful artist of our species, with the aid of the best instruments.

The mole is a meteorologist.

The bird called the Nine-Killer is an arithmetician; so also is the Crow, the Wild Turkey, and some other birds.

The Torpedo, the Ray and the Electric Eel are electricians.

The Nautilus is a navigator—he raises and lowers his sail, casts and weighs anchor and performs other nautical evolutions.

Whole tribes of birds are musicians.

The Beaver is an architect, builder, and woodcutter—he cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams.

The Marmot is a civil engineer—he not only builds houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry.

The White Ants maintain a regular army of soldiers.

The East India Ants are horticulturalists—they make mushrooms, upon which they feed their young.

Wasps are paper manufacturers.

Caterpillars are silk-spinners.

The bird *Ploceus Textor* is a weaver—he weaves a web to make his nest.

The *Primia* is a tailor—he sews the leaves together to make his nest.

The Squirrel is a ferryman—with a chip

or piece of bark for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream.

Dogs, Wolves, Jackals, and many others, are hunters.

The Black Bear and Heron are fishermen.

The Ants have regular day laborers.

The Monkey is a rope dancer.

The associations of Beavers present us with a model of republicanism.

The Bees live under a monarchy.

The Indian Antelopes furnish an example of a patriarchal government.

Elephants exhibit an aristocracy of elders.

Wild Horses are said to elect their leaders.

Sheep, in a wild state, are under the control of a military chief ram.

—*Hall's Journal.*

The Uses of Lemons.

Lemons are one of the most useful fruits in our domestic economy.

Lemonade is not only a luxury, but exceedingly wholesome. It is a good temperance drink.

The juice of a half a lemon in a glass of water, without sugar, will frequently cure a sick headache.

If the hands be stained, there is nothing that will remove the stain better than a lemon or a lemon and salt.

After the juice has been squeezed from the lemon the refuse can be used for the purpose.

Lemon juice and sugar, mixed very thick, is useful to relieve coughs and sore throats. It must be very acid as well as sweet.

Lemon juice is also a very good remedy for rheumatism and the so-called billiousness of spring. In the latter case the juice should be taken before breakfast. The pulp may also be eaten, avoiding every particle of skin.

Use Time well, and you will get from his hand more than he will take from yours.—*Miss Wetherell.*

A little philosophy inclineth a man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about in religion.—*Bacon.*

The sweet persuasion of His voice
Respects thy sanctity of will.
He giveth day; thou hast thy choice
To walk in darkness still.

—*Whittier.*

Lean Hard.

Child of my love, lean hard,
And let me feel the pressure of thy care.
I know thy burden, child; I shaped it,
Poised it in mine own hand, made no proportion
In its weight to thine unaided strength;
For even as I laid it on, I said,
"I shall be near, and while she leans on me
This burden shall be mine, not hers;
So shall I keep my child within the circling
arms
Of mine own love." Here lay it down, nor fear
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds
The government of worlds. Yet closer come;
Thou art not near enough; I would embrace
thy care,
So I might feel my child reposing on my breast.
Thou lovest me? I know it. Doubt not then;
But loving me, *lean hard*.

A Nurse.

E. M. C.

A nurse, a simple nurse; to the unthinking
Only a nurse, and nothing but a name:
A patient woman in her round of duty,
Living and dying all unknown to fame.

Only a nurse, a messenger of mercy,
An angel sent unto our suffering race,
With quiet step, and tender hand of healing,
Divinest pity on her gentle face.

When all the world lies wrapt in quiet slumber,
Save the poor sufferer moaning on his bed,
Whose watchful eye with Christian love keeps
vigil
Through the long night with silent, softened
tread?

Only a nurse, in duty all unshrinking;
Before such scenes, man's stouter heart
would quail:
See there! that sweet, fair girl, in sorest trial
Is at her post, nor will her courage fail.

The fever we but terror-struck encounter,
Or fly before with selfish, coward tread;
While nurse and doctor hasten to the rescue,
And stand unflinching by the stricken bed.

Hark! that weird bell—an accident at mid-
night:
The nurse and doctor, wakeful, close at hand,
Who minister to suffering or dying,
The hospital's heroic little band!

There you or I may in our need find refuge,
With kindly help and loving tender care;
Respect we give those brave, unselfish women,
And, night and day, remember them in
prayer.—Chambers' Journal.

Remember, that old linen is always in
demand and thankfully received.

His Name.

The *Nation* shows what changes a name may undergo as it passes from mouth to mouth. The point of the paragraph will be clear if we keep in mind that the original name means *fire-stone*, and this is what flint is called in German. French *Pierre-de-Feu*—*stone-of-fire*—is the same, and this the creoles associate only with the gun flint.

Some years ago a German took up his abode in the French quarter whose name was Fritz Feuerstein.

His Gallic neighbors could not frame their tongue to pronounce it aright, so they called him Monsieur Pierre de Feu, and this soon degenerated into simple Monsieur Pierre. Moving into the American side, he became Mr. Stone. Again he moved into the French quarter, and sought to re-establish his old name of Feuerstein, and they re-established the name of Pierre-de-Feu, which, on a residence among Americans, became Mr. Flint.

Another residence among the creoles, in a new neighborhood, produced Monsieur Pierre-de-Fusil, and, going in advanced age to end his days above Canal street, among the Americans of English parentage, his name became Peter Gun.

A humorous incident is told of the work of women on the New York School Board. A janitor of one of the schools came last week with a complaint to the principal. He said that he had been janitor of that building for nineteen years, and no one had ever asked to see the basement until one of the women of the School Board came, recently, and said she wanted to make an examination. "And that basement wasn't in a fit condition for any one to see," he added plaintively.—Exchange.

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MRS. WM. E. HOYT.

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Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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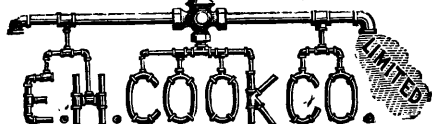
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1887.

No. 3.

The Motto of a Wedding Ring.

A lover gave the golden ring,
Into the goldsmith's hand.
"Give me," he said, "a tender thought,
Within this golden band."
The goldsmith grav'd,
With careful art,
"Till death us part."

The wedding bells rang clearly out,
The husband said, "Oh, wife;
Together we shall share the grief,
The happiness of life,
I give to thee
My hand, my heart,
'Till death us part."

'Twas she that lifted up this hand,
(O, love that this should be!)
Then on it placed the golden band,
And whispered tenderly:
"Till death us join,
Lo, thou art mine
And I am thine."
"And when death joins we never more
Shall know an aching heart;
The bridal of that better love,

Death has no power to part—
That troth will be
For thee and me,
Eternity."

So up the hill and down the hill,
Through fifty changing years
They shared each other's happiness,
They dried each other's tears.
Alas! alas!
That death's cold dart
Such love can part.

But one sad day, she stood alone
Beside his narrow bed;
She drew the ring from off his hand,
And to the goldsmith said:
"Oh, man, who grav'd
With careful art,
'Till death us part."

"Now grave four other words for me;
'Till death us join." He took
The precious, golden band once more,
With solemn, wistful look,
And wrought with care,
For love, not coin,
"Till death us join."

Hospital Giving.

The following, copied from "The Churchman," seems fitting to occupy a place in our columns:

"Canon Farrar, in a sermon preached not long ago, for the Hospital cause in London, said: 'There are scores of men in London who could save our hospitals from anxiety almost without feeling it. Look at the very recent art sales—£2,000 for one dessert service, £1,200 for two flower pots, £3,000 for a chimney ornament, £300 for a lady's single dress, £1,000 for the flowers of a single ball. I do not criticise this expenditure. I only say that if there be in London such a Pactolus of wealth for these gew-gaws of silk and clay, can there be by comparison only a drop or two to heal the bodies, to ameliorate the souls of men? Why should the runnel of charity dribble on as it does, while the full tide of luxury is still at flood?'

"In this connection the following is suggestive. Some years ago, a clergyman in a growing city saw the necessity of building a hospital to meet the absolute demands of the helpless poor in the town. He had secured something near a starting point, but he had exhausted every means in his power. Finally, in despair, he approached one of his parishioners whom he believed to be very wealthy, and who had already given not ungenerously. He said: 'I am just on the verge of success, but I dare not risk a beginning. This thing is absolutely needed. Won't you help me to go on?' The parishioner expressed great sympathy, but stated that the limit of his ability had been already passed, that his wealth was greatly exaggerated, etc. So the enterprise was delayed for more than a year. In the meantime, however, the parishioner went to a great international exposition. The clergyman learned that the poor parishioner, who had exceeded his ability in giving a few hundreds to the cause of Christian charity, had brought with him from the ex-

position a magnificent vase of bronze, for which he had been able to spare some five thousand dollars. Casting all discretion to the wind, he thereupon wrote a note to his parishioner which it is sufficient to say was thoroughly wholesome. The reply he received was substantially this: 'No, I am not offended with you. On the contrary I am indebted to you, for you are entirely right. Enclosed is my check for \$—.' That hospital never wanted a friend as long as that parishioner lived, nor did the rector. The moral is obvious."

Ralph Reynolds's Sacrifice.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

Ralph Reynolds stood before the counter of old Jan Slater's store with a five-dollar bill grasped tightly in his dingy palm. Having attended to several commissions for his mother, the all important purchase was yet to be made, and that was for himself alone. Ralph had thought of it by day, and dreamed of it by night, for many a month, and after two years of careful saving he had at length obtained the requisite sum to procure it.

You could not guess what this coveted treasure was that had been so long in anticipation, but when you learn that Ralph had a decided taste for building, and was looking earnestly forward to the time when he could become an architect and builder, you will not be surprised that it was a box of tools he was about to purchase.

One and another tool box was taken from the shelf for the boy's inspection. Oh, how hard it was for him to choose. But at length he had settled upon one in which the tools seemed better than all the rest, and visions of the wondrous things to be accomplished with them made his heart leap for joy. Suddenly a little child peeped out from behind the counter and, with a merry laugh, held up to Ralph's admiring gaze a real French doll, that could move its limbs and cry like a baby, too, and putting it carefully into Ralph's hands, ran quickly off and left it there. The boy had never seen anything half so beautiful, or in fact anything of the kind before. "Oh, if Tress could only see this," he said to himself.

"Poor child! She never owned a doll in her life. Who knows but it might cheer her up and help to make her well again."

Upon inquiry he found that both articles would take the same amount of money, and though Ralph remonstrated with himself many times the temptation was altogether too strong. Love conquered, and almost before he knew it, the tools were set aside, the money laid on the counter, the doll done up in a brown paper parcel and carefully concealed beneath Ralph's well worn jacket to be brought forth as a wonderful surprise upon his arrival at home.

Reaching the door of their dwelling, at the head of a long flight of steps, Ralph listens. Tress was very ill when he left home two hours before; she might be worse now, he thought. He opened the door of the inner room cautiously which served for sitting and bedroom, and there his mother met him with her finger upon her lip, as he put the question softly, "How's Tress now?"

"Very weak, my boy," she answered, "and the doctor does not encourage me."

"Is she awake, mamma," again the boy questioned, he was in such a hurry, smiling to himself as he spoke, at the thought, that perhaps his medicine might possibly cure when the doctor's had failed.

Just then a weak little voice inquired, "Is that Ralph? Has he come?" How her brother's heart thrilled at the question!

"Yes, Tress dear, and I've brought somebody to cure you, too, and to stay just as long as you want. I'm coming, Tress," and he crept softly behind the curtain where the child lay, until he was on his knees, by the side of her cot. But the poor child as yet could see nothing. A moment more, and Ralph had pulled from his jacket the brown paper parcel. "It's an awful tight string, ain't it, Tress? Never mind, brother will cut it, and then we'll see."

In another half minute the wrapper was off, and there was the little French beauty in her dress of pink silk, tiny pink slippers and white clocked stockings. But when Ralph made the doll cry, little Tress grew ashy pale, never had she seen such a wonder. At first she was very shy of the new-comer, but after a while she pressed it to her lips, for, if it could talk, she was sure it must feel just as she did.

"But where are the tools Ralph," his mother questioned, when they were alone.

The boy gave a sudden start, showed her his empty purse but did not answer. "You surely—" but as she looked in the boy's eyes, the truth at once coming into her mind, she changed her sentence, "Oh, my boy, you're not to be trusted. How could you spend all that money on Tress?"

Ralph winced at the thought of not spending everything at a time like this.

"Why, mamma, if it were not for Tress, do you think I'd care to live anyhow, and what good would all the boxes of tools in the world do me without her. I'd just give up if it weren't for you and Tress, and some day, I know it, in some way or other, the money will come round all right. You'll see. Don't the Bible say 'give' and it shall come back, 'full measure, pressed down and running over.' You've read it many a time to me, and I believe it's so. I may have to wait a good while, but you'll see I'll have 'em yet. Who knows but this dolly may be the making of Tress, to take her out of herself like. If I'd only known the end of it, I might a' acted different, but I didn't, and I am glad enough she's got it, that's all."

"There's only one that knows the end, Ralph, and that's God."

"Where is he Ralph?" a voice from behind the curtain asked, as Tress caught the last words. "I want to ask him something very particular, right away, too."

She panted so in saying these few words that to her mother it seemed anything but a good omen.

"Ask, little sister, ask, and he'll be sure to hear you, wherever he is. He just can answer, some people say, as easy from one place as another," Ralph told her.

"Mamma, if you'll promise not to tell, I'll just let you hear what I want to say. Ralph won't mind; perhaps he'll know bye and bye."

All this was said at intervals as she drew her mother down and whispered her simple, child-like prayer: "Please, dear God, make me well, and let me stay with Ralph and mamma as long as you can. I heard the doctor say perhaps I'd have to go away. Ralph's gone without his tools to give me my dolly. Won't you give 'em to him some way, and we will trust and love you evermore. For Jesus' sake, Amen."

"I believe God will hear you, my darling," her mother whispered as Tress had finished. "I couldn't have asked it as you

did. God likes to hear little children, and loves to answer their prayers. But if you stay with us, Tress, what then? she questioned.

"Oh, I'll be so good to you and Ralph; I'll work and earn money and give him his tools if he don't get 'em before. You know I've asked Jesus about it. Perhaps he'll do it, and perhaps he won't; we'll see."

Little Tress returned to life again after that simple, earnest prayer. The loving Father did hear it, and answered her in her own sweet way.

As day by day Ralph saw the spirit of the Master in the life of Tress, a sense of a Saviour's love dawned on him, and though several years her senior, she had taught him a lesson of trust, such as he had never before known.

No small sister could enter into the life of another more than Tress did into Ralph's as she got well. The sacrifice of the tools that he might brighten the life then hanging by a thread was never forgotten by her. Some one had heard of it and some one had heard, too, of Tress' earnest prayer. In course of time there came to the door of their simple cottage a good sized box of tools, much larger and finer than Ralph could ever have bought for himself, besides a box of choice oil paints, and these gifts were accompanied by a note to Ralph and Tress. Somebody must have known all about it, Tress said, and she was right.

Day by day the child helped Ralph to planning and fitting and making, and bye and bye he let her try his colors, and somehow she learned to use them better than he did, until by study and effort she sat down as an artist, steady and patient in pursuing her work as Ralph was himself.

Tress gave him no common affection, and he in turn watched her maturing life with the greatest pride, thinking always of the good God who had spared her to him, and allowed her, out of the purity of her own character to so soften and refine his.

From the old routine came a new and blessed development as the years went by, and when they had both become famous, he as architect, and she as painter, there was not a day that Tress did not try to bear some "cross of love" for Ralph, even as he had borne it for her in his boyhood, when he sacrificed his long-desired tools to cheer her drooping spirit. We may not measure a sacrifice by its apparent value,

or even by its results as we see them. But an act of self-denying love is never lost.

Sir John Millais.

"I owe everything to my mother." How many men of ability and renown have used words like these! We quote them now from an address made recently at the Sheffield School of Art by Sir John Millais, who stands at the head of English painters. We can scarcely walk the streets of any large city of the world, still less enter a well decorated house, without seeing engravings of his more famous pictures. Charles Dickens, who was for many years warmly attached to Millais, expressed some indignation on one occasion, that so great an artist had received no recognition from the government of his country.

England, he said, is the only land in Europe where a Millais would be allowed to remain plain John Millais, without a decoration in his buttonhole or a handle to his name. This "handle" has been supplied since the death of the novelist. He is now John to his brothers and sisters, Sir John to London society, and Millais to the rest of the universe.

And he owes everything to his mother! The artist told his young hearers a little story of his mother, which shows she was a woman of great prudence and foresight. Like many artists the boy began to draw as soon as he could hold a pencil, and, as a mere child, he drew pictures that made people say to his parents, "you must bring that boy up to be an artist."

The family had long lived on the island of Jersey, but the boy was born at Southampton, and when he was nine years old, his mother resolved to go to London with him, and endeavor to ascertain from competent authority if his drawings indicated such decided talent as to make it safe and wise to give him an artist's education.

So to London they went, father, mother and boy, riding from Southampton to the metropolis on the top of a coach. He remembers the coachman's laughing at the railway, just begun, and how they all thought the coachman was right, and laughed with him at the idea of trying to travel in so absurd a way.

"But at that time," said the artist, "a coachman was a great man."

The day after reaching London, his mother took the boy to the very head and

source of artistic knowledge, Sir Martin Shee, President of the Royal Academy, who received them with cordial urbanity, and kindly listened to the mother's statement of her errand.

"Madam," said he, "you had better bring the boy up to be a chimney-sweep."

This remark was disheartening, and it was also brutal, but the mother did not give up the enterprise.

"Surely, Sir Martin," she said, "you will look at the boy's drawings before you decide."

The portfolio was brought up, and the president examined its contents with some care. At length, placing his hand gently on the child's head, and looking him steadily in the eyes, he asked, "You did all these drawings yourself, my little man?"

The boy was too much agitated to reply, and Sir Martin, turning to the mother, added, "Madam, it is your duty to bring up this boy to the profession."

The little fellow was at once placed in the most accredited art school near London, where he had forty or fifty companions, all older than himself. He worked hard and gained rapid improvement, winning a prize in his second year. Being the youngest pupil, the duty was assigned to him to go out at noon and buy lunches for the school.

"I had," he said, "to collect from forty to fifty pence from my companions, and go with that hoard to a neighboring baker's and purchase as many buns. I had an eye to business, even in those days, for I got a commission on the transaction. I always got a bun for myself gratis, and the good-natured baker gave me his best bun, a Bath bun, value two-pence.

In this simple, straight-forward, and old-fashioned way was Sir John Mallais's splendid career begun. He has known little but success, which has left, at the age of fifty-eight, a genial, modest, and friendly man, one of the most honored citizens of England.

Seeming Intoxication.

In no class of people does heredity do a more disastrous work than in the descendants of drinkers, whether excessive or moderate. A morbid appetite for liquor in such cases, with the disadvantage of an inherited nerve degeneration, may manifest

itself in many terrible forms. Among these many forms are the ordinary symptoms of intoxication in a person perfectly temperate.

Dr. Crothers, of Hartford, Conn., presents many such cases in a paper read before the American Association for the Cure of Inebriates, and published in the *Alienist and Neurologist*.

The first cases that attracted his attention were two boys, sons of drunkards, in the Hartford Deaf and Dumb Asylum, who had shown clear signs of intoxication from their birth. He was afterward surprised to find such cases not uncommon. In some persons the symptoms are present all the time, either appearing at birth, or slowly developing with the growth of the child. Most of such cases show other marked indications of physical degeneration—as idiocy, imbecility, or bodily deformity.

In a second class of cases, almost any excitement is sufficient to bring on an attack. This class may include persons of average intellect, and even of genius. In them the neurotic (nerve) degeneration may, at a later date, end in imbecility or insanity. A farmer, fifty-four years old, a man of wealth and character, whose father was a drunkard, but who himself never used any kind of spirits, showed symptoms of intoxication after meeting with an accident from a runaway horse. At the funeral of a child, some months later, his family were greatly mortified at his silly language, staggering gait and other marked symptoms of intoxication. A year later a similar attack followed the burning of some buildings on his farm.

There are similar cases in which the nerve degeneration is due, not to heredity but to early habits of intoxication. A noted temperance lecturer, a total abstainer for ten years or more, received while lecturing a despatch announcing the fatal illness of his daughter. He drank a glass of water, became confused, staggered, and was led from the stage laughing and shouting in a maudlin way. He had drank no spirits, but the audience supposed him intoxicated.

The Sabbath is a permanent provision for rest, worship, good work, charitable ministries, higher education and exaltation of the character and destiny of all mankind.
—W W Everts.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1887.

George Mark Harrison. M. D.

Dr. George M. Harrison died at the Hospital, on September 26th, 1887, aged twenty-four years and four months. Having had the benefit of a good preliminary education of two years of active business experience, and of the medical course in the University of Buffalo, from which institution he graduated with second honors in a class of fifty, he entered our Hospital on April 1st last, as Junior House Officer. His sickness was of less than a week's duration. The disease (peritonitis) made steady and rapid progress, and could not be controlled, though the patient had every advantage and aid in the constant attendance of the Hospital physicians and nurses.

Dr. Harrison was well qualified to perform the duties to which he was called. He possessed natural abilities of a high order. His intellectual powers had been enlarged and trained by observation and study. He was quick and vigilant in noting facts, wise in his reasoning, safe and confident in his conclusions, and prompt in the action which these indicated and required.

He had, moreover, a genial and winning disposition, a quiet self-possession of manner, which drew to him all with whom he had to do. His superiors and his associates alike respected him, and found him faithful, untiring and helpful. His patients felt the influence of his kindly, sympathetic nature, and responded with entire confidence and warm affection. There were many manifestations of deep and genuine sorrow, when it was heard that the fatal issue of his sickness could not be long delayed.

We believe that his life, if spared, would have been earnest and useful; therefore we mourn that his career was ended, almost before it had fairly begun.

In Memoriam.

At a meeting of the Medical Staff of the Hospital, called September 29, 1887, to take action on the death of Dr. George M. Harrison, late Junior House Officer, it was

Resolved, That the services of the deceased, though brief, manifested an intelligence and a fidelity to duty that earned the unqualified approval of the Staff. Modest in demeanor, earnest in endeavor and efficient in service, he "acted well his part." The early and abrupt ending of such a record has caused a feeling of sad disappointment and of profound sorrow.

Resolved, That these sentiments have a separate page allotted them in the record of Staff proceedings, and that the Secretary be instructed to convey the heartfelt sympathy of the Staff members to mourning relatives.

Hospital Inmates.

With feelings of peculiar sadness we made our last visit to the City Hospital, for we remembered that but a few days before there had been borne through its portals the lifeless remains of the junior physician, Dr. George M. Harrison, who, last Spring, in the full flush of early manhood, had entered the Hospital, where during the intervening months, his acceptable services had given promise of a useful and brilliant future. Suddenly, in the midst of his labors, he was prostrated by peritonitis and before the beloved parents, residents of Dunkirk, could reach him, the earthly life was ended. The mother recovering from a broken limb, unable to dispense with crutches, came too late to give her parting blessing.

Less than a week before Dr. Harrison's death we spent the day at the Hospital, directing the HOSPITAL REVIEW. As we sat in the reception room we noticed two laboring men begrimed with work enter; the one with bandaged face was accompanied by his friend. They were met by Dr. Harrison who found that one of the men had been wounded in the face with a pick. A nurse was called, the wound cleansed, and Dr. H. sewed it up, dressed it and kindly gave directions for future

treatment. During the operation Dr. Whitbeck came into the room, and we expected Dr. Harrison would have consigned the wounded man to his care, but evidently feeling perfectly competent for the occasion he calmly and carefully finished the work himself. The whole bearing and demeanor of the man impressed us most favorably.

Our monthly visit at the Hospital was on the fourth of October. It was a rainy afternoon and the patients were almost all of them within the Hospital; two operations were being performed, the one on a little boy who two days before had tripped and dislocated his elbow, and the other on a girl who while at work in a printing office had injured her hand, from which it had become necessary to remove useless pieces of bone. The surgeons and several of the nurses were present at these operations, and as our sources of information were somewhat limited, our reports are more meagre than usual.

Sixteen were under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward, four of whom were confined to their cots, one of these had a swelling on the side of his face; another, an aged man, had some disease of the heart and a dropsical effusion; a third had abscesses; the fourth man, an Italian, had some disease that affected the bones of the head. The man who in falling from a railroad bridge had cut his head and injured his ankle was improving. A cancer patient had died. The employes in this ward were filling an air bed, to be used by a patient suffering from ulcers. The pavilions were both empty.

Last month there were three deaths in the Male Medical Ward. The eczema patient had left the Hospital but had not gone west as he intended to do. There were thirteen patients in this ward; two of them were convalescing from typhoid fever. A new patient had had an eye removed that had been previously injured by accident. The man who last month was suf-

fering so severely from sciatic rheumatism was much more comfortable. Three persons afflicted with chronic diseases and the paralytics were about in the same condition as when last reported. Two new patients had just been received; the Ward Master had been sick but was better.

Of the twenty-one patients in the Female Medical Ward but two were confined to their cots. Mrs. M., who has so long suffered from sore limbs was up, dressed and resting her limbs on a pillow. She said the right leg, where skin grafting had been tried, was apparently doing well; the left ankle was swollen and poulticed. The typhoid fever patient was convalescing. The paralytic patient is able to walk about the Ward, and she sits up to eat her meals. Several of the patients were so far improved that they expected soon to return home. A woman under treatment for weak eyes was improving.

The nurses from the Female Surgical Ward were attending surgical operations on two children, and we have, therefore, nothing to report.

The Little Folks.

During the past month the little folks have occupied a prominent place in Hospital work. About the middle of the month a bright, beautiful and attractive child, three years old, was brought in stricken with diphtheria; the little fellow captivated the hearts of all about him, but medical skill and tender watchful care could not save him, and on the 28th of September he breathed his last. On the previous day a young Italian eleven years old died of spinal meningitis. Jesse Fiske, a boy twelve years old has had typhoid fever, but he is so well now that he is up, dressed and mingles with the other children in the Children's Pavilion. Jennie Davidson worked in a printing office and her hand was caught in a machine some time since, when she lost a portion of her fingers. The

hand was not doing well, and recently she was brought to the Hospital, and at the time of our last visit the surgeons were removing portions of useless bones. In another room, a new patient about ten years old was undergoing some operation rendered necessary by an accident that occurred two days before, when he injured his elbow. George Hawkins, a new patient, a little fellow about four years old, had a disease that required isolation, but by diet, baths and other appliances it was yielding to treatment. Sarah Thompson, the colored child is no better, and she has been placed in the Paul room, where she can be very quiet.

As we entered the Boys Ward in the Children's Pavilion, we found two young ladies organizing a school for the children who were gathered around them, evidently much interested in future prospects. The largest of them was Jacob Moore who has abscesses and goes about on his crutches. Louis Yoker, the boy who crushed his foot was one of the proposed pupils; his foot was bandaged and doing well. Next him was Jesse Fiske, the twelve year old boy convalescing from typhoid fever. Tommy Heeney the boy with abscesses, Clark Davis who has had paralysis, and Max Kraus, the boy with diseased spine were there eagerly listening to the youthful teachers. On a bed near by was Courtney Creary who, last month had pieces of dead bone taken from his leg. Courtney was dressed, his leg bandaged and he was sitting on his cot. His limb is doing well, but the physicians do not allow him to let it hang down, so he has to remain in some place where it can be supported in a horizontal position. Nellie Collins has to be poulticed for a diseased hip, and when she came to the Hospital she had to go about with crutches; now she walks without them. Sada Hollahan grows brighter and more cunning every day. Jerry Sheehan, the baby boy two years and a half old is a very sweet child; he has a diseased spine and

cannot walk; Maud Henderson changes but little.

You see, dear children, how many afflicted little ones are being comforted at the City Hospital, and we love to think the little children are helping pay for the building that proves to be such a blessing to the sick and the suffering within it.

The Pavilion Fund.

Mrs. Mathews report indicates how many returns have been made this month from the A B C scheme; a little boy ten years old, Filhian Zimmerman sends us by his mother \$1; kind friends at Sea Cottage, York Beach, Maine, send us through Mrs. M. Strong, \$14.50, and the following note from Canandaigua, under date of September 5th, tells of interest there:

My Dear Mrs. Mathews:— Enclosed please find my "scheme blank" filled as requested, also five dollars which I would like to give to the same cause.

Yours respectfully,

MRS. U. H. SUTTLE.

St. Luke's Room.

It was found in the Spring that St. Luke's Room in the West Mansard, was much in need of repairs. A committee was formed of Miss Hoyt, Miss Belle Brewster and Miss Katharine R. Montgomery, from the Flower Mission and Visiting Chapter of St. Luke's Guild. The room was thoroughly cleaned and repainted; a new carpet, hassocks, rugs and curtains were provided; the arm chair was recovered, and the furniture repaired. Mrs. Howard Osgood, table cover, Miss Hathaway, tidy, Miss K. R. Montgomery, Mexican cover, and one of the private patients very kindly made a splasher and pin cushion cover. The cash donations were as follows: Mrs. Granger Hollister, \$8; H. D. S., Mrs. J. M. Whitney, Mrs. Warham Whitney, Mr. Greenwood, each \$5; Miss C. L. Rochester, Mrs.

L. L. R. Pitkin, Mr. Clinton Rogers, each \$3; a Friend, Mrs. Robt. Matthews, Mrs. F. Gorton, Mrs. O. W. Moore, each \$2; Mr. James Brackett, Mr. G. Glen, Mrs. S. A. Bowers, Mrs. Q. Van Voorhis, Mrs. C. F. Ford, Mrs. Wm. Churchill, Mrs. J. H. Poole, Mrs. C. D. Smith, Mr. R. Tanner, Mrs. Wm. Bennett, each \$1. Cash 1.30. Mrs. A. J. Anderson, Mrs. J. Seall, a Friend, .50; anonymous .25, making a total of \$58.05.

Additional Annual Subscriptions.

Mrs. A. F. Manvel, St. Paul, Minn., \$5.00;
Mrs. J. H. Duncon, Haverhill, Mass.,
\$5.00; by Mrs. M. Strong 10 00
MRS. WM. H. PERKINS, Treasurer.

The Pavilion Fund.

To October 1st, 1887.

Mrs W. H. Suttle, Canandaigua, \$ 5 00
Clarence A. Upton, 1 00
Herbert, Bessie, Alice, Jamie and Mac
Crouch 1 25
Mrs. G. H. Sickles, Jr., Buffalo, Dime
Card 74 1 00
Fithian Zimmerman 1 00
"Lady Friends at Sea Cottage, York
Beach, Maine, by Mrs. M. Strong.... 14 50

A, B, C SCHEME.

Series "C."—Miss Agnes M. Stewart,
\$1.00, extra 25 cents; Mrs. H. M. Ellis-
worth, extra 25 cents 1 50
Series "D."—Miss Celia A. Stern, \$1.00;
Mrs. Geo. Wanzer, \$1.00, extra 75
cents; Mrs. T. G. Moulson, \$1.00, extra
50 cents; Miss Louisa Pierce, \$1.00;
Mrs. Geo. Zimmerman, \$1.00, extra
25 cents; Miss Ena M. Teall, \$1.00;
Mrs. Arthur C. Smith, \$1.00; Mrs. J.
L. Garson, \$1.00, extra 25 cents; Mrs.
J. W. Oothout, 75 cents 10 50
Series "E."—Miss Isabel Cotchefer, \$1.00;
Mrs. W. H. Suttle, Canandaigua, \$1.00;
Joseph Roby, \$1.00; Miss Florence
Briggs, \$1.00, extra 25 cents; Mrs. A.
Adler, \$1.00; Miss Sara Wile, \$1.00;
Mrs. Seligman, \$1.00; Mr. Richard
Livingston, \$1.00; Miss Minnie E.
Hale, \$1.00; Miss Jennie E. Lyons,
\$1.00; Anonymous, by Mrs. J. C. Mc
Kenzie, \$2 00; Mrs. J. C. McKenzie,
\$1.00; Miss Mary McNery, \$1.00;
Mrs. J. Allert, (2) \$2.00; Mrs Geo. W.
Duncan, 50 cents; Miss H. A. Sum-
mers, \$1.00. 17 75
Series "F."—Mrs. A. Cleveland, Canan-
daigua, \$1.00; Mrs. M. Parry, \$1.00;
Mrs. F. M. Southgate, \$1.00; Mrs.

Alvah Pratt, \$1.00; George A. Cur-
ren, \$1.00; Miss S. Harrison, \$1.00,
extra 25 cents; "Stranger," \$1.00;
Mrs. C. Havens, \$1.00; Mrs. L. S.
Chapin, \$1.00; Miss Newell, \$1.00;
Mrs. P. D. Carpenter, \$1.00; Mrs. F.
J. Cragie, \$1.00; Miss M. M. Latz,
\$1.00; Miss E. Tompkins, \$1.00; Mrs.
Goodridge, \$1.00; Mrs. S. Adler, \$1.00;
B. Herman, \$1.00; Mrs. L. Adler,
\$1.00; Mrs. D. B. DeLand, Fairport,
\$1.00; Mr. Chas. Hubbell, San Diego,
Cal., \$1.00; Mrs. L. J. DeLand, Fair-
port, \$1.00; Mrs. W. S. Hubbell, Fair-
port, (2) \$2.00; Mr. R. Livingston, (4)
\$4.00; A. F. Gaylord, \$1.00; Miss
Nellie Gill, \$1.00; Miss F. Shengu-
lette, \$1.00; Miss Summers, (2) \$2.00;
Miss Helen A. Summers, (2) \$2.00 .. 34 00

Series "G."—Miss A. E. M. Wild, \$3.00;
Grace Wild Sitterly, Hudson, \$1.00;
Mr. F. Mahns, 25 cents; Mrs. H. F.
smith, (3) \$3.00; Miss L. Barber, \$1.00;
Mrs. H. L. S. Hall, Scottsville, \$1.00;
Mr. R. Livingston, (15) \$15.00; J. E.
Summerhays, (2) \$2.00; Mrs. Simon
Adler, \$1.00; Mrs. J. L. Garson, (2)
\$2.00; Mrs. C. J. Catlin, Elizabeth,
N. J., \$1.00; Mrs. Arthur C. Smith,
(2) \$2.00; E. H. Arnold, \$1.00; Ed-
mund H. Smith, \$1.00; "A Friend of
the Institution," by Mrs. Arthur C.
Smith, (5) \$5.00; Alex. B. Hone (2)
\$2.00; Chas. J. Burke, \$1.00; Chas.
FitzSimons, \$1.00; T. J. Devine, \$1.00;
Mrs. Alex. Thompson, \$1.00; Mrs.
Geo. Dawson, Albany, \$1.00; Miss
Ena M. Teall, \$1.00, extra 25 cents;
Miss Minnie L. Lee, \$1.00, extra 50
cents; Mrs. C. E. Converse, (2) \$2.00;
Miss Dora P. Clark, Penfield, \$1.00;
Miss Lillie G. Barton, \$1.00; Miss Os-
good, \$1.00, extra 25 cents; Miss S.
F. Bristol, Canandaigua, \$1.00; "A
Friend," (4) \$4.00; Mrs. A. S. Mann,
\$1.00; Mrs. W. A. Hubbard, Jr., \$1.00;
Mrs. D. W. Knight, \$1.00; Mrs. J. H.
Kinne, \$1.00; Mrs. G. W. Eastman,
\$1.00; Wm. M. Cummings, \$1.00;
Mrs. T. G. Moulson, (2) \$2.00; Miss G.
B. True, extra 25 cents; Miss E. C.
Copeland, \$1.00; Miss M. Allen,
Brockport, \$1.00; Miss M. Farrer,
\$1.00; Mrs. C. A. Boughton, Pittsford,
\$1.00; Mrs. D. B. Eckler, Pittsford,
\$1.00; Miss C. G. Felt, Pittsford,
\$1.00; Miss Mary Wiltzie, Pittsford,
\$1.00; H. W. Wilcox, \$1.00; Miss F.
Hebbard, \$1.00; Miss Celia A. Stern,
\$1.00; Mrs. H. M. Evans, \$1.00; J.
A. Casey, \$1.00; G. A. Skinner, \$1.00;
J. E. Hardenbrook, \$1 00; Mrs. Haw-
kins, \$1.00, extra 25 cents; Mrs. H. J.
Dignin, (2) \$2.00; Miss Pierson, Can-
andaigua, \$1.00; Mrs. J. H. Grant,
\$1.00; Mrs. A. L. Lehnkering, \$1.00;
Mrs. W. M. Thompson, \$1.00; Mrs.
Henry Clark, \$1.00; W. E. Moore,
\$1.00; James McCabe, \$1.00; W.
Hartman, \$1.00; Mrs. M. Lipe, \$1.00;

Mrs. C. A. Widener, \$1.00; Mrs. M. Mathews, \$1.00; J. H. Boucher, \$1.00; Dr. Porter Farley, \$1.00; Le Grand Brown, Scottsville, \$1.00; Miss E. Metcalf, Canandaigua, \$1.00; Miss A. M. Stewart, \$1.00; Mrs. H. F. Hamlin, Canandaigua, \$1.00..... 101 75

Receipts for the month\$189 50
Previously acknowledged.... \$3,922 37

Total receipts\$4,111 87

We still require \$2,388.13 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. The smallest gifts are welcome.

Receipts for the Review.

SEPTEMBER, 1887.

Mrs. J. A. Massey, by Mrs. M. Mathews, \$ 62
Mrs. R. B. Claxton, Philadelphia, by
Mrs. W. H. Perkins..... 1 00
Mrs. Dr. F. Eaton, Fast Ware, N. H., 50
cents; Miss H. Emerson, Oil Mill Vil-
lage, N. H., 50 cents; Mrs. G. L.
Wrenn, Cambridge, Mass., 50 cents,
by Mrs. M. Strong..... 1 50
Mrs. Wm. Aikenhead, 62 cents; George
Masseth, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Mills-
pough, 50 cents; Mrs. G. H. Sickles,
Jr., Buffalo, 50 cents, by Mrs. C. E.
Converse..... 2 24
Mrs. Theo. Bacon, 62 cents; Mrs. J. S.
Briggs, 62 cents; Mrs. A. E. Crabbe,
62 cents; Mrs. J. R. Chamberlin, 62
cents; Mrs. A. Devos, 62 cents; Mrs.
C. W. Dodd, 62 cents; Dr. F. French,
62 cents; Mrs. M. Hallowell, 62 cents;
Mrs. C. J. Hayden, 62 cents; Miss W.
B. Hill, 62 cents; Mrs. E. H. Hollister,
62 cents; Mrs. E. J. Loop, 62 cents;
Mrs. Dr. Montgomery, 62 cents; Mrs.
S. Millman, 62 cents; Mrs. T. A. New-
ton, 62 cents; Mrs. C. B. Potter, 62
cents; Mrs. I. F. Quinby, 62 cents;
Mrs. J. Moreau Smith, 62 cents; Mrs.
H. R. Selden, 62 cents; Mrs. J. L.
Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. Nelson Sage, 62
cents; R. D. Van De Carr, 62 cents;
Mrs. N. Winn, 62 cents; Mrs. C. B.
Woodworth, 62 cents; Mrs. F. A. Ward,
62 cents; Mrs. E. P. Mills, 62 cents, by
Miss Hattie Smith..... 16 12
Mrs. J. B. Adams, Geneseo, 50 cents;
Mrs. B. E. Chase, 62 cents; Miss M. S.
Cronnin, 65 cents; Mrs. H. Dagge,
Brighton 50 cents; Mrs. J. Goddard,
York, 50 cents; Mrs. W. E. Sill, Ge-
neva, \$1.00; Mrs. W. C. Storrs, Santa
Barbara, Cal., \$1.00; Mrs. M. B. Sew-
ard, 62 cents; Mrs. T. E. Smith, Ge-
neva, 50 cents; Mrs. F. DeW. Ward,
Geneseo, \$1.00; Miss Alice Whittlesey,

62 cents; donation, 14 cents, by Treas-
MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treasurer,
96 Spring St.

Donations for September.

Mrs. Punnett.—Six Waverly Novels.
Mrs. W. A. Stevens.—A nice lot of second-
hand garments, flannel, &c.
Mrs. A. D. Blair.—Large quantity of cut
flowers.
Mrs. Chas. Morse.—Second-hand shirts.
Mrs. Huntington.—Large basket of pears.
Mrs. Little.—Reading matter.
Gilbert Brady.—One barrel of apples.
Mrs. Gilbert Brady.—Second-hand shirts and
reading matter; several bound books, and
back-gammon board for the children.
Mrs. Munn.—Large basket of grapes.
Mrs. William Aikenhead.—Reading matter.
Mrs. Oscar Craig.—Reading matter.
Mrs. S. H. Terry.—Reading matter.
Mrs. Benjamin, Gates.—Bushel of Apples.
Mrs. W. C. Rogers, Albion.—Reading mat-
ter.
Mrs. Huntington.—Second-hand clothing.
Mrs. Dr. Stull.—Three baskets of grapes.
Mrs. Delia Dewey.—Reading matter and old
cotton.
Mrs. S. H. Terry.—Reading matter.
Mrs. Yates.—Large basket of grapes for the
children.
Mrs. Lafayette Rogers.—Child's wrapper and
old cotton.
Mrs. Maltby Strong.—Two baskets of pears.
Mr. Westfall.—One bushel of pears.
Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins.—Pears and grapes.
Mrs. Erickson.—Two baskets of pears.
Miss Saxton.—Grapes.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 7,
Mary Rummus, aged 21 years.
September 9, Mrs. Lillian A. Barnes, aged 28
years.
September 11, George Wilson, aged 43 years.
September 11, Anson C. Brown, aged 72
years.
September 14, Nicholas Saracino, aged 27
years.
September 25, Dr. Edward C. Arnold, aged
64 years.
September 26, Dr. George Mark Harrison,
aged 24 years.
September 27, of Spinal Meningitis, Antonio
Casteni, aged 11 years.
September 28, of Diphtheria, Charlie Russell,
aged 3 years.
September 28, of Carcinoma, Mrs. Anna
Schneider, aged 54 years.

It is good for us to keep some account
of our prayers, that we may not unsay them
in our practice.—Henry.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Aug. 1.....	93
Received during Month.....	50
Births.....	3
	—146
Discharged during Month.....	42
Deaths.....	10
Number remaining in Hospital Aug. 1, 94	—146

Ode by Mrs. Barbauld.

Life, we've been long together,
 Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
 'Tis hard to part when friends are dear;
 Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh or tear.
 Then steal away, give little warning—
 Choose thine own time—
 Say not, good-night, but in some brighter
 clime,
 Bid me "good-morning."

Books Wanted.

A number of copies of each of the following book, will be of great help to the young ladies who are to take charge of a school for the children in the Pavilion :

Higginson's United States History; Swinton's Word Primer; Swinton's Word Book; Swinton's Second and Third Readers; Robinson's Progressive Practical Arithmetic; Swinton's Elementary Geography.

How He Got Rid of The Crows.

A Chester, (Pa.) gentleman tells an interesting story of the manner in which a Delaware county farmer got rid of crows. He was greatly troubled by the depredations of these birds, and all means to drive them away permanently having failed, he tried an original plan. Taking a half peck or more of corn he soaked it thoroughly in whiskey and then scattered the cereal along the fence of the field chiefly visited by the feathered thieves. He soon had a number of crows eating the doctored corn, and as they didn't fly away he went to observe the effect of the dose. He found every crow drunk, some lying over on their sides, others tottering around in a maudlin attempt to fly. He could have killed every one but resolved to await the outcome of the drunk. Gradually the birds recovered, and one by one flew unsteadily away. During the remainder of the season the farmer was not troubled with a single crow.

The Mole Upon the Nose.

A well-known clergyman in New York, relates the following story of his visit in that city, to a fashionable school for young ladies :

One of the young ladies in the senior class had an unfortunate blemish in the shape of a mole on the tip of her nose. It could not be removed. It could not be put out of sight. There was nothing unclean or disgraceful about it; yet, trifle as it was, it forced itself on the notice of every stranger as the chief characteristic of the girl.

She was pretty, modest and clever; but beauty, modesty and wit were all obscured and subordinated by this one paltry defect. Her classmates expressed much sympathy in speaking of her to strangers, but were evidently quite confident that they had no such blemish.

Now, one of these young ladies prefaced every sentence with a sharp "say!" like the stroke of a gong: "Say! I think it is raining"; "Say! I know nothing about mathematics," etc.

Another of the girls stitched her sentences together by, "You know": "You know, I have such news to tell you! I was out yesterday to Laura's, and I met her brother, you know, and he says that his cousin, you know, is actually engaged to Isabel."

A third bit her nails, and at every pause in the conversation fell to devouring them as furiously as a famished dog a bone. The spectator felt an irresistible desire to bring her something to eat.

Still another young girl in the school interjected an utterly vacant laugh into every clause of a sentence. She sat next to the venerable clergyman at supper, and her conversation ran something in this wise: "Wont you have some jumbles, doctor? They're very nice, he, he. I heard you preach, once, last summer, up in the Kaatskills. The sermon was on the sacrifice of St. Simeon, he, he. It made me cry, he, he, he, he."

Now this poor girl had no wish to be irreverent, or even merry. She probably did not know that she laughed at all. Her insane giggle, like the catch-words used by her companions, had been adopted at first to cover a childish diffidence. No parent or friend had corrected the foolish, ill-bred habit, and a personal peculiarity of this

kind is a matter of which no stranger will speak.

"Yet these little peculiarities," said the doctor, "like the mole on the nose, were impertinently obtrusive. These girls had good looks, scholarship, and lovable natures; yet the one vulgar, silly habit was the point which forced itself on a stranger, and it was that mainly, by which they were remembered."

It would be a wise question for every young girl to ask her nearest friend if she too has this mole on the end of her nose.
— *Youth's Companion*.

An Expensive Dessert.

A monument to Jean Francois Millet is to be erected at Cherbourg, his birthplace, and many interesting reminiscences of the hardships in the early life of the great painter are being published. It is told that one quarter-day, his rent became due, and his purse empty, as was often the case. Millet succeeded in coaxing a picture dealer to visit his studio, to see if there was not something there worth the sixty dollars due his landlord.

The dealer came, turned over canvas after canvas superciliously, and at last consented to give the sum required in exchange for three important works.

As he laid the three one hundred franc notes on the table, Millet suddenly remembered that the next day was his wife's *fete*.

"I should like to invite a few friends," he said, "could you not take something else, so that I may have enough to pay for the dinner?"

The dealer shrugged his shoulders, but the poor painter was so pressing that he agreed, not without difficulty, to take a sketch which was on the easel for four dollars.

"Vingt francs!" sighed Millet, "mais nous n'aurons meme pas de dessert!"

"You wish a dessert," replied the dealer. "Well, as you've got me in a generous mood, I'll give you ten francs for that other sketch."

The bargain was struck, the dealer carrying off for two dollars—the Dessert—a little gem that he sold afterwards for eight hundred dollars. It is worth two thousand dollars to-day.

Some of the truest satisfaction in life is enjoyed in the day of small things.

Breathing Through the Mouth.

Tight dressing, though the most serious hindrance to the habit of good breathing, is not the only obstacle. There are careless ways of sitting and standing that draw the shoulders forward and cramp the chest, and it is as hard for the shoulders to do good work when the chest is narrow and constricted as it is for a closely bandaged hand to set a clear graceful penmanship. Then there are lazy ways of breathing, and one-sided ways of breathing, and the particularly bad habit of breathing through the mouth. Now the nose was meant to breathe through, and it is marvelously arranged for filtering the impurities out of the air, and to change it to a suitable temperature for entering the lungs. The mouth has no such apparatus, and when air is swallowed through the mouth instead of breathed through the nose, it has an injurious effect upon the lungs. A story is told of an Indian who had an encounter with a white man, much his superior in size and strength, and was asked afterward if he was not afraid. "Me never afraid of man who keeps mouth open," was the immediate reply. Indeed, breathing through the mouth gives a foolish and weak expression to the face, as you may see by watching anyone asleep with the mouth open.

It may be noted that an anæmic, or low condition of the blood is seldom found where there is an established of full, deep breathing with the mouth closed. — *St. Nicholas*.

Some ingenious observer has discovered that there is a remarkable resemblance between a baby and wheat, since it is cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

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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Four dollars a week, seventeen dollars a month, two hundred dollars a year will provide board, nursing, medicines and medical attendance for a poor person in the wards of the hospital. The parish poor when ill can often be cared for better in the Hospital than elsewhere.

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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By mail..... 50 "

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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.

OFFICERS—1885.

MORTIMER F. REYNOLDS.....President
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CHAS. F. POND.....Secretary.

TRUSTEES:

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Charles F. Smith,	Edward Harris,
Charles C. Morse,	Hobart F. Atkinson
Frederick Cook,	George E. Mumford,
Seth J. Arnold,	Gilman H. Perkins.
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F. A. WHITTLESEY.....Attorney
ARTHUR LUETCHFORD.....Teller
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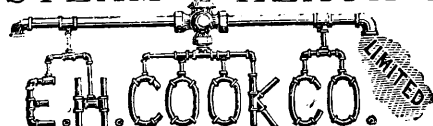
TRUSTEES:

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James M. Whitney,	John J. Bausch,
Oliver Allen,	Charles E. Fitch,
George G. Cooper,	Emory B. Chace,
F. A. Whittlesey,	A. G. Yates,
Samuel Wilder,	Isaac W. Butts,
Samuel Sloan,	Wm. Allen,
Jerome Keyes.	

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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Don't forget our Bargain Counter.

GEO. B. WATKINS, Manager.

DWIGHT PALMER

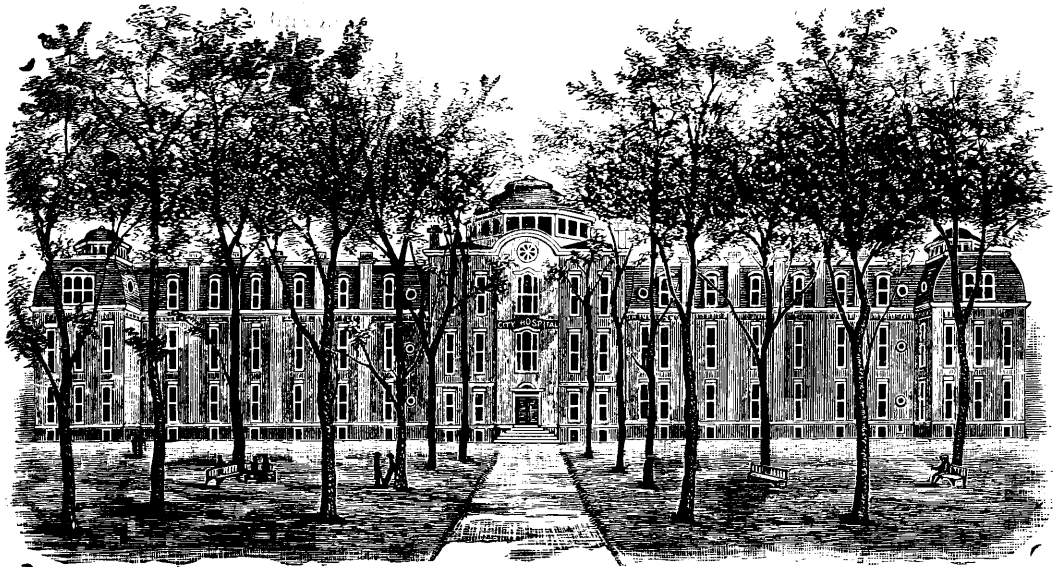
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BULK OYSTERS,

Fresh Fish, Lobsters, Hams, Scallops.

Pickled Pigs Feet, Tongue, Tripe.

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. XXIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1887.

No. 4.

To-Day.

In an ancient feudal castle, in a battlemented tower,
Once there lived a little noble with the greatest sway and power.

He was sad, with many vassals; he was grieved with
scarce a foe;
For he felt a great heart-sorrow for his fellow creatures' woe.

All his days were filled with dreaming, and, in stillness of
the night,
He had visions of the future, when he'd conquer wrong with might.

And the years seemed long and dreary, but still firmer
grew his plan,
Till at length his youth had vanished, and the noble was a man.

Then he said: "When I am older, and the wicked know
my power,
I will hurl my vengeance on them from my battlemented tower."

But, alas for the dreaming! All his days slipped swiftly by
And he found no time for mercy but there came a time to die.

Are you dreaming in the night-time of a great and glorious way?
Little friends there is no future but beginneth with to-day.

(Youths' Companion.)

Rochester City Hospital.

Patients are here received on City or County orders or on the recommendation of any of the Attending Physicians and Surgeons or Lady Managers, or by direct application to the Recorder at the Hospital. The charge to patients in the large wards is four dollars a week; in the private wards accommodating three patients each, six dollars a week; this includes board, medicines and nursing; also medical attendance to those unable to pay for it.

The charge to patients in private rooms is from eight to fifteen dollars a week, which includes board, medicines, (exclusive of stimulants), and ordinary nursing. An extra charge is made for a private nurse. Private patients choose their own physician, who may be of any school.

Twenty-Fourth Annual Report of the Rochester City Hospital.

The annual meeting of the Rochester Female Charitable Society was held in the Guild Room of St. Luke's church on Tuesday afternoon, November 8th. Most of the officers were re-elected. As articles referring to our approaching Donation Festival occupy so much space in our paper, we are forced to omit publishing, as we are wont to do, the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer of this Society that have already appeared in our city papers, but we give the following Hospital report, prepared by Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Secretary of the Board of Lady Managers, which was read at the meeting :

LADIES OF THE CHARITABLE SOCIETY :—
"The white straight bed, with others straight and white

Placed side by side, at measured lengths,

And quiet people walking in and out
With wonderful low voices, and soft steps,"

will introduce you to the Rochester City Hospital, as the subject of this twenty-fourth annual report.

This, as all other hospital reports must be, is, of necessity, substantially the same year after year. Statistics may vary slightly. No new theme, but the oft repeated list of blessings and mercies, sickness and suffering, and the trials and struggles, how to meet our wants and necessities. The wants for means to satisfy, must wait, but the necessities must be supplied and the command "go forward" must be obeyed, whether we "walk by faith or sight," so, we go on, striving to do our duty, trusting in Him to lead us, "whose is the silver and the gold, and the cattle upon a thousand hills."

The endowment fund has been increased by the gift of \$3,000 from Miss Christina Semple, in memory of her brother, Andrew Semple; also, \$200 from the late Henry Rosenberg, by his son, Abram Rosenberg, "in accordance with the expressed wish of his father."

To aid our work last year, it was suggested by a manager that an annual subscription of \$5 should be started, with the hope that 1,000 persons might be obtained out of our population of 120,000. We made the attempt, but did not reach the number desired. This year a few more have been added to the number, by the perseverance of one lady, to whom we are indebted for the collection of nearly the whole.

The "A B C scheme" which had its origin in England, was suggested to the managers, it having been successful in other cities, Boston and Philadelphia. The ladies decided to try it, hoping to liquidate the debt on the Children's Pavilion.

From the receipts of the scheme already brought in, \$899.25, with a few donations, we have been enabled to pay on the debt \$1,100,—very much to the delight of the managers. We hope that many more of the schemes will still further aid us in this most desirable portion of our hospital.

The training school for nurses was opened September, 1880, and applications have been received from 466 persons. Applications during the past year, 100; members in the school during that time, 52; of these, graduated in March, 8; admitted, 15; resigned, 5; expelled, 2; probationers not accepted, 2; remaining 20.

Miss Markham, a graduate of our school, after faithful and efficient service for three or more years as supervising nurse, resigned, feeling the necessity of rest.

Miss S. M. Lawrence, a graduate of a training school in Boston, was chosen to fill the position vacated by Miss Markham. We leave to those who have employed the pupils and graduates of this school to speak of its usefulness and whether it would be wisdom to dispense with it, although it implies an expense of \$3,000 per year.

Seven hundred and seventy-nine persons have been inmates of the hospital during the year. Of these, there were discharged, recovered, 191; improved, 200; unimproved, 37; transferred to other institutions, 4; births: 42; deaths, 76; remaining in hospital Oct., 1887, 94; total, 779; 516 were natives of the United States; 71 from Germany; 60 from Ireland; 42 from Canada; 40 from England; 26 from Italy; 6 from Scotland; 4 from Sweden; 3 from Holland; 2 from Denmark; 1 each from France, Russia and Switzerland; paying patients, 492; beneficiaries, 287; number of days without payment, 18,310; entire charity patients, 94; children between 2 and 13 years in the pavilion, 22; isolated in the north pavilion, 3; infants cared for, 38—total 63 children.

Our annual donation, to which all look forward with pleasure, will be held in the Washington street rink on Thursday, December 1st, and Friday, December 2d, during the day and evening.

Will not all interested in the care of the sick and needy do something to aid us in our efforts to lighten the burden of debt which rests upon the hospital? Fancy and useful articles for the fancy table, pickles and jars of canned fruit for the domestic table, will be most thankfully received by Miss A. S. Mumford, who will have charge of these tables. Mrs. C. H. Angel, East avenue, and Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, of the Children's Pavilion table, will also be very grateful for any help extended to them.

The November "Review" will speak more particularly of the donation; but lest any one should fail to see it we would gently remind them that our treasurer, Mrs. William H. Perkins, will be only too happy and grateful for gifts of money in large or small sums for the general expenses. Donations for the Pavilion and "Hospital Review" Mrs. Robert Mathews will be very thankful for. Also for subscriptions from those who do not take the paper, which is so well edited by Mrs. Terry, who gives such items of interest of the hospital every month, as well as the list of all donations.

Thanks we extend to all who have assisted us in any of the various ways by which the hospital is kept alive. To the daily papers especially, which so often speak for us, and hoping to see you one and all at our annual donation, December 1st and 2d, to encourage us by your presence and gifts, and at the dinner which will be well served with all the substantial and delicacies of the season. The Lady Managers.

By MRS. C. E. MATHEWS.

Correspondence.

OCTOBER 10, 1887.

Mrs. C. E. Mathews, Sec'y :

I am instructed by the Staff to notify you that at a meeting held October 9, 1887, Dr. Julius J. Kempe was appointed by the Staff to succeed Dr. H. H. Langworthy as one of the attending surgeons to the Hospital, Dr. Langworthy having been transferred to the Consulting Staff.

Very sincerely yours,
E. V. STODDARD, M. D.,
Sec'y of the Staff.

OCTOBER 23rd, 1887.

My Dear Mrs. Mathews :

At a meeting of the Staff of the Hospital held to-day, Dr. Wheelock Rider was elected assistant ophthalmologist to the Hospital.

Very sincerely yours,
E. V. STODDARD, M. D.,
Sec'y of the Staff.

OFFICERS OF ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

November 1, 1887.

Directors.

D. W. Powers, President.	
M. F. Reynolds, Vice-President.	
H. S. Hanford, Secretary and Treasurer.	
Samuel Wilder,	} Executive Committee.
A. S. Hamilton,	
L. P. Ross,	
W. H. Gorsline,	
A. J. Johnson,	
John H. Brewster,	} Auditing Committee.
Chas. F. Pond,	
W. S. Kimball,	
Geo. E. Mumford,	
G. H. Perkins,	} Com. on Membership.
John Greenwood,	
C. C. Morse,	
Jas. Brackett,	
J. L. Angle,	
R. A. Sibley,	
	J. J. Bausch,
	Samuel Sloan,
	S. J. Arnold,
	Alfred Wright,
	Rev. Max Landsberg.

Lady Managers.

Mrs. M. Strong, President.	
Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, Treasurer.	
Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Corresponding Sec'y.	
Mrs. D. B. Beach, Recording Secretary.	
Mrs. Maltby Strong,	} Executive Committee.
Mrs. W. H. Perkins,	
Mrs. M. M. Mathews,	
Mrs. J. H. Brewster,	
Mrs. H. H. Morse,	
Miss A. S. Mumford,	
Mrs. Freeman Clarke,	
Mrs. Myron Adams,	Mrs. Clark Johnston,
Mrs. Henry F. Smith,	Mrs. M. Landsberg,
Mrs. Louis S. Chapin,	Miss A. E. M. Wild,
Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt,	Mrs. A. S. Hamilton,
Mrs. Oscar Craig,	Miss L. E. Whitney,
	Mrs. H. F. Huntington.
	Mrs. James C. Hart.

Hospital Staff.

David Little, M. D., President.	
E. V. Stoddard, M. D., Secretary.	
H. H. Langworthy, M. D., Consulting Surgeon.	
W. S. Ely, M. D.,	} Medical Staff.
E. V. Stoddard, M. D.,	
C. A. Dewey, M. D.,	
David Little, M. D.,	} Surgical Staff.
J. W. Whitbeck, M. D.,	
J. J. Kempe, M. D.,	
Chas. E. Rider, M. D., Ophthalmologist.	
M. L. Mallory, M. D., Assistant to the Medical Staff.	
H. T. Williams, M. D., Assistant to the Surgical Staff.	
W. Rider, M. D., Assistant Ophthalmologist.	
Grosvenor R. Trowbridge, M. D., Senior House Officer.	
Fred. H. Stanbro, M. D., Junior House Officer.	
Miss F. E. Hebbard, Matron.	
Mrs. C. E. Converse, Recorder.	
Miss S. M. Lawrence, Supervising Nurse.	

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1887.

Annual Festival.

The Donation Festival of the Rochester City Hospital will be held at the rink on North Washington street, Thursday and Friday, December 1st and 2nd, 1887, 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, where articles may be sent.

Articles for the Children's Pavilion Table will be thankfully received by Mrs. Charles H. Angel, East Ave. or Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, 71 South Washington st.

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, Mrs. A. S. Hamilton,
Mrs. Oscar Craig, Miss Lois Whitney,
Mrs. H. F. Huntington, Mrs. James C. Hart.

Donation Days.

The Managers of the Rochester City Hospital announce that they will hold their Annual Donation Reception on Thursday and Friday, the first and second days of December next.

Formerly one day sufficed; the growth of our city and the enlarged work of this charity make a proportionate increase necessary in the number of contributors and the amount of money to be raised; therefore the managers will greet their friends at the Washington Street Rink on two days instead of one, and they hope for a large accession to the number of their patrons, and a double portion of the silver and the gold.

The Hospital work has lengthened and broadened till three charities, as it were, are united in one, and this appeal voices the needs of the Hospital proper, the Children's Pavilion, and the Training School for Nurses. These charities are large in their scope and expensive in their details, and nothing connected with sickness can be conducted successfully on an economical basis.

The Hospital is now burdened with a heavy debt; its treasury is empty and daily expenses are accumulating. Will our citizens come up generously to the aid of its managers and enable them to sustain these institutions, so vital to the needs of this community?

Till the Hospital is largely endowed it must languish unless liberally supported by its beneficent friends.

Some of our citizens within the Hospital or in their own homes have reaped the priceless benefits of our Training School. This is a very expensive branch of Hospital work. The salary of the Supervising Nurse and the ten dollars a month paid each of the twenty pupils now under instruction amount to \$3,000 a year. If we allow \$3 a week for the board and washing of each nurse, we must add \$3,726 more to the debit side of our Training School account, but who, that places on the credit side the value of the precious lives that have been and will be saved, and the amount of suffering that has been and will be alleviated through this instrumentality, as the fruit of this year's training, will say that this department pays a small percentage on the investment?

Sixty-three children in the past year have received treatment in the Children's Pavilion. Visit the little ones afflicted with curvature of the spine, rickets, crooked limbs, abscesses, eczema, broken bones or blindness, and say if retrenchment shall begin here.

Enter the operating room when some unfortunate, the victim of accident, is brought in; witness the speed and order with which appliances are brought forth to relieve suffering and save life, then say if we shall dispense with the services of some of our assistants.

Listen to the broken-hearted widowed mother as she hastens to the Hospital to find her only son, the staff and support of her old age suddenly crippled for life. In answer to her anxious enquiries and her plea of poverty, tell her that her son will be as tenderly cared for as if he were the richest man in the city. Turn to the ninety-four patients who the past year without money and without price have been receiving Hospital treatment, and for whom the Hospital will obtain no pecuniary compensation and learn why the demands of the Managers are so pressing.

Pure air and well ventilated rooms are often the best medicine you can offer the invalid, but open windows in frosty weather make large draughts on the coal bin and our furnaces are very greedy.

Meat and milk are large items in the expense book, but tough beef and watered milk do not satisfy the cravings of the convalescent.

The new asphalt pavement is considered a great improvement to West Avenue, but to the Hospital it means a heavy tax for its long frontage.

We feel sure the Hospital has too strong a hold on the heart of this community to be left crippled and burdened by debt; and we trust our beneficent citizens, on Donation Days, will come to our rescue and proportion their gifts to our necessities, and, as almoners of their bounty, enable the Managers to sustain this charity and make the City Hospital in the future as it has been in the past, a blessed refuge for the sick and the suffering of every creed and nationality.

The Pavilion Children.

On the 11th of February, 1886, we had the grand house-warming at the opening of the Children's Pavilion; three months later it was furnished and ready for the little folks who took possession in May, 1886. The large number of children who have received treatment within it shows how much such an institution was needed.

A very small proportion of those who have shared its benefits have been paying patients. The highest price charged in the wards for board, medical attendance and nursing is four dollars a week, and of the ninety-six inmates the friends of but five have been able to pay this amount; for two others we have received three dollars each a week; for one, one dollars and fifty cents a week; and for five, one dollar each a week. Two patients have occupied the free bed endowed by Miss Mumford; and one child, the Children's Cot. The City poor-

master has paid for ten children, and the Country poor-master for one child, but as the amounts received from the poor-masters do not cover expenses, we must consider the eleven as in part charity patients. *The sixty-nine remaining children have been charity-patients for whom the Hospital received no compensation.*

It is for such as these we plead and surely our friends will consider it a privilege to contribute to the Pavilion and Hospital funds, and thus enable us to pay the debt resting on the Pavilion and provide for the poor and helpless sick children.

No inmate of the Pavilion has elicited more sympathy than Sarah Thompson, a colored child who came to us from the orphan asylum, unable to walk, and suffering from curvature of the spine. For two years and two months she required almost constant attention. Her gentle, patient, sunny nature made her a great favorite. The little sufferer was most tenderly cared for and last month she entered the upper fold. "The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep," and we must not neglect the lambs of the flock.

The Pavilion Debt.

A debt of \$2,265.13 is still resting on the Children's Pavilion and we hope on Donation Days the little folks and their friends will make liberal offerings and greatly reduce it.

Mrs. Mathews will have her chart at the rink, and every person contributing one dollar can cross out one square. We ask for memorial or thank offerings and for contributions, large and small. Any persons who still hold any of the A B C schemes can then bring them filled out to the Treasurer.

The following letter shows what one little girl has been doing for the Pavilion Fund:

DEAR MRS. MATHEWS:

My little grand-daughter, Jean Aitken of New York, held a children's fair, at our house, which was patronized by the children in the neighborhood and some of their mammas, the proceeds of which, \$9.50, she wishes to give to the "Children's Cot" fund, of the City Hospital.

Sincerely Yours,

HELEN C. POWERS,
234 East Ave.

October 11th, 1887.

A friend writes:—"The enclosed \$5.00 is "In Memoriam," for another block in the Children's Pavilion—cannot receive so much attention myself, and be forgetful of sufferers."

A Good Example.

A little girl ten years old, Edith Hooker, has become very much interested in our Pavilion children. She visited a private patient who was sick in the Hospital and thus became acquainted with our little ones. Last summer she plucked and sent quantities of flowers to the Flower Mission for the Pavilion children, and we hear she is selecting some of her books and playthings for our little ones. We talk about the Training School for nurses in our Hospital, but we sometimes think the Hospital children are making training schools for the healthy children in their own homes. Often mothers say to us, "My children are so much interested in the Hospital children, they watch eagerly for the Review, to read about the "sick children," and almost every month we receive help from little ones who are learning to obey the Scripture rule: "Be ye kindly affectionate one to another."

There will be a cloak room for the convenience of guests on Donation Days.

Myering's Band will be present each evening at the Rink and the young folks can avail themselves of it for dancing.

Notice.

A friend of the hospital has at her own expense ordered extra copies of the Review this month which will be sent out to parties whom we desire to secure as subscribers. Please respond by giving name, address and 62 cents each to Mrs. R. Matthews, Treasurer, on Donation Days.

The Hospital Inmates.

On the morning of November third we made our monthly visit at the City Hospital. As we approached the grounds from West avenue a group of little ones was gathered around the entrance to the Children's Pavilion. The sere and withered foliage, scattered over the Hospital lawn, gave a dreary aspect as a few feeble men loitered beneath the leafless trees.

Two weeks before, while directing the HOSPITAL REVIEW, we had seen the patrol wagon bring to the Hospital a painter who had just fallen from a building and been severely wounded. We watched the physicians and attendants as they placed the sufferer on a stretcher and carefully bore him to the operating room. The skilful surgeons and attentive nurses long and carefully ministered to the unfortunate man, as his family and friends, powerless to aid him, lingered in adjoining apartments. Somewhat later we saw him taken to the Male Surgical Ward; one foot had been amputated and the other dressed.

As we again visited the Hospital our thoughts and steps turned at once to the ward where lay the disabled painter, and from his own lips we learned the story of the accident. He said he was painting Mr. W. S. Kimball's conservatory, and the board on which he was standing gave way at the top and tipped so that he slid down the roof, with as much speed as if on a toboggan slide, then fell eighteen feet, and came down with great force, striking on both heels, fracturing the bones in eight

places in one foot, and in two places in the other. When he was brought to the Hospital the bones in one foot were protruding through the flesh, and it was thought doubtful whether the other foot could be saved. But one foot was amputated, and at the time of our visit the stump was doing well and there was good prospect of saving the other foot.

Much interest centered in the Male Surgical Ward where twenty-four were receiving treatment, every bed being occupied. The day before our visit John Mueller, while testing a radiator at the Eureka Steam Works on State street, neglected to let off sufficient steam; the radiator burst, and the man was brought to the Hospital fearfully injured. The whole left side of his face was fractured; the left clavicle, scapula and one rib were broken, one lung was punctured, and his body was badly scalded and burnt. The fractures were reduced, the wounds dressed and the man made as comfortable as possible. Dr. Whitbeck was operating upon him nearly three hours, but he could not save him, and the man died about six hours after he was brought to the Hospital. Another man who had been run over by a wagon loaded with grain was brought to the Hospital in an unconscious condition; both arms, three ribs, the clavicle and jaw were broken, the skull was fractured, one lung punctured and there were flesh wounds; The man died before the surgeon could operate upon him. A man with carbuncle on the neck was nearly well. A patient in his cot, with abscesses on back and groin, was improving. A boy sixteen years old, from Sodus Point, was sorely afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism in both hips and the joints were set; he had been operated upon by Dr. Whitbeck, who had made a false joint and applied extensions to the limb; the other hip joint he hoped to loosen by massage. The boy seemed comfortable and happy. The man who fell 60 feet from a bridge was so well he was that day to be dis-

charged. A boy sixteen years old had diseased hip; the bone had been scraped and he seemed to be improving. An Italian had some disease of the head; he had been operated upon by Dr Rider for a wound near the eye. Two men, each with a broken left foot, were improving and going about on crutches. Four of the inmates of this ward were confined to their cots.

There were but two empty beds in the Male Medical Ward; twenty patients were here receiving treatment but four of whom kept their beds all the time. In this ward was one aged paralytic; two men were convalescing from typhoid fever; one had some disease of the throat, another rheumatism; an Italian boy had died of spinal meningitis. There were three Italian patients, two of whom were busy with cards.

Of the twenty patients in the Female Medical Ward, four were confined to their cots; a typhoid fever patient was convalescing; the operation for skin grafting had been successful. Two patients had died, one of these came to the Hospital in a dying condition, the other was Miss Louisa King, who was a very sweet girl, greatly beloved in the Ward. Seldom has a patient died that has been so much of a favorite.

There were but nine inmates in the Female Surgical Ward, four of whom kept their beds; one of them was a patient formerly suffering from erysipelas but who eight weeks since broke her leg; she spoke very gratefully of the kind treatment and excellent care she received at the Hospital. Another was an old patient who left the Hospital months ago, but came back to be treated for diseased head and stomach. Tilly had had diseased flesh taken from her arm; *gross-mutter* was about as usual; a patient from whose eye a cataract had been removed was improving and expecting to have the other eye operated upon.

There were no babies in the Nursery and the isolated pavilions were both empty.

The Little Folks.

Such a homelike atmosphere pervades the Children's Pavilion it does ones heart good to visit it. The nurses manifest such a motherly interest in the children that one feels like exclaiming, Thank God for the Training School! We wish all our patrons could peep in upon the little folks, maimed, crippled, and diseased as they are, and see how tenderly, lovingly and patiently the nurses minister to them. The fondling and petting bestowed upon the afflicted children seem like the loving caresses of a mother and not like the formal service of one who works merely from a sense of duty.

Come with us to the Boys' Ward and you will find Louis Yoker the centre of attraction. The nurse is just finishing the work of dressing his foot; she has carefully bathed it, applied ointment and has carefully wrapped it in cotton batting. About sixteen weeks ago Louis' foot was crushed between two cars; great care had to be taken to save it; for three weeks it was kept in a bath with the water at a temperature of 100 degrees; now it does not pain him and he gets around with the use of a crutch. Near Louis is our little friend Max Kraus, who to-morrow expects to have on another plaster of Paris jacket; he is so used to having this applied that he does not dread it at all. He is a brave little fellow; he says to us, "will you not ask some one to send us some old yarn so that we can knit?" Some bright colored worsteds would please him greatly. In a rolling chair near by sits Clark Davis; he has been paralyzed and has a curvature of the spine; he wears a plaster of Paris jacket and has a jury mast with something attached to it to support his head; he cannot walk at all, but moves about in his rolling chair. George Hawkins, three years old, came to us from the noted baby farm and had a skin disease, the result of neglect; the nurse says he is now quite well and the merriest little fellow in Rochester, and is known all over the house

for his roughish pranks. Tommy Heeney has been a long while in the Hospital, one of his limbs is shorter than the other, and he wears an iron arrangement on one shoe to prevent limping; his abscesses are somewhat better but his general health is not good. Nellie Collins, a little girl eleven years old, has just come in from the lawn where she has been exercising; she has had abscesses on her groin and thigh but is nearly well.

We will now say good bye to the group gathered around Louis Yoker and turn to the corner of the Boys' Ward, where, on a cot we shall find Willie Hooper, a new patient, nearly twelve years old. Willie is a very pretty looking boy, with fair skin and sandy hair; five years ago a large boy kicked him on the hip and groin and he has never been well; abscesses have formed on groin and breast and this morning one of them was lanced and is discharging freely. He looks very patient. Now we will visit the Girls' Ward but we shall not find Sarah Thompson, the little colored girl there. More than two years ago she came to us from the Orphan Asylum. She had curvature of the spine and has been a great sufferer, and lately she has had abscesses, and for months has been failing; she died on the 19th of October; she was very patient, sweet and lovely to the last. Sada Hollohan, the black eyed little baby, is as bright and cunning as ever; she too wears a plaster of Paris jacket as she has a 'curvature' of her spine. She looks a little thinner than usual. Jerry Sheehan, two years and a half old, is also suffering from diseased spine, he cannot walk but hitches about on the floor; he is receiving massage treatment and is gaining under it. Heney Mattis had general eczema and was for a time isolated, but he is much better; he came to us from the Orphan Asylum and is four years old. Maud Henderson, the girl injured long ago by a fall from a swing does not gain much; she is receiving massage. Jonnie Solder, who

while fishing was struck by an engine and thrown with great force against a post and fractured his skull and was paralyzed, improved so much that he went home and came once a week to the Hospital for treatment; he has now come back to remain with us till some pieces of diseased bone are removed. Courtney Crerey who fell from a tree and broke his leg will this week have a piece of diseased bone taken from it. Jesse Fisk, the boy who came to us from the Church Home and was so very sick with typhoid fever, has recovered and gone home quite well. Louis Youst, the ten years old boy who fell while playing and dislocated and otherwise injured his elbow, was operated upon last month, but he now has his arm out of splints and is doing well.

You see dear children how many diseased and helpless little ones are cared for in the Children's Pavilion. The past year sixty-three have received treatment. Many of these have no comfortable homes where loving friends could minister to them, and many of them require the skilful service of those who are trained to Hospital work. It is for these we are pleading, and we hope on Donation Day you will bring your offerings to help pay the debt on the Children's Pavilion.

Hospital School.

Four days in the week the Pavilion children who are old enough are instructed in the elementary English branches, and some of the girls are taught how to sew. Voluntary teachers have consented to give their services for the benefit of the children, and the money collected to pay a teacher will be kept for contingent expenses. The school books sent by No. 13 school were very acceptable.

Cut flowers used for Sabbath decoration in one of our churches were afterwards sent to the City Hospital thus doing double service. A good example.

A Question Answered.

Ladies interested in the City Hospital have often expressed a wish that they might know how to work for it. Perhaps the following plan may aid them: A number of ladies have agreed to meet every week for four months in the year to sew for the Hospital, each one paying a membership fee of two dollars and pledging herself to finish one piece of work every week or pay a fine of ten cents. It is hoped by this means to furnish in part the sheets, pillow-cases, tablecloths, napkins, towels, &c., which cost the Hospital some hundreds of dollars annually.

Any ladies by sending two dollars each to the Treasurer, Mrs. Warham Whitney, 22 South Goodman street, or Miss Clarice Jeffrey, Secretary, 37 South Washington street will have work prepared and sent to them. It is hoped after the holidays a number of these circles will be formed in different parts of the city. For any further information apply to the Secretary or the Treasurer.

At the last annual meeting of the Female Charitable Society, one of its most faithful visitors entered the room on crutches. Months ago while carrying delicacies to the sick, she slipped and broke her hip. She was taken to the City Hospital and grateful for the skilful ministries she there received she requested us to express her thanks; she says if it had not been for Hospital care she should never have been able to come to the meetings of the Society.

Annual Subscriptions.

By Mrs. Beach, W. F. Cogswell.....	\$ 5 00
By Mrs. Perkins. Mrs. B. Lawrence.....	2 00
Mrs. Isaac Willis.....	5 00
By Miss Wild, Miss C. M. Tuttle, Columbus, O.....	10 00

Donation on account:

Bausch & Lomb..... 39 50

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

OCTOBER, 1887.

"In Memoriam" Elizabeth, N. J.	5.00
Walter Hubbell Sill, card 178.....	3.00
Helen Osgood, card 176.....	1.25
Proceeds of fair held by Jean Aitken, New York.....	9.50

A. B. C. Scheme.

Series "C."—Mrs. T. J. Devine	2.50
Series "D."—Mrs. J. G. Cutler \$1.00, Extra 25 cents; Margaret L. Ashley, \$1.00, extra 25 cents; Mrs. J. Anstice, \$1.00.....	3.50

Series "E."—Mrs. G. M. Soverhill, \$1.00; Mrs. C. J. Russell, \$2.00, extra 25 cents; Mrs. J. H. Hill, \$1.00; Mrs. L. F. Folsom, \$1.00; Mrs. W. P. Lamb, \$1.00; Mrs. Clarence Fish, \$1.00; Mrs. C. H. Angel, \$1.00; Mrs. L. W. Moore, \$1.00; Miss Mary E. Smith, 75 cents; Mrs. F. S. Hyde, \$1.00; Mrs. J. C. Hoffman, \$1.00.....	12.00
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Series "F."—Mrs. J. D. McKechnie, Canandaigua, \$1.00; Miss Mary Bates Mann, \$1.00; E. H. Jennings, \$1.00; Miss Anna Gould, \$1.00; Miss Lois E. Whitney, \$1.00; Mrs. L. F. Folsom, \$1.00; Miss A. M. Comerford, \$1.00; Miss Marie B. Pond, \$1.00; Miss L. F. Van De Carr, \$1.00; Mrs. M. W. M. Kleppish, Pittsford, \$1.00; Mrs. L. S. May, Pittsford, \$1.00; Miss Minnie F. Hooker, \$1.00; Mr. C. H. Angel, 1.00; Miss L. Ratcliffe, \$1.00; Miss Carrie M. Soule, \$2.00.....	16.00
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Series "G."—Mrs. J. Laney, \$1.00; Mrs. W. M. Thompson, \$1.00; Miss Gussie M. Coleman, \$1.00; L. A. Blossom, Brighton, \$1.00; "A friend, \$1.00; Mrs. J. D. McKechnie, Canandaigua, \$1.00; Mrs. C. L. Salmon, \$1.00; Miss Alice Whittlesey, \$1.00; Mrs. J. L. Garson, \$1.00; Mrs. G. W. McKechnie, Canandaigua, \$1.00; Miss Anna Gould, \$4.00; Miss Bliss, Yonkers, \$3.00; Miss L. E. Caldwell, \$1.00; Miss Emily R. Hill, \$1.00; Mrs. M. Mathews, \$1.00; Col. C. S. Tappen, \$5.00; Miss Gibbs, extra, 25 cents; Mrs. J. G. Cutler, \$5.00; Miss Lois E. Whitney, \$4.00; Mrs. L. F. Folsom, \$1.00; Mrs. J. P. Sankey, \$1.00; Mrs. A. J. Hines, \$1.00; Miss M. Swanton, \$1.00; Mrs. C. Porter, Pittsford, \$1.00; Mrs. J. N. Birdsall, Pittsford, \$1.00; Mrs. S. E. Sutherland, Pittsford, \$1.00; Mrs. M. W. M. Kleppish, Pittsford, \$2.00; Mrs. J. R. Lockwood, Pittsford, \$1.00; Mrs. G. A. Goss, Pittsford, \$1.00; Mrs. Henry Crandall, Paris, France, \$1.00; Dr. W. S. Ely, \$1.00; Miss Ida R. Freeman, \$1.00; Mrs. L. W. Moore, \$4.00; Mrs. P. S. Sexton, Palmyra, \$5.00; Mrs. Chas. McLouth, Pal-	
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myra, \$1.00; Miss Hall, Palmyra, \$1.00; Mrs. E. C. Hall, New York, \$1.00; Miss Emma A. Armstrong, \$4.00; Mrs. J. C. Hoffman, \$5.00; Flossie F. Teall, \$1.00. 70.25

Receipts for the month..... 123 00
Previously acknowledged.....\$4,111.87

Total receipts.\$4,234.87

We still require \$2,265.13 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. We beg our friends to make renewed efforts to help us pay this amount.

Receipts for the Review.

OCTOBER 1887.

Mrs. I. L. Engler, Ontario, by Mrs. Strong.....\$.62
Miss H. Stearns, Salem, Mass., \$2.50; Mrs. Ira Wilder, Charlotte, \$1.00 by Mrs. S. H. Terry, 3.50
B. Herman, Adv. \$5.00; Jefferys, Adv. \$10.00; Mrs. Clark Johnston, 62 cents; Mrs. R. Messenger, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Strong, 62 cents; James Vick, Adv., \$10.00 by Mrs. M. M. Mathews 26.86
W. B. Burke, 62 cents; Mrs. G. Brady, 62 cents; Mrs. C. M. Curtis, 62 cents; Mrs. E. M. Day, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Erickson, 62 cents; Mrs. I. F. Force, 62 cents; Mrs. R. Hart 62 cents; Mrs. S. F. Hess, 62 cents; Mrs. M. D. L. Hayes, 62 cents; Miss E. Hanford, 62 cents; Mrs. G. D. Hale, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Hazeltine, 62 cents; Dr. J. J. Kempe, 62 cents; Mrs. W. P. Lamb, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Lyon, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. W. F. Morrison, 62 cents; Mrs. C. R. Morgan, 62 cents; Mrs. A. G. Mudge, 63 cents; Mrs. J. C. Nash, \$1.25; Mrs. G. Phillips, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Porter, 62 cents; Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins, 62 cents; Mrs. Thos. Raines, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Rennelson, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Sidons, 62 cents; Mrs. C. F. Smith, 65 cents; Mrs. John Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Stein, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Sargent, 62 cents; Mrs. E. O. Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. E. D. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. C. F. Weaver, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Zeeveld, 62 cents, by Miss Hattie Smith..... 22.87
Miss M. I. Bliss, Yonkers, 50 cents; Mrs. E. C. Bosworth, 62 cents; Mrs. S. P. Gardner, Haverhill, Mass., 50 cents; Mrs. C. Martin, Montreal, 50 cents, by Treasurer 2.12

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

Died.

Died at the City Hospital, October 6, of Cancerous Pelvic Tumor, Mrs. J. W. Preston, aged 30 years.

October 10, Francis Johns, of Blood Poisoning and Exhaustion, aged 37 years.

October 14, Frederick Yass, Blood Poisoning, aged 63 years.

October 16, of Tubercular Phthisis Pulmonalis, Jennie Kidd, 16 years.

October 19, of Tubercular Disease of Spine, Sarah Thompson, aged 4 years.

October 24, of Aneurism of Arch of Aorta, Mrs. Conrad Gansevoort, aged 52 years.

October 23, Mrs. Millie Hunt, Peritonitis, aged 45 years.

October 26, of Cerebral Apoplexy, Louisa King, aged 21 years.

Donations for October.

Mrs. Munn—Large basket of grapes.
Rochester Cotton Co.—7 pounds of cotton waste for charpie.

Mrs. M. Strong, Maud Cowley, Mrs. Charles Ford, Miss Gibson, Miss E. Gibson, Miss Montgomery—Reading matter.

Mrs. Freeman Clarke—3 barrels of pears.
Mrs. H. F. Huntington, Mrs. Maltby Strong—Pears.

Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt—Children's clothing, old linen, cotton, &c.

Mrs. Robert Mathews—Second-hand shirts.
Mr. Macy—Large quantity of reading matter.

Miss Howe of Canandaigua—Scrap-book for the children.

Mrs. J. H. Stedman—Magazines and basket of sweet potatoes.

Bausch & Lomb—Donation on microscope, \$39.50.

Mrs. Bacon—Old cotton.
Mrs. N. Winn—School-books, old linen and cotton.

Miss L. A. Markham—Old cotton, flannel, and two new pairs of stockings.

Miss Wild—Basket of pears.

Mrs. H. N. Page of Perry—Second-hand shirts.

Mrs. A. G. Yates—School-books and slates.
Amelia Wright—Grapes for Children's Pavilion.

Mrs. Thomas Chester—Old cotton.

Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt—Table cover, towels and boy's jacket.

Pupils of No. 13 school—School-books.

Miss Lulu Crouch—Basket of grapes for Children's Pavilion.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Oct. 1.....	94
Received during Month.....	49
Births.....	1
	—144
Discharged during Month	40
Deaths.	8
Number remaining in Hospital Nov. 1, 96	
	—144

Those words "I was sick and ye visited Me," tell us that wherever one of Christ's sick is waited upon, there two are served—the visible disciple and the unseen Christ, and that the cup of healing proffered to one, touches the lips of two, and that one of these is no less than the Lord of Glory.

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SINCE its first issue, in 1873, this magazine has maintained, with undisputed recognition, the position it took at the beginning—that of being the most excellent juvenile periodical ever printed. The best known names in literature were on its list of contributors from the start—Bryant, Longfellow, Thomas Hughes, George MacDonald, Bret Harte, Bayard Taylor, Frances Hodgson Burnett, James T. Fields, John G. Whittier; indeed the list is so long that it would be easier to tell the few authors of note who have *not* contributed to "the world's child magazine."

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author of "Hans Brinker; or, The Silver Skates," and other popular books for young folks—and for grown-up folks, too—has a remarkable faculty for knowing and entertaining children. Under her skillful leadership, ST. NICHOLAS brings to thousands of homes on both sides of the water, knowledge and delight.

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The Coming Year of St. Nicholas.

The fifteenth year begins with the number for November, 1887, and the publishers can announce: Serial and Short Stories by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, Joel Chandler Harris, J. T. Trowbridge, Col. Richard M. Johnston, Louisa M. Alcott, Professor Alfred Church, William H. Rideing, Washington Gladden, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Amelia E. Barr, Frances Courtenay Baylor, Harriet Upton, and many others. Edmund Alton will write a series of papers on the "Routine of the Republic,"—how the President works at the White House, and how the affairs of the Treasury, the State and War Departments, etc., are conducted; Joseph O'Brien, a well-known Australian journalist, will describe "The Great Island Continent"; Elizabeth Robbins Pennell will tell of "London Christmas Pantomimes" (Alice in Wonderland, etc.); John Burroughs will write "Meadow and Woodland Talks with Young Folks," etc., etc. Mrs. Burnett's short serial will be the editor says, a worthy successor to her famous "Little Lord Fauntleroy," which appeared in ST. NICHOLAS.

Why not try St. Nicholas this year for the young people in the house? Begin with the November number. Send us \$3.00, or subscribe through booksellers and newsdealers. The Century Co., 33 East 17th street, New York.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

WITH the November, 1887, issue THE CENTURY commences its thirty-fifth volume with a regular circulation of almost 250,000. The War Papers and the Life of Lincoln increased its monthly edition by 100,000. The latter history having recounted the events of Lincoln's early years and given the necessary survey of the political condition of the country, reaches a new period, with which his secretaries were most intimately acquainted. Under the caption

Lincoln in the War,

the writers now enter on the more important part of their narrative, viz.: the early years of the War and President Lincoln's part therein.

Supplementary War Papers,

following the "battle series," by distinguished generals, will describe interesting features of army life, tunneling from Libby Prison, narratives of personal adventure, etc. General Sherman will write on "The Grand Strategy of the War."

Kennan on Siberia.

Except the Life of Lincoln and the War Articles, no more important series has ever been undertaken by THE CENTURY than this of Mr. Kennan's. With the previous preparation of four years' travel and study in Russia and Siberia, the author undertook a journey of 15,000 miles for the special investigation here required. An introduction from the Russian Minister of the Interior admitted him to the principal mines and prisons, where he became acquainted with some three hundred State exiles.—Liberals, Nihilists, and others,—and the series will be a startling as well as accurate revelation of the exile system. The many illustrations by the artist and photographer, Mr. George A. Frost, who accompanied the author, will add greatly to the value of the articles,

A Novel by Eggleston.

with illustrations will run through the year. Shorter novels will follow by Cable and Stockton. Shorter fictions will appear every month.

Miscellaneous Features.

will comprise several illustrated articles on Ireland, by Charles De Kay; papers touching the field of the Sunday School Lessons, illustrated by E. L. Wilson; wild Western life, by Theodore Roosevelt; the English Cathedrals, by Mrs. Van Rensselaer, with illustrations by Pennell; Dr. Buckley's valuable papers on Dreams, Spiritualism, and Clairvoyance; essays in criticism, art, travel, and biography; poems; cartoons, etc.

By a special offer the numbers for the past year (containing the Lincoln history) may be secured with the year's subscription from November, 1887, twenty-four issues in all, for \$6.00, or, with the last year's numbers handsomely bound, \$7.50.

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We have received a valuable new microscope, one-half of which was given by Bausch & Lomb, the other half by the Hospital Staff.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH BY

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MRS. MALTBY STRONG, MRS. WM. H. PERKINS,
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS, MRS. A. S. HAMILTON,
MRS. WM. E. HOYT.

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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.

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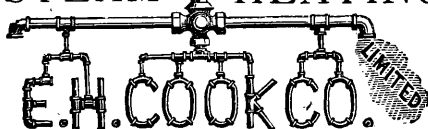
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XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum will be allowed on all sums which may be on deposit on the first days of March, June, September and December, for each of the three preceding months during which such sum shall have been on deposit.

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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. XXIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1887.

No. 5.

Donation Days.

Once more the Managers of the Rochester City Hospital have thrown open their doors, hung out their banners, welcomed their benevolent friends to attractive boards, and received in response to their annual appeal most generous offerings. The Treasurer's report indicates that the net receipts were larger than on any previous Donation Days, yet the supply was not equal to the demand. With a debt of \$20,000 crippling the Hospital and heavy current expenses making constant draughts on the treasury, the Managers hoped their appeal would be strong enough to evoke a response that would cancel the debt, and leave a surplus for the current expense fund.

We copy, in another portion of THE RE-

VIEW, an interesting article that appeared in the Union and Advertiser of November 28th, and we trust it may touch the hearts and purses of some of our beneficent readers, and be effective of good to the City Hospital.

The rink was tastefully decorated by Mr. J. Field, with flags and bunting, and the pretty booths and fancy tables, with their oriental draperies and gay adornments, gave a festive air to the scene. The refreshment tables with their tempting viands appealed to the wants of the inner man. The fragrant incense and grateful perfume of flowers offered their silent tribute, and added another charm to the occasion. The little folks at the Children's Pavilion, Basket and Popped Corn tables, and the youthful fruit venders at their holly wreathed

booth, vied with each other in zeal and good works, and made pretty pictures, that an artist might covet, as their bright, up-turned faces sought customers for their wares.

West of the centre of the rink, not far from the door of entrance, sat the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, and some of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital; north of these Mrs. Robert Mathews welcomed subscriptions for the HOSPITAL REVIEW and the Children's Pavilion fund; opposite her, Mrs. Clark Johnston received and distributed the Mite boxes. West of these were the Fancy Table, the Children's Fruit Booth, the Popped Corn Table, and near by, the Chocolate Table of Mrs. Myron Adams and Miss Kent. The large space east of these was devoted to the refreshment tables, and on the raised platforms above them were the general supply tables.

The Oriental Booth, designed by Mr. J. F. Warner, and decorated with Japanese, Turkish, and Chinese draperies, occupied the raised platform in the south west corner of the rink, and had as its next neighbor the Flower and Candy Booth, with its evergreen background, and liberal supply of candies, generously contributed by Mr. John H. Roberts, business manager of Huyler's candy establishment. Here too was a charming display of chrysanthemums, roses, mignonettes, heliotropes, daisies, orchids and Amazon lilies. Next came Mrs. George H. Perkins' Tea Booth, a cosy, restful retreat, where with oriental surroundings, from dainty cups, one could sip the choice Oolong while gazing at the busy scene below.

On the elevated platform on the north side of the rink the Tissue Paper Table displayed a marvelous variety of pretty articles, fashioned from the gay or delicately tinted tissue paper; there were caps and sashes, fans, balls, flowers of every form and hue, roses, poppies, hollyhocks, snowballs, hydrangeas, peonies, daisies, carnations, English violets, and sunflowers larger

than the famous giant ones of California. The Children's Pavilion Table looked like a dolls' reception, and had sweet-faced dolls of every variety, dolls' beadsteads, furniture and wardrobes, and pretty fancy articles, showing how deftly the little fingers had been working for the sick children. The Basket Table had baskets of many styles, plain and decorated, among them were forty-two contributed through Mrs. L. F. Folsom, by the employes of the Rochester Title Co.; here too were tiny chairs, modelled after one brought over in the Mayflower by John Carver. Near the Basket Table were the headquarters of Lawrence Angel's "Grabbing by Express," but the wagon visited other parts of the rink and appeared to be doing a thriving business.

The General Fancy Table displayed an endless variety of fancy and useful articles, among these were an oatmeal dish, and some choice specimens of china, decorated in imitation of the Royal Worcester Wares, the work of Miss Lois E. Whitney, that elicited warm admiration, but nothing attracted more attention than a china jug, decorated in Royal Worcester style, with owls and other birds resting in the branches of a larch tree; this was the gift of Mr. Wm. Lycett, of New York, who always remembers us on Donation Days. One department of this table was laden with nice cake, canned fruit, jellies and pickles.

The Kitchen department, screened from public view, on the east side of the rink, was occupied by busy workers under the direction of Mrs. L. S. Chapin, Mrs. Max Landsberg, Mrs. S. S. Avery, and Mrs. E. W. Williams. The Coffee department was in charge of Mrs. Oscar Craig, Mrs. A. M. Bennett, and Mrs. H. L. Achilles. Mrs. H. Pomeroy Brewster and Mrs. Azel Backus officiated at the Oyster table, and Miss Cossitt sold tickets for the Tissue Paper party.

On Tuesday, the 1st of December, the Refreshment Tables were presided over

by ladies of the Universalist, St. Luke's, Plymouth, St. Paul's, Brick, St. Peter's, Christ, and St. Andrew's churches, and by those of the Independent table. On Friday, the 2d of December, the ladies of the First and Second, Park Ave., and Lake Avenue Baptist churches, and those of the First Presbyterian, Central, and Unitarian churches welcomed their friends. On Thursday twenty-four of the Supervisors of Monroe County dined with the ladies of St. Peter's, Christ, and St. Andrew's churches.

The music on both evenings of the festival was by Meyering's orchestra.

The Tissue Paper Party.

According to previous announcement, the Tissue Paper Party was held on the evening of December 2d, in the rink. The centre of the building was cleared for the benefit of the dancers, and the space around this, and the gallery were well packed with spectators.

The dancers all wore some tissue paper adornment; and some elaborate and tasteful toilets were made almost entirely of tissue paper. In the grand opening march the groups were arranged according to size and color, and some of the costumes were novel and quite effective. Immense sun-flowers were conspicuous on the dark coats of the gentlemen as button-hole bouquets; pink pond-lilies made graceful girdles. Mother Goose and baker's caps abounded among the little folks. Two children represented inverted roses; the overlapping petals of pink tissue paper forming the skirt of the dress, while the deep pointed green calyx made the overskirt. The idea was carried out in the cap also; the pink petals covering the hair, and the calyx, receptacle, and upturned stem formed a tassel-like-finish to the top of the head-dress.

The entrance of four ladies and four gentlemen enveloped, with the exception

of the feet, in paper bags, labelled POP CORN, and their various evolutions during the dance contributed more to the pleasure and amusement of the audience than to the comfort of the wearers. The bright and soft colored sashes, caps, flowers and other adornments gave variety to the scene and the *tout ensemble* was very pleasing.

The Benefit Concert.

We offer our young friend, Miss Mary S. Durand, our congratulations as well as our thanks, for the good taste, executive ability and musical skill manifested in the attractive concert given in the chapel of the First Presbyterian Church, on the evening of November 29th, for the benefit of the Rochester City Hospital.

The desire to aid this charity prompted Miss Durand to enlist some of the choice musical talent of our city in its behalf; and the professional and amateur artists, who so cheerfully co-operated with her, rendered the concert one of the most pleasing musical events of the season. Critics say that "rarely is such a combination of local musical talent heard as at this concert."

The chapel was tastefully decorated with foliage plants, and the audience was sympathetic and appreciative. The following programme was skilfully executed:

Programme.

PART I.

1. PIANO DUET — Overture "William Tell"—*Rosini*—Mrs. F. M. Bottum, Miss Mary Belle Brewster.
2. MALE QUARTETTE—*a. Solitary Reaper—Decker; b. All alone—Pfeil*—The Central Quartette, Messrs. Van Zandt, Gove, Kingsbury and Learned.
3. TRIO—Piano, Violin and 'cello.—Op. 1, No. 3—*Beethoven*—Andante Cantabile. Menuetto. Finale. Miss Mary S. Durand, Miss Bertha Clark, Mr. D. Copeland.
4. SOPRANO SOLO—The Magic Song—*Meyer-Hellmund*—Miss Caecilla Meyering; accompanist, Mr. E. W. Huntington.
5. PIANO SOLO—*a. Im Walde—Heller; b. Cradle Song—Van Laer; c. Aufschwung—Schumann*; Mr. C. E. Van Laer.

PART II.

1. BASS SOLO—"Israel"—*Oliver King*—Mr. F. M. Bottum.
2. VIOLIN SOLO—"Legende"—*Wienawski*—Miss Bertha Clark; accompanist, Mr. C. E. Van Laer.
3. DUET—"Maying"—*Smith*—Miss Meyering, Mr. J. J. Van Zandt.
4. PIANO SOLO—*Andanta Spianato* and *Polonaise*. op. 22—*Chopin*—Mr. F. M. Bottum.
5. MALE QUARTETTE—"Now fare thee well"—*Nessler*—The Central Quartette.

Among the audience were eight of the Industrial School boys, members of Miss Durand's Sabbath school class, who were very anxious to be present, and said to Miss D., "*We never heard a concert in our lives.*" Their vigorous encoring indicated how rare a treat it was for them.

In the name of the Managers of the City Hospital we tender thanks to Miss Mary S. Durand, and all who, by their musical skill, their personal services, or presence, contributed to the pleasure of the evening. The following note shows how successful the concert was financially :

My Dear MRS. PERKINS :

The net proceeds of the concert on Tuesday evening, November 29th, are two hundred and three dollars and sixty-five cents, which I take great pleasure in delivering to you; for the benefit of the City Hospital. Hoping that the sum enclosed may be acceptable to the Lady Managers, I am, with respect, very sincerely yours,

MARY S. DURAND.

December 1, 1887.

Thanks.

The Managers of the Rochester City Hospital tender their grateful thanks to the Editors and Proprietors of the city papers for gratuitous printing, advertisements, and frequent able and inspiring notices of the Donation Festival, and the pressing needs of the City Hospital; to the Union and Advertiser, for printing placards to be placed on the street cars, and to the Street

Car Rail Road Co., for displaying them : to Mr. J. Field for the use of flags and bunting, and for tastefully decorating the rink, thus contributing work amounting to \$44.00; to Carroll, Hutchings & Southard for the use of decorations; to C. W. Trotter, for putting up, taking down, moving, and use of stoves, for services of a man to take charge of them, and for valuable personal services; to Bascom & Morgan, for putting in gas pipe, and moving gas stove; to Howe & Rogers, for the use of rugs; to W. H. Glenny & Co., for the use of crockery; to Mr. I. Teall, for the use of water cooler; to Mr. C. J. Hayden, for the use of 12 dining and 4 small tables; to Copeland & Durgin, for the use of 45 kitchen and 6 extension tables; to W. C. Bush and Hayden Furniture Co., for the use of tables; to A. G. Yates for Silver Lake ice, and for the use of ice rack; to S. B. Stuart & Co., for coal; to Danford & Knapp for a large amount of cartage and use of baskets; to K. P. Shedd, for carting; to Messrs. S. W. Updike, A. O. Gordon, and G. B. Schoeffel for officiating as carvers; to Chief of Police, Major Cleary, for services of men, and protection of the rink night and day; and to all who in any way by their gifts, services or presence contributed to the success of the festival.

We have endeavored to acknowledge every donation, but we are sure in the multiplicity of gifts some have been overlooked. We shall be happy to note any omissions or correct any errors if notice of such be sent to Mrs. Seth H. Terry, 36 South Washington street, before the issue of the next Hospital Review.

The following articles left at the Rink may be found at the house of the Treasurer, 174 Spring street: A boy's double-breasted coat, white curtain with red ribbons, a silk umbrella, 5 pocket handkerchiefs, one hemstitched, initials J. M. P., ditto, initials E. B., ditto, and lace, initials H. H. B., one pair gloves, one pair black cotton gloves, one glass celery tray, one glass epergne, one glass saucer, leaf-shaped, one deep oval granite dish, one deep white dish, 3 yellow pie plates, 1 tin pie plate, 1 colored plate, 1 white plate, 2 jelly moulds, 4 deep tin pans, 6 trays, 2 colored saucers.

RECEIPTS

AT THE

Donation Festival,

HELD AT

WASHINGTON STREET RINK,

December 1st and 2d 1887.

CASH DONATIONS.

D. W. Powers	\$300 00
M. F. Reynolds	200 00
G. E. Mumford	200 00
Wm. Kimball	200 00
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr	200 00
Jas. C. Hart	200 00
Mrs. Freeman Clarke	200 00
Samuel Sloan	100 00
L. P. Ross	100 00
Alfred Wright	100 00
Sam'l Wilder	100 00
W. H. Gorsline	100 00
John H. Brewster	100 00
C. C. Morse	100 00
Gilman H. Perkins	100 00
Hamilton & Mathews	100 00
Brewster, Gordon & Co.	100 00
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Mrs. Alfred Ely	25 00
F. A. Whittlesey	25 00
W. B. Douglas	25 00
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L. Adler Bros & Co.	25 00
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Wm. Churchill's Estate	25 00
F. L. Durand	25 00
A. Erickson Perkins	25 00
Asa T. Soule	25 00
Gilbert A. Brady	25 00
In memory of Mrs. A. D. Smith	25 00
Mrs. Alex Thompson	25 00
C. M. Everest	25 00
H. D. Stone	25 00
A. S. Mann	25 00
Wm. Corning	25 00
Mrs. S. E. Hollister	25 00
George S. Riley	25 00
S. B. Roby	25 00
Dr. Whitbeck	25 00
J. L. Durand	25 00
H. C. Gorton	25 00
Srantom, Wetmore & Co.	25 00
John H. Rochester	25 00
W. H. Glennly & Co.	52 00
Levi Hey	25 00
Mrs. Aaron Erickson	20 00
Mrs. Maltby Strong	20 00
H. H. Morse	20 00
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Wilson Soule	20 00
Mrs. Charles E. Hart	20 00
Mrs. Joseph Curtiss	20 00
Wm. H. Seymour, Brockport	20 00
A. V. & N. Steele	15 00
J. L. Stewart	15 00
Judge G. F. Danforth	15 00
Mrs. D. Cory	15 00
E. R. Huddleston	15 00
J. Fahy	10 00
O. S. Hubbell	10 00
C. A. M	10 00
G. E	10 00
Cash	10 00
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Mrs. J. C. Van Epps	10 00
Mrs. D. Andrews	10 00
L. A. Jeffreys	10 00
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Miss Alice Whittlesey	10 00
United Presbyterian Church	10 00
E. H. Vredenburg	10 00
Mrs. E. I. Loop	10 00
Edward Harris	10 00
Adam Vogel	10 00
F. M. McFarlin	10 00
Glen Brothers	10 00
W. H. Benjamin	10 00
George Davenport	10 00
Mrs. B. E. Chase	10 00
Mrs. Pauline Lee	10 00
Mrs. Howard Osgood	10 00
J. L. Hatch	10 00
Wm. Alling	10 00
H. J. Dignin	10 00
Mrs. A. G. Whitcomb	10 00
Wm. Mudgett	10 00
Capt. L. S. Fulton	10 00
W. J. Curtiss	10 00
J. E. Booth	10 00
J. B. Stevens & Son	10 00
Henry Wray	10 00

Joseph Cowles.....	10 00
W. H. Ward.....	10 00
J. E. Wolcott.....	10 00
Mrs. Robert Steritt.....	10 00
In memoriam.....	10 00
Edward Brewster.....	10 00
Mrs. W. B. Sylvester.....	10 00
John M. Davy.....	10 00
John Siddons.....	10 00
Joseph Fuller.....	10 00
Charles W. Gorton.....	10 00
Dr. Pierson.....	6 00
Wm. F. Peck.....	5 00
Mrs. Milton Smith.....	5 00
John Mogridge.....	5 00
" M. Filon.....	5 00
" T. Hawkes.....	5 00
" E. M. Smith.....	5 00
James Chamberlin.....	5 00
Mrs. C. D. Van Zandt.....	5 00
A friend.....	5 00
Dr. Walter.....	5 00
James Terry.....	5 00
Mrs. E. E. Kidd.....	5 00
" M. E. Emerson.....	5 00
James Sargent.....	5 00
Grace Lawrence.....	5 00
Mrs. F. A. Sherwood.....	5 00
" E. D. Smith.....	5 00
Miss M. Shaw.....	5 00
Mrs. Betsey Babcock.....	5 00
J. P. Varnum.....	5 00
Sherlock Andrews.....	5 00
Miss E. H. Little.....	5 00
" E. E. Hunter.....	5 00
" A. M. Hunter.....	5 00
C. E. Morris.....	5 00
F. H. Clement.....	5 00
Cash.....	5 00
J. McCabe.....	5 00
Mrs. Louis Sunderland.....	5 00
" Mrs. Henry Smith.....	5 00
W. W. Webb.....	5 00
Cash.....	5 00
E. S. Martin.....	5 00
Mrs. C. M. Curtiss.....	5 00
" Jacob Howe.....	5 00
H. S. Hanford.....	5 00
Mrs. H. Henderson.....	5 00
" M. B. Anderson.....	5 00
" J. H. Adams.....	5 00
" Louis Chapin.....	5 00
" J. F. Gordon.....	5 00
" Waldo Morse.....	5 00
" H. Huntington.....	5 00
Cash.....	5 00
Cash.....	5 35
W. G. Watson.....	5 00
Mrs. E. M. Upton.....	5 00
" Wendell Curtis.....	5 00
S. G. Curtice.....	5 00
M. Hirschfield.....	5 00
Willard Smith.....	5 00
Mrs. J. A. Collier.....	5 00
Collection in Dr. Stratton's church.....	5 21
Mrs. M. Hopkins.....	3 00
" E. Allen.....	3 00
Dr. N. Millard.....	3 00
Mrs. E. G. Reyton.....	3 00
" Joseph Craig.....	3 00
P. H. Curtis.....	3 00
Lewis Bigelow.....	2 00
C. C. Gates, North Bloomfield.....	2 00
Mrs. L. L. R. Pitkin.....	2 00
" James Nichols.....	2 00
A friend.....	2 00
Dr. E. H. Davis.....	2 00
Cash.....	2 50
Cash.....	2 00
Cash.....	1 00

Cash.....	1 00
E. Bohachek.....	1 00
Mrs. M. L. Reed.....	1 00
John Trainor.....	1 00
Seth Green.....	1 00
A friend.....	00
Cash.....	75
Cash.....	50
A friend.....	25
Concert at First Presbyterian church by Miss M. Durand.....	203 65

♦♦♦♦♦

List of contributions collected by the German ladies for the City Hospital. Committee on collections : Mrs. Frederick Cook, Mrs. Edward Bausch, Mrs. Barnard Feiock, Miss L. Goetzman, Mrs. Carl F. Lomb, Mrs. Henry Klein, Mrs. R. Hofheinz, Mrs. J. W. Niederpumer:

Mrs. C. Chas. Rau.....	\$20 00
Wm. Bausch.....	5 00
Minges & Shale.....	5 00
L. Ernst & Son.....	10 00
Chas. Flake.....	3 00
Wolters Bros.....	5 00
E. E. Bausch & Son.....	5 00
Alvin Block.....	5 00
Shale & Milow.....	5 00
Chas. Blauw.....	5 00
B. Kollofski.....	2 00
Edward W. Maurer.....	5 00
Wm. E. Werner.....	5 00
F. J. Fritzsche.....	2 00
Jacob Gerling.....	2 00
Henry Kobbe.....	2 00
Edward Bausch.....	5 00
Mrs. Chas. Weis.....	5 00
W. H. Vicinus.....	2 00
Wohn & Bauer.....	3 00
Allen R. Sheffer.....	5 00
Frederick Cook.....	25 00
John Weis.....	20 00
Philip Meyer.....	10 00
Wm. Vicinus.....	10 00
John Rauber.....	10 00
Mr. Yeoman.....	10 00
Eugene Satterlee.....	5 00
Frederick Roth.....	5 00
P. F. Rauber.....	5 00
McAllister & Koeth.....	5 00
Caspar Wehle.....	5 00
Rud. Weis.....	5 00
L. Bauer.....	5 00
Frederick Miller.....	5 00
F. W. Whitmore.....	5 00
H. F. Atwood.....	5 00
Geo. Arnoldt.....	5 00
B. Haag.....	5 00
Henry Bartholomay.....	100 00
G. H. Haas.....	3 00
H. P. Bartholomay.....	1 00
Mr. Borst.....	50
Mrs. Landbeck.....	1 00
H. Lomb.....	15 00
Henry Klein.....	5 00
Edward Shafer.....	5 00
H. Engler.....	1 00
Henry Bausch.....	5 00
Oaks & Calhoun.....	5 00
Henry Hoffman.....	1 00
Emil Kuichling.....	5 00
F. C. Seitz.....	5 00
Hagen & Meyers.....	10 00
H. H. Schnarr.....	2 00
Chris. Muehl.....	2 00
Bernard Feiock.....	3 00

Henry Lester.....	5 00
M. Kolb & Son.....	5 00
J. G. Luitwieler.....	2 00
George Werner.....	4 00
A friend.....	2 00
Mrs. G. Fisher.....	50
John Felsinger.....	2 00
F. Dubelbeiss.....	25
H. Hebing.....	3 00
Dr. Clark.....	1 00
Mrs. R. Miller.....	1 00
Mrs. J. Keiser.....	1 00
Mrs. A. Spiehler.....	2 00
Mrs. J. Hofheinz.....	2 00
Mrs. P. Werner.....	1 00
Mrs. A. Hoeret.....	1 00
Mrs. Veyhle.....	1 00
Miss Lutz.....	50
J. A. Zegewitz.....	1 00
Mrs. Siebenpfeiffer.....	5 00
Fred Will.....	5 00
Mr. Thiem.....	1 00
Mrs. M. Buckley.....	1 00
Mr. Erbe.....	2 00
F. A. Stecher.....	2 00
Mrs. A. Wagner.....	1 00
George Hertzberger.....	2 00
Otto Block.....	5 00
Adolph Schlick.....	2 00
H. N. Schlick & Co.....	5 00
Geo. F. Roth.....	3 00
Mrs. Frank Ritter.....	5 00
Charles Wurtz.....	5 00
Mrs. Karl Mensing.....	5 00
Mrs. Dr. Schmitt.....	5 00
Genesee Brewing Co.....	10 00
Mrs. C. S. Duemplemann.....	3 00
Joseph Wehle.....	3 00
George Ludwig.....	2 00
Mrs. Heusner.....	2 00
John Rauber.....	2 00
John Klingler.....	2 00
Henry Briuker.....	5 00
Aug. Koeth.....	5 00
Chas. Meitzler.....	7 00
Cash.....	7 00
C. C. Meyer.....	6 00
Herman Behn.....	2 00
T. W. Whittlesey.....	2 00
W. N. Smith.....	2 00
Jno. F. Ange.....	2 00
C. F. Zimmer.....	2 00
Frederick Zimmer.....	2 00
Louis Wehn.....	3 00
Jos. Ritz.....	3 00
Chas. A. Cline.....	1 00
Wm. Kramer.....	1 00
Chas. Kondolf.....	1 00
Geo. W. Rogers.....	1 00
G. J. Herzberger.....	1 00
Henry Waltjin.....	5 00
W. Bartholomay.....	5 00
Dr. R. Hofheinz.....	2 00
Kintz & Hoelrigle.....	1 00
Henry Ziegler.....	1 00
J. J. Bausch.....	25 00
Carl F. Lomb.....	5 00
Henry Kaul.....	2 00
H. Aman.....	1 00
Mrs. J. Klein.....	2 00
Chas. Vogel.....	1 00
Oscar Knebel.....	5 00
Mrs. J. G. Schmidt.....	2 00
G. M. Borneman.....	1 00
Barr & Creelman.....	5 00
Frederick Goetzman.....	10 00
Louis Kramer.....	2 00
Samuel Dublebeiss.....	2 00
C. W. Voshall.....	5 00
A. Vogel.....	2 00
G. C. Maurer.....	5 00

M. Merk.....	1 00
L. P. Beck.....	2 00
J. F. Linsin.....	1 00
Fred Murr.....	2 00
L. W. Kaufman.....	5 00
C. B. Beck.....	2 00
Christian Yaky.....	5 00
Mrs. J. W. Niederpruem.....	5 00
Mrs. P. Sylla.....	1 00
John Boller.....	2 00
Mrs. Huegel.....	1 00
John Meinhard.....	1 00
Miss L. Vaeth.....	1 00
Mrs. H. Becker.....	1 00
Mr. Chas. Stecher.....	1 00
Mrs. P. Warnke.....	1 00
Mrs. A. Will.....	3 00
Mrs. H. Will.....	3 00
Mrs. Philip Will.....	5 00
Mrs. G. Koch.....	2 00
Mrs. Cassabier.....	1 00
Mr. Yawman.....	2 00
Mrs. V. Aman.....	1 00

Total.....\$724 75

List of Contributions collected from the Jewish Congregation :

J. M. Wile.....	\$10 00
Mrs. J. M. Wile.....	4 00
S. Stern.....	2 00
Mrs. S. Stern.....	2 00
M. Brickner.....	5 00
Mrs. M. Brickner.....	1 00
J. Wile.....	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. L. Garson.....	5 00
Mr. H. Michaels.....	3 00
Mrs. H. Michaels.....	2 00
J. Michaels.....	3 00
Mrs. J. Michaels.....	2 00
M. Michaels.....	3 00
Mrs. M. Michaels.....	1 00
M. A. Stern.....	3 00
Mrs. M. A. Stern.....	2 00
I. J. Beir.....	3 00
Mrs. I. J. Beir.....	2 00
Mr. L. Griesheimer.....	3 00
Mrs. L. Griesheimer.....	1 00
Mrs. E. Wolff.....	5 00
A. Stern.....	2 00
Mrs. U. J. Hecht.....	2 00
Mr. E. S. Ettenheimer.....	1 00
Mrs. E. S. Ettenheimer.....	2 00
H. Leiter.....	2 00
Mrs. H. Leiter.....	2 00
Cash.....	2 00
Mrs. I. Wile.....	2 00
Mrs. Lipsky.....	2 00
Mrs. E. Kirstein.....	2 00
L. W. Moore.....	2 00
Mrs. L. W. Moore.....	1 00
Mrs. Eva Moore.....	2 00
Joe Beir.....	1 00
Mrs. Sig. Beir.....	1 00
Mrs. I. Beir.....	1 00
Mrs. M. Meyers.....	1 00
Mrs. M. Goldwater.....	1 00
Mr. S. Savagc.....	2 00
J. Tichner.....	2 00
I. Stern.....	5 00
A. J. Katz.....	2 00
M. Strauss.....	2 00
Chas. Blum.....	5 00
H. S. Cohn.....	2 00
S. Stiefel.....	2 00
A. Stitheimer.....	1 00
Joe Mayer.....	1 00
J. Thalheimer.....	1 00
Maur. Garson.....	2 00

Sam. Solomon	1 00
Sol. Solomon	1 00
Sam. Garson	1 00
L. Stern	1 00
S. Hummel	2 00
E. Steinfeld	1 00
G. Steinfeld	1 00
H. Britenstool	1 00
M. Benjamin	1 00
A. Benjamin	1 00
B. Rewald	1 00
M. Binswanger	2 00
F. Van Berg	1 00
M. Wolff	1 00
D. Hays	1 00
H. Stern	1 00
A. Beir	1 00
W. Hays	1 00
M. Aronson	1 00
M. Schwarz	2 00
I. A. Wile	2 00
A. Bloch	2 00
S. Sichel	2 00
Chas. Garson	1 00
J. Stiefel	2 00
Sol. Goldsmith	1 00
Jas. E. Lee	2 00
U. J. Hecht	3 00
Mrs. S. Goldsmith	1 00
Mrs. M. L. Gutman	2 00
Mrs. L. Holtz	50
Mrs. Hanauer	1 00
Mrs. A. Hayes	1 00
M. Hays	1 00
Mrs. M. Hays	1 00
Mrs. Hochstetter	1 00
Mrs. S. Holtz	1 00
Mrs. H. Lempert	1 00
Mrs. M. H. Lempert	1 00
Mrs. F. M. Leiser	1 00
Mrs. Newhafer, Sr.	1 00
Mrs. Sol. Rice	1 00
Mrs. D. Rosenberg	1 00
Mrs. Seligman	1 00
Mrs. Weinberg	1 00
Mrs. M. L. Garson	1 00
Mrs. Leseritz	1 00
Mrs. Ed. Levy	1 00
Mrs. Goldberg	50
Mrs. A. B. Wolff	1 00
Mrs. S. S. Weil	1 00
Morris Berg	1 00
Joe Wile	3 00
A. E. Wolff	2 00
Max Mock	1 00
A. Friend	1 00
Mrs. Sim. Adler	1 00
Simon Adler	4 00
Mrs. Sol. Adler	1 00
Mrs. Leo Stein	3 00
C. Lippman	1 00
F. Myers	50
Mrs. A. Dinkelspiel	1 00
T. Meyer	2 00
Mrs. T. Meyer	1 00
M. Meyer	2 00
Mrs. M. Meyer	1 00
Mrs. Blumenstiel	1 00
Mrs. Lehrberg	1 00
Mrs. Rewald	1 00
J. Shatz	2 00
Mrs. J. Shatz	1 00
Mrs. S. Guggenheimer	1 00
Mrs. Braunschweig	50
Mrs. E. Strauss	2 00
J. Cauffman	2 00
Mrs. J. Cauffman	3 00
Mrs. Eichman	50
D. M. Garson	2 00
Mrs. D. M. Garson	1 00

H. Rosenberg	2 00
Mrs. H. Rosenberg	2 00
M. Garson	2 00
Mrs. M. Garson	1 00
M. Dinkelspiel	1 00
Mrs. M. Dinkelspiel	2 00
Mrs. B. Munk	1 00
Felix Wolf	5 00
Mrs. F. Wolf	2 00
M. Meyers	2 00
Mrs. M. Meyers	1 00
H. Straussman	1 00
Mrs. H. Straussman	1 00
J. Marks	1 00
Mrs. J. Marks	1 00
Mrs. Marks	1 00
B. Rothschild	2 00
Mrs. B. Rothschild	1 00
I. M. Hays	2 00
Mrs. I. M. Hays	1 00
M. Goldsmith	1 00
Mrs. M. Goldsmith	1 00
Mrs. N. Goldwater	1 00
S. M. Benjamin	1 00
Mrs. S. M. Benjamin	1 00
L. S. Ettenheimer	1 00
Mrs. L. S. Ettenheimer	1 00
Mrs. Zalinsky	1 00
Mrs. Van Berg	1 00
I. M. Sloman	1 00
Mrs. N. Newhafer	1 00
Mrs. L. Fechenbach	1 00
A. Britenstool	2 00
Mrs. A. Britenstool	1 00
Mrs. E. Beir	1 00
Mrs. J. Ettenheimer	2 00
O. Israel	1 00
J. Garson	2 00
Mrs. J. Garson	1 00
L. Adler	3 00
Mrs. L. Adler	2 00
A. Adler	3 00
Mrs. A. Adler	2 00
Mrs. D. Abeles	1 00
Mrs. S. Abeles	1 00
M. David	1 00
Mrs. M. David	1 00
Mrs. A. Fechenbach	50
Mrs. H. Goodman, Sr.	1 00
H. Goodman, Jr.	1 00
Mrs. H. Goodman, Jr.	1 00
S. Cohn	1 00
R. Lichenstein	2 00
Mrs. R. Lichenstein	1 00
Mrs. H. Rice	1 50
Mrs. I. Sloman	1 00
Mrs. J. Shrier	2 00
Mrs. S. White	50
H. C. Cohn	2 00
Mrs. H. C. Cohn	1 00
Mrs. J. Goodman	50
I. Rice	1 00
Mrs. S. Rice	1 00
Mrs. A. Sichel	2 00
N. Levi	3 00
Mrs. N. Levi	2 00
Mrs. A. Picard	2 00
N. Stein	5 00
Mrs. N. Stein	1 00
L. N. Stein	3 00
Rud. Stein	2 00
Ludwig Stein	2 00
A. N. Stein	3 00
L. Block	3 00
Mrs. L. Block	2 00
Mrs. S. Stein	2 00
Wm. Miller	2 00
Mrs. H. Schwarz	1 00
Mrs. Tichner	2 50
Mrs. Jacobi	2 50

Mrs. W. Wolff.....	\$1 00
Mrs. S. Rosenberg.....	1 00
S. Rosenberg.....	1 00
A. Rosenberg.....	2 00
Mrs. B. Herman.....	1 00
Mrs. G. Wile.....	1 00
Mrs. Max Solomon.....	1 00
I. A. Baum.....	3 00
Mrs. I. A. Baum.....	2 00
J. M. Garson.....	1 00
Mrs. J. M. Garson.....	1 00
Max Lowenthal.....	3 00
Mrs. M. Schwarz.....	1 00
Mrs. A. Beir.....	1 00
Mrs. Bachman.....	3 00
Mrs. Blum.....	1 00
Mrs. J. Myers.....	2 00
A. Beir.....	1 00
J. Myers.....	1 00

Total.....\$381 50

RECEIPTS FROM LUNCH TABLES,

Thursday, December 1st, 1887.

St. Peter's, Christ and St. Andrew's church tables.....	\$ 125 67
St. Paul's church table.....	112 25
Brick church table.....	97 00
Plymouth church table.....	88 60
Universalist church table.....	102 81
St. Luke's church table.....	108 85
Independent table.....	131 25

Friday, December 2d, 1887.

Baptist churches tables.....	200 00
Unitarian church table.....	154 10
Central church table.....	111 00
First Presbyterian church table.....	113 25

RECEIPTS FROM FANCY ARTICLES.

Miss Mumford's table.....	\$ 535 00
Oriental Perfume Booth.....	250 00
Mrs. Kimball's Flower and Candy table.....	152 86
" George Perkins' Tea table.....	56 70
Florence Ellwanger's Fruit table.....	30 16
Check room.....	46 34
Tickets for Tissue Party.....	329 80

RECAPITULATION.

Cash Donations.....	\$6,809 56
Concert.....	203 65
Collection by Jewish congregation.....	381 50
Collections by German ladies.....	724 75
Lunch Tables, Dec. 1st.....	766 43
Lunch Tables, Dec. 2d.....	578 35
Miss Mumford's Table.....	535 00
Oriental Booth.....	250 00
Mrs. Kimball's Flower table.....	152 86
" Perkins' Tea table.....	56 70
Florence Ellwanger's Fruit table.....	30 16
Check room.....	46 34
Tickets for Tissue party.....	329 80

Expenses.....\$10,865 10

Nett.....507 08

Nett.....\$10,358 02

DONATION ON BILLS.

Gilbert Westfall.....	\$10 00
Dwight Palmer.....	6 80
A Friend on Tank.....	9 00
Hill & French.....	2 50
James Field on Decorations.....	44 00
Smith & Oberst.....	47 00
Democrat & Chronicle.....	8 00
Richard Messenger.....	1 75

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treasurer.

DONATIONS

FOR

Refreshment and Fancy Tables.

The Universalist church tables of Mrs. Douglas Bly, Mrs. F. M. McFarlin, Mrs. J. W. Hanno, Mrs. H. S. Hanford, Mrs. A. G. Taylor, Mrs. Palmer Smith, Mrs. George M. Sweet, Mrs. E. B. Chace, Mrs. Asa Saxe, Mrs. James Sargent, Misses Laura Chace, Alice Chace, Carrie Smith, Fannie McFarlin, Teddie Remington and Florence Remington.

Mrs. J. W. Hanuon, Mrs. Asa Saxe, Mrs. George W. Crouch, turkeys.

Mrs. Chauncey Perry, turkey, wine jelly.

 " James Sargent, turkey, jelly.

 " B. McFarlin, Mrs. Thomas Bolton, each, pair of ducks.

Mrs. I. F. Force, Mrs. B. Southard, chicken pies.

 " R. D. McCrossen, ham.

 " Douglas Bly, Mrs. Palmer Smith, chicken salads.

Mrs. George M. Sweet, chicken salads and pumpkin pies.

Mrs. F. M. McFarlin, lobster salad.

 " Mrs. R. Milliman, Mrs. George B. Montgomery, Mrs. F. D. McCord, Mrs. S. Remington, scalloped oysters.

Mrs. H. S. Hanford, potatoes, turnips, squash and mince pies.

Mrs. Seth Green, Charlotte Russe, lemon jelly.

 " W. S. Balkam, Charlotte Russe, angel food.

 " J. M. Dunning, 2 dishes Charlotte Russe.

 " Milton, H. Smith, Mrs. J. W. Graves, Mrs.

 Wm. Pitkin, Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. H. S. Miller, Mrs. W. R. Grey, Mrs. J. T.

 Sage, Mrs. B. S. Gilette, cake.

Mrs. H. G. Gifford, 2 loaves of bread, Mrs. M. N.

 Van Zandt, biscuits and lemon jelly.

Mrs. Ottoway, Mrs. J. T. Southard, biscuits.

 " Whipple, cranberries, fruit.

 " Marceness, pumpkin pies.

 " H. J. Howe, mince pies.

Miss Amanda Benton, pickles.

Messrs. White and Lavigne, Mrs. John W. Force,

 flowers.

Mrs. C. M. Palmer, fruit.

 " J. Curtiss, Saratoga potatoes.

 " D. Hovey, 2 doz. celery.

 " C. C. Stebbins, brown bread.

 " E. B. Chace, flowers, olives, tongue, fruit.

 " A. Potter, cake, pickles.

 " Marsh Whipple, tongue, biscuits.

 " Frances Polley, 200 napkins.

 " Douglas Bly, biscuits, jelly, Saratoga pota-

 toes.

Mrs. Rechenbach, 2 pies, catsup, pickles.

 " J. Castleman, chocolate cake.

 " Schoeffel, oranges.

Mr. H. S. Greenleaf, \$5.

 " J. A. Stull, \$5.

Mrs. D. D. Williams, \$2.

 " N. S. Phelps, Mrs. Kennedy Clinton, Mrs.

 A. B. Gilbert, each \$1.

The St. Luke's Church tables of Mrs. E. W. Williams, Mrs. G. D. Williams, Miss Pitkin,

Mrs. J. O. Howard, Mrs. W. D. Huntoon,

Misses Louise Williams, Florence Howard,

Rowena Sill, Lulu Hathaway, Julia Backus, Alice Pool, Minnie Stowell, Florence Tompkins and Bacon.

Mrs. C. Rogers, 2 turkeys.
 " E. F. Brewster, Mrs. J. Anstice, Mrs. W. H. Reid, Mrs. Thomas Raines, Mrs. G. H. Perkins, Mrs. H. J. Moore, Mrs. D. A. Watson, turkeys.
 Miss P. Ely, 2 chicken pies, Mrs. H. F. Montgomery, chicken pie.
 Mrs. M. M. Mathews, 100 oysters.
 " G. W. Fisher, pork and beans.
 " J. C. Moore, ham.
 Miss Pool, tongue.
 Mrs. J. E. Wolcott, ducks.
 " Robert Mathews, ducks and rolls.
 " C. F. Smith, Mrs. H. B. Hathaway, Mrs. Charles Potter, Mrs. Alex. Thompson, Mrs. A. J. Cumming, Mrs. Wm. Eastwood, chicken salads.
 Mrs. Foster Warner, Mrs. Charles Fitch, lobster salads.
 Mrs. Warham Whitney, Mrs. C. P. Ford, Mrs. J. Eastman, Mrs. P. Brewster, Mrs. C. H. Babcock, Mrs. J. M. Backus, Mrs. W. C. Rowley, Mrs. H. M. Dayfoot, Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. Alfred Ely Charlotte Russe, cake, olives.
 " Newcomb, Miss Minnie Stowell, Saratoga chips.
 Mrs. F. Whittlesey, Miss Hawks, Mrs. B. R. Lawrence, Mrs. E. T. Cory, Mrs. Q. Van Voorhis, Mrs. R. Hart, cake.
 Miss Gregory, Mrs. Bronson, Mrs. J. M. Whitney, rolls.
 Miss M. M. Montgomery, butter balls.
 Mrs. H. M. Montgomery, cake, rolls.
 " E. W. Williams, pies.
 Miss Sarah Pitkin, cut sugar.
 Mrs. H. B. Hoyt, oranges.
 " Pitkin, fruit, olives.
 " A. Erickson, pickles.
 Mr. J. M. Backus, fruit.
 Miss Annie Anderson, cranberries.
 Mrs. E. E. Sill, celery.
 " Wm. Rebasz, Sr., cranberries, pickles.
 " Geo. D. Williams, cranberries, rolls.
 Miss Frost, flowers, cake.
 Scrantom & Wetmore, Steele & Avery, Japanese napkins.
 Mrs. S. F. Jenkins, \$10.
 Mr. Wilson Soule, \$5.
 Mrs. E. M. Moore, \$3.
 " Mrs. A. J. Johnson, Mrs. Wm. Churchill, Mrs. H. Osgood, Mrs. D. Little, Mrs. W. H. Dewey, each \$2.
 Mrs. H. Anstice, Mrs. Peek, Mrs. W. A. Soule, a friend, each \$1.
 Miss C. Rochester, 50 cents.

The Plymouth Church Tables of Miss May Hooker, Mrs. Joseph Farley, Mrs. E. V. Stoddard, Mrs. Samuel Porter, Mrs. A. M. Moser, Mrs. George G. Wanzer, Mrs. John Hopkins, Mrs. W. C. Linton, Misses Fannie Brewster, Edith Peck, Mary Farley, Anna Brewster, Mary Avery, Charlotte Davis, Kittie Keyes and Lou Hooker.

Mrs. George G. Wanzer, Mrs. L. P. Ross, Mrs. F. A. Sherwood, Mrs. E. W. Peck, Mrs. B. H. Clark, turkeys.
 " H. Hoyt, Mrs. W. R. Seward, Mrs. Myron Adams, each 2 ducks.
 " G. Phillips, ham.
 " A. M. Moser, chicken pie, mashed potatoes.
 " H. E. Hooker, Mrs. C. E. Hoyt, each 2 dishes chicken salad.

Mrs. Joseph Farley, Mrs. W. S. Osgood, Mrs. Henry Brewster, chicken salads.
 Miss Mary Farley, Mrs. D. A. Robbins, each 2 dishes Charlotte Russe.
 Miss Booth, Mrs. J. Keyes, Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. J. H. Kent, plum pudding.
 " E. V. Stoddard, cranberry jelly, chicken salad.
 Miss Blakesly, cut loaf sugar, cranberry jelly.
 Mrs. F. B. Roades, Mrs. M. Stillwell, Mrs. W. C. Linton, each 2 loaves cake.
 " E. Fonda, Mrs. Whitney, cream.
 " W. N. Emerson, squash pies.
 " Gage, Mrs. W. R. Frary, each 2 mince pies.
 " Mary Ford, 2 lemon pies.
 " C. E. Darrow, 100 biscuits, Mrs. O. B. Davis, 50 biscuits, pickles.
 " E. B. L. Taylor, 50 biscuits, Mrs. W. J. Sutherland, Mrs. W. E. Miles, biscuits.
 Miss Darrow, celery.
 " Ida Adams, olives.
 Mrs. D. R. Clark, grapes.
 Mr. S. C. Peirce, 3 doz. oranges.
 Miss Mary Avery, Miss Jessie Van Dorn, lemon jellies.
 Mrs. E. Wellington, Saratoga potatoes.
 " John Hopkins, Mrs. S. Porter, Mrs. S. F. Hess, Miss Mary Smith, each \$1.00.

The St. Paul's Church Tables of Mrs. H. M. Ellsworth, Mrs. J. S. Killip, Mrs. A. G. Yates, Mrs. W. L. Halsey, Mrs. B. C. Chase, Mrs. Eugene Glen, Mrs. F. W. Elwood, Mrs. Jonas Jones, Mrs. T. G. Moulson, Mrs. P. B. Halett, Mrs. Robert Myers, Mrs. George W. Elliott, Mrs. J. C. Woodbury, Mrs. J. W. Archer, Mrs. George A. Hotchkiss, Mrs. Charles L. Newton, Misses Amsden, Archer, Louise Killip, Hattie Murtie, Florence Lovcraft, Maud Merchant, Nellie Merchant, Minnie Pratt, Helen Nolan, Nira Loder.

Mrs. W. L. Halsey, turkey, cranberries.
 " H. H. Warner, turkey, Charlotte Russe.
 " B. E. Chase, turkey, cranberries.
 " T. Evershed, turkey pickles.
 " George W. Elliott, turkey.
 " P. B. Halett, Mrs. A. Collins, ducks.
 " Jonas Jones, Mrs. James Hatch, Mrs. E. Martin, Mrs. E. F. Woodbury, Mrs. A. E. Perkins, Miss H. S. Mumford, chicken salads.
 Mrs. C. B. Hatch, chicken pie, lemon jelly.
 " Mrs. Eugene Glen, chicken pie, celery, cake.
 " T. G. Moulson, chicken pie, pumpkin pies.
 " F. W. Elwood, Mrs. J. B. Prentiss, Mrs. Frank J. Amsden, Charlotte Russe.
 " J. S. Killip, Charlotte Russe, cake.
 " A. G. Yates, lobster salad, shell oysters.
 " J. W. Archer, scalloped oysters, cake.
 " Ira Pratt, cabbage salad.
 " Eugene Curtis, lobster salad.
 " D. B. Beach, ham, cake, pickles.
 " S. G. Andrews, bread, tongue.
 " H. M. Ellsworth, wine jelly, fruit, mince and cherry pies.
 " A. G. Wheeler, Mrs. G. E. Merchant, Mrs. W. L. Kingman, Miss Lois Whitney, Mrs. W. L. Wilkins, cake.
 " Charles L. Newton, cake, pickles.
 Miss Lovcraft, cake, cheese.
 Mrs. J. W. Gillis, Mrs. James Kelly, Mrs. W. C. Dickenson, Mrs. G. G. MacPherson, Miss Amsden, biscuits.
 " J. L. Thurber, Malaga grapes.
 " W. N. Oothout, basket of grapes.

Mr. W. R. Corris, bottle olives.
White Brothers, cut flowers.
Mr. Hiram Wood, Mr. S. D. W. Cleveland, each,
box cigars.
" T. B. Dempsey, box cigarettes.
" Robert Myers, Japanese napkins.

The Brick Church Tables of Mrs. Edward D. Chapin, Mrs. C. E. West, Mrs. Louis Chapin, Mrs. Julia M. Davis, Mrs. Archie Clark, Mrs. J. D. C. Rumsey, Mrs. Charles E. Angle, Mrs. Edward A. Phillips, Mrs. Charles P. Bromley, Mrs. W. W. Chapin, Mrs. Fred. Warren, Mrs. Lewis B. Davis, Mrs. W. H. Mathews, Mrs. C. C. Laney, Mrs. N. M. Collins, Mrs. De Vello Selye, Mrs. Edward A. Webster, Mrs. V. H. Hoard, Misses Mary Shaw, M. E. Thompson, Margaret Carson, Fanny Shaffer, Mary Haak, Clara Otis, Daisy Strong, D. McBride, Bessie Weaver, Carolyn Chapin, Julia Fredenberg, Motley, and Jennings.

Mrs. A. G. Whitcomb, large salad, 2 turkeys.
" J. H. Chase, Mrs. P. G. Cogswell, Mrs. J. D. C. Rumsey, Mrs. C. F. Weaver, Mrs. C. P. Ford, turkeys.
Mrs. Clark Johnston, turkey, ducks.
" Ed. Phillips, Mrs. George D. Forsyth, Mrs. George Z. Zimmerman, Mrs. E. P. Reed, Mrs. De Vello Selye, Mrs. A. Stevens, chickens.
Mrs. D. T. Hunt, lobsters.
" Robert Liddle, Mrs. F. Upton, Mrs. H. S. Mackie, ducks.
Mrs. David Upton, Mrs. Louis Chapin, chicken pies.
Mr. A. W. Rogers, ham.
Mrs. A. Prentice, Miss Mary Haak, Mrs. George Motley, Mrs. Martin Briggs, Mrs. E. A. Webster, Miss Thompson, Charlotte Russe.
Mrs. W. H. Mathews, cranberries, pickles.
Miss Mary Shaw, nut cake.
" Frances Eddy, Mrs. N. S. Collins, Mrs. L. S. Sherman, Culross Bakery, Miss Jennings, Miss Julia Fredenberg, Mrs. Fanny Fellows, Mrs. S. C. Steele, cake.
Mrs. J. W. Hatch, Mrs. A. Gibbons, celery.
" Edward D. Chapin, biscuit, mince pies.
" J. G. Davis, Mrs. Mary A. Carson, Mrs. James Pool, Mrs. Calhoun, biscuits.
Mrs. E. T. Frost, oranges.
" E. M. Lyon, oranges, Malaga grapes.
T. F. Aldrich, oranges, grapes.
Mrs. S. D. Gordon, Mrs. T. A. Newton, pies.
" George Tuttle, 10 pounds cut sugar.
" Charles Angle, Miss Fanny Shaffer, wine jelly.
Warren & Son, cheese, celery.
Mrs. E. Parsons, cranberry jelly.
" W. W. Chapin, olives.
" C. C. Laney, two loaves brown bread.
" C. E. West, box flowers.
" A. M. Lindsay, \$3.
" D. Leary, \$2.
Rev. Dr. Shaw, Mrs. Kentner, Mrs. Edward Leary, Mrs. James Lyle, each \$1.
Mrs. Hamlet Briggs, 75 cents.
" E. D. Shaffer, Mrs. L. Williams, Miss Frances Newton, each 50 cents.
Miss Bennett, 25 cents.

The Independent Tables of Mrs. John H. Brewster, Mrs. James C. Hart, Mrs. Henry H. Marsh, Mrs. Charles Pond, Mrs.

David Gordon, Mrs. Austin Brewster, Mrs. Henry F. Smith, Mrs. J. R. Chamberlin, Mrs. Darwin Andrews, Mrs. Eugene Curtis, Mrs. T. D. Snyder, Mrs. Dodds, and Misses Linda Morse, Mary Morse, Belle Brewster, Hattie Hart, Fannie Bertholf, Lillie Avery, and Marie Patton.

Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, Mrs. D. M. Gordon, Miss Danforth, Miss Cogswell, Miss Janette Huntington, Mrs. S. Roby, turkeys.
" James C. Hart, turkey, Saratoga potatoes.
" Henry Morse, ducks, cranberries.
" H. F. Huntington, Mrs. C. E. Hart, ducks.
" J. H. Brewster, chicken pie, mince pie, biscuits.
" H. Austin Brewster, Miss Mumford, chicken pie.
" A. S. Mann, ham.
" Mrs. Edward Harris, Mrs. F. Macomber, Miss Mumford, Mr. I. H. Teall, Mr. J. H. Dewey, salads.
" H. F. Smith, Mrs. John Hill, Mrs. John Snyder, Mrs. Robert Moore, cake.
" Mrs. Alex Thompson, cake, celery.
" Adolphe Beque, fancy cake, oyster patties, Charlotte Russe.
" James Chamberlin, cake, biscuits.
" Mrs. C. F. Pond, Mrs. Warham Whitney, Mrs. Pomeroy Brewster, Charlotte Russe.
" James M. Whitney, Mrs. Wm. Hoyt, Mrs. Eugene Curtis, biscuits.
" E. F. Brewster, pickles, biscuits.
" A. S. Hamilton, celery, cranberries.
" C. C. Morse, wine jelly, Mrs. P. V. Crittenden, olives.
" Wendell Curtis, pies.
" Woodbury, cheese straws, Miss Benjamin, cream.
Messrs Higgins, Millman, and Pitkin, fruit.
Mr. Schlegel, holly.

The St. Peter's, St. Andrew's and Christ Church Tables of Mrs. J. W. Stebbins, Mrs. J. Moreau Smith, Mrs. George Moss. Mrs. James Laney, Mrs. Herbert Ward, Mrs. Whittemore, Mrs. Samuel Wilder, Mrs. Arthur Smith, Mrs. S. H. Briggs, Mrs. J. C. Bertholf, Mrs. D'Orville Doty, Mrs. C. R. Parsons, Mrs. Herve D. Wilkins, Mrs. J. C. Kalbfleisch, Mrs. J. W. Brown, Mrs. George Raines, Mrs. D. Lowry, Mrs. M. B. Sanford, Mrs. Wm. Raines, Misses Mollie Ward, Nellie Van Voorhis, Nellie Waters, Mary Brown, Daisy Wilkins, Mary Mann, Mabel Parsons, Royce, Winn, T. Humphrey, F. Bertholf, Nellie Towner, Libbie Newman.

Mrs. Freeman Clarke, two dishes chicken salad, two ducks, jelly cakes.
Mrs. James Laney, turkey, chicken salad.
" L. F. Ward, turkey, biscuits.
" Hiram Sibley, turkey, Charlotte Russe.
" H. R. Selden, Mrs. C. C. Woodworth, Mrs. A. S. Mann, Mrs. H. W. Brown, Mrs. E. Warren, Mrs. George Raines, Mrs. Alden, Mrs. Arthur Smith, Mrs. Ward Clarke, Mrs. W. Raines, turkeys.
Mrs. C. R. Parsons, chickens.

Mr. Joseph Schleyer, Mrs. McDowell, Mrs. Bowden, hams.
 Mrs. Embry, Mrs. Wm. Little, chicken pies.
 " Herbert Ward, ducks.
 " F. R. Winne, scalloped oysters.
 " J. Moreau Smith, 3 dishes of salad.
 " L. A. Ward, Mrs. W. S. Kimball, Mr. Teall, Mrs. Archer, Mrs. James W. Whitney, chicken salads.
 Mrs. C. H. Angel, chicken salad, biscuits.
 " J. S. Morgan, Mrs. Herve D. Wilkms. Mrs. E. M. Smith, Mrs. S. Robins, Mrs. J. W. Stebbins, Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. Wm. Ward, Charlotte Russe, cream.
 " Fred. Allen, Mrs. Frank Ward, each two dishes Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. Samuel Wilder, roast beef, Charlotte Russe.
 Miss Bush, Miss Fanny Dewey, Mrs. Grover, Mrs. George Ellwood, Mrs. Henry Scrantom, Mrs. Quinby, Miss Dewey, Mrs. E. P. Morse, Miss Amelia Wright, cake.
 Mrs. S. H. Briggs, Mrs. J. B. Ward, Mrs. Kingdon, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Elbert Mann, Mrs. David Hoyt, biscuits.
 Mrs. Gallagher, cakes, ham.
 " Whittemore, 75 biscuit.
 " J. G. Cutler, 2 bottles olives.
 " Plum, Mrs. James Sabey, olives.
 " Mrs. Gleichauff, 6 heads celery.
 " Winn, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. W. R. Barnum, cranberries, pickles.
 Mrs. J. C. Kalbfleisch, pickles, jellies.
 Mr. C. Corris, oranges, apples, grapes, bananas.
 Miss Gilmore, Mrs. George Selden, cranberries.
 Mrs. W. K. Chapin, Mr. H. W. Brown, Mrs. J. C. Bertholf, grapes.
 Mrs. M. B. Sanford, brown bread.
 Miss Royce, pickles, apples, jelly.
 Mrs. R. A. Sibley, Jersey cream, Saratoga chips,
 " J. Siddons, 20 pounds sugar.
 " D. W. Powers, 2 mince pies.
 Mr. George Buck, hot vegetables.
 " James Mathews, box cigars.
 Scrantom & Wetmore, 150 paper napkins,
 Mrs. G. Rand, \$5.
 " Theodore Bacon, \$1.50.
 " Rand, Mrs. Schofield, Mrs. Henry Hart, Mrs. H. Wright, each \$1.

The First Baptist Church Tables of Mrs. K. P. Shedd, Mrs. James Baker, Mrs. L. Sunderlin, Mrs. George Peer, Mrs. J. Whitbeck, Mrs. F. B. Bishop, Mrs. H. T. Rogers, Mrs. John L. Sage, Mrs. Henry Munn, Mrs. E. Wolcott, Misses Mary Strong, Hattie Sage, Clara Andrews, Kate Andrews, Frankie Sage, Mary Crennell, Hattie Crennell, Alma Leutchford, Roda Crouch, Mattie Robins, Belle Gebbard, Jessie Shedd, Ella Sage, Addie Richmond, Fannie Goss, and Alice Pool.

The Second Baptist Church Tables of Mrs. C. C. Galusha, Mrs. M. A. Culver, Mrs. T. B. Rider, Mrs. Eastman Peck, Mrs. E. E. Glen, Mrs. J. M. Raze, Misses Clara Huntington, Mina Donnelly, and Margaret Hooker.

The Park Avenue Baptist Church Tables of Mrs. Ira Hebbard, Mrs. H. Higbie, Mrs. J. M. King, Mrs. E. S. Caldwell, Mrs. A. Hebbard, Misses Ophie Lee, Bertha Whit-

ing, Alta Hebbard, Susie Hert, and Mabel Castleman.

The Lake Avenue Baptist Church Tables of Mrs. Wm. A. Montgomery, Mrs. John Stewart, Mrs. Charles Crouch, Mrs. Ralph Olcott, Mrs. E. J. Woodbury, Mrs. W. E. Woodbury, Mrs. F. M. Fellows, Misses Bertha De Neve, Jennie Williams, Grace Williams, Millie Beardsley, Ida Woodbury, Amelia Hoekstra, Lois Cowles, and Hattie Aldrich.

Mrs. C. T. Crouch, Mrs. John Whitbeck, Miss Stella Booth, Mrs. E. R. Andrews, Mrs. P. G. Cogswell, Mrs. J. B. Moseley, Mrs. C. B. Woodworth, Mrs. K. Van Husan, Mrs. W. Castleman, Mrs. M. H. Briggs, Mrs. F. M. Fellows, Mr. P. Fahy, turkeys.
 Mrs. E. H. Davis, Mrs. J. Marden, Mrs. F. W. Bowman, Mrs. James Doty, Mrs. George Daggs, Grainger & Smyth, ducks.
 Mrs. S. W. Duncan, chickens.
 " W. Castle, ham.
 " H. T. Rogers, Mrs. Wm. N. Sage, Mrs. A. S. Covey, chicken pies.
 Mrs. A. Leutchford, Mrs. E. O. Sage, Mrs. F. B. Bishop, Mrs. M. A. Culver, Miss Otis, Mrs. B. O. True, Mrs. E. S. Caldwell, Mrs. G. Forbes, Mrs. Ira Hebbard, chicken salad.
 Mrs. Wm. A. Stevens, chicken mayonnaise.
 " Wm. Crennell, Mrs. J. L. Sage, Mrs. C. J. Russell, Mrs. C. W. Havens, Mrs. Otis H. Robinson, Mrs. C. F. Olmstead, Mrs. C. P. Work, Mrs. C. H. Williams, Mrs. T. H. Pattison, Mrs. H. Higbie, Mrs. A. Woolston, Mrs. Eustice, Mrs. L. Sunderlin, Mrs. A. H. Cole, Culross, Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. H. N. Peck, two dishes Charlotte Russe.
 " M. Avery, scalloped oysters.
 " Lucy Armstrong, tongue.
 " M. B. Anderson, several kinds of cake.
 " F. Moshier, Mrs. T. Hopwood, Mrs. Charles Morse, Miss F. Kendrick, Miss Emily Griswold, Mrs. Wm. Latz, Miss Mina Donnelly, Miss Belle S. Griswold, Mrs. Castleman, Mrs. C. C. Galusha, Mrs. J. L. Raze, Mrs. Eastman Peck, Mrs. A. D. Mc Masters, Mrs. W. S. Gibbs, Mrs. G. McGonegal, Mrs. D. M. Person, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. P. Ford, Mrs. Dr. Lee, Mrs. H. Arnold, cake.
 Mrs. A. L. Munn, Miss Clara Huntington, Mrs. H. Arnold, Mrs. R. Banning, Mrs. F. H. Williams, Mrs. E. E. Whiting, Mrs. A. Morse, Mrs. D. Humpstone, Mrs. A. Jones, Mrs. De Neve, pies.
 Mrs. E. H. Shedd, Miss R. Bowman, Miss Lucy Caldwell, biscuits; Mrs. H. S. Phinney and Mrs. L. McCartney, each 50 biscuits; Mrs. J. G. Cramer, three dozen biscuits.
 Mrs. T. B. Rider, Saratoga potatoes.
 " L. Sunderlin, squash.
 " E. C. Galusha, hot vegetables.
 " Mrs. C. A. Mudge, vegetables.
 " H. L. Munn, Mrs. John Stewart, Mrs. Ira Hebbard, jellies.
 Mrs. B. E. Harris, four quarts cranberries.
 " L. S. Chapin, biscuits, fruit, jelly.
 " K. P. Shedd, cheese, pickles, vegetables, cake.
 Mrs. Gracia Hart, sugar.
 " C. Widner, cranberry sauce.
 " J. G. Crossman, fruit and flowers.
 " J. M. King, fruit.
 White Brothers, flowers.
 T. D. Aldrich, very nice oranges and Malaga grapes.

E. M. Higgins, gherkins.
Mrs. G. Ham, two moulds jelly cake, pickles.
" M. A. Culver, \$5.00.
" J. B. Jameson, Mrs. C. A. Phillips, Mrs.
" Mary B. Pritchard, Mrs. Mack, each \$2.
" Charles Covell, Mrs. W. Caldwell, Mrs.
Newell, Mrs. Howard Osgood, Mrs. Amos
Mack, Mrs. T. B. Griffith, Mrs. C. T. Ham,
Mrs. Pritchard, Mrs. Lee Judson, Mrs. B. R.
Kollofski, each \$1.
Mrs. A. N. De Lany, Mrs. Joslyn, each 50 cents.
Mrs. James Boker, Mrs. George Peer, table dec-
orations.

The First Presbyterian Church Tables of
Mrs. E. P. Gould, Mrs. J. T. Fox, Mrs. J.
W. Canfield, Mrs. A. W. Bennett, Mrs.
George Hamm, Mrs. Edward Walbridge,
Mrs. George Olds, Mrs. W. W. Chapin,
Misses M. Nichols, Bessie Ives, Ella Gould,
Grace B. Terry, Carrie Gould, Mamie Sew-
ard, Nellie Crouch, Clara Hazeltine,
Louise French, Maud Keeler.

Mrs. George Hollister, Mrs. G. Brady, Mrs. B. D.
McAlpine, Mrs. A. W. Riley, Mrs. Wm. H.
Perkins, Mrs. E. H. Satterlee, Mrs. J. Gordon,
turkeys.

Mrs. M. Strong, turkey, mashed potatoes.
" Oscar Craig, chicken pie.
Miss M. Dunning, 2 ducks, ham.
Mrs. Loss, ducks.
" C. E. Furman, ducks, pickles.
" G. C. Buell, ham.
" E. P. Gould, wine jelly, pickles, salad.
" George French, Mrs. C. J. Hayden, Mrs. S.
H. Terry, chicken salads.

Mrs. Granger Hollister, Mrs. J. C. Nash, Mr.
Teall, Mrs. J. T. Fox, Mrs. D. M. Childs, Mrs.
H. D. Williams, Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. George Gould, Charlotte Russe, jelly, apples.
Miss Nichols, 2 loaves nut cake.

Mrs. T. Ives, cake, jelly.
" A. Robinson, Mrs. F. Bottum, Mrs. C. C.
Morse, cake.

Mrs. George Olds, Parker house rolls.
" A. Backus, Mrs. E. N. Buell, each 100 bis-
cuits.

Mrs. G. E. Jennings, Mrs. C. Bradstreet, Mrs. L.
Cossitt, pies.

Mrs. A. G. Bassett, Saratoga potatoes.
" Edward Walbridge, fruit.

Mr. Wm. R. Corris, Mr. J. Backus, olives.

Mrs. J. Pardee, lemon jelly.

Mr. T. F. Aldrich, oranges, grapes.

Scrantom & Wetmore, paper napkins.

White Brothers, Frost & Co., Salter, flowers.

Robert French, \$5.

Mrs. J. W. Oothout, \$3.

Mr. C. P. Ford, \$2.

The Central Presbyterian Church Tables
of Mrs. Emily C. Proctor, Mrs. H. F.
Smith, Mrs. F. K. Adams, Mrs. W. Il-
liam Hubbard, Jr., Mrs. Charles S. Has-
tings, Mrs. H. E. Henderson, Mrs. H.
R. Stockbridge, Mrs. A. P. Little, Mrs. H.
S. Nettleton, Mrs. John Archer, Mrs. Mary
Vickery, Mrs. J. W. Goss, Mrs. L. L. Wil-
liams, Misses Jennie Edgerton, Jennie
Waite, Una Stockbridge, May Stockbridge,
Ella Archer, Ella Wray, Mary Seymour,
Helen Hubbard, Hattie Cutler, Carrie Levet,

**Sarah Cochrane, Mary Hays, Mary Watson,
Lois Alling, May Townsend, Gertrude
Glass.**

Mrs. H. R. Stockbridge, Mrs. T. A. Proctor, Mrs.
W. B. Morse, Mrs. Hawkins, Mrs. F. W. Dewey,
turkeys.

Mrs. S. L. Dobbin, Mrs. Hosea Martin, Mrs. C.

S. Hastings, ducks.

Miss C. Semple, ham.

Mrs. S. Sloan, Mrs. W. G. Watson, Mrs. W. A.

Hubbard, chicken pies.

Mrs. F. K. Adams, Mrs. Selye, tongues.

Mrs. H. Wray, Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Joseph Alling,

Mrs. J. W. Goss, chicken salads.

Mrs. S. N. Carhart, Mrs. W. H. Hubbard, Jr.,

Charlotte Russe.

Mrs. J. W. Archer, 2 loaves cake, Charlotte

Russe.

Mrs. L. L. Williams, 2 dishes Charlotte Russe,

cheese.

Miss Lyons, Mrs. Charles E. Alling, Mrs. Bos-

worth, Miss Husbands, Miss Tait, Mrs. Wm. B.

Geddes, Mrs. Hudson, Mrs. Carmichael, Mrs.

L. Hotchkiss, Mrs. L. Field, cake.

Mrs. D. C. Gibbons, cake, pickles.

Miss Dunn, cake, pie.

Mrs. A. L. Mabbett, pies.

" H. F. Smith, pies, cake.

" J. W. Stanton, mince pies.

Miss Martin, Mrs. Thomas Dransfield, Mrs. H.

McGuire, biscuits.

Miss Wait, 4 moulds jelly.

Mrs. E. C. Proctor, 2 moulds jelly.

" Hayes, lemon jelly.

Miss Alling, jelly.

Mrs. A. P. Little, olives, cranberries.

" H. Henderson, Mrs. W. McGuire, celery.

" J. Edgerton, Mrs. Mary Vickery, fruit.

**The Unitarian church tables of Mrs. Joseph
Curtis, Mrs. G. A. Furness, Mrs. H. C.
Brewster, Mrs. Henry Boardman, Mrs.
Wilson Soule, Mrs. P. S. Goodwin, Mrs. H.
H. Howard, Mrs. E. T. Curtiss, Misses
Jennie Brewster, M. E. Dudley, Jessie Post,
Mary Young.**

Mrs. J. A. Hinds, Miss Danforth, Mrs. D. Rich-
mond, turkeys.

Mrs. S. L. Brewster, 2 turkeys, chicken pie.

" Lewis Chase, Mrs. M. R. Hollowell, ducks.

" N. M. Mann, ducks, brown bread.

" John Bower, ham, wine jelly.

" Joseph Curtis, chicken pie, Charlotte Russe,

wine jelly.

Mrs. Wm. Corning, Charlotte Russe, flowers,

grapes, celery.

Mrs. H. H. Howard, Charlotte Russe.

" Wilson Soule, 2 dishes chicken salad.

" Horace C. Brewster, chicken salad, biscuits,

pickles.

Mrs. E. P. Willis, tongue, cake.

" C. C. Young, cake, cranberry.

" B. E. Brown, cake.

" H. Boardman, Saratoga potatoes.

" T. Leighton, cream, pickles.

Miss Mary Howe, 4 mince pies, Mrs. W. J. Cur-

tis, 2 pumpkin pies.

Mrs. B. F. Blackall, Mrs. C. T. Morse, biscuits.

" G. A. Furness, fruit, olives.

Miss Post, celery.

Mrs. E. P. Willis, \$20.

" M. R. Hollowell, \$5.

Miss Maria Porter, \$2.

Mrs. Freeman Clarke, 6 turkeys.

Mr. Marcus Strouss, one case ginger ale.

The Fancy and Domestic Table of Miss A. S. Mumford, Miss Lois E. Whitney, Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, Mrs. Thomas Chester, Mrs. H. F. Huntington, Mrs. I. A. Baum, Mrs. E. W. Peck, Mrs. J. M. Whitney, Mrs. Arthur Robinson, Mrs. Henry Anstice, Mrs. C. D. Van Zandt.

Miss Gould, Santa Barbara, Cal., 18 lavender fag-gots.
 Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, quantity of useful and fancy articles.
 Miss Lois E. Whitney, decorated china and fancy articles.
 Mrs. D. H. Burdette, 6 soap bubble bats.
 Miss Fanny Smith, New York, collar bag, magazine case.
 Mrs. W. H. Perkins, knit worsted hood, pelorine cape, 4 jars pickles.
 Mrs. Edward Cozzens, infant's sacque.
 Miss Danforth, photograph case.
 Mrs. H. F. Huntington, fourteen gingham aprons, 14 dusters, 2 fancy bags.
 Miss Clarice Jeffrey, 6 coffee cups and saucers.
 Mrs. George A. Furness, silk work bag.
 Democrat and Chronicle office, one dollar's worth of printing.
 E. T. H. Cottman, 2 mattresses and pillows for small cribs.
 Miss Hathaway, covered basket.
 Grace Hathaway, work basket.
 Mrs. E. W. Peck, dressed doll, fancy basket, 4 hair pin balls, embroidered flannel skirt, 2 sachets.
 " Arthur Robinson, white hood, 7 fancy pen-wipers, 3 card cases, apron, 3 wash cloths.
 " W. S. Little, 1 nightgale.
 Miss Saxton, 2 pairs mittens.
 " M. B. Alling and Mr. K. Y. Alling, decorated china dish.
 R. M. Myers & Co., wrapping paper, 2 balls string, 2 bunches tags.
 Mrs. Kleppish, Pittsford, one tray cloth.
 " Seymour, pair of reins, bath blanket.
 " Mrs. E. E. Howell, painting on satin sachet.
 " Thomas Chester, eight sachets, stand cover, one pair knit shirts, 4 hemstitched aprons, 3 paper catters.
 Miss Alice Thompson, Ballston Spa, N. Y., lamp shade, 2 button bags, photograph case.
 Mr. William Lycett, Atlanta, Ga., decorated pitcher.
 " P. S. Miller, New York, books.
 Mrs. J. C. Berthol, hearth broom.
 " H. M. Dayfoot, table mats.
 Miss Agnes Jeffrey, 2 handkerchief cases.
 Mrs. Henry Anstice, 2 china boxes.
 " Cole, pair of mittens.
 Miss Emma Cole, table mats.
 Mrs. Charles Boswell, set bureau mats.
 Miss Alice Whittlesey, fancy apron, slippers.
 Mrs. S. G. Andrews, infant's cap, 2 decorated boxes, cream pitcher, cup and saucer, six dressed dolls, twelve boxes of cake and cookies, 6 jars pickles.
 Mr. W. J. Hunt, 2 doz. boxes.
 Mrs. Josiah Anstice, 6 chamois rolls, 7 pipes, 7 baskets.
 " I. A. Baum, 5 sachets, 2 necessaires, 2 pin-cushions, 2 laundry lists, 2 twine receptacles, 7 fancy baskets, 1 broom brush holder, 1 needle case, 14 pen wipers, 2 crib quilts.
 " Joe Micheals, pin cushion.
 " J. M. Wile, fancy bag.
 " J. Stern, lamp shade.
 " D. M. Pollack, 3 sachet bags.
 " G. Wile, 2 crochet skirts.
 " S. Meyers, darning receptacle, 2 sachets.

Miss S. Greisheimer, 2 crochet skirts.
 Miss J. Britenstool, pin cushion.
 Mrs. B. Herman, scrap basket.
 Miss L. Block, scarf.
 Mrs. S. Wile, shoe bag.
 " M. Solomon, laundry bag.
 " J. Garson, sachet.
 Miss L. Britenstool, plate sachet crackers.
 Mrs. I. Hays, 4 spool cases.
 Miss C. Bier, scarf.
 Mrs. Sig. Bier, pond lily pin cushion.
 " M. A. Stern, fancy baskets.
 " H. Leiter, fancy articles.
 " A. Nirdlinger, infant's shoes.
 " D. M. Garson, 2 fancy bags.
 " Haskell, standard work baskets, 2 paper and twine bags.
 " Samuel Porter, fancy lamp shade.
 " B. R. Lawrance, 18 jars almond paste.
 " Lawrance's waitress, 3 hair pin cushions.
 Miss Osgood, 3 needle books, doll's cap, handkerchief sachet.
 Miss Helen Osgood, needle book.
 Mrs. E. N. Allen, child's apron.
 " J. H. Brewster, child's apron.
 " D. H. Griffith, child's sacque.
 Miss Griffith, cake doily.
 " Julia Cozzens, fancy bag.
 Mrs. G. C. Buell, 2 bon-bon boxes, reins.
 Miss Julia Hamilton, work bag, trimmed work basket.
 " Elizabeth Porter, child's sacque.
 " Farley, four bibs.
 Mrs. Sutherland, 7 cases for silver.
 Philip G. Mumford, 2 sets reins.
 Miss Rumsey, fancy basket.
 " Jennie Rumsey, chatelaine.
 Mrs. Day, traveling case.
 " P. S. Frost, pair silk socks, mittens.
 " E. D. Smith, 6 mops, toque, hood.
 Miss N. Robertson, fancy bag.
 " Julia Griffith, pin cushion.
 Mrs. W. S. Whittlesey, infant's hood.
 A friend, three pen wipers.
 Mrs. Edward Pierpont, painted picture frame, jar of pineapple.
 " Wilson Soule, toilet cushion, wall basket.
 " D. B. Beach, 2 toilet cushions, sachet.
 " Dr. Sankey, crocheted skirt.
 " A. H. Porter, Niagara, pair lady's shirts.
 Miss Titus, Auburn, hobby horse.
 Mrs. Edward Robinson, cardigan jacket.
 " Roscoe Ashley, crayon of Mrs. Cleveland.
 " L. T. Arnot, Elmira, baby's afghan, socks.
 " S. L. Stone, knit afghan.
 " Jennie Jones, 2 baby sacques.
 " L. F. Ward, pair of slippers, 2 jars pineapple, 1 jar pickles.
 " M. M. Mathews, mittens, shoe bag.
 Mr. C. S. Patten, lady's hat.
 Miss Mary Harvey, bath towel.
 Mrs. Harvey W. Brown, fancy basket.
 Will Smith, India linen apron.
 Miss Minnie I. Sherman, sachet, silk socks and stockings.
 Miss Kent, study of roses, illustrated Mother Goose.
 Mrs. Laney, child's knit shirt.
 " Dr. Reed, child's silk socks.
 " William Oothout, hood.
 " Filon, 2 hoods, 2 tea pot holders.
 Miss Elizabeth Huntington, pin ball.
 " Frost, one peck lady apples, 5 boxes cake, 4 sponge cakes, 3 traveling cushions.
 " Annie Bloomer, breakfast cape.
 Mrs. Eugene Glen, 2 jars strawberries, loaf nut cake.
 " Myron Adams, 4 twine balls, 4 darning cushions, 4 blotters, lamp shade.
 " G. W. Smith, New York, sachet.

Mrs. W. L. Lewis, tea cosy.
 " Theodore Bacon, 2 spool cases, fancy bag.
 Miss L. A. Manvel, 2 infant skirts.
 Dr. Durand, fourteen superior bandages.
 Mrs. W. H. Smith, toilet slippers.
 " W. R. Gormly, work basket.
 " W. S. Dewey, shaving paper case.
 " James Gordon, baskets, holder, 3 wash cloths.
 " David Little, 3 bottles cologne.
 Miss Kate Jeffrey, pair mittens.
 Mrs. W. C. Dickinson, cup and saucer.
 " T. McBlain, necktie case, 18 envelope openers.
 " J. B. Ward, 2 jars pickles.
 " W. C. Rowly, loaf fruit cake.
 " W. J. Curtis, 3 glasses strawberry jam, 3 glasses currant jelly.
 Miss Field, Albion, 2 child's shirts.
 Mrs. J. W. Canfield, comfortable for crib, loaf brown bread, 2 glasses jelly.
 Miss Foulds, 2 match receivers.
 " Eliza A. Woodbury, 4 copies, "Home Blossoms."
 A friend, carving napkins.
 Miss Lampert, 2 ingeniously cut oranges.
 Mrs. George H. Humphrey, 2 bags and dusters.
 " George D. Williams, Roman striped baby blanket.
 Miss Mumford, sundries.
 Mrs. George Peer, paper lamp shade.
 " E. S. Caldwell, 3 pine cone match holders.
 Miss Tillie Lowenthal, 4 hair pin baskets.
 Mrs. C. D. Van Zandt, triplicate mirror.
 " Carrie McKinley, French loaf cake, 1 doz. fancy cakes.
 " Frank Bishop, large pan of fried cakes.
 " Sandford, 2 loaves brown bread.
 " Stillwell, loaf brown bread.
 " William Gormley, large basket sugar cookies.
 " B. P. Robinson, jar cucumber pickles.
 " J. G. Gilmon, 2 quarts fruit.
 " John Humburch, 2 pints fruit.
 " Leo Stein, 2 quarts fruit.
 " Dobbin, 2 quarts fruit.
 " Crouch, 2 quarts fruit.
 " John Roberts, 2 quarts fruit.
 " Cohen, 2 pint jars and one quart fruit.
 " Max Lowenthal, 2 quarts fruit.
 " Jacobi, 5 quarts fruit.
 " Frank Hills, 2 quarts fruit.
 " Bloch, 2 quarts fruit.
 " Miles, 1 quart fruit.
 " Dr. Weaver, 1 quart fruit.
 " Charles Spencer, 2 glasses jam.
 " Ira Lovejoy, 2 quarts fruit.
 " John W. Goss, 2 quarts fruit.
 Miss Anna Stillwell, 2 bottles tomato catsup, 1 quart pickles.
 Mrs. Prof. Stevens, 6 pints fruit, one large bottle Japanese cleansing fluid.
 " Seth Green, 2 quarts fruit.
 " A. V. Smith, 2 quarts fruit.
 " E. T. Miller, 2 quarts fruit.
 " Will Chapin, 2 pints fruit.
 " Hiram Frear, 1 quart fruit, 1 glass jelly.

The Tissue Paper Table of Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, Mrs. C. H. Babcock, Mrs. Amon Bronson, Misses Julia Robinson, Bessie Backus, Maggie Ashley.

Mrs. C. H. Babcock, 9 fancy balls, 6 bon-bon boxes, flowers, etc.
 " Amon Bronson, caps, sashes, etc.
 " C. E. Hoyt, caps, sashes, boxes, etc.
 " Thomas McBlain, quantity of shaving balls.
 " J. C. Dodds, caps, sashes, etc.
 " Mrs. Azel Backus, 13 sun flowers, caps, etc.
 " Mrs. C. F. Paine, hydrangeas, peonies, daisies, etc.

Julia Robinson, snow balls, pond lilies.
 Bessie Backus, variety of flowers.
 Maggie Ashley, roses.
 Mrs. Eastman Peck, roses, peonies, etc.
 " John Ely, fans, poppies, etc.
 Miss Lillie Humphrey, English violets, carnations, roses, poppies, chrysanthemums.
 Miss Bertha Humphrey, roses, carnations, chrysanthemums.
 Mrs. S. Haskell, 3 doz. crush roses.
 " L. H. Lee, Mrs. Edward Peck, Mrs. B. R. Lawrance, Miss Louise Brewster, each roses.
 Mrs. Arthur Robinson, Mrs. A. M. Bennett, Miss Osgood, Miss Hattie Hart, each caps.
 Mrs. M. A. Phelan, Miss Jane Newburn, each, 9 fans.
 Miss Bettie Boorman, 33 button hole bouquets.
 Mr. Samuel P. Moore, \$2.00.
 Mrs. H. B. Smith, tea roses, pink roses, carnations, poppies.
 Miss Nemi Robertson, fans.
 Misses Rumsey, fans.
 Miss Grace B. Terry, roses, daisies.
 " F. Kedie, roses, a variety of flowers.
 " Ethel Stockbridge, roses, daisies.
 " gnes Chappell, caps, flowers.
 " Gertrude Chappell, roses, peonies, poppies, hollyhocks, etc.
 Clara Landsberg, flowers.
 Miss Oothout, carnations, poppies, etc.
 " Jennie Osgood, Mary Dodds, Miss Vick, each, roses.
 " Alice Churchill, dandelions, roses.
 May Carpenter, roses, poppies.
 Josephine Stewart, roses, chrysanthemums, etc.
 Miss Anna Sage, chrysanthemums, etc.
 Mr. Myers, quantity of white paper for decoration.
 " W. J. Smith, assistance in decoration.
 Miss Backus, use of flower stand.
 Wisner & Co., use of 2 doz. flower glasses

The Children's Pavilion Tables, including the Fancy, Doll, and Basket Tables of Mrs. C. H. Angell, Mrs. H. C. Brewster, Misses A. Wild, M. R. Keeney, Helen and Laura Williams, L. Page, Madge Backus, Emily Harris, Marion and Hattie Lindsay, Emma Wilder, Bessie Kingman, A. Whitney, Victoria Raymond, Bessie Backus, Julia Robinson and Maggie Ashley.

Mrs. John A. Collier, 2 pair worsted slippers, one fascinator.
 Carrie and Bessie Osburn, rose jar.
 Henrietta and Mary Allen, paper flowers, doll's baby baskets.
 Carrie and Mamie Little, 2 doll's skirts, 1 Noah's ark, 3 doll's afghans, 4 sets of Otodoma, 1 flat iron.
 Mrs. C. Tompkins, 3 pair silk mittens,
 " Sankey, 1 pair worsted mittens.
 " Mathews, sundries.
 " Henry Griffith, doll's skirt, doll's hat.
 Miss Hattie Lindsay, doll's hat.
 " Backus, doll's hats.
 " Mollie Ward, water color.
 Mrs. Eugene Glen, 2 baskets.
 Miss Maggie Ashley, 4 vases, 6 pen wipers.
 Mrs. Ashley, 1 baby's worsted shirt.
 Miss Raines, 8 wash cloths.
 " Saxton, 1 pair mittens.
 Elliott Lawrence, 2 boxes with collar and cuffs.
 Mrs. Theo. Bacon, dressing toilet case, spool wagon, silk bag.
 Mrs. P. S. Frost, 1 pair infant's socks.

Miss L. F. Ward, 1 pair worsted slippers.
 " D. M. Childs, \$10.00.
 Miss Wild, plush case, six dozen chairs and a quantity of toys.
 Miss Laura Williams, baskets.
 " Helen Williams, baskets.
 " Madge Backus, baskets.
 Willie and Beth Averell, \$5.
 Victoria Raymond, \$5.
 Mrs. M. Strong, \$3.
 Miss Mary McDonald, \$1.
 " Florence McDonald, \$1.
 " Belle Kingman, \$2.
 Mrs. H. C. Brewster, 2 dolls; several worsted caps and sacks.
 Mrs. C. H. Angel, sundries.
 Miss Hettv Jane dressed 7 dolls: Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, 4; Mrs. W. H. Averell, Miss Laura Page, Perry, Mary R. Keeney, each three; Mrs. Charles Pond, Miss M. Gowan, each 2; and all of the following persons dressed one each: Mrs. F. P. Allen, Mrs. Warham Whitney, Mrs. Robert Mathews, Mrs. Henry Mathews, Mrs. Ross, Mrs. Clarence Williams, Perry, Mrs. G. R. Travers, Perry, Mrs. Wm. D. Page, Perry, Mrs. A. H. Lowing, Perry, Mrs. Charles Hatch, Mrs. James Hatch, Mrs. E. Walbridge, Mrs. Vickory, Mrs. Wilder, Misses Florence Canfield, Clark, Saddle Furman, Grace Cartright, Fannie Corbett, Louise and Kittie Fitchner, Carrie Little, Hattie Lindsay, Benson Smith, Lulu Quinn, Chaper. Edith Bullard, Mamie Reid, Hatch, Chapin, Laura Williams, M. Gowan Comstock, Louise Selden, Rose Landsberg, Frankie Sage, Manell, Cartright, Bessie Kingman, Gussie Whitney, Marian Liend-say, Fannie M. Smith, Sarah C. Clarke, Marie Rogers; Alling & Cory, paper and twine.
 Other donations, which have not yet been reported will appear in next month's REVIEW.

The Oriental Booth of Mrs. George H. Ellwanger, Mrs. Edward Ellwanger, Mrs. Charles Ford, Mrs. Josiah Anstice, Mrs. J. Foster Warner, Misses Deborah Cresswell, Marie Atkinson, and Mr. George H. Ellwanger.

Mr. J. Foster Warner, design for the Oriental Booth.
 Mr. Seitz, the building of the Booth.
 Carroll, Hutchings, Southard & Co., the use of mattings, tapestries, and decorating the Booth.
 Mr. VanDorn, use of flags.
 Howe & Rogers, use of rugs.
 E. H. Cook & Co., use of lanterns.
 Mr. John Fahy, A Friend, Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co., Mr. H. Mannel, Mr. H. Haas, Haskins & Smith, Curran & Goler, C. B. Woodworth, perfumes.
 Mr. F. Vick, lilies and lily bulbs.
 " E. K. Hart, Albton, Mr. Charles Everest, Mr. L. Jeffrey, each \$10.
 Mrs. J. H. Fisher, \$2.
 Mr. Myron Peck, cash.
 " James Comerford, cash.

The Flower and Candy Table of Mrs. William S. Kimball, Mrs. M. W. Cooke, Mrs. L. F. Ward, Mrs. Warham Whitney, Mrs. Granger Hollister, Mrs. Gilman N. Perkins, Mrs. Erickson Perkins, Mrs. J. H. Stedman, Mrs. J. G. Cutler, Mrs. John W. Oot-hout, Mrs. Gaylord Mitchell, Misses Cornelia Macy, Clara Wilder, Carrie Brewster.

Bessie Watson, Bessie Clarke, Marie Atkinson, Frances Cogswell, Mattie Pond, Katharine Mitchell, Minnie Montgomery.

Mr. J. B. Keller, Mr. Frederick Schlegel, Mr. King, Salter Brothers, White Brothers, Mrs. Josiah Anstice, Miss Clara Wilder, Mr. William S. Kimball, flowers.
 Frost & Co., cut flowers and one dozen evergreen trees for decorating.
 Dr. Herlie, irrigated plant stand.
 Mrs. Alexander Thompson, Mrs. W. Ellwanger, Mrs. Henry Brewster, Mrs. Wm. H. Ward, Miss Milliman, Miss Bacon, home made candies.
 Mr. John H. Roberts, business manager for Huyler, a very generous amount of choice candies, that, with the exception of the home made candies, included all the candies sold during the two days and evenings of the Donation, and worth, at wholesale, \$46.42, which the ladies wish to acknowledge with many thanks.

The Tea Table of Mrs. George H. Perkins, Mrs. W. H. Ward and Mrs. W. Ellwanger.

Mr. John K. Hunt, two dozen paper boxes, some of which were filled with delicious cookies by Mrs. S. G. Andrews,
 Mr. Schlegel, quantity of palms and foliage plants for decorating booth.
 Salter Brothers, smilax and yellow vase.
 Howe & Rogers, use of rugs.
 Glenn & Co. use of china and lanterns,
 Smith & Perkins, Oolong and breakfast teas.

The Children's Fruit Table of Misses Florence Ellwanger, Connie Wilder, Master Fred. and Miss Marie Barry and Mrs. B. W. Paxton.

Theodore Aldrich, oranges, grapes.
 Mrs. Corning, Black Hamburg grapes,
 Ellwanger & Barry, holly and other decorations for the booth, three barrels choice fruit, apples, pears, and grapes.

The Popped Corn Table of Misses Esther Chapin, Clara and Rosa Landsberg, and Agnes Jones.

Mrs. Henry Mathews, popped corn balls.
 " G. H. Grant, peanuts and making bags.

Receipts for the Review.

NOVEMBER, 1886.

Mrs. Ann W. Bacon, by Mrs. S. H. Terry...	\$ 63
" C. L. Lane, Boston, by Mrs. M. Strong	1 00
" C. D. W. Bridgman, New York, by Mrs. W. H. Perkins	1 00
Mrs. W. H. Mandeville, Olean \$1.00; Miss T. Tytler, 62 cents; by Mrs. C. E. Converse	1 62
Mr. D. Leary, 62 cents; D. Leary, Adv., \$10.00; Chas. W. Trotter, \$5 by Mrs. M. M. Mathews	15 62
Mrs. S. S. Avery, 62 cents; Mrs. A. D. Blair, \$1.00; Mrs. H. P. Brewster, 62 cents; Miss M. L. Foulds, \$1.25; Miss C. Howard, 62 cents; Miss E. P. Hall, 62 cents; Mrs. C. S. Hastings, 62 cents; Mrs. L. H. Lee, 62 cents; Mrs. C. M. Lee, 62 cents; S. B. Perkins, 62 cents; Mrs. S. B. Raymond, 62 cents; Mrs. S. B. Roby, 62 cents; Mrs. S. D. Walbridge, 62 cents; Mrs. J. F. Warner, 62 cents, by Miss Hattie Smith...	9 60

Mrs. Geo. Breck, N. Y., 50 cents; Mrs. L. G. Brown, Scottsville, \$1; Miss C. Carpenter, \$1.24; Mrs. B. Church, Geneseo, \$1.00 Mrs. L. Dickinson, Geneseo, 10 cents; Mr. H. J. Dignin, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Gillespy, Saugerties, \$1.50; Mrs. E. W. Holmes, Boston, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Keener, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Mercer, Geneseo, 50 cents; Hon. S. Miller, New Haven, 50 cents; Mrs. T. F. Olmstead, Geneseo, 50 cents; Mrs. L. S. Tuckerman, Salem, Mass., \$1.00; Mrs. A. Willard, Geneseo, \$1.00, by Treasurer. 11 20

MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treasurer,
96 Spring Street.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Receipts from Nov. 1st, 1887, to December 3rd.

Mrs. A. B. Frey, Palatine Bridge.....	\$ 1 00
Mrs. C. J. Gansevoort, Bath	5 00
Dr. W. S. Ely	1 00
Dr. Wheelock Rider	1 00
"The unbroken toilet set"	3 00
Mrs. J. K. Chappell, Card 172.....	1 00
Mrs. William Hill, Collinsville, Conn., card 98	1 00
Fred Depuy, Tioga, Ont., annual offering	50
Mrs. A. H. Porter, Niagara Falls.....	10 00
Ella and Mabel Thomas, Irondequoit.....	1 00
"Willie Clarke Webb, Mabel H. Webb, and in memory of Freeman Clarke Webb"	15 00
"Henrietta W. Allen, Mary P. Allen, Freeman Clarke Allen, and in memory of Baby Allen"	20 00
Mrs. Thomas Hawks	2 00
Mrs. C. B. Cook	3 0
Mrs. E. M. Smith	1 00
"Mother's meeting of St. Luke's Church"	3 04
Mrs. M. Strong	2 00
Mrs. S. H. Terry	10 00
Margaret and Helen O'Hare.....	1 00
Mrs. M. B. P.	3 00
Mrs. J. H. Stedman	1 00
Miss Ann Wright, Avon.....	1 00
Virginia Jeffrey Smith	5 00
Eleanor Kidd Chapin and William Pond Chapin	2 00
Mrs. George Reyton, Irondequoit.....	2 00
Mrs. J. L. Evans	5 00
Mr. J. H. Boucher	1 00
Cornelia Robinson	1 00
Jane Porter Robinson	1 00
Herbert Siddons Mann	50
John Franklin Burke	50
Joseph Curtiss	50
Mrs. D. A. Watson	5 00
Isabel Hart	5 00
Mrs. O. W. Moore	1 00
James Laney	5 00
Mrs. James Laney	2 00
Willie B. Fuller, Belle F. Fuller, Jennie S. Fuller, Julia C. Fuller, Grace E. Ful- ler, Anna S. Buell, Fred C. Buell, Hol- ley, each one brick	1 75
Clara Soule Huntoon	25
Miss A. K. Green	40
Fannie Converse Gould, Brooklyn.....	50
Howard Gould, Brooklyn.....	50
Mrs. C. R. Davis	1 00
Russel P. Yates	50
Mrs. Granger A. Hollister.....	5 00
Mr. M. Gregg	1 00
Miss M. A. Brooker	1 00
Mr. John Greenwood	1 00
Miss Ada Greenwood	1 00
Mrs. M. L. Kentner	1 00
Miss C. A. Cleveland	1 00
Miss Jessie Post	1 00

Florence M. M. Seymour.....	1 00
A friend.....	100 00
Mr. Thomas Salter	5 00
Mrs. Samuel Fisher, Warsaw.....	1 00
Marguerita Allen Ely.....	25
Douglas L. Furness.....	25
Mrs. L. L. R. Pitkin	1 00
Marie Brewster	1 00
Kate Luvan Rogers.....	25
Clara Smith	25
Esther Chapin, Clara Landsberg and Agnes Jones' pop corn table.....	14 27
Children's Pavilion Table, by Mrs. C. H. Angel	215 00
Tissue Paper Table by Mrs. A. S. Hamil- ton	142 69

A. B. C. Schemes.

Series "C"—Mrs. A. Rosenberg, 50 cents; Miss J. D. Wald, \$1.00, extra, 25 cents; Mr. W. J. Curtis, \$1.....	2 75
Series "D"—G. A. Furness, \$1.00, extra, 50 cents; Miss Belle Tait, \$3; Miss J. E. Rochester, \$2, extra, 25 cents.....	6 75
Series "E"—Mrs. E. T. Curtis, \$1; Mrs. J. B. Perkins, \$1; Mrs. R. Liddle, \$2, extra, 25 cents; Mrs. J. M. Pardee, 25 cents; Mrs. J. H. Hopkins, \$1; Mrs. J. N. Tubbs, \$1; Miss Jessie E. Post, \$1.....	7 50
Series "F"—Mrs. J. B. Perkins, \$4; Miss L. M. Reuter, \$1; Miss C. E. Jacobs, \$1; J. Hancock, Jr., \$1; Miss M. D. Irving, \$1; Miss O. H. Morrison, \$1; Miss M. Avery, \$1; Miss R. Fechenbach, \$1; Miss C. L. Foulds, \$1; Mrs. J. S. Briggs, \$1; Miss F. A. Smith, N. Y., \$1; Mrs. J. N. Tubbs, \$1.....	15 00
Series "G"—Mrs. E. T. Curtis, \$4; Mrs. J. B. Perkins, \$20; Miss M. W. Lee, \$1; Mrs. L. R. Reuter, \$1; Mrs. Geo. Reuter, Woonsocket, R. I., \$1; Mrs. F. R. Plum- mer, \$1; Miss M. J. Taunton, \$1; Mrs. B. R. Lawrence, \$5; Miss M. O'Neill, \$1; Mrs. F. W. Chesebro, Canandaigua, \$1; Mrs. S. Todd, Pittsford, \$1; Mrs. E. J. Sugru, \$1.25; Mrs. S. W. Davison, \$1; Mrs. W. R. Barnum, \$1; Miss C. J. Bark- er, Clarkson, \$1; Miss E. P. Hall, \$1; Mrs. H. B. Allen, \$1; L. B. Dransfield, \$3; Miss E. Blakesley, 25 cents; Miss M. McAlpine, 50 cents; Miss Frost, \$1; Mrs. L. L. R. Pitkin, \$1; Miss McCulloch, \$1; W. L. Whittlesey, \$1; Mrs. G. Reyton, Irondequoit, \$7; Mrs. M. A. Gibson, \$1; Miss M. L. Foulds, \$1; E. A. Avery, \$1; Mrs. H. P. Ford, \$1; Mrs. D. W. Powers, \$20; Mrs. W. Oothout, \$16; Mrs. B. Wil- son, \$2; Mrs. E. S. Martin, \$10; Miss Elwood, \$2; Miss Alice Smith, N. Y., \$1; Miss Mather Sodus Centre, \$2; Miss F. Benjamin, \$1.25; Miss M. A. Brown, \$5; Miss M. J. Watson, \$1.25; Miss R. A. Swain, \$1; Mrs. H. D. Gordon, \$2.....	125 50

Total	\$ 781 40
Previously acknowledged.....	4234 87
Total receipts.....	\$5016 27

We still require \$1,483.73 to complete the last payment on the Pavilion, and free the building from the blemish of a debt. We most urgently solicit contributions for this object, which should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring St., the Treasurer of the Fund.

There is something peculiarly touching in the following note, written in pencil by Mrs. Conrad

Gansevoort, during her last illness at the City Hospital, and found after her death among her papers.

To Mrs. Robert Mathews, No. 96 Spring St.

From my windows in the Hospital this summer I have had a fine view of the Children's Pavilion veranda, where the poor little invalids have spent most of the day. I have witnessed the most touchingly loving attentions of the nurses to these helpless little souls, and such tender care and loving attention as many a mother is unable to bestow for want of time—and the happiness of some of these constantly suffering children is a proof to me of the blessedness of this most excellent Children's Pavilion.

I offer you my small token and a most sincere prayer that our Father in Heaven will bless and prosper the Children's Pavilion.

M. Gansevoort

Enclosed find \$5.

Donations for November.

Schmidt, Kaelber & Co.—1 pair of spectacles.
 Mrs. Theodore Bacon—12 linen sheets.
 Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Old linen, basket of apples.
 Miss French, Reading matter, neckties, 5 collars.
 Cornelia Wright—School book.
 From the "Parent Stem"—6 binders, 6 infant flannel bands, 1 doz. napkins.
 Miss A. S. Mumford—Boys flannel shirt, 2 pairs boy's gloves, books, 4 pairs of socks, gent's second-hand jackets, etc.
 Miss Cozzens—School books, 1 slate.
 Rev. J. E. Adams, Moore & Cole, Mrs. S. H. Terry, Mrs. Castle, Mrs. Maltby Strong, Mrs. Phelps—Reading matter.
 Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt—Cushions for chairs.
 "Levit Fox, West Brighton—Old cotton, linen, 2 colored counterpanes, etc.
 Chrissie Hamilton—Swinton's word book.
 Ladies Book Club—6 books.
 E. H. Cook—6 gas shades.
 Miss Frankie Wright's Sunday School class—7 new story books from Estella Salmon, 7 new picture books, 10 Wide Awakes, 24 Golden Days and Harper's Young People, 3 dolls, 3 paper dolls, picture cards and bag of fruit for the children.
 Mrs. Simeon Pomeroy—1 gallon of raspberry wine.
 B. Herman—8 turkeys.
 Mrs. Moore—Basket of apples.
 "Geo. Breck—Child's chair.
 Mr. S. Roby—Flowers.
 S. S. Gould, Seneca Falls—Illustrated London News.
 Mrs. Geo. A. Furnese—Magazines.
 Friend—2 pairs of baby shoes, 1 under wrapper, 1 knit jacket, 1 gingham apron for Children's Pavilion.
 Miss Clarice G. Jeffreys—Old linen.
 Mrs. D. Dewey—Old cotton and articles of wearing apparel.
 Alice Little—2 Wide Awakes, 2 Chatterboxes, and worsted for children.
 Carrie Soule—Patchwork and canned peaches for Miss Corby.
 Mrs. Josiah Anstice—Quantity of infant's clothing.
 By Mr. Donald McNaughton—4 turkeys.

CHRISTMAS—Please remember the little folks on Christmas. Our paper comes out late this month, but we hope in time to secure something for the sick children in the Pavilion.

We are glad to receive such tokens of remembrance as the following:

NORTH BLOOMFIELD, Dec. 2d, 1887.

Managers of the Donation to the City Hospitals:

If you receive so small a sum as this two dollars, please accept this and oblige a well wisher.

C. C. GATES.

Thursday morning.

Ladies:

Please let some one "gather in" as many from the street (to whom the beautiful supper you serve will be a "feast") as the enclosed will pay for.

There are so many such, surely some one will be willing to find them.

Very respectfully,

THE CITY HOSPITAL.

We copy from the *Union and Advertiser*, of November 28th, the following interesting statement of the work and needs of our Hospital:

In connection with the announcement of the annual donation of the Rochester City Hospital a few statements, regarding its work, may not be uninteresting. But at the outset it must be said once more that the institution, despite its name, does not belong to the city and is not sustained by the municipality. It is entirely dependent for its support, above the comparatively small sums received from some of its patients, upon the charity of the community.

During the year ending Oct. 1, 1887, the cost of maintenance, not including \$974, paid to the city for taxes, was about \$33,182. This sum was derived as follows:

From towns for patients.....	\$ 804 00
.. the city ..	3,553 40
.. other patients ..	13,909 85
.. permanent fund.....	2,227 44
.. donations ..	11,908 90
Money borrowed and sundries.....	777 53
	\$33,181 72

The whole number of individuals under treatment during the year was 779 or an average of about one hundred. The cost of supporting each one was therefore \$6.38 a week. At most, if not at all, institutions of this character the cost per week is greater. Thus, at St. Luke's Hospital (New York) it is \$9; at the Massachusetts General Hospital (Boston) it is \$11.99; at the City Hospital (Boston) it is \$7.52. In this city, therefore, the outlay is \$1.14 below the minimum found necessary in Boston. The superintendent of the last named institution says that \$7.50 per week represents "the lowest point compatible with the maintenance of a high standard of service and preservation in a large metropolitan hospital, devoted to acute diseases and surgery." The

above list could be indefinitely extended, and the results would show that the record of our City Hospital, in this respect, is hardly to be equaled.

Of the 779 patients before mentioned, only 166 (those in private rooms) reimbursed the hospital for the full cost of their maintenance. Of the remainder, 137 paid nothing whatever. Their stay in the hospital averaged over forty-one days each. The cost of caring for them was \$5,203. There were also 150 city and towns patients, whose average stay was eighty-four days each. The money received for their care was \$4,358, but it cost \$11,485 to keep them: so that the charity account of the hospital must be credited \$7,127 on this item also. Then there were 285 patients who paid the usual ward price of \$4 per week during an average stay of over twenty-one days each; but their cost over receipts was \$2,062. This makes another item to the credit of charity. Finally, there were thirty-one patients, staying sixty-seven days each, who paid for themselves, but at less than the usual ward rate. On these the loss was about \$1,000. Putting these various items together, we have the sum of \$15,392, which represents the charity work for the past year—i. e., the cost of maintaining 603 patients 26,465 days, over the amounts paid by them. It is this charity feature of its work that makes the hospital poor. This is as it should be. The matter is one for pride and congratulation, not for regret and complaint.

The total debt of the hospital to-day, including balances due on the children's pavilion and for West avenue improvement, is not less than \$20,000.

The City Hospital, like other eleemosynary institutions, is subject to many severe and hasty criticisms. It knows that these renew themselves continually, no matter how unreasonable they may be, and that they cannot be escaped. The statements given above dispose of the allegations of some that the hospital is not a charity institution, that it continually receives large sums in charity, for which it renders no return. Other criticisms are founded on misapprehensions which would be quickly dispelled if pains were taken to learn the facts. In every case brought to the attention of the hospital authorities a satisfactory explanation has been made and the complaint has been promptly withdrawn.

The question is asked why the expense of carrying on the hospital has increased during the past ten years. The explanation is that within this period the number of ward patients has almost doubled, and it has been necessary to add several new buildings for their accommodation. The cost of maintaining these buildings is considerable, and the fact (already explained) that under present circumstances more patients mean larger deficit, accounts for the greater part of this increase. Moreover modern ideas and methods of conducting a hospital, while they greatly extend

its efficiency, demand a larger outlay than was ever before needed. These ideas and methods require, for instance, the employment of a large corps of skilled nurses and attendants, enough to care for the sick by night as well as by day. Patients receive far more and better attention now than was possible before the establishment of the training school. Again, modern science necessitates the free use of antiseptic appliances in the treatment of the sick, especially in the domain of surgery. The possibilities of doing successful work are thereby enormously increased. But these indispensable improvements cannot be introduced and sustained without augmented expense. A hospital that does not adopt them has no right in these days, to treat the sick. With their employment, particularly in the surgical and maternity departments, it is known to many that advantages are offered and results obtained, superior to those to be expected even in the best of our private houses. Considerations of moderately increased cost should have no weight whatever, when we know the lives and limbs and comfort of our patients to be at stake.

The benefits of hospital treatment were never before so much in demand as at present. For several weeks every part has been filled, and yet no suitable case is ever turned away. The hospital is not a retreat for those who are merely feeble and infirm. It would be easy within a week to fill every ward and room with such, when there would remain no accommodations for those for whom the institution is specially designed, viz: the acutely sick, the victims of accident and others needing surgical aid. The policy is to receive as many of these as possible, to treat them until they are convalescent, then to send them out, that their places may be at once taken by others requiring similar attentions. Thus the benefits of the hospital are given to the largest number, and to those whose wants are the most imperative.

Many friends have generously sustained the Hospital in previous years, and are now again ready with their gifts. They will remember that with multiplying opportunities come expenses increased in yet greater proportion; and it is hoped that their gifts will be correspondingly large. But there are thousands who have never contributed to this work, whose aid is now solicited. With an adequate response to this appeal, the burdens of this growing charity, which under existing conditions are becoming too grievous to be borne, will be quickly lightened. No gifts can be so small that they will not be gratefully acknowledged; and none so bountiful that they will not be profitably used and returned in benefits many fold to the community at large.

Schmidt, Kaelbar & Co., through Dr. Rider, have given a pair of spectacles that will be a great comfort to a ward patient.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1887.

The Hospital Inmates.

On the 12th of December we visited the Hospital and found twenty-four under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward. Jacob Mohr was reclining on his cot, with his crutches beside him. He has now seven abscesses, "one," as his nurse said, "for each day in the week." If he keeps quiet he is tolerably free from pain, but he cannot move about much. Near him was a new patient, a sufferer from a railroad accident, who had his fingers amputated. On the opposite side of the ward, a middle aged man was lying on his cot, with his left arm immersed in water kept at a temperature of 100 degrees; his hand had been run over and fearfully bruised by a brewery wagon; no bones had been broken, but the hand was frightfully swollen. Another man had his hand encased in a poultice; he had had a splinter in his hand, inflammation had followed, it had been lanced and had received water dressing, and was improving. The painter, who had had one foot amputated and the bones in the other set, was doing remarkably well, had been able to step on his foot, and the stump where the foot had been amputated had healed. The two men who were injured by the explosion in the Spring Street sewer were doing well; the one who suffered from a general shock and some flesh wounds had gone home; the other had lost one eye, the pieces of stone had been removed from the face, and there was no disfigurement there, and other wounds had healed. The patients with abscesses were doing well. The boy from Sodus Point, with inflammatory rheumatism, whose hip joints were set, had been obliged to submit to another surgical operation and any attempt to move him caused acute pain.

The isolated pavilions were both vacant; the one had been occupied by a patient who had symptoms of diphtheria, but the disease proved to be tonsillitis; the other by a sufferer from erysipelas, who had recovered and left.

Five of the twenty-five inmates of the Male Medical Wards were confined to their cots. Three of these were fever patients and the disease had not reached its crisis; two were weak and aged men. Four others under treatment kept their beds most of the time; one of these was dropsical, the others were consumptives. Two men were afflicted with rheumatism; one man had bronchial troubles; one bad case of general eczema had yielded to treatment and the man was almost well. Three fever patients had been discharged well, and two eye patients had been successfully operated upon, had gone home and would probably recover sight.

Seventeen were under treatment in the Female Medical Wards. One patient who had been very ill, and had not left the ward for some time till the day before, attended the chapel service and enjoyed it. She is a lovely example of Christian patience; though in constant pain she never murmurs, and in reply to an enquiry of her physician, said: "How can I help feeling better when I have such doctors and nurses!" One of the sickest patients was convalescing from a surgical operation that had been performed a few days previous, affording her great relief, for which she seemed very grateful. One woman was suffering from partial paralysis, another from diseased kidneys, and a third had epileptic fits. Two patients kept their cots all the time, the one was convalescing, the other had abscesses. Mrs. M. had derived benefit from skin grafting. A colored woman who had given birth to a child in the street had been brought to the Hospital and had died of peritonitis. Four mothers were in the Nursery.

As we entered the Female Surgical Wards we were greeted by the grateful perfume of tea roses, suggestive of a recent visit from the Flower Mission—*grossmutter* was rocking and singing; a lively old woman for one past ninety. There were twelve inmates in this ward and no death had occurred during the month. Four of the inmates were confined to cots; one of these was delirious most of the time. A second had not recovered from a blow caused by a snow ball that had hit her ear, rendering her unconscious ten or fifteen minutes at the time. One patient from whom a tumor had been removed was convalescing; one was recovering from erysipelas. One young woman was suffering from the effects of running a crochet hook into her knee, ten weeks previous. Tilly had had more diseased flesh removed from her arm and leg. One woman was convalescing from a broken limb, another had had a successful operation for cataract.

The Little Folks.

We found four babies in the Nursery, one a cunning wee colored baby a month old weighed but five pounds. It had lost its mother, and lacked vitality, and bottles of hot water were placed around it to keep it warm. There was quite a contrast between this and another baby two weeks old that weighed thirteen pounds.

A touching sight greeted us in the Boys' Ward of the Pavilion, a band of crippled children, both girls and boys, gathered around the dinner table, with bowed heads, those who were able standing, as one of their number repeated the following lines:

"God is great, and God is good,
And we thank Him for His food.
By His hand must all be fed;
Give us Lord our daily bread."

The little girl who said this was Millicent Waring, a new patient, ten years old. She stood on only one foot as the other was encased in a plaster of Paris mould. She has a deformed foot and the physicians

are trying to straighten it. Next to Millicent was Thomas Heeney, the boy with abscesses, who wears an iron attachment to one shoe, as one limb is shorter than the other. At Tommy's right hand was Clark Davis who had wheeled himself in his rolling chair to the table. He has been wearing a plaster of Paris jacket but that had been removed. He has a curvature of the spine. Max Kraus sat next Clark. He had on the plaster of Paris jacket and the jury mast to support his head. He was talking about Christmas, and hoped Santa Claus would bring him a mouth organ with a little silver bell attached to it. Max's right hand neighbor was Louis Youst, who fell and fractured his elbow. He is receiving massage and will probably recover without having a stiff elbow. Belle Lusk, who sat next Louis has a curvature of the spine. The last of the little group was Willie Hooper. He is the little boy with diseased hip, who was kicked several years ago by a larger boy. Willie has four abscesses and wears an iron frame on his shoe as one limb is shorter than the other.

At another small dining table, near by, were three more of the Pavilion children, Courtney Crarey, Eddy Quad, and Henry Mattes. You know Courtney is the little boy who was injured by falling from an apple tree. He has had pieces of dead bone taken from his limb, and the bone has been scraped several times. He has a funny way of getting around, using one foot, but he has a sort of wiggling motion, and with this he manages to move from one part of the room to another. Eddy Quad is a new patient, seven years old. He was shot in the eye. Dr. Rider had removed the eye and found a bullet in it. In such cases there is often danger that the other eye may suffer from sympathy but fortunately the sight of Eddy's eye is not injured. Henry Mattis is the little boy from the orphan asylum who had eczema, he has recovered from that but still has a stiff knee. We must now leave the boys at their din-

ner and go into the Girl's Ward where we shall find Nellie Collins eating her dinner in bed. She has a diseased hip, the result of a fall down stairs. She has had the bone of her leg scraped and some pieces of diseased bone removed. She had bread, milk and potatoes for her dinner. She keeps her bed all the time. She said to us: "You are not going to forget us at Christmas?" Nellie is eleven years old. I wonder what Santa Claus will bring her. Several other children are in this ward, sitting in baby chairs as they eat their dinners. Here we find Jerry Sheehan, who has a diseased spine, is receiving massage and cannot walk, here too are Frankie Lee and Sada Hollohan. In the Julia and Edith room was a new patient, Bessie Pattison, three years old. She was kept in the dark, as she had diseased eyes. She was crying and the nurse was trying to comfort her. Dr. Rider had been doing something to her eyes and I think they pained her. These are the afflicted children who are receiving treatment in the Children's Pavilion. Every one of them needs skilful treatment, and tender care, and every thing you do for such little ones pleases the dear Savior who on earth blessed the little children.

Christmas is coming, and many of these children have no kind father and mother or brothers and sisters to fill their stockings, and hang gifts for them on the Christmas tree, but we are sure there are kind hearts enough in Rochester to remember these afflicted ones.

Many of the children amuse themselves by knitting mats on spools, and any scraps of Germantown or zephyr worsted will be useful to them. Two little girls were hoping that Santa would bring them cloaks. One little fellow wanted a wagon, three or four boys wished they could have mouth organs with silver bells, and one little girl hoped she should have a big doll. Any second-hand games would be welcomed and well used.

The Children's Fair.

Our young friends, Misses Grace S. Steele, Margaret J. Wright, Bessie Whitbeck and Sadie P. Bishop, who before this have given us substantial proof of their interest in the Children's Pavilion, have again remembered us. They have been very busy making and collecting all sorts of pretty things, for a fair that was held on the 9th of December, at the house of Mrs. F. Bishop, 103 North Fitzhugh street. Mrs. Bishop kindly threw open the lower part of her house for the occasion. There was an ice cream and cake room, and a tea and chocolate room, where tempting tables invited the guests to enjoy themselves while they aided a noble charity. The north rooms were devoted to the fancy, flower and candy tables, where the young people displayed their fancy work, baskets, perfumery, flowers and candy, and reaped a handsome benefit for the Children's Pavilion Fund. We understand they realized over a hundred dollars. We thank our young friends for their timely offering.

Died.

At the City Hospital, November 3d, Mrs. H. T. Abey, aged 60 years.

Nov. 8, of tracheal diphtheria, John Mann, aged 6 years.

Nov. 15, infant of Nina Cook, 5 days.

Nov. 20, Adolph Nefzger, aged 20 years.

Nov. 20, infant of Mrs. Julia Wright.

Nov. 22, infant of Mrs. Trow, 1 day.

Nov. 25, of peritonitis, Mary Curtis.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Nov. 1.....	96
Received during Month.....	88
Births.....	6
	—186
Discharged during Month.....	56
Deaths.....	7
Number remaining in Hospital Dec. 1,	122
	—185

We barter life for pottage; sell true bliss
For wealth or power, for pleasure or renown,
Thus, Esau-like, our Father's blessing miss,
Then wash with fruitless tears our faded crown.

An Expensive Dessert.

A monument to Jean Francois Millet is to be erected at Cherbourg, his birthplace, and many interesting reminiscences of the hardships in the early life of the great painter are being published. It is told that one quarter-day, his rent became due, and his purse empty, as was often the case. Millet succeeded in coaxing a picture dealer to visit his studio, to see if there was not something there worth the sixty dollars due his landlord.

The dealer came, turned over canvas after canvas superciliously, and at last consented to give the sum required in exchange for three important works.

As he laid the three one hundred franc notes on the table, Millet suddenly remembered that the next day was his wife's *fete*.

"I should like to invite a few friends," he said, "could you not take something else, so that I may have enough to pay for the dinner?"

The dealer shrugged his shoulders, but the poor painter was so pressing that he agreed, not without difficulty, to take a sketch which was on the easel for four dollars.

"Vingt francs!" sighed Millet, "mais nous n'aurons meme pas de dessert!"

"You wish a dessert," replied the dealer. "Well, as you've got me in a generous mood, I'll give you ten francs for that other sketch."

The bargain was struck, the dealer carrying off for two dollars—the Dessert—a little gem that he sold afterwards for eight hundred dollars. It is worth two thousand dollars to-day.

Breathing Through the Mouth.

Tight dressing, though the most serious hindrance to the habit of good breathing, is not the only obstacle. There are careless ways of sitting and standing that draw the shoulders forward and cramp the chest, and it is as hard for the shoulders to do good work when the chest is narrow and constricted as it is for a closely bandaged hand to set a clear graceful penmanship. Then there are lazy ways of breathing, and one-sided ways of breathing, and the particularly bad habit of breathing through the mouth. Now the nose was meant to breathe through, and it is marvelously arranged for filtering the impurities out of

the air, and to change it to a suitable temperature for entering the lungs. The mouth has no such apparatus, and when air is swallowed through the mouth instead of breathed through the nose, it has an injurious effect upon the lungs. A story is told of an Indian who had an encounter with a white man, much his superior in size and strength, and was asked afterward if he was not afraid. "Me never afraid of man who keeps mouth open," was the immediate reply. Indeed, breathing through the mouth gives a foolish and weak expression to the face, as you may see by watching anyone asleep with the mouth open.

It may be noted that an anæmic, or low condition of the blood is seldom found where there is an established or full, deep breathing with the mouth closed. — *St. Nicholas*.

Children in Hotels.

Florence Marryatt, an English writer, who visited this country last summer, states that she saw a little girl of six take her place alone at a hotel table. On being asked by the waiter, if she ought to be there without her parents, she coolly answered, "I guess I pay my way."

A writer in the *Art Age* supplements this story by one of a five-year-old girl whom he once saw seated alone at the crowded table of an hotel. She called first for soup, then for ice-cream, then for more soup.

"Isn't your mamma coming to dinner!" asked the amazed waiter, as he served her.

"No," replied the young lady. "She don't want none. She's dead."

Care For the Sick Room.

A training school for nurses is to be founded in Pittsfield, Mass., by Mr. H. W. Bishop of Chicago, who gives \$25,000 to the object. A bright and promising son of Mr. Bishop died while a member of Williams College of a protracted and painful sickness, and the father became so impressed with the importance of trained and competent nurses for the sick, and thereby the relief of suffering and even the saving of life, that he has been led to the founding of this much-needed institution. How often do physicians tell us that a good nurse in the sick room is about as import-

ant as the doctor. Mr. Bishop's is at once a beautiful and useful charity.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

His Petition.

The Berlin journals bring us a touching story of the Emperor's last birthday, which, our readers will remember, was celebrated with great pomp throughout Germany.

Countless gifts were sent in to the aged Kaiser, expressive of love and reverence, costly tokens from his brother-sovereigns, and almost as splendid offerings from his soldiers and wealthy subjects.

On the morning of his birthday the Emperor, after having shown himself to the people, passed through the hall where these gifts were displayed, and examined them with much emotion. On a table, close beside a rare service of priceless china, sent by Queen Victoria, lay a wooden box, tied by a bit of twine. The King, curious, directed it to be opened. Inside was an ill-spelled letter on a piece of gray paper. It said :

DEAR KING. I have nothing to send you on your great day, but a prayer to the good God to keep you long our King. Now I will tell you of my father who was shot in the foot in the war with Austria, and is ill, and has yet no pension. I have two brothers and two sisters, and often we have no bread to eat. And now I send you my name, AUGUST WOLK.

"August," the Emperor said, "has made the best gift of all. He has given me the chance to be just to a brave man."

He ordered inquiry to be made into the case, and a pension to be given to the wounded soldier.

After all, one need not be a Kaiser on his birthday for the opportunity to be just and generous. The chance comes to us all every day, but how many of us receive it as a blessing?

If you have any old linen, send it to the Hospital.

The Fourth Commandment insists no more upon our keeping the seventh day, than upon our working for six days. He who has not labored for six days, has no right to the holy rest of the seventh.—*Rev. C. L. Guild.*

Nor deem the irrevocable past

As wholly wasted, wholly vain,

If, rising on the wrecks, at last

To something nobler we attain.

Longfellow.

Aunt—"When are you going to have dinner to-day, Dolly?" Dolly—"When you've gone, Auntie, mamma said."

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I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

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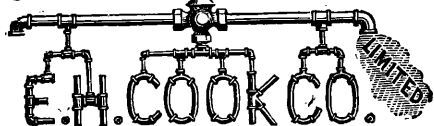
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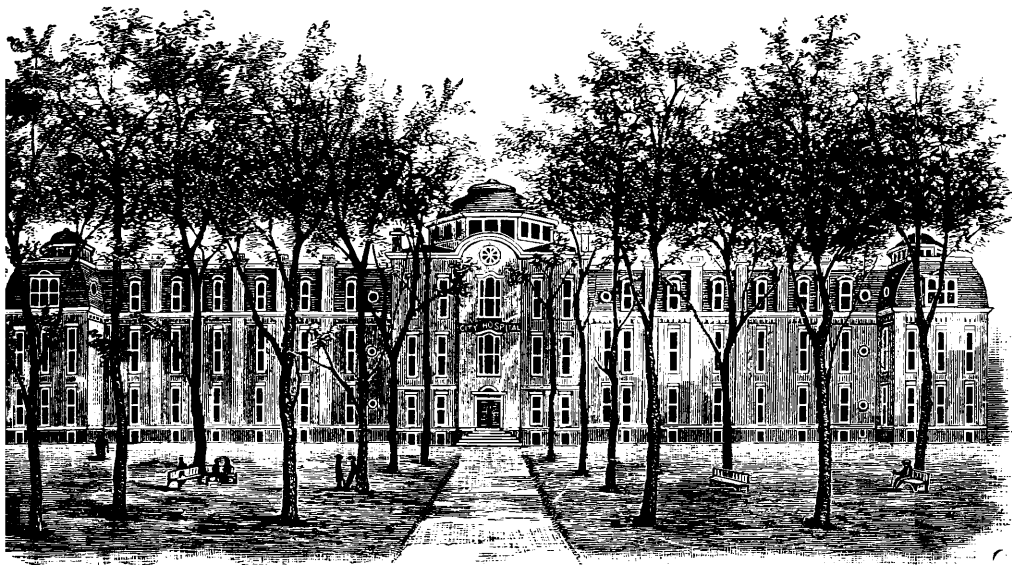
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXIV

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1888.

No. 6.

The Little Girls' Guild of Trinity Church, Lansingburg, N. Y., had a sale of fancy and useful articles, of their own work, at the Rectory in October last, for the benefit of the Child's Hospital at Albany. The following lines were written for the occasion, by a little girl ten years of age, and sold for the benefit of the hospital.

The Story of the Lily.

By the side of the great rushing river,
A lily grew so fair;
It had started up in the spring time,
And never had known a care.

But a child was passing it by one day,
And he culled the dainty flower
From its place by the great dark river,
Where it lived through sunshine and shower.

He laid it with daisies and violets,
To give to his mother next day,
To take to the Children's Hospital,
With others to give away.

But when she came back in the evening,
There were tears in each gentle eye;
For the child, who had the lily,
From a dreadful hurt must die.

"I am going again to-morrow," she said,
"And perhaps she will better be,
But I doubt it, for when I left her
She was writhing in agony."

The mother went next morning,
But a nurse met her at the door;
"She died last night," she said,
"Dear little Katherine is no more ;

"But she bade me tell you, kind lady,
As she held the flower in her hand,
That she'd think of you all the time
When she was in the better land."

And the deep, dark river kept rushing by,
Till it came to the ocean blue,
And the waves told me this story,
Just as I tell it to you.

CAROL L. BAILY.

For every trial God sends, He gives sufficient strength for its endurance ; but He promises no grace to bear anticipations with, and we little know how very large a portion of our mental suffering arises from anticipations of trial.—*Church Press.*

MINETTE.

The Fortune of the Happy Little Singer.

Without a doubt Minette was the prettiest child in the Jacques foundling hospital. So cheery and bright was she that every one loved her, and after a while the matron gave her the name Sunette, "for," said she, "the little thing seems to flood every place where she happens to be with sunshine." One day as the tiny girl sat on a little circle of closely-shaven turf where stood a fine marble statute of Hebe that some person had given to decorate the hospital grounds, singing, as her habit was, at the top of her bird-like voice, one of the young physicians came that way and asked:

"What is beneath you, my happy baby?"

"Grass," replied the child promptly, pulling her scant check skirt about her dimpled knees, "or do you see a bug or an ant, or any creeping thing?" and she looked about her uneasily.

"Nothing of the kind, little one," said the young man, laughing. "What is beneath the grass?"

"Dirt is," said Minette, shutting her rosy lips very tight. "I know, I saw Paul, the gardener, plant a rose tree."

"Very good. Now what is beneath the dirt?"

"Don't know:" and the rosy lips pursed in a puzzled expression.

"I will tell you, my small beauty," said the young doctor, mysteriously. "It is China, and the people who live there look like the pictures on madam's tea set and on the fire screen in the old doctor's room. If you sing long enough and loud enough they will hear you and come, and bring with them whatever you like best."

"I would like best a mamma and a papa." The answer was at once forthcoming, and the lips tightly closed.

"And a wax doll and a kitten!"

"No, my mamma and my papa will get what else I want. I shall sing for them."

"Well, I must say that, considering the circumstances, you have very clear ideas of parental responsibilities," and the young man went laughing on his way, laughing again as he paused a moment at the hospital door to listen to Minette, who seemed to have tuned her pipes anew in order to raise her Chinese benefactors.

"You are a happy infant!" said a nurse girl the next day, who was crossing the bit

of a park, and could not resist the temptation of stopping to speak to Minette. Few people could.

"Oh, it's not just simply because I'm happy that I sing," continued the little girl. "Have you heard that China is just beneath, and if the funny people there hear me sing they will come, bringing me exactly what I am wishing for most of anything? The good Doctor Octave told me so." This with a sideways perk of the small head and a questioning look in the small eyes.

"That is all very well," said the maid, setting her white muslin cap on her head with both her hands; "but I fear he did not tell you that you must not be forever singing the same song, for the queer people in China, who dwell beneath you, will not come until they hear the song they like the best."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Minette, petulant just for a moment. "It may be that I do not know the song they like best. I will sing them all over, and then if they do not appear to me, you, Babetta, must teach me another."

"Will you be pleased to teach me a song that I do not already know?" was the little girl's quaint request to nearly every stranger who visited there after that.

Sometimes the petition was granted, sometimes it was not; but every one went away with a pleasant thought of little Minette hung like a picture on the gallery of memory.

One morning a lady and gentleman came quietly in at the gate and walked out silently regarding the children playing here and there. As usual Minette was on the circular bit of turf at the base of the statue of Hebe. For she supposed that only in that very spot was China directly beneath her. She was singing a quaint little Provencal love song, taught her only the day before by a produce vender, and, as the new-comers paused to listen, she said to them very sweetly:

"Will you please to sing me a song that I do not already know how to sing?"

"You will first have to sing me the ones that you do know, my little girl, so that I may be sure of teaching you one that you do not."

"Will you indeed stay to hear them all?" asked Minette, eagerly. "No one has ever done that."

"I think we will," and the lady sat down on a garden chair in the shade of a laurel bush to listen.

Minette sang her very best, and she sang on and on and on, until her power of voice and her memory were a marvel to her listeners. At last, as she began the very earliest of her baby lullabys, the lady burst into tears, and beckoning to her husband who was pacing up and down the gravel walk near by she said :

"This is the child that I have set my heart on. I can be content with no other. Come here, little one, and we will be to you a father and mother."

"Oh how did you come from China?" asked Minette, allowing herself to be folded in the lady's arms, nothing doubting. "I supposed you were to come springing up through the turf, and I have looked and looked for you, but you are here, and I am ready to go,—only Dr. Octave must be told, for it was he who first told me that China was just beneath."

Mr. and Mrs. Louis were the kindest of parents to the little foundling, and she proved herself to be a valuable sunbeam in their home. All the people on the estate loved the bright, cheerful, thoughtful young girl, and her life was a useful as well as a happy one.

When all the promises of her beautiful budding womanhood seemed surest, death took from her in one week her loving foster-parents; and then it became known that they had neglected to make any provision for her support. The relations and heirs of her adopted parents offered her a home with them, and there were several suitors for her hand in marriage.

"No," she said. "I will go back to the dear old hospital that gave me a home in my babyhood. I have been told many times that I have a genius for nursing, there are always sick babies needing attention, and why should not I make myself useful!"

So back to the dear old foundling hospital she went, the sweet young girl with her lovely face, her bird-like voice, her sunny disposition and her affectionate heart, intent on making some other children as happy as she had been made herself.

"Of course I regret the loss of my foster-parents and of their beautiful home," she said one day to the matron, "but I should poorly repay all their kindness did I not shed abroad some of the sweetness they

were continually pouring into my life all the blessed years I lived with them."

"But if you should stay here and have charge of the little ones, you will be obliged to wear a cap and apron—that is one of the regulations."

"I shall consider myself honored by wearing the garb that has been worn by so many noble women. I hope it will become me as well as it did old Babette, and that I shall wear it with as sweet a grace."

"Well, go your way," said the matron, with tears on her cheeks; "you always had your own sweet will with every one from the time you were a kicking, crowing baby. Go you and sit there on your little circle of turf by the Hebe statue, and sing your songs to the wee ones."

Minette obeyed, and as she sang song after song, with the children huddled about her, a stout, heavily-bearded man came up the walk and paused near the laurel bush.

"Are you still looking for the father and mother from China, Sunette?" he asked presently.

"They came long since, Doctor Octave. I had them while they tarried here. They have gone on now to a better land."

"And now your voice has brought a husband, if you will have him."

Minette glanced up at him; there was a look in the man's face no maiden could mistake.

"You hardly know me," she faltered.

"I have never lost sight of you, my child. I could have no fears in trusting my happiness to your keeping."

"I belong to no one, doctor."

"You belong to the Lord, and I want you to belong to me. Fifteen years are a great deal between a child and a youth, but they are nothing between a man and a woman. Perhaps I am too impetuous—you may plead that you know nothing of me."

"I have never lost sight of you," confessed Minette with a blush. "Every summer I have had children from the hospital staying on the estate, and the heart of every one of them was burning with love for Dr. Octave, and I might as well be frank to say that my childish love for him has never grown cold."

So to Dr. Octave's beautiful suburban home went Minette, and there you may think of her still, with her childish sweetness and her maidenly loveliness culminated in her graceful maidenly goodness.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

"My whole life has been like a fairy story, from the very beginning, when I was found a wee, helpless baby, among the roses in the hospital garden until now."

But the doting husband says: "There have been as many cloudy days in my Minette's life as in the most of us, but she has made it a rule to live only in the sunshine, a bountiful portion of which the dear Lord gives us all."—*Springfield Sunday Republican*.

•••
Lomi-Lomi.
—

The meaning of the Hawaiian or Sandwich-Island word that stands at the head of this article is not translatable into any single expression in the English language. A description is required to do it full justice.

The *lomi-lomi* (pronounced low-me-low-me,) which as an institution is distinctively Polynesian, is a luxurious and healthful form of *passive motion* that is very much employed by the Hawaiians. It is used as a remedial measure in the treatment of disease, as a relief for fatigue, and as a luxury and solace in hours of ease. It is a favor which travelers exchange with each other during the intervals of rest from the toilsome march, and an act of kindness by which the wife soothes the fatigue of her husband after his daily labors, a service which the chief claims from his liegeman, and which the king receives as a prerogative from the hands of his subjects.

No one who has had experience as a Hawaiian traveller will fail to agree that the crowning act of generous hospitality of this most hospitable people to the well-behaved stranger who sojourns in their midst, is the offer of the lomi-lomi.

There are many ways of administering the lomi-lomi. For our purpose, it will suffice to class them under two divisions: first, the *general*; and, second, the *special*. The special lomi-lomi is applied to any particular part affected, as to the head, in case of headache, to one of the limbs, or to any region of the body, in case of lameness or strain. The position of the recipient of this form may be either sitting or reclining, as is most convenient; but, when the lomi-lomi is general, the patient lies on a mat or on some low couch, convenient for the manipulator. Imagine yourself wearied and exhausted by a long journey, hungry, foot-sore, and lame in every muscle, to such a degree that no position seems to give rest.

Under ordinary circumstances, the probability is that, too weary for sleep, you would spend the night in rolling wretchedly, and rise in the morning unrefreshed and unfit to proceed on your journey.

Such would be the result in nine cases out of ten under the ordinary treatment of hospitality in civilized lands. But the Hawaiians have an appreciation of the physiological wants of the wearied system, which it would be well for the people of other civilized and more enlightened countries to imitate. After water has been provided for washing and cooling purposes, or you have perhaps immersed yourself bodily in some clear, flowing stream, and have regaled yourself with a deliciously-broiled fish and a sufficient number of finger-dips into a calabash of *po-i*—a favorite article of food made from a Polynesian esculent root, the *ka-lo*—the lomi-lomi is proposed as a means of completing your refreshment and renovation. "What is this?" you ask. You are directed to lie at full length on a mat, and are immediately taken in hand by the artist, generally an elderly and experienced man or woman. The one who performs the lomi-lomi seizes your feet with strong hands, and commences manipulations which are neither kneading, nor squeezing nor rubbing, but now like one and now like the other. Passing up to your body, the muscles of the calf, the thighs, the back, and shoulders, each in turn receives appropriate treatment.

The degree of force used varies from the tenderest caress to the severest grip. To those parts which are the most lame and sore, the feeling may at times be on the verge of painful, and, when at first applied to the legs of the weary novice, may cause him to shrink and complain, just as the first scalding dash of hot water terrifies the nerves of the inexperienced Turkish bather. But, by the time the *ka-hu-na lomi-lomi* (lomi-lomi doctor) has made one round, all distrust is gone, and you only regret that the delightful process must so soon come to an end. One skilful in the art of lomi-lomi comes to possess a kind of tact that enables him to graduate his touch and force to the wants of each case. At one moment his finger-points seem to dip down deeply and individualize each muscle, at another he skilfully presents only the rounded eminences of his palms, and soothes you with the magnetic influence of a gentle,

undulatory motion. The skilful performance of lomi-lomi prevents the usual unpleasant effects of excessive exertion from being felt severely the next day—the stiffness, and lameness and soreness.

It also seems to impart a sufficient nervous power to enable one to sleep, so that on the following morning you rise from your bed of clean Hawaiian mats with a feeling of freshness and rest that is quite surprising. Your muscles are supple, and your joints have an ease of motion that is unwonted. You are, in fine, ready to commence another day's journey.

It is not uncommon for the natives to lie with their faces toward the ground, and have a child or youth of moderate weight walk over them from the heels to the nape of the neck, trampling them under foot, as grapes are trodden by the feet of the wine-makers. This, although an inexplicable and alarming sight to the novice, we recommend as a most effective and salutary method of employing the lomi-lomi, especially appropriate when the lameness or weariness affects the back, the loins, or shoulders.

The native Hawaiians are such firm believers in the remedial virtues of the lomi-lomi, that they occasionally cause injury by using it wrongly. They sometimes defeat the ends of the surgeon who would secure perfect rest for a fractured limb, and prevent the union and consolidation of the bone by their untimely manipulations.

The Hawaiians are a famous race of swimmers, and, such is their ability to maintain themselves for a great length of time in the water, that, to the foreigner, they seem almost amphibious. On the long swims which parties of them have been compelled to make, when one of their vessels has been foundered at sea, if a member of the party shows signs of exhaustion and failing strength, the others gather about him and administer the invigorating manipulation of the lomi-lomi, while sustaining him in the water, after which the whole company proceed on their watery way together.

The lomi-lomi is a most excellent, and, I might almost say, sufficient substitute for exercise. At any rate, as an adjunct to the various forms of voluntary exercise, it has a value beyond compute. It is capable of appeasing and satisfying that sense of muscular *ennui*—to coin a phrase—which

results from a craving for active physical exercise.

The great size and magnificent muscular development of the Hawaiian chiefs have always been a subject of remark by foreigners. So much greater are their physical proportions—some have estimated the difference as great as twenty-five per cent.—than that of the people at large, whom certainly none would reckon as below the average in strength and size, that some have proposed, in explanation, the theory that these chiefs are the descendants of a superior conquering race. But we are acquainted with nothing either in the language or traditions of the Hawaiians that gives ground for this hypothesis. The more plausible theory is that which accounts for this superiority mainly by the two facts of an abundant and regular supply of food, and their constant use of the lomi-lomi. The two conditions essential to ample physical development are, first, *food*; and, second, *exercise*. These must, on one hand, be abundant in quantity as well as of proper quality; and on the other hand, they must be regular in supply. It is fatal to success if either be intermittent.

These two conditions, we shall see, were insured to the Hawaiian kings and chiefs from generation to generation, and to few or none of the common people. Their authority and wealth enabled them always to support about them a body of retainers, to some of whom belonged the duty of ministering regularly to them with the lomi-lomi.

In the same way also they were secured against the daily privations and the recurrent famines that afflicted the people as the result of improvidence or drought. In the case of these chiefs, the lomi-lomi seems to have been an institution admirably adapted to counteract the evils which would otherwise have accrued from the frequent intervals of indolence and ease into which there was every temptation for them to fall, by furnishing them with a means of obtaining the advantages of exercise without the labor and fatigue of personal exertion, and at the same time of correcting the evils of luxury or over-feeding. Thus the high-fed, luxurious chief, when indisposed to seek exercise in the usual way, or when suffering from the effects of over-exertion, could stretch himself upon his mats and summon his attendants to work up his

muscle, and administer to his passive frame the exercise needed for its renovation.

But, not to indulge in rhetorical flourishes the lomi-lomi, without mystery, acts on the most self-evident principles of physiology. It helps to unload the engorged veins and capillaries of the blood, which, after severe exercise, is more than usually charged with impurities, and thus facilitates the renovation of the tissues, and especially the muscle, by making room for the return of the arterial blood needed for repair.

Almost every one knows what immediate relief from the numbness and powerlessness of a limb that is asleep is obtained by stroking it briskly from the periphery toward the centre. If any one does not, the next time he wakes at night, and finds his arm asleep from being lain upon, let him try the experiment, and he will experience one of the signal and most instant benefits of lomi-lomi.

How much of the virtue of lomi-lomi is to be explained by the principles of animal magnetism, we leave for those to determine who are versed in such matters.

For the benefit of those who may wish to try it, we append the following directions for the employment of the lomi-lomi.

I. *To the operator.*—1. When treating the limbs, let the manipulations be applied in such a direction as to drive the blood toward the heart.

2. The pressure or grip of the operator must not be continuous and there must be an appreciable interval of time between one motion and the succeeding one.

3. The grips or pressures, had better not exceed in frequency fifty or sixty in a minute.

4. The force of the manipulations must never be so great as to cause pain.

5. Avoid unpleasantly tickling the patient.

6. When applying the lomi-lomi to the head, use the rounded prominences of the hand and fingers.

7. Always consult the comfort of the patient, and be guided by his sensations in modifying the force and form of the manipulations.

II. *To the patient.*—1. Take that position, whether reclining or sitting, which is most comfortable.

2. Yield the muscles passive and relaxed into the hands of the manipulator.

3. Resist the feeling of tickling as much as possible; for it is greatly under control, and decreases under the exercise of the will, but becomes stronger and more troublesome if indulged.

4. Take notice of the different forms of manipulation, and immediately report any that are particularly pleasant as well as those that are painful.—*Appleton's Journal of Literature, Science and Art.*

We publish, by request, the following lines, associated with one who has recently died in the City Hospital.

A Prayer.

Lord Jesus! on my knees I bend
Before Thee, high on Heaven's throne;
One prayer for him, whom by Thy grace,
Thou'st given me leave to call mine own.

True God Thou art, as truly man,
And e'en in Heaven's golden glow
Forget'st not Thy humility
Those three and thirty years below.

Thou dost remember Bethlehem,
And Thou has not forgot the hour
When, a weak babe in Mary's arms,
Thou, for our sakes, didst veil Thy power.

Thou carest for each little one,
From the first moment of his birth;
And Thou dost guide each tender foot
On the rough pathway of the earth.

And Thou dost feel for childhood's grief;
Thou dost rejoice in childhood's days;
Preserve him as he onward goes
O'er youth's and manhood's rougher ways.

The holy drops are scarcely dry—
On Thy young soldier's upturned brows;
Scarce from the quivering air has died
The full, deep echo of his vows.

Oh Jesus! by the day when Thou
Wast dipped in Jordan's silver wave,
Jesus, the mighty Prince of Heaven,
Jesus, the merciful to save,

Make not these vows an empty form,
But grant that he through gain or loss
May ne'er forget that he is Thine,
The soldier of Thy blood-stained cross.

Give him a manhood stainless, pure,
One like Thine own, oh Saviour dear!
A loyal heart to do Thy will,
Deep love for Thee, a holy fear.

But Lord, I know not what to ask,
And better Thou his wants dost know;
Then do with him Thy tender will,
And if it bring him weal or woe.

Only be with him in the hour
When death's dark shadows round him fall,
And in the day when on the earth
Is heard the trumpet's awful call.

Strengthen him in those awful hours
With Thy dear presence, Jesus blest,
And in Thine everlasting arms
Bear him to Thine eternal rest.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1888.

Christmas.

The holidays waken so many tender memories of by-gone hours, when the presence of dear ones brightened the home circle, that they are often peculiarly trying to those who are isolated from kindred and friends, as are many of the inmates of our Hospital. To such the love and sympathy entwined with the gifts and Christmas greetings are very welcome, and many of our patients are cheered by the little attentions that make them feel though among strangers they are not uncared for. The Christmas cards from the Flower Mission, the tempting ice cream and cake supplied by kind ladies for the Christmas dessert, and the Christmas carols are long and gratefully remembered by the invalids. It is not the gift alone but the love with it that consecrates it and warms the hearts of the lonely ones; and says in accents sweet—a friend is near.

On Christmas afternoon, about twenty-five of the young people, members of St. Luke's Sunday School, in response to an invitation from the rector, Dr. Anstice, came with him to sing the Christmas songs and carols that were arranged for the evening service in St. Luke's church. This was a rare treat for the invalids. The parlor organ was taken from the chapel and placed in the center of the building and the singers stood around it, at the intersection of the halls, where the music could be heard by many in the wards. Sofas, lounges and chairs were filled by as many of the invalids as could be gathered. It was a touching sight to see the maimed, diseased children helping each other. There was *grossmutter* over ninety years of age, in her arm chair and the boys with crutches and canes around her. The elevator brought up from the Surgical Ward

the crippled and the maimed. There was one man with bandaged hand who a few days before had had his thumb amputated, and another who had lost almost the entire hand; there too was the patient who had lost one foot and the other was encased in bandages as several of the bones in the ankle had been broken. In the wards some of the beds had been brought near the hall doors that the occupants might be nearer the music. The service over many of the patients expressed their grateful appreciation of the efforts made to render Christmas a happy day to them.

Before the Christmas carols there had been the regular Sunday afternoon service in the chapel.

The Male Surgical Ward.

This department of the Hospital is unusually full. It has been necessary to place extra beds in the centre of the ward to receive patients in pressing need of Hospital treatment. Never since we have been associated with the Hospital has so much interest centred in the Male Surgical Ward as at present. It reminds one of the days when the maimed and wounded soldiers, returning from the war claimed and received Hospital care. A member of the Hospital staff says, there never has been a time when the Hospital was doing more effective work than it is now. The day after the great explosion on Mill street, we visited the Hospital, nurses and physicians were busy in the operating room where the surgeon was amputating a man's thumb that had just been crushed, while he was coupling cars. The day before, four of the sufferers from the explosion had been received at the Hospital. One, Mr. Webster, had died. The other three had been placed in the Male Surgical Ward, and as we entered it, we wished we could photograph it, and show our readers what was being done at the Hospital. Men, who but a short time before had been strong and

vigorous and effective as laborers, were lying on their cots helpless and dependent. Almost every great accident that had recently been reported in our city papers had its representative sufferer in this Ward. Broken limbs, bandaged heads, burnt faces emphasized the necessity of Hospital care. Our attention was first directed to the sufferers from the Mill street explosion. William Richer had a bandaged head but seemed to have good appetite for his dinner, and talked cheerfully and hopefully to his wife who sat beside him. He said he was a teamster, that his horse had been frightened by the first explosion, had run away, he had brought the horse back, had gotten off his wagon, was about entering the Clinton mill, had lifted up his foot, when bridge, mill and everything gave way under him, and a shower of rocks came down on top of him. He found himself in the race, with timbers and water around him and the mill on fire. His foot was firmly held by a piece of timber, he called loudly for help and a man named George Hill pulled him out, the fireman put him into a sleigh and he was then carried to the Hospital. He had broken one ankle in two places, lost a large piece of flesh from the calf of his leg, had sprained the other ankle and had a cut over the eyelid and a large scalp wound that had required twenty-one stitches to close it. He seemed to feel very grateful that he had escaped with his life. On another cot was a man named Louis Herbst who was fearfully burnt, his head and face were partially covered by some kind of ointment, his hands encased in bandages, but the great cause of anxiety was from the internal injuries he had received from inhaling the vapors of burning gas. He was a workman in the Jefferson mill.

On the other side of the ward was Aaron Harrison, a German, a jeweler by trade but for some months he had been employed by a German baker, acting as interpreter, and assisting in the care of an engine. At the time of the second explosion he was

knocked down by falling timber, and finding himself with fires on both sides of him he broke through a window and made his escape. In doing this he broke his leg and injured his back. One man had broken his leg while working in a sewer; another had slipped on an icy floor and sprained his ankle; one man had been injured by the caving in of a gravel bank, another had walked into an elevator hole and broken his leg. One man had for weeks been suffering from the effects of a splinter that he had run into his hand, another had been run over and injured his hand without breaking the bones, it was fearfully swollen and kept constantly in a bath of hot water. A youth whose hip joints had been set by rheumatism had submitted to three surgical operations, had had a new joint made and was supporting his limb on a padded wooden frame work. The painter who had had one foot amputated, and had broken the bones of the other in eight places, was doing well. Rolling chairs and crutches helped some of the invalids to move about the ward. The Surgical Wards appeal strongly to our sympathy. There may be as much suffering and danger in the Medical Wards but they are not so apparent to the casual observer.

The Little Folks.

We looked in upon the little folks on Saturday afternoon, December 24th, when most of them were eating oranges, the gift of a dear little girl who had saved her pennies, invested them in oranges, and had come to the Hospital to offer her treat to the young invalids. One of the orange eaters was seated in Mrs. Shannon's lap, and several others were around her. One of these was Gertude Patterson, three years old, whose eyes were injured by the measles. When she came to the Hospital they were so inflamed that for several weeks she was kept in a dark room, with bandages over them. She is a patient

little thing, and would sit contentedly for hours in a rocking chair in the Julia and Edith room. Now she is so much better the bandages have been removed, and she mingles in the wards with the other children.

Before the oranges had disappeared, a band, composed of young ladies who teach in the school and some of their friends, came laden with gifts. The children who were able to leave their beds were removed from the Girls' Ward, where the gifts were to be arranged. These were hidden away in drawers, under bedsteads, behind the pillows, and in all sorts of odd places; and to each gift was tied a long string, that was wound around the legs of chairs, tables, bedsteads &c, and one end of it carried into the Boys' Ward and placed in the hand of some child. When everything was ready each child was called out, followed the string, wound it up till the end was reached where the gift was found. Many of the children were lame, they required help, and when after some efforts they secured the gift their expressions of joy were very amusing. "*I've caught my fish!*" said one. "*They did not forget us!*" cried another. Every child was remembered; there were dolls, bags with sewing materials, mouth organs, knives, books, photograph and stamp albums, and bags with popped corn and candy. Mrs. Shannon, who nurses the children so faithfully was not forgotten. Her new apron, basket and bon-bons, evidently pleased her. Miss Rhoda Eaton sent ten pairs of nice mittens that she had made for the children, and five gaily illustrated picture books that were very handsome. Sada Hollohan looked very happy in her little cot with her new picture book and flaxen haired dolly. Sada now wears a plaster of Paris jacket, and is not very steady on her feet; she toddles about a good deal and a little thing upsets her; when she is in pain she says "*My jacket aches!*" Two other children, new patients, were in their cots in the Girls'

Ward. Annie Garrison, eleven years old, has a curvature of the spine and wears a plaster of Paris jacket. She had a pretty doll and other gifts, as did Nellie Little who was in a cot near by. Nellie is nine years old; she has trouble with her knee, probably caused by a fall.

Leaving the more helpless children in the Girls' Ward we must now visit the Boys' Ward, where the larger children are gathered to have more fun. The young ladies have seated about a dozen of them in chairs arranged in a circle; within the circle is a sheet held tight just below the mouths of the children. A black feather is thrown upon the sheet, and as one of the young ladies, outside the circle, tries to catch the feather the children blow it away from her. The Hospital children cannot play romping and running games as healthy children can, but they greatly enjoyed "Fly Feather" and "Ring on the String." Among the new patients who entered into their games was Willie Gay who comes from out of town and has some disease of the nerves.

Four of the teachers who come on four days of the week to teach the Pavilion children were much surprised to find a gift had been provided for each teacher. The children are very fond of their teachers, and the boys each contributed five cents, and Max Kraus and Willie Smith went out and selected pretty pitchers and bottles filled with perfumery and gave one to each of their four teachers. Was it not kind in them to show their gratitude to the young ladies who try so hard to make them wiser and happier? There were twenty-one children in the Pavilion.

The Christmas Tree.

On Tuesday afternoon, December 27th, another treat was provided for the little folks. A Christmas tree was placed in the Girls' Ward of the Children's Pavilion, and additional decorations of cornucopias and pretty paper and straw ornaments, made

by the Hospital children in their kindergarten, were hung upon it; also a great variety of useful and fancy articles. The tree fairly bent down under its precious burdens. Miss Wright, Mrs. Wm. B. Lamb, Mrs. Clark Johnston, Mrs. L. F. Folsom, Mrs. Henry Will, Miss Frances Wright, Misses Quinby, Miss Lena Salmon, and Miss Florence Tompkins had been very busy in making and collecting gifts and came to the Pavilion to make the children happy. Mrs. Wm. P. Lamb, from St. John's Church, had brought all her Sunday School class, each one having something for the tree. There were dolls, books, stockings, toys, and boxes of bon-bons, &c. When the tree was ready, the gas was lighted, and the children and some of the other patients gathered in the Girls' Ward, where the gifts were distributed to the delight of the children and also of the spectators.

Rev. Dr. Pierson made a pleasant little speech, thanking all who had contributed to the tree, and also those who had been accustomed to bring flowers and do loving service for the Hospital inmates.

When the children had been abundantly supplied with good things, popped corn, oranges, candy, and Christmas cards were distributed in all the Wards, and the adult patients as well as the children were made happy by the gifts and thoughtful ministreries of the kind friends, who successfully strove to please them, the ladies who distributed the gifts said they had received as much, if not more, pleasure than they had imparted.

"Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare."

Receipts for the Review

FOR DECEMBER, 1887.

Mrs. R. B. Ashley, 62 cents; Miss H. H. Allyn, 62 cents; Mrs. G. W. Almy, Brooklyn, \$1.00; Mrs. S. G. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Adams, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. C. H. Angel, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Anstice, 2 copies, \$1.24; Mrs. E. R. Andrews, 62 cents; Miss Julia Adams, 62 cents; Dr. E. B. Angell, 62 cents; Mrs. M. B. Anderson, \$1.00; Mrs. F. D. Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Austin Brewster, 62 cents; Miss H. H. Backus, 62 cents; J. H. Bouch-

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96 Spring Street.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Receipts from Dec. 1st, 1887, to Jan. 1st, 1888.
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Mrs. G. B. Riddle, Card 99 1 00
Mrs. Thos. Knowles 2 00
Mrs. R. H. Scofield, Brockport, by Mrs. E. M. Neal 1 00
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Receipts for the month 153 25
Previously acknowledged 5,016 27

Total 4,159 62

We still require \$1,330.38 to complete the last payment on the Pavilion, and free the building from the blemish of a debt. We most urgently solicit contributions for this object, which should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the treasurer of the fund.

Donations for December, 1887.

Mrs. Hall—Old cotton.
Mr. E. R. Willard—Magazines.
Mrs. E. F. Brewster—Napkins for Children's Pavilion.
Mr. H. F. Seymour—2 boxes of cocoanut-popcorn.
Mrs. Eugene T. Curtis—Magazines and old cotton, 4 baskets of grapes, books.
Mrs. A. S. Hamilton—1 gingham apron and old linen.
Mrs. Yates of New York City—A trunk of second-hand clothing.
Mrs. Alexander Thompson—A morning wrapper and large quantity of magazines.
Marion M. Bird—Books for Children's Pavilion.
Mrs. W. S. Kimball—Reading matter.
Mrs. H. F. Huntington—Second-hand shirts and boys' waists.
Mr. Mogridge—1 box of wafers.
Schmidt, Kaelber & Co.—1 dozen eye shades.
Mrs. Eastwood—Second-hand clothing.
A Friend—Quantity of Infants' clothing.
Miss Grace B. Terry—Child's tea-set and Game of Loto.
Mrs. J. W. Brewster—22 baskets of candy for the children's Christmas.
J. C. Copeland— $\frac{1}{2}$ bushel of plaster of Paris.
Young Ladies' Missionary Society, South Byron—6 dolls and 9 scrap books.
Mrs. S. S. Gould, Seneca Falls—\$10 for children's Christmas.
Mrs. John L. Evans—Oranges and figs for Christmas.
Mrs. G. A. Furness—Toys for children.
Miss Cozzens—3 fancy baskets and white grapes.
Marion Brewster—Basket of oranges.
Mrs. Horace Brewster—Pair of knitted slippers.
Miss Sophie Biegler—Quantity of oranges.
Henry Goodman—Quantity of German reading.
Mrs. Raines—Toys, games and books for children.
Mrs. Howard Osgood—Old linen.
Mrs. George C. Buell—Old cotton.
Rev. N. R. Millard—Reading matter.
Miss Rhoda Eaton—10 pairs of mittens, 5 picture books.
A Friend—Four engravings.

When any calamity has been suffered the first thing to be remembered is how much has been escaped.—*Johnson.*

Died.

At the City Hospital, December 2d, infant of Mrs. Fidelia Ellsworth, aged 1 day.

Dec. 15, of cerebral meningitis, Sophia Riddle, aged 70 years.

Dec. 17, Samuel L. Selden, aged 28 years.

Dec. 17, of pelvic abscess, Mrs. Julia Wright, aged 22 years.

Dec. 18, of phthisis pulmonalis, Frank Bennett, aged 26 years.

Dec. 22, of pneumonia, Edward Almstead, aged 20 years.

Dec. 22, of cerebral meningitis, Harriet L. Hood, aged 74 years.

Dec. 31, Mrs. Alice Tozier, aged 33 years.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Nov. 1.....	122
Received during Month.....	84
Births.....	8
	—214
Discharged during Month.....	60
Deaths.....	8
Number remaining in Hospital Dec. 1,	146
	—214

Christmas, 1887.

Bishop McQuaid sends his kindest regards to the Managers of the City Hospital, and his Christmas offering, twenty-five dollars, for their institution.

The Seney Hospital.

Our Methodist friends in New York have been doing a noble work, as the following extract from the New York Observer indicates :

The Methodist Episcopal General Hospital, Brooklyn, was dedicated on December 15, and the western pavilion formally opened. In 1881 Mr. George I. Seney gave \$200,000 to found the Hospital. In the following year the corner-stone of the main structure was laid. Work progressed steadily on the buildings until, in 1885, when Mr. Seney met with financial reverses a main edifice and two pavilions of grand proportions were all but completed. During the work the plans were enlarged, and \$410,000 had been expended by Mr. Seney. When the work stopped the Methodist churches were appealed to, and \$70,000 were raised with which to complete the plans so nobly begun and carried forward by Mr. Seney. Although the plans of the pavilions call for but fifty-one beds, by the use of the basement and other rooms,

seventy beds have been provided. The need for increased hospital facilities is so great that some months previous to the completion of the eastern pavilion, the Board of Managers received large numbers of applications for patients. When complete the entire hospital pile will number nine buildings, and Mr. Booth estimates that \$120,000 will be used in the work, with a result that the Methodist Church will with one exception have the largest hospital in the country.

The Hospital was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies in the ward-room in the first story of the eastern pavilion, a large number of persons who are interested in the work of the Methodist Church and others being present.

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More things are wrought by prayer
Than the world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy
voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day ;
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them
friends ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
[Tennyson.]

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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MRS. M. M. MATHEWS, MRS. A. S. HAMILTON,
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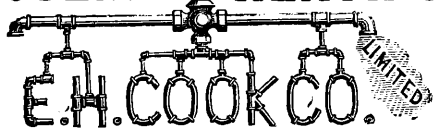
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1888.

No. 7.

The following beautiful poem, copied from *The Andover Townsman*, will be read with peculiar interest by some, who will recognize in its author the once beloved pastor of St. Peter's Church, in our city:

The Old Man's Retrospect.

BY REV. DR. J. H. TOWNE.

"They are but the shadows of passing clouds,
these fitful frames."—*Anon.*

My life is but a withered leaf,
A blossom by the wayside strewn ;
The dreams that danced before my eye
In other, brighter days have flown.

On field and flower, on hill and stream,
A shadow rests without a gleam
Of merry sunshine gliding o'er
The paths I trod so gay before !

Has nature changed? or is the gloom
That deepens o'er her scenes, in me?
A sadness of the heart, which spreads
In trailing mists o'er land and sea?

Ah, not in nature ! Other eyes
See beauty in her evening skies,

And mountain crags ; and in her notes
Of bird and brook, wild music floats
To other ears, as once to mine ;—

O'er me the change has passed, o'er me,
Fair, glorious nature, not o'er thee !
Of blighted hopes is wove the spell,
That dimmed the scenes I loved so well !

O give me back my boyhood's dreams
When life was young, and hills and streams
And fields and flowers, shall be as then,
And birds shall sing old songs again !

O give me back the friends I knew,
The playmates of my early years,
When hours on golden pinions flew,
And tears were only April tears !

The brook by whose sweet banks I strayed,
With hook and line, in careless joy,
Shall babble over former tales
And I shall be once more a boy !

Vain thoughts, be still ! Why fondly sigh
For joys that with youth's visions fade ?
Fly, Hope, beyond this changing sky,
To realms of light no cloud shall shade !

Andover, January, 1888.

A Breeze From Florida.

"This bark its happier course hath run,
From lands of snow to lands of sun."

To our dear frozen friends in the North, who are being buried alive in snow-drifts, we, who are luxuriating on this 26th day of January, in summer skies, balmy zephyrs, fresh tomatoes and roses, send greeting. How happens this strange contrast, you ask, as you draw closer around the blazing fire. The problem is easy to solve. Only imagine yourself one of a party of ladies, who, with their escorts, are rushing along through the darkness, to catch a Jersey ferry-boat, a drizzling rain overhead melting snow under foot.

A few minutes later, there are hasty farewells, and with a puff and a pant the train draws slowly out of the station, and we are at last fairly southward bound.

Not until Richmond is left behind do we lose sight of the snow, but, as the day advances, the outlook from the car window becomes more and more southern in aspect. Fields dotted here and there by the "old cabin homes," saddle horses with their bridles thrown over the low-hanging bough of some friendly tree, long-eared mules, little black pigs running loose in the streets, and last, but not least, the pickaninnies picturesque tatters, their bright eyes shining and white teeth gleaming, all these remind us that we have left the North far behind.

The little darkies amuse us greatly, coming to the car windows, begging, "Please Miss, give me a penny," "Please Miss, give me a nickel, and I'll stand on my head." One is very striking; a ragged hat covers his black brow, beneath which roll the white eyeballs; his pants are so patched that the original color and material are lost, and his mateless, worn-out shoes complete the picture. Another volunteers to walk on his head on the platform for a penny, but as all loose change has already been thrown out, to see the scramble for it

in the sand, we have to deny ourselves the luxury.

Another morning brings us to the land of pine and palmetto with their ghostly covering of gray moss; one feels that here at least, is a fit home for gnomes and fairies, and that, on moonlight nights, these lonely forests must be gay with mystic dancers, as they wreathe in and out among the floating gray banners, keeping time to the weird music of the pines.

At last our destination is reached and a tired though merry party are glad to lay their heads on their pillows, to dream away their first night in Florida.

Our morning nap is broken in upon by the melancholy bray of "Jimmy Brown," the one donkey of the village. As soon as the sleepy senses can be sufficiently aroused there is a general rush to the windows, and exclamations of delight quickly follow one another. The pretty modern cottages nestling among the dark green foliage of the orange trees, the blue waters of the lake, the peach trees in full bloom, the rose buds just opening in the morning sun—all came in for their share of enthusiastic praise.

After breakfast, we start on a short tour of inspection; as long as we confine ourselves to the broad plank walk of the main boulevard it is an easy matter, but, when we attempt to navigate in the sand, it is quite another thing, and after our feet have sunk a few times in its soft depths, and the muscular effort required to recover them is experienced, our quick northern step is perceptibly modified. At first one is tempted to inveigh against this same Florida sand, but on second thought, as we see how it produces flowers and fruit on every hand, we regard it in a slightly more favorable light, even if it does persist in laying a begriming hand on all our clean linen.

The eye first catches a gleam from the sparkling blue waters of the lake—blue as Naples' bay itself. Beyond, shining

through the trunks of the pines, we see still another beautiful sheet of water, the two connected by a short canal. On the farther lake are situated the attractive buildings of a young college, while beside the nearer is the large hotel with its roomy verandas ; across the lake are fine orange groves, while near at hand are pretty villas, their gardens sloping to the shore : a glance at the pineapple plants and bananas growing in the latter reminds one forcibly of the near proximity of the tropics.

With a nosegay of wild flowers we return with vigorous appetites for dinner, after which we embark for a row on the lake and a visit to a fine orange grove. Here, for the first time, we have the delight of plucking for ourselves the juicy fruit, and even the D. D.'s dignity relaxes, for the nonce, as the party group themselves picturesquely under the laden boughs to eat the fruit in the old childhood fashion. Here and there are trees of the showy grape fruit, the golden treasure seemingly almost too great a weight for the slender branches ; occasionally a palmetto rears its stately head among the glossy leaves of the grove. Close by it is the little cottage with its roses, hibiscus bushes and showy bignonia.

Laden with luscious fruit, we row back in the short southern twilight, and as the silver of the young moon deepens into gold, we can hardly realize that but a few brief hours separate us from snow-covered fields and ice-bound waters.

C. R. S.

Nothing will yield you richer reward of gladness and a greater wealth of joy, than faithfully to cultivate and develop the happier, warmer, sunnier side of your nature, that you may be a blessing to yourself, and a blessing to all around you.— *Schuyler Colfax.*

Beautiful children, if rich or poor,
Who walk the pathways sweet and pure
That lead to the mansions, strong and sure.

Little Dore.

Gustave Dore's illustrations exhibit him as a master in depicting the grotesque. His genius early led him to loiter in the streets of Strasburg that he might stare at every odd-looking person he met. An ordinary man, no matter how prosperous, had no attraction for the little boy, nor did he more than glance at a richly dressed woman. But he knew every old janitor, postman, street Arab and beggar.

One evening the Dore family were sitting in the common room, and Gustave was at a little table drawing quaint forms and ures in his copy-book. Something prompted the mother to look over her boy's shoulder.

"Do come and look !" she exclaimed, catching up the copy-book. "See what Gustave has done ! How funny ! Here is the postman, here is Françoise [the old family nurse and servant], and a lot of people whom I don't even know. Where did you see them, Gustave ?"

"Everywhere," he answered, with a loud laugh.

"Yes, but how have you been able to make them so lifelike ? Did they sit to you ?" persisted the delighted mother.

"Sit to me ! Never !" said the boy, scornfully. "They are all here," touching his forehead significantly. "Why should I not draw them like ?"

"My son is a genius !" exclaimed the mother.

"Don't fill his head with nonsense," answered the father, who was a civil engineer.

"It is not nonsense," retorted the mother. "My son is a great genius ; he must study painting. He will be one of the first artists in the world."

"Our son will be nothing of the sort, and he shall not study painting," reproved the father. "He shall go to a polytechnic school with his brothers, and we shall see what we can do ; but he will never become a painter, if he wishes to please his father."

The boy made no reply save to brush away a tear. He turned to his mother for sympathy, and she encouraged him to keep on drawing.

As they were both of them persistent, and as the boy's talents were really of a decidedly striking quality, they triumphed, and the world gained an artist of great merit, as well as with many defects.

For the HOSPITAL REVIEW.

"They Rest from their Labors."

Rev. 14:13.

They rest—the dear departed,
In pastures ever fair,
Uplifted on the Heavenly heights
From earthly toil and care.

The Shepherd leads them gently
Beside the waters still,
His children, our beloved,
Who here had done His will.

Safe in His care and keeping,
From every burden free,
They've reached the sheltered haven
Where there is "no more sea."

'Tis sweet to think they're resting.
Life's ceaseless conflict o'er;
Nor weariness, nor pain can come
To them for evermore.

Would we call them back, our dear ones,
Who from their labors rest,
Back from the home eternal
With the redeemed and blest?

In steadfast love they're waiting
And watching for us there;
Prepare us, blessed Saviour,
Their perfect life to share.

It may be but a little while—
He knoweth what is best—
Ere with our own beloved,
Safe home, we'll be at rest.

FANNY B. FAIRMAN.

Rochester, 1888.

The Flower Mission.

By Ella Schlichter.

On the outskirts of the little village of Summerville was a house so forsaken and forlorn that it gave a gloomy look to the whole community. The fence was half gone, the windows stuffed up with rags, and tall weeds grew all around. It is true the sun shone as brightly and the birds sang as sweetly here as at the beautiful house across the way, but still it didn't have the same effect.

In the front room of this miserable home lies a man with his bloated face turned to the wall and his blood-shot eyes closed in drunken slumber. At his elbow lies an empty bottle, and the odor of bad whiskey fills the room. In an adjoining room on the only bedstead the house contains lies a woman with her pale, wasted face resting on a clean, white pillow. Everything about this room is scrupulously clean. In the kitchen is a girl perhaps

twelve years old. She is washing what few dishes they have. Dishes too chipped and cracked to pawn.

Mr. Brown was once a respectable and respected citizen of a fishing hamlet on the sea-coast. He had a neat little house and garden and a happy family. His wife was then strong and healthy and his children, Jack and Mary, had never known what it was to be sad and in want. But times changed. A saloon, with its glaring sign and attractive windows, was located there, and the rougher class of fishermen took to it at once. Jim Brown was induced to accompany them one night, and for the first time in his life came home drunk.

From that time on a shadow seemed to have settled over this household. Jim Brown staggered home night after night in this pitiable condition. His wife became pale and anxious, and the children kept out of the house as much as possible. Things went on from bad to worse till one day Jack came home and told his mother that the captain of the *Mary Jane* wanted a cabin boy. If she thought she could spare him he would like to go. The vessel would be gone about a month. She gave him permission, and he was off in a few days. Things went on as usual till the *Mary Jane* was expected home. Five, six, and seven weeks passed away and still no news from her. At last news was received that she had gone down in a storm and all on board had perished. Mary and her mother were stricken with grief, and even Jim was sober for a while, but he soon went to drown his sorrow in liquor. Mrs. Brown hated the sea. It looked cold and cruel to her now and she wanted to leave it. So the pretty cottage that had seen so much happiness and sorrow was sold, and they moved to this pretty village. There was no saloon here and Mrs. Brown hoped for the best. But "where there is a will there is a way," and Jim Brown found a way to get enough liquor to keep himself drunk most of the time.

This is Sunday, and after Mary got her work done she brushed up her faded gingham and started to church. The sermon that morning was about "Home Missions," and after a short Sunday-school lesson the superintendent talked to the scholars a few minutes.

He told them that in the hot, crowded cities a great many people lay through all the summer days sick and suffering.

If the scholars would have gardens of their own and raise flowers he would see that they were sent to the city and distributed to the patients who otherwise might not get a glimpse of summer freshness.

As Mary walked home she was thinking of plans by which she could procure seeds. She told her mother about it, and they talked it over together. This resulted in Mary's starting out the next morning in search of work. It was April, and everybody was cleaning house. She easily found a job, and spent that day and many others in scrubbing, sweeping, dusting, etc.

When she counted up her earnings she found she had more than enough to stock her garden with choice flowers. She chose a sunny spot by the side of the house for her garden. One evening as she was weeding and watering her plants, her father came up the walk. He had never seen her garden before, and he walked about examining it.

Before Jim Brown began his downward career, he was a great lover of flowers. He used to take all the care of the little garden by the sea, and now as he looked at these innocent flowers he seemed to live over those happy days. He became interested and helped her tie up her plants, and was more like his old self than he had been for years. For several days they noticed he was not very drunk, but was very restless. They supposed he hadn't been able to get all he wanted. One morning he came into his wife's room and after walking around uneasily for a while sat down by the bed.

"I've been thinking," said he, "of those days when we were all so happy together. I would give anything if I could go back to them, but as that is impossible I mean to have some more like them. I have made a resolution, and with God's help I will keep it; I am going to give up liquor."

A great change was soon seen in the place. Weeds and rubbish disappeared, new glass was put in the windows, the house was painted, and fences were repaired. There was a change inside, too. Mrs. Brown was gaining strength slowly, and although her husband had a great struggle at first he gained the victory over his appetite for drink.

The first box of flowers was sent to the city the first of July. The superintendent told them to put their names on their flowers, because he thought it might inter-

est the patients to know who sent them. Mary had as many and as beautiful flowers as anybody else. While she was at work one morning soon after they were sent, some one stuck his head in the door and shouted, "Hallo, folks!" Mary looked round, and there was the long lost Jack. After he had been received in a manner befitting such an occasion, they asked for an explanation of his long absence.

"Well," said Jack, "we had fair weather till we had been at sea three weeks, when a squall came up one night. The vessel was driven on some rocks and went to pieces. I got hold of a large timber and could float very comfortably. By morning everything was clear, and that afternoon I was picked up by a whaling vessel. That was over two years ago, and I didn't get a chance to come home till three months ago, and when I got to our old home I found strangers living there, and no one knew where you had gone. I went to the city to hunt for you, got sick, and was taken to the hospital. One day they gave us some flowers. My bunch had 'Mary Brown, Summerville,' on it. I thought it might be you, and as soon as I was well enough I started out to find you. You know the rest."

It was not long before they were back in their old home, where Mrs. Brown fully regained her strength. Mary and her father take care of the flowers and every summer send a supply to the hospital.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Manna, the Heavenly Bread.

Mr. Cole, of Bitlis, a missionary of the American Board, in Eastern Turkey, in describing a journey from Harpoot to Bitlis, says:

"We traveled for four days through a region where had newly fallen a remarkable deposit of heavenly bread, as the natives sometimes call it—manna. There were extensive forests of scrubby oaks, and most of the deposit was on the leaves. Thousands of the poor peasants, men, women, children, were out upon the plains gathering the sweet substance. Some of them plunge into kettles of boiling water the newly cut branches of the oaks, which washes off the deposit until the water becomes so sweet as to remind the Yankee of a veritable sugaring off in the old Granite State as he takes sips of it. Other companies of natives may be seen vigorously

beating with sticks the branches, that, from having been spread on the ground, have so dried that the glistening crystals fall readily upon the carpet spread to receive them. The crystals are separated from the pieces of leaves by a sieve, and then the manna is pressed into cakes for use. The manna is in great demand among these Oriental Christians. As we were travelling through a rather dry region, the article came in play for our plain repasts."

The Benefit of Laughing.

In his "Problem of Health," Dr. Greene says that 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, or the central man, is shaken to its innermost depths, sending new tides of life and strength to the surface, thus materially tending to insure good health to the persons who indulge 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, tends to lengthen 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 their prescriptions more with reference to the mind, and less to drugs for the body; and will, in so doing, find the best and most effective method of producing the required effect upon the patient.

Filial Honor.

Young people sometimes know so very much more than their elders! at least, according to their own estimate of their knowledge. They pride themselves on advanced methods of thought, and freedom from "old foggy notions," but possibly they will find, on reaching middle age, that years do bring their own peculiar teachings, which youth is not yet capable of receiving. Said an overworked mother once, in a moment of bitterness:

"I'm afraid I don't enjoy my children as

much as I did when they were little. Then they were merely clinging, affectionate creatures; they never judged what I did, or doubted that I was the most remarkable woman in the world. Now they seem so much wiser than I, that it appears to be natural for them to find fault with me.

"Nothing I do is considered very praiseworthy. In fact, I am almost always in the wrong. If I try to join in their conversation, they evidently think 'mother's opinions aren't worth much; she hasn't had the latest advantages.'

"It's true I haven't. I've been too busy to become a very cultivated woman, but it seems to me affection, taken by itself, ought to count for something in this world."

Yet her children did love her; they only omitted to "honor" her in daily life. The next day after her death her son stood beside her coffin, looking at the worn, placid face, and said, through his tears,—

"I never could understand why mother wasn't happier. She had every comfort in her later years, but she always looked worn and discouraged."

Had he been of clearer vision, he need not have sought far for the reason. It is usually our own warmth or lack of tenderness which makes the faces about us bright or gloomy—a truth to be remembered before it is forever too late.

As the late Professor Agassiz was able to classify accurately a particular fish from a single bone, so one can often determine a person's true character from very trifling testimony. Not long ago, a young man was brought before the courts on trial for some crime, and the servant girl in the family was called in as a witness. While unable to give any direct evidence as to the prisoner's guilt, she spoke volumes in the *naïve* remark: "He never made his mother smile." What light this threw upon the young man's habits and tendencies, for it meant far more than mere *neglect* of his mother! Contrast this with that beautiful epitaph on a mother's tombstone in an old English churchyard: "She always made home happy," and what a vivid picture one gets of two households from a single sentence concerning each! One of the finest tributes ever paid Dean Stanley was by James Russell Lowell, who said of him: "I think no man ever lived who was so pleasant to so many people."

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 15, 1888.

A New City Hospital.

Through the munificence of two of her public-spirited citizens, Haverhill, Mass., has just opened a City Hospital. It was dedicated on the 29th of December, 1887, and on the 10th of January, 1888, received a large installment of sufferers, victims of the Bradford railroad accident.

Several years since, and some months before his death, with a view of founding a City Hospital in his native city, Hon. E. J. M. Hale, who before this by his public gifts had been recognized as one of Haverhill's most bountiful benefactors, purchased a lot on Kent street, and advised the Common Council of the city to petition the Legislature for authority to establish and maintain a City Hospital. Afterwards, by will, Mr. Hale conveyed to the trustees of the Haverhill City Hospital the lot on Kent street, and in addition, \$50,000.

This lot not proving to be a desirable situation for a hospital, permission was granted by the Supreme Court to dispose of it, and while steps were in progress for securing a better location, Mr. James H. Carlton, another public-spirited citizen, on the 10th of December, 1885, gave a beautiful site, including seven and a half acres of land, with "the elegant mansion and other buildings thereon." Plans furnished by Mr. J. M. Littlefield for remodelling the main building were accepted and executed. Churches, organizations and private citizens made liberal donations, and now with suitable appliances the hospital throws open its doors for those who need its blessings.

The Haverhill City Hospital "is prominently located upon the southerly slope of the hillside, commanding a broad and expansive view of the surrounding country,—its sanitary advantages are unsurpassed. Its quiet retirement from the noise and

bustle of the city, and woodland surroundings all contribute to make the spot desirable and healthful," while Lake Kenoza's beautiful waters spread out beneath it recall Whittier's lines :

Kenoza ! o'er no sweeter lake
 Shall morning break, or noon cloud sail ;
 No fairer face than thine shall take
 The sunset's golden veil.
 Long be it ere the tide of trade
 Shall break with harsh, resounding din,
 The quiet of thy banks of shade,
 And hills that fold thee in.
 Still let thy woodlands hide the hare,
 Thy shy loon sound his trumpet note,
 Wing-weary from his fields of air,
 The wild goose on thee float.
 Thy peace rebuke our feverish stir,
 Thy beauty our deforming strife ;
 Thy woods and waters minister
 The healing of their life.

The dedication of the Haverhill City Hospital took place on the 29th of December last. Three days afterwards it received its first patient, a man whose leg was broken by the kick of a horse ; the second and third patients had each a broken leg, the result of a fall. On the 10th of January occurred the fearful railroad accident, at Bradford, on the opposite bank of the Merrimac, when the Surgical staff had abundant chance to exercise their ministries to seven of the sufferers who were brought to the Hospital. A few days later came another set of sufferers, who, when coasting down hill came in contact with a coal cart ; every one of the coasters receiving severe and some fatal injuries.

Haverhill is a much smaller city than Rochester, its present population being estimated at 25,000 ; but we feel the public spirit manifested by two of its citizens is worthy of imitation. If our rich men would respond proportionately to our needs, a great load would be lifted from our Board of Managers, who are constantly crippled by accumulating debts.

On the 30th of January the citizens of Lowell, Mass., held a public meeting a

Huntington Hall, to advise means for the payment of a debt of \$15,000 resting on St. John's Hospital. The Mayor presided and a canvass of the city is to be made for one dollar subscriptions to wipe out the debt.

The Hospital Inmates.

February finds us lingering on Andover hill, where, yesterday, in our wanderings we met a clergyman's widow, seventy-eight years old, who, in her girlhood days, was a school-mate of Whittier, at Haverhill academy, when Master Oliver Carlton, the teacher, encouraged the youthful poet to put some of his rhymes in print. Mr. Carlton died nearly six years ago, at Salem, Mass., but a daughter of his, now a fellow guest with us in one of Andover's hospitable homes, has interested us with incidents in Whittier's early life, related to her by her father.

Our absence from the city prevents our monthly visit to the City Hospital, but in our report we avail ourselves of facts kindly furnished by Miss Lawrence, our efficient supervising Nurse.

The monthly report indicates that the capacity of the Hospital has been well tested the past month, though there has been less of exciting interest in the Male Surgical Ward than during the months of November and December. But four of the twenty-three inmates of this ward are constantly confined to their cots. Harrison, one of the victims of the Mill Street explosion, who injured his back and broke his leg, does not improve rapidly; the wound is healing but there is little union of the bones. Richer, who had the scalp wound and broken ankle, is doing well. Louis Herbst, who was so fearfully burnt, has gone home. Mr. Bacon, the printer, who had one foot amputated, and the broken bones of the other set, is doing well. A patient who was supposed to have been seriously injured is doing finely, and sits up every day. The man whose finger was

amputated is improving, and with one exception the inmates of this ward are "comfortably ill."

One patient in the Hall Pavilion is suffering from senile gangrene; another is from the Medical Ward.

There are twenty-three under treatment in the Female Medical Ward. One who had pleurisy with effusion was greatly relieved when two quarts of fluid were drawn from her chest; she is now doing well. Another woman with some chest difficulty has been much benefited by the application of a poultice jacket, and gratefully acknowledges her improved condition. The girl who had burned her toe by using carbolic acid is almost well. The very ill phthisical patient is no better; she suffers much but appreciates everything that is done for her. The condition of the inmates of the cross wards remains unchanged.

The Female Surgical Ward has now sixteen patients. One of these, who, previous to her coming to the Hospital, had kept her bed for several weeks, and for three weeks could not go up or down stairs, now walks out nearly every day and goes up stairs without difficulty. The ulcer patient changes but little. *Grossmutter*, now past ninety, has her good and her poor days. She enjoys much her Sunday afternoon chapel service. The patients with fractures are gaining. Tilly has again had her ulcers treated by the knife. The ulcers that were skin-grafted are slowly improving. The patient with synovitis is better and able to walk about a little.

The Pavilion Children.

We are indebted to Miss Lawrence for a pleasant report of our little folks. She says there are six babies in the nursery, and "the cunningest sight in the world is the row of downy heads in the long crib, and every baby had gained in weight at the last weighing. If *our* babies cried as much as

babies *at home* do, there would be no living in peace and comfort in the Nursery, but they are remarkably good and well behaved." Gertie Patterson, the little girl whose eyes were injured by measles, and who, when she first came to the Hospital sat in a darkened room, with bandaged eyes, turning her back to the dimmest light, and threw her apron over her head to keep every ray of light from the sensitive eyes, is now a merry little creature, running about the ward without any covering to the eyes. "This fear of the light the doctors call by a very long name, photophobia." Jerry Sheehan can now stand alone holding on to his crib and with a little assistance he walks about. He and Sadie and Gertie have learned to repeat together the Mother Goose rhyme :

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet.

Sadie Hollohan has had her plaster of Paris jacket taken off but she will keep her bed for awhile, till she is used to the loss of its support. Henry Mattis now wears through the day an apparatus on his leg which is removed at night, when extension is applied "by means of straps attached by a cord to a sand bag, which hangs over a pulley at the foot of his bed." May Hill who was too weak when brought to the Hospital to walk, is fast improving, runs about and gains every day. Willie S., in the Paul room, is doing well. Jacob Striker, the child with eczema of the scalp, is a little better.

Willie Hooper, Tom and Max are much interested in their school, and diligent in their studies. Their copy books do much credit to their teachers as well as to themselves.

Courtney Crary has gone home well. Millicent Waring has had her plaster cast removed, and now wears a boot with an attachment to keep her foot straight. A new patient in the Girls' Ward has been a great sufferer from tic-douloureux for several years. She thinks she is gaining under

treatment. The little folks many of them gather around Mrs. Shannon in the chapel on Sunday, and some of them are much interested in the singing. The other night Henry Mattis said, "We must have a singing school." Mrs. Shannon was requested to "pass around the books," and the little ones had a merry time of it, each singing regardless of time and tune, to the amusement of the listeners.

It is pleasant to know the dear suffering children have so much done, not only to relieve pain and suffering, but to make a happy home for them in the Pavilion, where by harmless occupation their thoughts can be diverted from their own aches and pains and turned into more cheerful channels.

Children's Pavilion.

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

To Our Dear Young Friends:

Our Pavilion for the care of sick and crippled children, has for two years received many suffering little ones, who could not have in their own homes, the kind and skillful care they have had within these walls. The second anniversary of the opening occurs Saturday, February 11th, 1888, and we ask you, and your friends, to help us on that day free the Pavilion from the debt of over \$1,300 which rests upon it.

Your offerings, large or small, will be most gratefully received by the Treasurer of the Pavilion Fund,

MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS,

96 SPRING STREET,

at any time during the day or evening.

*"What shall I render to my God
For all His gifts to me?"*

The preceding article appeared in some of our city papers, and was also sent as a circular by Mrs. Mathews to some who are interested in the Children's Pavilion. It should have reached all our readers

through the columns of the Review, but the absence from the city of the editress prevented the issue of the monthly, *in season for a response on the 11th of February*. We therefore now make a special appeal to all friends of sick children, or all who have ever made thank or memorial offerings to the Pavilion fund, who have not as yet sent anniversary offerings, to do so during the present month, and they will be most thankfully received by the treasurer. Perhaps some new friends who have lost dear children, or who are rejoicing in their recovery, may respond to this appeal and thus associate their loved ones with the Children's Pavilion.

Rochester City Hospital.

Patients are here received on City or County orders, or on the recommendation of any of the Attending Physicians and Surgeons or Lady Managers, or by direct application to the Recorder at the Hospital. The charge to patients in the large wards is four dollars a week; in private wards accommodating three patients each, six dollars a week; this includes board, medicines, nursing; also medical attendance to those unable to pay for it.

The charge to patients in private rooms is from eight to fifteen dollars a week, which includes board, medicines, (exclusive of stimulants,) and ordinary nursing. An extra charge is made for a private nurse. Private patients choose their own physician, who may be of any school.

Endowed Bed.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley have given \$3,000 to endow a bed in perpetuity in the Children's Pavilion, in memory of their two children, Hiram Sibley, Jr., and Margaret D. Sibley. The bed is to be called the "Hiram Sibley, Jr., Bed." The money goes to the Endowment Fund of the Children's Pavilion, and the interest of it will enable the donors to give some sick or crippled child a free bed in the Pavilion. One other bed had been previously endow-

ed "The Children's Cot." but there are plenty more waiting for an imitation of the noble example of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley. We hope other parents will thus perpetuate the names of their little ones who are now in the fold of the Good Shepherd.

Vick's Floral Guide.

While the newspapers are filled with accounts of blizzards, stalled trains and snow-banks, Vick's Guide opens its tempting pages, and shows us its "Fuchsia Phenominal" and other beautiful flowers, and gives us pleasant thoughts of summer glories. It is filled with practical suggestions alike useful to the professional and amateur gardener. Send to James Vick, Seedsman, Rochester, N. Y., for a copy and be ready for spring planting.

Thanks.

Our grateful thanks are due to the Union and Advertiser company for gratuitously printing us five hundred circulars to announce the second anniversary of the opening of the Children's Pavilioa. Their generosity begets our gratitude, and best wishes for their continued prosperity.

Donations for January, 1888.

Miss A. S. Mumford, 2 coats, slippers, children's socks.

W. S. Little—Reading matter.

Mrs. Sarah Yale—Brighton, Invalid's bed.

Miss Cronin—for cartage of bed, \$2.50.

Mrs. Huntington—Barrel of apples, old linen.

Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society—\$10.00.

Mrs. E. A. Sprague—Reading matter.

Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt—Boys' clothing, magazines, fancy tray, 2 dresses for infant, old cotton.

Miss Eliza A. French—Shirts and second hand clothing.

Mrs. D. Dewey—Reading matter.

Mr. Howard Smith—Large quantity of reading matter.

Mrs. H. W. Sibley—Second hand clothing for children.

Mrs. M. Landsberg—Infant's clothing.

Mrs. N. L. Button—Old cotton.

Mrs. Eliza Loop—Reading matter.

A friend by Miss Jeffrey—Material for fancy work.

A friend—Children's clothing, old linen and cotton.

Miss J. J. Cunningham—Reading matter.

Mrs. Thomas Chester—Five books.
Miss Belle Winn—Knitted slippers, old linen
and worsteds for the children.
Moore & Cole—Reading matter.
Mrs. Harry Brewster—Magazines
Rochester Club—2 dozen magazines, other
reading.
Rev. C. E. Bills—Reading matter.
Dr. Porter Farley—Pocket prescription scales.
Mrs. D. W. Powers—Dressing gown and sheets.
Mrs. Alfred Wright—Second hand night shirts
Mrs. Bird of Buffalo—Quantity of oranges
for children.
"Parent Stem"—1 dozen bands, 4 shirts.

Receipts for the Review

FOR JANUARY, 1888.

Mr. F. G. Fox, by Mrs. M. Strong.....	.62
Mrs. D. W. Wright, by Mrs. H. F. Huntington.....	.62
Mrs. J. Dunlevy, 62 cents; Rev. H. W. Pierson, Wernersville, Penn., 50 cents, by Mrs. C. E. Converse.....	1.12
Mrs. H. Bryar, 62 cents; Mrs. C. C. Beaman, Coldwater, 50 cents; Miss Cossitt, 62 cents; Mrs. R. L. Field, 62 cents; Miss M. Hotto, 50 cents; Mrs. F. Hinchey, 62 cents; Mrs. P. Maier, Coldwater, 50 cents; Miss K. Patten, 62 cents; Mrs. J. L. Pixley, 62 cents, by Mrs. C. Woodworth, 62 cents, by Miss Pixley.....	5.84
Bascom & Morgan, Adv., \$5.00; E. H. Cook Co., Adv., \$5.00, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews.....	10.00
Mrs. W. J. Ashley, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Ayrault, 62 cents; Mrs. J. M. Backus, 62 cents; Mrs. E. F. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. D. W. Bush, 62 cents; Miss M. Cochrane, 62 cents; Mrs. W. J. Curtis, 62 cents; Mrs. G. E. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kent, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Kimball, 62 cents; Mrs. Ephraim Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. M. C. Phelan, 62 cents; Miss Potter, 62 cents; Dr. C. E. Rider, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Rowley, 62 cents; Mrs. J. N. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. C. B. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Teall, 62 cents; Mrs. C. B. Thomas, 62 cents, by Miss Hattie Smith.....	11.78
Mrs. G. W. Archer, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Archer, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Adler, 62 cents; H. F. Atkinson, 62 cents; Mrs. E. H. Arnold, 62 cents; Mrs. S. L. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. W. G. Bell, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Barry, 62 cents; Miss B. Boorman, 62 cents; Miss E. D. Brown, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Bly, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Beir, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Bennett, 62 cents; Mrs. C. P. Boswell, 62 cents; Mrs. H. C. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. Fred Cook, 62 cents; Miss Cogswell, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Cauffman, 62 cents; Mrs. B. H. Clark, 62 cents; Mrs. J. M. Davy, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Deavenport, 62 cents; Mrs. D. M. Dewey, 62 cents; Mrs. R. K. Dryer, \$1.25;	

Miss Dunlap, 62 cents; Mrs. F. W. Elwood, 62 cents; Mrs. G. W. Elliott, 62 cents; Mrs. L. D. Ely, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Eastwood, 62 cents; Mrs. E. S. Ellwanger, 62 cents; Mrs. B. F. Enos, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Fisher, 62 cents; M. Filon, 62 cents; Mrs. R. T. French, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Frick, 62 cents; Mrs. P. M. French, 62 cents; Mrs. E. P. Gould, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Gorsline, \$1.00; M. Greentree, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Harris, 62 cents; Mrs. D. T. Hunt, 62 cents; Mrs. E. T. Hayward, 62 cents; H. Herman, 62 cents; Miss A. A. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. P. W. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Kuichling, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Lattimore, 62 cents; H. Lomb, 62 cents; Miss C. C. Levett, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Laney, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Little, 62 cents; Mrs. H. S. Mackie, \$1.00; Mrs. W. J. Mandeville, 62 cents; Mrs. A. S. Mann, 62 cents; Mrs. S. J. Macy, 62 cents; Mrs. F. A. Macomber, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Moseley, 62 cents; Miss E. Manvel, 62 cents; Mrs. E. W. Osburn, 62 cents; Miss Oothout, 62 cents; Mrs. D. W. Powers, 62 cents; Mrs. A. V. Pells, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Prizer, 62 cents; Mrs. M. V. Reynolds, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Ross-Lewin, 62 cents; Mrs. B. Rothschild, 62 cents; Mrs. Howard A. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. D. E. Sackett, 62 cents; Mrs. J. G. Stoothoff, 62 cents; Mrs. P. Story, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Strouss, 62 cents; Miss S. Shelton, 62 cents; Miss Bella M. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. N. A. Stone, 62 cents; Mrs. G. G. Street, 62 cents; Mrs. G. H. Thompson, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Vick, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Weldon, 62 cents; Mrs. J. D. Whipple, 62 cents; Mrs. J. B. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. E. K. Warren, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Wolff, 62 cents; Mrs. E. C. Warren, 62 cents; Mrs. Warham Whitney, 62 cents; Mrs. C. S. Whittemore, 62 cents; Frank Woodworth, 62 cents; Mrs. H. D. Wilkins, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Wilson, 62 cents, by Miss Woodcock...	55.95
Mrs. H. M. Arnold, Geneseo, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Cone, Geneseo, 50 cents; Mrs. W. S. Dewey, 65 cents; Mrs. F. W. Embry, \$1.00; Mrs. S. S. Gould, Seneca Falls, \$1.00; Thomas Hanby, Geneseo, 50 cents; Miss L. L. Janea, Geneseo, 50 cents; Mrs. J. C. Kerr, Auburn, 50 cents; Mrs. J. E. Patten, Brockport, \$1.50; Mr. G. T. Palmer, East Avon, 2 subs., \$1.00; Mrs. Geo. Ripsom, Detroit, 32 cents; Mrs. R. U. Sherman, New Hartford, \$1.00; Union & Adv. Co., adv., \$5.00; Arthur C. Wales, Syracuse, 50 cents; by Treasurer.....	14.47
MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treasurer, 96 Spring	

Children's Pavilion Fund.

To Feb. 6, 1888.

Mrs. Thomas McBlain	\$ 2.00
Dr. W. S. Ely	1.00
Patrick Joyce	1.00
Proceeds of sale given by Blanche How-	
ard, Elsie and Victoria Ives	14.11
Infant class, Plymouth Church, by	
Miss Booth	3.00
Miss Emma J. Hare, card 184	1.00
Miss M. E. Dickinson, Buffalo, cards	
85 and 86	2.00
Miss Lathrop, Stockport, N. Y.	1.00
W. B. Brown, Norfolk, Va., annual	
offering50

A. B. C. Schemes.

Series C—Mrs. E. S. Ellwanger	1.00
Series F—Mr. W. L. Pettingill	1.00
Series G—Miss F. H. Cogswell, \$2.25 ;	
Mrs. L. Stein, \$5.00 ; Miss T. Rem-	
ington, 25 cents ; Mrs. M. M. Math-	
ews, \$1.00 ; Miss Amsden, \$1.25 ;	
Mrs. J. P. Sprague, \$1.00	10.75

Total

38.36

Previously acknowledged

\$5,169.62

Total receipts

\$5,208.79

We most earnestly solicit contributions for this object, which should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring St., the Treasurer of the Fund.

Additional Donations Received Since

Dec. 1st and 2nd, 1887.

Bishop McQuaid	25.00
Mrs. A. H. Rice, Boston	10.00
Hebrew Ladies' Society	10.00
Mrs. M. D. Bean	50.00
Additional to Miss Mumford's Table ..	40.00

Recapitulation.

Cash Donations	\$ 8,164.46
Lunch Tables	1,344.85
Miss Mumford's table	575.00
Oriental booth	250.00
Mrs. Kimball's flower table	152.86
Mrs. Perkins' tea table	56.70
Florence Ellwanger's fruit table	30.16
Check room	46.34
Tickets for tissue party	329.80
	11,000.10
Expenses	507.08
Net	10,493.02

Endowment Fund.

Bed in Children's Pavilion endowed in perpetuity by Mrs. Hiram W Sibley in memory of the r children, Hiram Sibley, Jr., and Margaret D. Sibley, to be called the Hiram Sibley, Jr., bed,

\$ 3,000

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treasurer.

Contents of Mite Boxes.

No. 89	\$2.99
" 95441
" 985	2.84
" 77	1.39
" 97879
" 81956
" 855	2.27
" 93079
" 97	1.61
" 952	1.96
" 81	9.26
" 118	1.35
" 99831
" 46	2.61
" 901	1.92
" 44	1.01
" 3	8.80

Died.

Died at the City Hospital, Jan. 2, of chronic enteritis, Augustus Boland, aged 57 years.

Jan. 1, Catharine Lyons, aged 55 years.

Jan. 16, of chronic nephritis, Christopher Ohlsen, aged 64 years.

Jan. 14, P. Eldridge, aged 68 years.

Jan. 23, of phthisis pulmonalis, Hugh Barron, aged 35 years.

Jan. 24, of phthisis pulmonalis, H. S. McNab, aged 46 years.

Jan. 24, infant of Mrs. Curtis, 2 months.

Jan. 27, Mrs. G. H. Wagar, aged 53 years.

How passing sweet the gleam of harbor lights
To toilers on the sea ! When glides the bark
Safe into port, what joy and peace are theirs.
Forgotten is the anguish of the storm.
The wrath of wind and wave. So with us all
Who toil on life's rough sea. We dare not
breathe

Alone the tumults of its wild dark tide ;
But he who whispered peace to Galilee
Is able still. He loves us ; He can make
The storm a gracious calm. His tender smile
Can soothe each troubled wave ; and if we
trust

Like little children, He will bring us all
To that sweet haven on the farther shore
Where tumults are not ; where is perfect peace.

—Annie S. Swan in *Christian Leader* :

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Jan. 1, 1888	146
Received during Month.....	44
Births.....	6
	—196
Discharged during Month	74
Deaths.....	8
Number remaining in Hospital Feb. 1, 1888	114
	—196

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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By mail..... 50 "

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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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and Winter Dress Goods is exceed-
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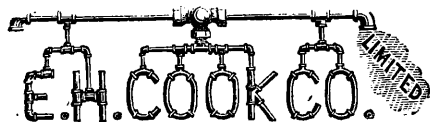
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1888.

No. 8.

The following touching poem appeared more than sixty years ago in the Connecticut Courant. We do not know its author.

The Old Man.

Why gaze ye on my hoary hair,
Ye children young and gay?
Your locks beneath the blast of care,
Will bleach as white as they.

I had a mother once, like you,
Who o'er my pillow hung,
Kissed from my cheek the briny dew,
And taught my faltering tongue.

She, when the nightly couch was spread,
Would bow my infant knee,
And place her hand upon my head,
And kneeling, pray for me.

But then, there came a fearful day,
I sought my mother's bed,
Till harsh hands bore me thence away,
And told me she was dead.

I pluck'd a fair white Rose, and stole
To lay it by her side,
And thought strange sleep enchain'd her soul,
For no fond voice replied.

That eve, I knelt me down in woe
And said a lonely prayer,
Yet, still my temples seemed to glow
As if that hand were there.

Years fled—and left me childhood's joy,
Gay sports and pastimes dear,
I rose a wild and wayward boy
Who scorned the curb of fear.

Fierce passions shook me like a reed,
Yet, ere at night I slept,
That soft hand made my bosom bleed,
And down I fell and wept.

Youth came—the prop of virtue reel'd!
But oft at day's decline,
A marble touch my brow congeal'd
Blest mother! was it thine?

In foreign lands I travell'd wide,
My pulse was bounding high,
Vice spread her meshes at my side,
And pleasure lur'd my eye;

Yet, still *that hand*, so soft and cold,
 Maintained its mystic sway
 As when amid my curls of gold
 With gentle force it lay.

And with it breath'd a voice of care
 As from the lowly sod,
 "My son—my only son—beware!
 Nor sin against thy God."

Ye think, perchance, that age hath stole
 My kindly warmth away,
 And dimm'd the tablet of the soul;
 Yet when with lordly sway,

This brow the plumed helm displayed
 That guides the warrior throng,
 Or beauty's thrilling fingers stray'd
 These manly locks among,

That hallowed touch was ne'er forgot!
 And now, though time hath set
 His frosty seal upon my lot,
 These temples feel it yet.

And if I e'er in heaven appear
 A mother's holy prayer,
 A mother's hand, and gentle tear,
 That pointed to a Savior dear
 Have led the wanderer there.

For the Hospital Review.

A Historic Relic.

Medford, Mass., numbers among its treasures a relic of rare interest to the antiquarian, the Cradock Plantation House, that claims to be "undoubtedly one of the oldest buildings in the United States, perhaps the oldest that retains its first form."

Early in February last we attempted to visit it, but as it was environed by deep, untrodden snow, through which as it was untenanted no paths of access had been made, we were forced to content ourselves with a view of its exterior. Its general appearance was very dilapidated; a part of one of its chimneys had been blown down. Its architecture clearly indicated that it had been built as a garrison house, but some of its six old port holes, used for defence from the Indians, had been filled up, and others utilized as windows. Its roof had been recently shingled, and we understood it had been purchased by Mr. Samuel G. Lawrence, of Medford, with a view of restoring it as far as possible to its original appearance.

From the "Historic Fields and Mansions of Middlesex," by Samuel Adams Drake, published in 1874, and from a recent History of Medford, by James Usher, we have gathered the following facts relating to this "Old Patriarch by the Sea."

Its name was derived from Matthew Cradock, the first Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Company, whose charter with the ponderous seal of England appended to it now hangs in the office of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, at Boston. This charter was brought to this country by Winthrop in 1630.

Mr. Drake says: "It must ever arrest the attention and challenge the admiration of the student of American history, to know that in defiance of the crown, which had newly organized the company into a mercantile corporation, like the East India Company, with officers resident in England, they proceeded to nullify the clear intent of their charter, by removing the government to America." "In order to secure the emigration of such men as Winthrop, Dudley, Sir R. Saltonstall, Johnson and others, Cradock, enjoining secrecy upon the company, proposed in July, 1629, to transfer the government from the company in England to the inhabitants here. As he was the wealthiest and most influential person in the association his proposal was acceded to. This makes Cradock's name conspicuous in the annals of New England. He made the first move to erect an independent community on our shores. This house is his monument."

In 1874 Mr. Drake wrote of it: "The house, a unique specimen of the architecture of the early settlers, must be considered a gem of its kind. It is not disguised by modern alterations in any essential feature but bears its credentials on its face." It was probably built in 1634. "Two hundred and sixty odd New England winters have searched every cranny of the old fortress, whistled down the big chimney stacks, rat-

tled the window panes in impotent rage and departing, certified to us the stanch and trusty handiwork of Cradock's English craftsmen. Time has dealt gently with the venerable relic. Like a veteran of many campaigns it shows a few honorable scars. The roof has swerved a little from its true outline. It has been denuded of a chimney, and has parted reluctantly with a dormer window. The loop holes seen in the front were long since closed. The race they were to defend against has hardly an existence to-day. The windows have been enlarged. Hoary with age it is yet no ruin but a comfortable habitation."

Mr. Usher says of the Cradock House: "The old two story brick house on Riverside Avenue in East Medford is one of the most precious relics of antiquity in New England. It is an invaluable historic jewel." He thinks it was built by Mr. Cradock "soon after the arrival of his company of carpenters, fishermen and farmers."

The land on which it stands was given by General Court to Mr. Cradock in March 1634. He impaled a large park, intending to stock it with deer, and kept his cattle within it. "There is every reason to believe it was commenced early in the spring of 1634. Mr. C. made such an outlay as showed that he intended to carry on a large business for a long time, and doubtless proposed visiting his extensive plantation. It has been called the Fort and 'Garrison House, because its walls were so thick and because it had close outside shutters and port holes. It is certainly well placed for a house of defence. It is on land slightly elevated, where no higher land or rocks could be used by enemies to assault, and is so near the river as to allow of re-inforcements from Boston. Its walls are eighteen inches thick. There were heavy iron bars across the two large arched windows which are near the ground in the back of the house, and there are several fire proof closets within the building. The ovals in the house are twenty inches by

sixteen. The house stood in an open field for a century and a half, and could be approached only by a private road through gates. As the outside door was cased with iron, it is certain that it was intended to be fire proof. There was one pane of glass, set in iron, placed in the back wall of the western chimney, so as to afford a sight of persons coming, from the house. Mr. Cradock's company was large, and he was very rich, and had told them to build whatever houses they needed for shelter and defence. That they should build such a house as now stands where their first settlement took place is most natural. The bricks are not English bricks, either in size, color or workmanship. They are from eight to eight and a half inches long, from four to four and a quarter inches wide and from two and a quarter to two and three quarter inches thick. They have the color of the bricks made afterwards in East Medford, where clay is abundant. They are hastily made but very well burned. Bricks were made in Salem in 1629."

"A Mr. Shedd purchased the house about eighty years ago and he found the east end of it so decayed and leaky at that time that he took a part of it down and rebuilt it. Otherwise it has undergone few changes. There is a tradition that in early times Indians were discovered lurking around it for several days and nights, and that a skirmish took place between them and the white men, but we have not been able to verify the facts or fix the date. The park impaled by Mr. Cradock probably included the house."

We would like to know something definite about the early occupants of the Cradock Plantation House. Mr. Cradock never visited this country; we know that it was once the home of a Dea. Edward Collins, whose grandson, Rev. Nathaniel Collins, was the first minister of Enfield, Conn., and the husband of Alice Adams, a great grand-daughter of William Bradford who came over in the Mayflower in 1620.

H. S. T.

Two Kinds.

The following story of a poor boy's idea of a true lady is taken from the *New Haven Register*, in which city the incident occurred :

As a young lady walked hurriedly down State Street upon a bleak November day, her attention was attracted to a deformed boy coming toward her carrying several bundles. He was thinly clad, twisted his limbs most strangely as he walked, and looked before him with a vacant stare. Just before the cripple reached the brisk pedestrian, he stumbled, thus dropping one bundle, which broke, and emptied a string of sausages on the sidewalk.

The richly dressed ladies (?) near by held back their silken skirts, and whispered, quite audibly, "How horrid!" while several who passed by, amused by the boy's look of blank dismay, gave vent to their feelings in a half-suppressed laugh, and then went on without taking further interest.

All this increased the boy's embarrassment. He stooped to pick up the sausages only to let fall another parcel, when, in despair, he stood and looked at his lost spoils. In an instant the bright-faced stranger stepped to the boy's side, and said in a tone of thorough kindness, "Let me hold those other bundles while you pick up what you have lost."

In dumb astonishment the cripple handed all he held to the young Samaritan, and devoted himself to securing his cherished sausages. When these were again strongly tied in the coarse, torn paper, her skillful hands replaced the parcels on his scrawny arms, as she bestowed on him a smile of encouragement, and said, "I hope you haven't far to go."

The poor fellow seemed scarcely to hear the girl's pleasant words; but looking at her with the same vacant stare, he asked, "Be you a lady?"

"I hope so; I try to be," was the surprised response.

"I was kind of hoping you wasn't."

"Why?" asked the listener, with curiosity quite aroused.

"'Cause I've seen such as called themselves ladies, but they never spoke kind and pleasant like, 'cepting to grand uns. I guess there's two kinds—they as thinks they's ladies and isn't, and them as what tries to be and is."

Cutting an Acquaintance.

Artists are often very forgetful of their early works, possibly because fulfilled promise is so delightful that they have no time for backward glances.

A gentleman once sent a picture to Poole, the painter, asking him to sign it, for, although the purchaser had been assured that the work was Poole's own, no name could be found on it. The artist looked at the picture and said :

"Tell the person who sent this thing for me to sign that it is not my work. I never saw it before, and hope I shall never see it again."

The irate owner then sought out the man who had sold it, and together they went to the artist.

"Do you think you would know your own handwriting, sir?" said the dealer.

"Suppose I should," answered Poole.

"Then do me the favor to cast your eye on that," showing a receipt.

Poole read it and paused.

"Yes," said he, "that's my receipt, sure enough."

Again he looked at the picture long and steadily.

"I can't for the life of me recollect it," said he; "but I do remember painting a small picture of Lear and Cordelia in the year —. I painted it on a piece of panel, made from the wood of an old worn out piano, and if that is the one, you will find a small knot in the wood at the back."

The picture was reversed, and lo! there was the knot.

In the days of Reynolds, that artist once expressed, at a dinner table, his doubt if a man could forget the work of his own brain and hand. Soon after a very early painting of his came into the possession of a friend, who at once sought the artist, saying that he wanted a candid opinion in regard to it. It was painted, he represented, by a young man who, if the great painter approved this specimen of his work, would like to adopt art as his profession.

"Is this painter a friend of yours?" asked Reynolds, after examining the picture.

"Yes."

"Well," said Sir Joshua, "I really don't feel able to give an opinion, one way or the other. It is a *cleverish thing*, but whether there is sufficient promise in it to justify my advising the young man to adopt art as his profession, I really cannot say."

Foes Become Friends.

At the reunion in Gettysburg last summer of old soldiers from the North and South, who had fought against each other on that battle field, many touching little incidents occurred that showed how cordial was the good feeling now existing between the former enemies.

"Just here," said a crippled New Yorker stopping on the corner of a field, "my leg was shot off."

"And just here," said a man beside him, the sleeve of whose gray coat hung empty, "I lost my arm."

The two men fraternized at once, pitched a tent on the spot that had been so fatal to both, and there "kept house" together during the whole time of the reunion. Each found the other to be a man of sense, high principle and good feeling. They will probably remain friends for life.

So many of the once bitter foes exchanged coats, canteens and knapsacks, in token of good will, that it became almost impossible to distinguish Northern from Southern soldiers. They pitched their tents together, most of the men preferring to camp again, instead of going to the hotels, in order that they might meet their old antagonists more freely, and discuss every incident of the battle, about the bivouac fires.

A Northern officer brought to Gettysburg a sword, gold handled and set with jewels, which he had taken from a young Southerner. After the war was over he had tried in vain to restore it. He now gave it to the commandant of the corps to which its owner belonged, in the hope that it might reach him at last.

A large man and a very small one met on the street.

"I think I have seen you before?" said the small man.

"Yes, I took you prisoner," was the reply. Whereupon they shook hands heartily, took dinner together, and the next day brought a photographer to the spot where they had fought, and had their pictures taken standing with uncovered heads and clasped hands.

There is much in these incidents which may seem sentimental to the generation which was born after the war. But to Americans who remember how mighty were the interests involved in it, and how desperate was the struggle, these signs of the deep cordial peace which now exists be-

tween the North and South have a most pathetic and lofty meaning.

Only men who could nobly risk their fortunes and their love for a cause they held to be right could clasp hands when the struggle was over with forgiveness so true and complete.

Perplexed.

All well-regulated family magazines and newspapers nowadays devote a column or two to the subject of infant nurture; but unhappily the theories advanced are so various and contradictory as often to prove rather a hindrance than a help. Here is the experience of an anxious young couple who certainly deserve sympathy, and who, it is to be hoped, will in due time learn that two-thirds, at least, of the reports of "What doctors say," in newspapers, was never said by any doctor who possessed common-sense.

"O Charles," said my wife the other day, "here is a German physician who says that babies should never sleep on their right side, and you know I always lay Tommy down in that position."

"Well, well," I said consolingly, "it evidently hasn't hurt him much. He is the picture of health."

"Oh, you can't tell by that how he has felt. He may have suffered *everything*."

The next day I read in one of our prized "Infant Columns"; "A baby should always be put to sleep on its right side, as the pressure of the heart is thus relieved."

"Here," I said, "we must go back to the old way;" and baby was turned accordingly.

Within twenty-four hours my wife came hurrying to me, newspaper in hand. "Charles, how ignorant we are! We certainly don't deserve such a treasure as our baby! Here we have been making Tommy sleep, first on one side, and then on the other, when I have just read that a baby should *always* lie on its back, as digestion is thus greatly assisted. No wonder the little darling is restless."

So Tommy was turned over on his back, and there he lay, till one morning I picked up a magazine and read: "It may not be generally known that the most healthful position a baby can be placed in for a nap is flat on its stomach. Many children suffer greatly from the ignorance of their nurses on this point."

"Now I understand what made baby kick and scream so when we placed him on his back," and straightway he was put to bed on his stomach.

"He'll get used to it by-and-by," said my wife. "Raise him a little higher on his pillow."

"But I have just read that a baby should *never* lie on a pillow, it is liable to cause a curvature of the spine."

"Oh, mercy!" screamed my wife, "do throw the pillow away."

But that very day we read: "A rush of blood to the head often results from having a child's head on a level with its body."

"Bring back that pillow," I said.

"But I don't want his spine curved," protested my wife.

What shall we do? Tommy seems as anxious about it as we are.

A Remarkable Incident.

A missionary of the China Inland Mission tells an interesting story of a mandarin who gave an entertainment and presented a large testimonial to the Christian Hospital out of gratitude for medical services rendered his father. The son was absent on duty, and the father was relieved from a sickness which was supposed to be fatal. His gratitude was boundless, and the memorial tablet on which were inscribed the thanks of the donor was eight feet by four in size, suspended from a bamboo pole, carried by two men and preceded by a band of musicians. As they approached the house large bunches of fire crackers were fired, and the tablet was presented with very polite words. The most striking incident connected with this story is that while the old gentleman was at his worst, and when it was supposed that he could not recover, the wife of the absent son, acting in place of her husband, performed an act which was supposed to propitiate heaven, and to secure the restoration of her father-in-law. With her own hand she cut a piece of flesh from her own arm and had it cooked and administered to her father-in-law that he might recover. That such a thing is possible in these days, and that it was done in the sight of mission premises, and by an educated and prominent family, gives striking testimony to the depth of superstition in heathendom as well as to the sentiment of filial piety which exists among the Chinese.—*Missionary Herald*.

Medical Humor.

The celebrated French physican Ricord was one day walking along the Boulevard in Paris when he met an old gentleman who was very rich, but who was at the same time noted for his extreme stinginess. The old man, who was somewhat of a hypochondriac, imagined that he could get some medical advice from Ricord without paying for it.

"Doctor, I am feeling very poorly."

"Where do you suffer most?"

"In my stomach, Doctor."

"Ah, that's bad, Please shut your eyes. That's right. Now put out your tongue, so I can examine it closely."

The invalid did as he was told. After he had waited patiently for about ten minutes, he opened his eyes, and found himself surrounded by a crowd, who supposed that he was crazy. Dr. Ricord, in the meantime, had disappeared. — *Texas Siftings*.

A Novel Dose for Drunkards.

The country Solons who make the laws of the little commune near Mons, in Belgium, have shown great wisdom in dealing with drunkards. A few months ago a law was passed making it a serious offence to be palpably drunk in Belgium. These local wise men concluded that the law was too severe, and that they would content themselves with making drunkards useful and diminishing drunkenness at the same time. When drunkards appear on the streets of this village the Garde-Champetre takes them politely home. The next morning he goes to the houses of all those whom he found drunk the night before and presents to each a broom for sweeping the streets. The drunkard is allowed to choose between working for the commune for one day and being prosecuted for drunkenness. He invariably elects to sweep the streets. The village streets are in consequence marvellously clean, and the sweepers, after swallowing more than their natural share of dust, pass mental resolutions of sobriety, and keep them.—[*New York Sun*]

Three blissful words I name to thee,

Three words of potent charm,

From eating care thy heart to free,

Thy life to shield from harm:

Pray, work, and sing.

Blackie.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1888.

Rochester City Hospital.

Patients are here received on City or County orders, or on the recommendation of any of the Attending Physicians and Surgeons or Lady Managers, or by direct application to the Recorder at the Hospital. The charge to patients in the large wards is four dollars a week; in private wards accommodating three patients each, six dollars a week; this includes board, medicines, nursing; also medical attendance to those unable to pay for it.

The charge to patients in private rooms is from eight to fifteen dollars a week, which includes board, medicines, (exclusive of stimulants,) and ordinary nursing. An extra charge is made for a private nurse. Private patients choose their own physician, who may be of any school.

Commencement Exercises.

The Sixth Annual Commencement of the Training School for Nurses will be held in the First Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening, March 29th, at 8 o'clock. The programme for the occasion will be announced in the daily papers.

All interested in the work of the Hospital are invited to attend.

MRS. M. STRONG,
MRS. W. H. PERKINS,
MRS. M. M. MATHEWS,
MRS. J. H. BREWSTER,
MRS. H. H. MORSE,
MISS MUMFORD.

Executive Committee.

The Hospital Staff have appointed Dr. A. L. Benedict as Senior Resident House Officer and Dr. T. Oliver Tait as Junior Officer, the terms of each to commence on the 1st of April next.

The Hospital Inmates.

On the 9th of March we made our monthly visit to the Hospital. Bright sunshine flooded the lawn and gave a cheerful aspect to the Hospital grounds. The isolated pavilions had been occupied by two young women, sufferers from diphtheria, one of whom had just died. Formerly, cases of diphtheria, scarlet fever, erysipelas, and other contagious diseases could not be treated at the Hospital without exposing the other patients, but no one now is refused, as in the isolated pavilions provision is made for all such cases, and nurses in charge do not mingle with the Hospital inmates, and when patients are removed the pavilions are thoroughly disinfected. This, of course is an expensive branch of Hospital work but a great blessing to the community.

The Female Medical Ward was very full, every bed being occupied. There were twenty-seven under treatment, seven of whom were confined to their cots. One who had been receiving treatment from different physicians for fourteen years, having diseases that effected her nervous system, had submitted to a surgical operation and was improving. One aged person afflicted with phthisis was very comfortable. A cancer patient in the Cross Ward was failing rapidly. An eczema patient, brought in from the pavilion was gaining. One woman was suffering acutely from the Tic Douloureux and two were afflicted with rheumatism.

In the Female Surgical Ward were fifteen patients, five of whom were confined to their cots all the time; three others were able to be up part of every day. Three were eye patients, under Dr. Rider's care. A fourth eye patient had just left the Hospital. One patient who had had a surgical operation was sitting up in a much improved condition. A woman who the day before had had a tumor removed was more comfortable. A patient with abscess was im-

proving. *Grossmutter* was in an unusually happy mood. A woman who had ulcers on her lower limbs was up in her chair and perfectly delighted with her improved condition. She was eating gluten bread to relieve her from some other troubles. An aged lady with fractured thigh was quite comfortable. Another woman with fractured thigh was walking about with crutches. The woman who was treated with skin grafting was improving very gradually. A woman in the Cross Ward was in a fearfully excited condition, requiring great care. An aged phthisical patient who was quite feeble amused herself with fancy work.

The Male Medical Ward was so full that one of the twenty-seven inmates had been obliged to sleep in the Lower Surgical Ward. Nine of the inmates were confined most of the time to the bed, and some of these were very sick. One man had Bright's Disease, another was convalescing from typhoid fever. An aged man who had lost one arm and all but one of the fingers on the other hand had come to be treated for a bad cough. Some of the rheumatic patients were improving, one of whom had his wrist bandaged. One phthisical patient was improving, another was quite feeble.

There were twenty-six under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward, but one of whom was confined to his bed. Six we found around a supper table in the ward, others had waiters with food taken to their cots, while others were able to go down stairs to the Ward supper table. Harrison, the man whose leg was fractured at the Mill Street explosion, was sitting up, his leg supported by a chair and he looked quite comfortable, and in reply to our inquiry said: "Thank God, I'm getting on better." Richer, who had the scalp wound and injured ankle was better and had gone out for a walk. Mr. Bacon reported progress and was able to walk about with crutches. A man with fractured thigh was about on crutches. On the 20th of February a man

who was walking on the railroad track was struck by the train, and had his thigh, clavicle, and the base of the skull fractured. He was brought to the Hospital and died in two hours. A man who had a fit on the street was brought in by a policeman, and had another fit before he could be taken into the ward. One patient was suffering from gangrene of the toes. An accident patient who apparently had received internal injuries was up and doing well. A man who had driven into a sewer and fractured his skull had had ice bags constantly applied to his head and was improving. An accident patient who was brought in with his foot crushed and hanging by a little flesh and skin had had the foot amputated, but died in a few hours. An amputated forefinger healed nicely. A private patient who had had his leg amputated was doing well.

There were three mothers and three babies in the Children's Pavilion all in good condition.

The Little Folks.

We looked in upon the little folks soon after they had eaten their supper. In one corner of the room on his cot was Willie Hooper, who had an ice bag on his head, where he had received a blow. Near by was Willie Striker whose sore head was covered by a muslin cap. Tommy Heeney was studying his arithmetic lesson to be ready for school on the morrow. Courtney Crary, who had again come to the Hospital for treatment, that day had had the bone of his leg scraped, and was consequently in bed, though he said he was not in pain. Max and Willie Smith were amusing themselves with a game of Loto and said they had read with much pleasure the *Golden Days* and *Youth's Companion*, which they received regularly. Frank Hurst, whose hand had been so injured by a machine that three fingers had been amputated, was doing remarkably well; the dressing was

removed in nine days and the wound had healed; he still wore a sling. A little boy six years old had fallen on the ice and cut a gash on his forehead; he came to the Hospital, had the wound sewed up and went home and in a few days returned to have the stitches taken out; he was a very brave little fellow and made no fuss about it. A boy with St. Vitus's Dance, who when he came to the Hospital was continually twitching and tossing about, had greatly improved and exhibited few nervous symptoms. Carrie Meyers is a little girl from the Asylum who in consequence of paralysis has a crooked arm; eight times a day for fifteen minutes at a time, she carries a sand bag to benefit her arm. In the Girl's Ward most of the youngest of the patients had been put into their cots, but they were very happy and we think few private nurseries would present a more comfortable appearance. Those who care for the little ones seem very fond of them. Little May Hall who was in one cot had been sent to the Hospital by the Humane Society. She had been cruelly treated and had running sores in her ear, but was improving. Jerry Sheehan is getting stronger and begins to stand up nicely. Sada Hollohan had just been encased in a new plaster of Paris jacket. Harry Mattison, who had skin disease when he came to the Hospital, was kept in bed with a weight attached to one of his limbs because it was shorter than the other. The little girl who was almost blind had gone home well.

The Pavilion has recently been fumigated, a process which is frequently repeated, to insure a healthy condition for its inmates.

New Table and Screens.

The Male Surgical Ward has recently received a new Surgical table that will greatly facilitate the work in the Ward. The table is of ash, and has three shelves and a drawer. It is supplied with the ma-

terials and disinfectants needed for dressing wounds. There are pans, bandages, a rod on which hangs the irrigating can with a tube for conveying the disinfecting fluid, a covered pail for the soiled dressing, a bar for the towels, boxes containing gauze and cotton treated with antiseptic solutions, and a pin-cushion made by a patient. It is a most convenient arrangement to meet the wants of the Surgical Ward.

Two new ash screens have also been provided, one for each of the Surgical Wards. These are made of panelled ash, with ample moveable wings covered with bed ticking, so arranged as to secure privacy to the patient and give space for physicians and nurses while ministering to the invalids.

In the Male Surgical Ward there is also a new medical closet and case of drawers; the shelves of the former are covered with white enamelled cloth that can easily be kept clean. These improvements are conducive to the comfort of patients and attendants.

A Touching Appeal.

A few weeks ago at the accident in Haverhill, Mass., when about a dozen persons were coasting down hill on a double bob sled, they ran into a coal cart. The man who was on the front of the sled was so injured that he died, and all were more or less wounded. The youngest of the party, a little boy, broke his leg and was sent to the Hospital where it was amputated, but this could not save him. A sudden change in his condition indicated that death was near, and looking up to those about him, he said: "*Is there no one here can give me a kiss?*" With eyes full of tears those who stood by bent over him and kissed him, and soon he died.

On our homeward journey as we entered the cars at Andover our attention was attracted to a strong, healthy looking man, who had in his arms a sick baby. He fondled it with tender care, for the little

thing had fallen from a kitchen chair and injured its leg. He was on his way to a Boston Hospital, and was quite comforted as we told him of our interest in Children's Hospitals and of the kind care the little ones received in them.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

The report of the Treasurer indicates the amount contributed to the Children's Pavilion Fund: Mr. George H. Clarke gave through Mrs. C. H. Angel, \$50.00. Mr. Harry C. Gorton sent us a thank offering of \$25.00 for his little daughter Marion. We missed contributions from some who have before this often remembered us. We were glad to welcome gifts from some new friends. The children of the Infant class of the First Baptist Sabbath School sent us \$5.00 with the following note:

March 2nd, 1888.

MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS:

Dear Madam—I enclose \$5.00, amount of Infant Class, First Baptist Sabbath School, donation to "Pavilion." The little ones have the privilege of voting to the various Charitable Institutions the total collection for the year, and although the above amount is small, it is given with the feeling that it will do some good at least.

Respectfully yours,

F. A. COLE.

This is the fourth offering from this school.

We trust that we may have Memorial, Thank, and Easter offerings that will materially lessen the debt on our Pavilion. Mrs. Mathews, 96 Spring Street, will welcome all gifts, large or small.

Cash Donations.

Willard Smith..... \$ 5 00
MRS. W. H. PERKINS.

Nothing makes the world seem so spacious as to have friends at a distance; they make the latitudes and longitudes. — *Thoreau*.

Contents of Mite Boxes.

No. 47.....	25
" 961.....	1 00
" 114.....	66
" 68.....	72
" 42.....	03
" 17.....	83
" 69.....	90
" 45.....	21
" 75.....	04
" 106.....	3 35
" 41.....	99
" 43.....	38
" 37.....	28
" 56.....	34
" 63.....	15
" 49.....	42
" 904.....	59
" 46.....	2 61
" 933.....	7 92
" 123.....	2 49
" 133.....	1 32
" 141.....	2 31
" 136.....	1 07
" 90.....	2 06
" 165.....	1 00
" 169.....	1 48
" 154.....	2 19
" 923.....	61

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treasurer.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Mrs. E. Clark.....	\$ 1 00
Mrs. Bramer.....	50
Mrs. George Frary, Medina, card 183....	1 00
Grace E. Wilkins, card 180.....	1 00
Esther Chapin, card 177.....	1 10
" In loving memory of E. A. U.—Entered into Rest, March 7th, 1883".....	5 00
Infant Department, First Baptist Sunday School.....	5 00

ANNIVERSARY OFFERINGS.

Tom Whitehead.....	25
Mrs. M. Strong.....	1 00
Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, Brockport.....	10 00
Douglas L. Furness.....	1 00
Paul C. Wild.....	1 00
Bessie and John Kingman.....	1 00
Mr. Harry C. Gorton, "in the name of his little daughter, Marion".....	25 00
Miss Carrie M. Soule.....	1 00
Miss Nannette R. Delano, Niagara Falls.....	1 00
Ethel Millard's earnings.....	28
Miss Bessie Edgerton.....	1 00
Carolyn Augusta Sherwood.....	50
Wentworth and Madeline Hoyt.....	2 00
Joseph Johnson.....	2 00
Louise and Kate Wetmore.....	50
Miss Esther Chapin.....	50
Marguerite A. Ely.....	1 00
Mrs. O. Comstock.....	2 00
Chester A. Peak.....	1 00
Mrs. Robert Mathews.....	1 00
Mrs. M. M. Mathews.....	1 00
Olive Mason Elliot.....	1 00
Miss Amelia Wright.....	50

Master John Alden.....	1 00
Julia R. Brewington.....	1 00
Miss Eva Thompson.....	50
Maud, Frank, Willie, Jessie and Ada Pearce.....	1 25
Blanche Goodman.....	29
Mrs. C. H. Angel.....	14 00
Laurance Angel.....	1 00
Marie Brewster.....	2 00
Mrs. C. H. Williams "Memorial".....	5 00
Clara and Rosa Landsberg.....	2 75
Grace Landsberg.....	75
Louise and Clara Selden.....	1 00
Mary Tanner.....	15
Katie Tanner.....	15
Laura B. Robins.....	5 00
Francis Chester Nickerson, Lansingburg	50
Miss Frost.....	25
Gracie Christine Curtice.....	2 00
Carroll Sutherland.....	1 00
Philip Mumford.....	1 00
Katharine Roby.....	1 00
Retta and Jonas J. Gosnell.....	50
William H. Gorsline, Jr.....	5 00
Richard Gorsline.....	5 00
Herbert Siddons.....	50
John Franklin Burke.....	50
Miss Maggie L. Ashley.....	1 00
Laura A. Grant.....	35
Charlie H. Grant.....	25
Richard H. Grant.....	25
Mamie and Margery Harrison.....	50
Carrie Tiffany.....	1 00
Bessie Levis.....	20
Dottie Gilman.....	1 50
"Some Friends," by Helen Osgood.....	3 10
Miss Agnes B. Raines.....	50
Eugene Raines.....	25
"Eugene Raines' savings".....	31
Miss Alice Whittlesey.....	5 00
Laura and Walter Farley.....	1 00
Hon. C. R. Parsons.....	10 00
George Whitney Martin.....	1 00
Miss Louise Kelly.....	1 00
Virginia Jeffrey Smith.....	50
Joseph Curtis.....	2 00
Lottie Reid.....	50
Susan Farley Pond.....	1 00
Ernest and Harold Jenkins.....	10 00
"Joe".....	25
Marion M. Reid.....	1 00
Nat Potter.....	1 00
Carrie Wolcott.....	1 00
Miss Ada Greenwood.....	2 00
Clarence Greenwood Lyle.....	1 00
"A Friend".....	50
Gabrielle Clarke.....	10 00
Mrs. E. C. Bosworth.....	2 00
Pauline Vail.....	50
Alice Ray Buell and Harry Douglass Buell.....	5 00
Mr. James Brackett.....	5 00
Eleanor and Florence Lattimore.....	2 00
"In memory of C. S. H.".....	1 00
Mortimer Reynolds Anstice.....	5 00
Henrietta, Mary P., and Freeman C. Allen.....	3 00
Willie Clark and Mabel H. Webb.....	2 00
Mr. George H. Clarke by Mrs. C. H. Angel.....	50 00

Deetta Mitchell.....	1 25
Amon and Margery Bronson.....	1 00
Fritz Ward.....	1 00
Mr. George W. Fitch, San Diego, Cal., by Mrs. W. H. Farrand.....	5 00
Frank and Alice Little.....	5 60
Mrs. L. D. Ely.....	5 00
Carrie and Bessie Osburn.....	1 00
Mabel Frances and Freddie Kalbfleisch Taylor.....	2 00
Mortimer T. Rebasz.....	25
William Curtis and Milton Gillette Clarke.....	2 60
Miss Bessie L. Wisner.....	5 00
Miss Mary E. Breck, New York.....	1 00
Herbert and Walter Beckley.....	1 00
Mrs. John H. Brewster.....	5 00
Emily, Carrie, Sallie and Franklin Brew- ster.....	5 00
Mrs. W. J. Curtis.....	3 00
Wendell J. Curtis, Jr.....	1 00
James G. Averell, Jr.....	5 00
"From my little ones, H. J. M.".....	1 00
Miss Marion L. Hatch.....	1 00
Miss Louise Cook.....	1 00
Mrs. Frank A. Ward.....	1 00
"From Baldwin Mann's Savings Bank".....	92
Eva Chase.....	50
Elise Beque.....	1 00
Mrs. F. Schlegel.....	1 50
Kate Luvan Rogers.....	50
Collected by Miss Pixley.....	2 00
Mrs. I. S. Emery.....	1 50
Mrs. B. R. Lawrence.....	1 00
A friend.....	3 50
Hiram and Emily Hoyt.....	1 00

A. B. C. Schemes.

"Series D."—Mrs. S. C. Steele.....	\$ 50
"Series E."—Mrs. L. D. Church.....	1 00
"Series F."—Mrs. J. W. Wright, \$1.50; Miss Sutherland, \$1.00; Mrs. W. J. Curtise, \$1.00; Miss Minnie J. Brown, 75 cents; Mrs. L. D. Church, \$1.00; Mrs. W. R. Robb, \$1.00.....	\$ 6 25
"Series G."—Miss Emily E. Hunter, \$1.00 Mrs. H. C. Maine, 50 cents; Mrs. J. W. Gillis, \$1.25; Mrs. J. E. Scofield, \$1.00; Miss Caroline Milliman, \$1.00; Miss E. Z. Field, Albion, \$8.00; Mrs. L. D. Church, \$1.00; Mrs. Coville, \$1.00; Mrs. L. C. Bradley, \$1.00; Mrs. Nisbet, \$2.00; Mrs. Bushnell, \$1.00; Mrs. Hobbs, \$1.00.....	19 75

Total..... 351.70

Previously acknowledged.....\$5,207.98

Total receipts.....\$5,559.68

We most earnestly solicit contributions for this object, which should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the Fund.

We hope our friends will remember us at Easter.

Receipts for the Review

FOR FEBRUARY, 1888.

Mrs. J. M. Ganson, Buffalo, by Mrs. W. H. Perkins.	\$ 1 00
J. V. Alexander, 62 cents; C. H. Amsdem, 62 cents; Mrs. S. J. Arnold, 65 cents; Misses Anderson, 62 cents; W. F. Balkam, 62 cents; Edward Brewster, 62 cents; Miss Badger, 62 cents; Mrs. G. C. Buell, 62 cents; Miss J. Barton, 62 cents; Mrs. N. L. Button, 62 cents; Mrs. E. T. Cory, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Fitch, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Howard, 62 cents; D. C. Hyde, 62 cents; Mrs. B. R. Lawrence, 62 cents; Mrs. E. M. Moore, 62 cents; P. McConneil, 62 cents; Mrs. A. McVean, 62 cents; Mrs. H. H. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Moore, 62 cents; Dr. M. Malory, 62 cents; Odenbach & Shall, 62 cents; Mrs. A. W. Riley, 62 cents; Mrs. H. T. Rogers, 62 cents; Mrs. H. F. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. S. C. Steele, 2 cents; Mrs. L. Sunderlin, 62 cents; M. Van Voorhis, 50 cents; Mrs. J. C. Van Epps, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Whitteley, 62 cents; Miss Wild, 75 cents; Mrs. L. G. Wetmore, 62 cents; Mrs. H. D. Williams, 62 cents; Mrs. A. G. Yates, 62 cents by Hattie Smith.	21 12
Atling & Cory, Adv., \$5.00; W. B. Brown, Norfolk, Va., 50 cents; Mrs. A. G. Bradstreet, Topeka, Kansas, 50 cents; Mrs. Geo. Cummings, 62 cents; Miss E. Z. Field, Albion, [2 subs.] \$1.00; Miss F. Hooker, Skaneateles, \$1.00; Mrs. J. C. Jones, Pawlet, Vt., 50 cents; Miss Eliza H. Little, 75 cents; Mrs. L. F. Lawton, Olean, \$2.00; Mrs. W. J. Milne, Genesee, \$1.00; Mechanics' Savings Bank Adv., \$15.00; A. W. Mudge, Adv., \$5.00; Mrs. J. N. Pomeroy, New Haven, Conn., 76 cents; Hon. C. R. Parsons, 75 cents; Mrs. A. H. Porter, Niagara Falls, 50 cents; C. F. Paine & Co., Adv., \$5.00; Mrs. D. K. Robinson, \$1.00; Joseph Schleyer, Adv., \$5.00; Smith, Perkins & Co., Adv., \$5.00; Woodbury, Morse & Co., Adv., \$5.00, by Treasurer.	55 88

MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treas
96 Spring Street.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Feb. 1st	114
Number rec'd during month	65
Births	2
	181
Discharged during month	50
Deaths	4
Number remaining in Hospital, Mar. 1st	127
	181

Died.

Died at the Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 16,
Robert Prenter, aged 23 years.
Feb. 21, Louis Fuller, aged 30 years.
Feb. 22, Sophia Leland, aged 28 years.
Feb. 28, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, Herbert R. Simons, aged 22 years.

February Donations.

Mrs. Hoyt—1 pair of baby shoes.
Mrs. Henry F. Huntington—Old linen.
Rochester Book Club by Mrs. Theodore Bacon, 13 books.
Miss Cogswell—Old linen and cotton.
E. H. Cotman—4 chair cushions.
Mrs. Salsbury, Mrs. M. W. Cooke, Mrs. Maltby Strong—Reading matter.
Howe & Rogers—1 piece of marble cloth.
Mrs. Childs—Worsted for the children.
Mrs. Chester Field of Gates—Old cotton.
L. V. Doty of Genesee—Second hand clothing, picture cards and books for the Pavilion.
Gracie Castleton—Cards and books.
Carrie and Bessie Osburn—12 story books and 1 scrap book.
Young Ladies Mission Circle of the White Church, Bergen—1 bed quilt.
Friend—Old cotton.

Bury Thy Sorrow.

Bury thy sorrow, the world hath its share,
Bury it deeply, hide it with care.

Think of it calmly when curtained by night,
Tell it to Jesus, and all will be right.

Gather the sunlight aglow on the way,
Gather the moonbeams, each soft, silvery ray.

Hearts grown aweary with heavier woe
Droop into sadness, go, comfort them, go.

Bury thy sorrow, let others be blest,
Give them the sunshine—tell Jesus the rest.

There arrived in Louisville, a few days ago, a poor man who, accompanied by his small dog, had walked all the way from Mississippi to obtain treatment in our hospital. When told that he could enter the hospital but must abandon his dog to take care of himself, *the poor man took the dog in his arms and with tears running down his face said he was the best friend he had in the world, and he would rather die with his dog in the street than go to the hospital and abandon him.* The commissioner gave him a permit to enter the hospital and to take his dog with him.—*Louisville, Kentucky, Courier Journal.*

Oh that we could always think of God as we do of a friend, as of One who unfeignedly loves us, even more than we do ourselves!—*Baxter.*

In sweet belief I know,
Which way my life doth go,
Since God permitteth so,
That must be best.

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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By mail..... 50 "

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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.

Letters of inquiry, and All business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 96 Spring Street.

RATES OF ADVERTISING

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One Year..... 5.00	One Column, 1 Year...	26.00

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Dress Goods,

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—AND—

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rare designs and newest colorings, at the lowest market prices.

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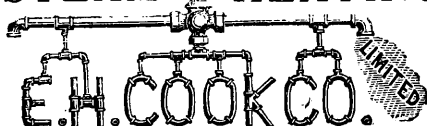
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXIV

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 16, 1888.

No. 9.

Commencement Exercises.

According to previous announcement, the exercises of the Sixth Annual Commencement of the Training School for Nurses, connected with the Rochester City Hospital, were held in the First Presbyterian Church, on the evening of March 29th, 1888.

A large and appreciative audience, by their presence and marked attention, testified their interest in this department of Hospital work.

The church was tastefully decorated with palms, potted flowers, and bouquets given by the junior class for the graduates, and presented to them after the reading of the essays. Conspicuous among the floral ornaments was a large basket of calla lilies,

roses, and daisies, sent to the graduating class by Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Harrison, of Dunkirk, N. Y., in memory of their son, Dr. Mark Harrison, the beloved, promising young physician, who, after six months' service in the City Hospital, died there of peritonitis, on the 26th of September last.

Dr. E. V. Stoddard presided on the occasion and the platform was graced by members of the Hospital Staff and Rev. James Shaw, D. D., and Rev. A. W. Hayes. Mr. William Burke and Mr. George Perkins kindly officiated as ushers.

It was an interesting sight as the Supervising nurse, the graduating class, the under graduates in their appropriate Hospital uniform—seersucker dresses, white caps and aprons—and the probationers, thirty in all, passed up the centre aisle of the

church and took their places in the southwest corner.

As we gazed at that band of young women consecrated to the noble work of ministering to the unfortunate and afflicted, we felt we could hardly over estimate the possibilities that were wrapped up in their future. What precious lives might be saved through their trained, skilful services ! What pains and sorrows alleviated ! What rest and comfort afforded the weak sufferer ! How tenderly the sinking ones might be guided to the heavenly portal ! How relieved and comforted might be the loving friends of the afflicted by help in time of need !

Rev. A. W. Hayes, of the Cornhill Methodist church offered the opening prayer, and Rhineberger's "Reverie" was most acceptably rendered by the Euterpe club, under the direction of Professor Henry Greiner. Dr. Stoddard then introduced the hoary-headed, warm-hearted, silver-tongued favorite, Dr. Shaw, whom we all love to welcome. Every year he seems drawing nearer the celestial city, breathing more of its purer air, partaking more and more of its heavenly food, and imbibing and diffusing more and more of the loving spirit of the Master, whose delight it was to go about doing good.

ADDRESS.

By Rev. Dr. Shaw.

The divinest work which any one can do is ministering to his needy and unfortunate brother. Man never gets so near to God as when he is helping his fellow man. Jesus by His methods while on earth settled this principle for all those who receive Him as their Master. And He settled it by proving in this way His Messiahship, by letting the world know, in this way, that He for whom it had waited so long had at last come. He went about doing good—He hunted up those who had been left by the wayside, those who had been swept as rubbish into the street ; forlorn and hapless creatures for whom no one but Him could do anything.

In reading the life of our Lord how often do we find such a passage as this : " And His fame went throughout all Syria, and they brought unto Him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases, and those that were lunatic, and those that had the palsy, and He healed them." They were His credentials.

Our Hebrew fellow citizens have made this great principle the law of their lives. This is their definition of a righteous man: The man who renders to his needy brother and to his God, that which is their due. They have their charities, noble charities, charities which make no invidious distinctions, charities which help a man because he is a man, a man of the common brotherhood, a child of the ever-living, ever-loving Father whom we all adore. They never suffer any of their own poor to come on the county or the city, nor do they make the care which they take of their own an excuse for neglecting others. Theirs is that divine charity which is no respecter of persons.

Now, this ministering to those who enter life at a disadvantage and those who were overtaken by misfortune after they set out on the journey, is the more imperative because we are so mutually dependent. The hour is not far off when we ourselves will need help. I do not say that the time is coming when you will be thankful for a loaf, were it even a mouldy one ; when you would count a cast-off garment no small mercy ; when you would sooner see some friendly, ministering form at your bedside than have an angel come into the room, although he brought all his glory with him. Dear friend, you know and I know as well, that you will need help to put on the last garment you will ever wear. Our final ministrations, in the sick room, and in the chamber of death, is just doing for others what they before the year is out may have to be doing for us. Now the man who does the most for others is at the same time doing the most for himself. This ministering to the sick and the afflicted is a training school where we may gradually learn that supernal goodness which is the true glory of God. The obligation is not all on one side. You give your brother food and raiment. You give him skillful advice and careful nursing ; you give him strength and health and a new lease of life. But, dear friend, does not he at the same time, indirectly give you that gentleness

that watchfulness, that patience, that self-sacrificing spirit which sometimes goes so far as to make us forget there is any self in the case? You are getting your sick brother ready to go back into the world and take up his work where he laid it down; he at the same time is fitting you to enter your Father's house and be as much at home as if you had been born there. Do not let yourself believe that your sick brother owes everything to you and you nothing to him. The last day would reverse such a judgment. It will appear in the end that the man ministered unto was the greater benefactor. He was poor for our sakes, he was sick for our sakes. When we reach the better country we will have to say, "I should never have been where I am and what I am but for the opportunities of service which my needy brother gave me."

Then, dear friends, we must not forget that, so far as ministering to the sick is concerned, the easier tasks have been assigned to us. We are not asked to breathe the contagion; we are not asked to administer the remedies; we are not asked to keep the night vigils, watch until the stars are weary watching with us. We are not asked to do any of the work, or run any of the risk. Nothing is required of us but to furnish the supplies. Now is it not a shame, is it not worse than that, is it not a sin that in such a city as this—so large, so prosperous, so beautiful; a city where there is so much cultivation, so much refinement, so much good fellowship, a city of churches and altars and Christian homes, O! is it not a shame and a sin, that the noble men and women, who have given us this hospital and have watched over it, as if it were what it is, some of the fire which came down from heaven, O! is it not a shame and a sin, that these men and women should have to put up with so many hindrances, should have to labor under so many disadvantages, that they should have to do their work as the man who breaks stone on the highway does his, with a ball and a chain? O! is it not a shame and a sin that the noblest of all our philanthropic institutions, should have from year to year to beg its bread, to be put off with half a loaf?

When I think of this City Hospital and that other Hospital, of which we are also proud; when I think of this City Hospital, and what it might be and what it might do,

when I think of the sufferings which it might alleviate, of the lives which it might save, of the homes which it might keep from being left desolate—when I think of these things I find it hard to keep my heart still. When I think of these things and bear in mind at the same time that there are hundreds and thousands in this city who have been brought into a straight place by their own prosperity, who do not know what to do with their surplus, who do not know where to put their money and be sure that they will see it again—O! when I think of these things it seems as if my heart would miss the stroke. Do not know where to put your money? Put it into that Hospital, whose anniversary we have met this night to celebrate—put it there, and I will give you God's guarantee, that you will see it again. That money will meet you before the great white throne—meet you there with those whose pillows it smoothed—whose eyes it closed for the long, last sleep. The hungry, the naked, the stranger, the sick, they will all be there, and every one of them with a good word for you. And my friend is not this the meaning of your prosperity—is not this the reason, why you have been blessed above your fellows? Have you not some money in your possession, which was meant for this noble institution. Has not your sick brother's portion of the common patrimony, been entrusted to your keeping? God left it with you because you are a sagacious man, left it with you because you have financial ability, left it with you because your brother was not competent to look after himself. But remember it is his portion. You are simply his guardian and trustee, and remember as well that no day is so sure to come as that day when God will reckon with his earthly stewards—when he will know what they have done with that which he entrusted to their keeping—what they have done with their brother's portion of the common patrimony. I am happy to say there are some prosperous men among us who seem to have learned what their prosperity means; men who are giving liberally to every good cause; men who ought to be held in the highest honor; men worthy of all the homage which one man may lawfully give to another. May God so add to the number of such men, that when we meet next year we may meet to congratulate each other that we have an overrunning treasury and not a debt unpaid.

The audience were again favored with a song by the Euterpe Club. "The Reapers," after which the following essays were read by members of the graduating class :

OUR PROFESSION.

Nursing, as a profession, is not now to be attained by simply going to a case and "picking it up," as it is termed, but one that requires instructions and experience by the bedside, in a Hospital having a Training School.

In the course of the two years spent in the City Hospital over eighty lectures have been delivered by the Staff. There have been also numerous quizzes and classes, comprising both oral instructions and bandaging. At the end of each year we are examined by the physicians. I do not think there is any busier life for a young woman than that in a Training School. There are duty hours, lectures, classes, and the lectures are to be written up from notes and handed in for correction within a week.

A nurse has often a very hard position, she sometimes cannot please both doctor and friends. I have often thought it is like trying to please God and mammon ; a patient wants one thing, his doctor orders another. For instance, a patient having fever is on liquid diet and probably craving solid food, you must not give it. No one without experience knows how hard it is to refuse the sick what they ask, especially when the patient is a child.

Two years have taught us many things. By contact with the sick and unfortunate we understand the value of sympathetic words and a cheering presence. Particularly is this true in the hospital, where there are many without friends or relatives to bestow upon them a kind word or the slightest attention.

What better opportunity can there be for developing character? Much that is noble and truly courageous is brought out through pain and sorrow, or contact with them.

"The good are better made by ill,

As odors crushed are sweeter still."

Nursing is an art, and requires as exclusive a devotion, as hard a preparation, as any painter or sculptor's work.

I have said a nurse must be bright and cheerful. A sick person nearly always looks on the dark side of things. It is our duty to show the brighter side. One is seldom sick physically alone, there is mental sickness, which no medicine will cure. It is a common remark made to some, who think of entering upon this work, "You could not take up nursing, you have too much life." *Life*, that is what a nurse needs. One can have life and be quiet and gentle, or one can be sober and seem sad, yet slam a door or let the pitcher fall in the wash basin. Some people again have an idea that only maiden ladies or widows can take up successfully this work. This is not the case. It is not limited to a class of people, but is to be filled by those who have a taste for it, and the strength to discharge its duties.

One becomes the more infatuated with the work by experience. At first nothing is inter-

esting and it seems as if one would never succeed ; but by gaining knowledge, enthusiasm increases.

It is not many years since Training Schools were started, and now they are to be found in nearly all our large cities. Soon there will be few persons able to find employment as nurses, without a diploma. In letters from England, we read, that it is now fashionable for young women to enter Training Schools.

At Windsor Castle how proud those nurses must have been on receiving the Royal Red Cross. But they worked for it, and that is what we all have to do in order to obtain rewards, work faithfully and unflinchingly.

Though only a few favored ones can be admitted to wear the decoration so graciously given at Windsor in the summer of 1883, we all may receive the inward symbol, the Cross of Christ.

REBECCA A. SERCOMBE.

WAYSIDE INFLUENCE.

Who can measure the influence of the modern system of nursing? To understand the almost revolutionary progress that has been made in caring for the sick, we have to remember that for thirty years the only nursing in Bellevue Hospital, New York City, was done by convicts from the Female Penitentiary. To-day, in place of attendants who were often drunken, profane, and scandalous, and frequently rendered the best medical skill useless, there are women of intelligence and refinement, especially trained to care for the sick.

Human experience has clearly demonstrated that we are all the helpless subjects of influence, be the sphere in which we act great or small. This influence may be unconscious or indirect, yet not less positive and powerful. It is said that when Thorwaldsen, the Danish sculptor, returned to his native land, with those rare and wonderful works of art, chiselled with patient toil in Italy, which have made his name immortal, the servants, who unpacked the marbles, scattered upon the ground the straw which was wrapped around them, and the next summer flowers were blooming in the streets of Copenhagen, from the seeds thus borne and planted by accident. While pursuing his glorious purpose and leaving magnificent results in marble, the sculptor was at the same time unintentionally and unconsciously scattering other beautiful things in his path, to give cheer and gladness to others. And so in all our true living, we are ever, without intention, performing a series of secondary acts, which yield most beneficent results. There is a daily wayside usefulness made up of countless little courtesies, gentle words, impulses given by our salutations—a usefulness, undesigned, unplanned, and unnoticed. Yet it is impossible to measure the results of these accidents of usefulness. To hear some nurses' cheery "Good morning" makes one happier all day, while to encounter others is as dispiriting as to meet a funeral procession.

We start out on our daily round of duties and perform them with more or less faithfulness. But during the day we find opportuni-

ties for doing many minor kindnesses. By a gentle bearing, a hopeful word, and a thoughtful expression of the sympathy and interest we feel, we may give many a patient courage to bear more bravely heavy burdens. Though these things may be done unintentionally, yet like the flowers the sculptor bore back amid the wrappings of his marbles, they yield loveliness and fragrance to brighten many a bare and suffering life.

We, as members of the Training School for Nurses, will soon separate, some, perhaps, to meet no more. But none of us can take with us the influence which we have here exerted. It is what we *have been* that will live and act after us. Though we can never recall the past, though its unused opportunities will never come back to us, there are other years and more work before us. Let us go forth to this work armed with the strength of Christ. Let us live to make others happy and to help relieve suffering humanity. Thus may we leave behind us a name fragrant with influences for good.

ARDA M. HYATT.

A Night of Song—A Hospital Story.

BY A HOSPITAL NURSE.

He lay there in the ward, a strange, dark man, Pallid and wasted, with deep-shadowed eyes, So mournful, in their sad intensity, That I who nursed him, day by day, Wondered full often what his life had been. So patient always in his waning strength, Through sleepless nights and days of weariness. So courteous in his graceful foreign way, But always with that shadow-haunted face, As if all hope in life had died for him.

The singers came one day, and softly sweet Throughout the quiet ward their voices stole; How earnestly he listened! His dark eyes Grown luminous, his wasted cheek aflame. And as the music rises full and sweet, His lips are moving, for he too would sing, But faint and tremulous the tones. His voice Is but the hollow echo of a song, And soon he closed the book with weary sigh.

"Would the Senora wish to hear The reason why I cannot sing? The voice that once could charm the ear Is now a crushed and broken thing, A weary bird that fain would soar But wounded unto death, no more To rise on free, unfettered wing." And then he told with faint, half-whispered words,

In his soft Spanish accent, this strange tale:

"The night is clear. The night is cold, Against the whiteness of the snow The moonlight throws, in outline bold, Our moving shadows as we go Across the prairies' trackless waste, A misty wilderness and wild. All nature pale and frozen-faced. No breathing life ourselves beside. Dim in the distance, far ahead, The jagged line of mountain peaks Looms heavenward, and tranquilly

The night stars glimmer in the sky, The night is silent as the dead. But for my mustang's restive tread No sound the lonesome stillness breaks. Yet listen! Was the still air stirred

By breath of wind, or any thing? Ah! idle thought. There is no wind And yet there follows from behind A strange, half-mournful, yearning cry, So faint and far it scarce can be The harbinger of aught to dread.

"A sudden horror seizes me That stills the blood-beats of my heart, For looking back I can descry A something stirring, small and black; And yet another, then a score. The strange wild cry breaks forth again. Not one voice now, but many more. Ah! well I know that nearing sound, And what those moving objects mean. Delgado Julio Garjene The prairie-wolves are on your track.

"Can this be death that comes apace? I grasp my pistol. Yes, a few I may destroy. My aim is true. When every shot is spent what then? A legion is the grizzly crew. Jesu Maria! How they speed!

"There stands a lonely hut hard by Untenanted, with open door, The only place of refuge nigh. I check my horse its walls before, Dismounting here, with hand on rein. Perchance this dwelling rude and low May prove a covert from the foe. Now wilder grows my frightened horse, No words of mine can quiet him, He trembles so in every limb, And breaking from me, suddenly, He flies away across the plain. I call his name aloud in vain.

"The hut is but a ruin old, For one beset, a worthless hold. No safety lies its walls within. The foe would easy entrance win, The rotten door would brook no force, The roof is rifted, deep and wide. Like rat in trap I will not die, The demon brutes shall feast outside.

"What have I dreamed, or read, or heard? Was it a tale of truth, that men Hard-pressed have bound as with a spell Mad wolves, by some weird, mystic strain Awoke from sleeping violin? Though naught have I on which to play, Is not there power as well in song. My voice is clear, and sweet, and strong, May I not sing my doom away? Only this chance is left me now. Will the wild creatures pause to hark To sound of voice? If not, good-bye To prairie wild and glad free skies.

"Nearer they come, and yet more near, Grey, gruesome forms and terrible, A sight to freeze the blood with fear,

Mad demon dogs, gaunt hounds of Hell.
My voice rang out upon the air,
What song I know not to this day,
Methinks that it was half a prayer
As standing there alone, at bay,
I faced the startled, surging pack.
With hungry eyes they close around.
The cabin's roof stands not so high
But they could reach me at a bound.

"Ah! I have sung to crowded halls
When loud the flattering plaudits rang,
And seen fair faces flush and pale
And strong men swayed as by a gale,
But never sang, as then I sung,
Those gaping jaws of death among.
It all is like a nightmare dream.
The dark shapes moving to and fro,
The red jaws fanged, and gnashing so,
The lurid eyes like fiery balls.

"Like centuries, the night hours seem,
The slowly creeping hours and long,
Yet I must never cease my song.
When will the blessed morning come?
My throat is parched, my brain on fire,
My limbs are cold as dead men's are.
I look above, each burning star
Shines calmly on my agony.
Below the dreadful shapes of doom
Are rife with hunger's mad desire.
The night-time flies on leaden wing,
Jesu, help me! still I sing.
My strength is failing now I feel,
My heart grows weak, my senses reel,
My voice is fainting, I must die.

"But lo the dawning of the day,
Now shining in the east afar!
New courage fills my heart like wine,
The victory shall yet be mine.
The morning comes, the shadows wane.
Like creatures born of night and gloom
The cowering wild beasts shrink away.

"Past is the terrible ordeal,
But all too great the fearful strain,
I murmur not. It was to be,
For I shall never sing again."

MARY M. LANGFORD.

"GILD THE PILL."

There is hardly any subject of more universal application than that of making the best of whatever comes to us. For no matter how serene one's career, how successful one's life, there will come up, often unexpectedly, something that baffles, and a day when one's will is thwarted. No one becomes as rich, as happy, as strong, as good, or as wise as he would like to be. No one is to be found to whom aspiration and accomplishment, planning and fulfillment are one and the same thing.

The world comes to us all and says, "Do a hundred things that you don't want to do." And the worst of it all is, or at least the fact of it is, we do them!

But because these things are true, that we may never become the persons we want to be, or do the things that we want to do, or get the happiness that we aim for, or turn the

world upside down, well shall we give way in a dull submission? Shall we take it all as the inevitable, and bear it all as the quarry slave his burden, with no smile, no strength? Rather let us *accept* our lot—and *transform* it.

Sweetness and blessedness may be found in necessity, and "you must," becomes a sentence of freedom, when we say with joy, "I will!" One of the secrets of a happy life is to retain freshness of feeling, and the capacity of receiving pleasure from common things. It is a pathetic outcome of a man's life, when he wearies of the stage before he has acted his part—when the colors fade—the skies chill—the birds sing at longer intervals, and the expectation of youth that every day will bring some pleasure is gone. The very order of the seasons ought to save us from the monotony which is the bane of so many lives.

We do not need the naturalist's knowledge, nor the sensitive training of the poet, to feel the charm of nature's common things, and to permit them to reach our minds and hearts. An open heart and an open mind will enrich and refresh us beyond our thought.

Another thing—don't let us live in isolation, but find "'tis easier taking hold of hands," making ourselves such a part of this great world that it will not be for us merely "four square walls." It is as true as it is trite, that every man is the architect of his own fortune, and it may just as truly be said, that we are our own colorists. If we persist in seeing our circumstances, our surroundings, in dead, gray tones, life will be one long, cold November day; if we throw only dashes of white, black and gray about all that concerns us, life will necessarily be a boisterous March. Our work ministers to, or detracts from our enjoyment in the spirit with which we accept and do it.

There were not many furrows on the face of the car driver of the following incident, though his years would justify them: A teller of a suburban bank, who had to make use of the horse cars in going to and from his place of business, and who preferred an airy outside berth on the front platform to a seat and the stifling atmosphere on the inside of the car, was enjoying his daily trip the other morning, and engaged in conversation with the driver. The talk finally drifted to the hours demanded by their respective callings. "What are your hours?" asked the driver, addressing the manipulator of the national currency. "From ten to three," was the reply.

"Thunder!" came the emphatic comment. "You must have a hard master, to make you crowd a big day's work into five hours. Why, my company gives me fourteen in which to do mine."

The view he took of his *work* colored his life. He saw sunshine where others might see only the shade. There is an old nursery tale of a man, and he "was wondrous wise," that jumped into a bramble bush to get back his eyes, after he had scratched them out there. Let our experience be not unlike that of this mythical man—let us not seek to spy out a new spot for pleasure, but choose to stay where duty places us, and win answering smiles and

enjoyment as we overcome the unpleasant and serenely "gild the pills."

SARA E. HYATT.

Miss E. Sybella Moyle read an essay entitled "A Day in a Hospital," in which she described the duties and occupations of a pupil in the Training School for Nurses. This essay was borrowed by a reporter, who has failed to return it, as he promised to do, consequently we cannot give it to our readers.

After the reading of the essays, the graduating class, consisting of Misses Mary M. Langford, Arda M. Hyatt, Eliza McElroy, Hattie L. Newcomb, Rebecca A. Sercombe, Elizabeth M. Read, Sara E. Hyatt, Annie S. Lull, and E. Sybella Moyle took their places in front of the platform, and before receiving their diplomas were thus addressed by Dr. David Little:

YOUNG WOMEN:—In presenting these diplomas I would like, if I knew how, to condense "much in little," to crowd a world of counsel into a microcosm of wisdom. For to advise you *in extenso* what to do, and what not to do, would be, largely, a repetition of the many lectures you have already heard. You hardly expect this, and your friends here gathered would hardly relish it. A few years ago, when sending a son to college, I took occasion to fill him up with choice bits of wisdom extracted from my own experience. The lad seemed serious and attentive, until the end, when a younger brother, who had listened from behind the door, broke in with, "In short, 'Be good, and you'll be happy.'" It is safe to say, the boy's apothegm lived in the memory of the young freshman long after the father's serious lecture had faded into oblivion. This sentiment, then, I offer to you: "Be good and you'll be happy." "All around" goodness, namely physical, mental and moral goodness doesn't come naturally to any one, nor does it come to stay, unless sedulously and ceaselessly cultivated. Passive goodness is a misnomer; a contradiction of terms. Nothing stands still in this world. It must be progression or retrogression. You know it is a physiological law that certain activities of its various functions are necessary to promote the growth, development, strength and usefulness—or in a

word, the goodness of the body. The same is true of the mind and moral nature. Exercise and training of their respective faculties means retention and growth of mental and moral strength and goodness. Just as certainly disuse of such activities means mental and moral atrophy. It follows as a corollary that being good involves and enhances the power of doing good—to be good is to do good, and that is what you are here for. Happy indeed, the person in possession of this comprehensive goodness! A nurse thus endowed would be peerless. My young friends, this short piece of counsel, read between the lines, is a lecture against laziness,

"And may you better reckon the rede
Than ever did th' adviser."

Without further ado, please accept these diplomas with the benediction of the officers of the Rochester City Hospital.

Gottschalk's "Slumber Long" was then charmingly rendered by the Euterpe club; the benediction was pronounced by Rev. A. W. Hayes.

The public exercises over, many persons gathered around the graduates to express their gratification at the success of the evening, among them were some who in other years had been members of the Training School. One of the class of 1887 came from Brooklyn purposely to be present. She said she had had constant employment since she left the hospital. We were pleased also to notice Miss Markham, predecessor of Miss Lawrence, our present Supervising Nurse.

There was a gathering of the graduates and their friends on returning to the Hospital, where the Lady Managers had prepared an entertainment for them.

♦♦♦
Thanks.

The managers of the City Hospital would return their grateful thanks to the editors and proprietors of the city papers for their notices of the annual commencement exercises of the Training School for nurses; also to those who so liberally sup-

plied them with flowers and potted plants, at a time when there was such demand for these at Easter services. They would especially remember Mr. White for his potted plants, Mrs. William Kimball, Mrs. J. Antstice and Miss Frost for their beautiful cut flowers. They would also thank Prof. Greiner and the Euterpe club for their acceptable musical services, which added so much to the pleasure of the evening.

TO THE SENIOR AND JUNIOR NURSES OF
THE TRAINING SCHOOL.

The Graduating Class feel that they owe very much to your kindness and thoughtfulness for their pleasure at their Commencement, and desire to thank you for your many attentions.

March 30, 1888.

Our Wants.

We trust Dr. Shaw's stirring appeal will bring forth some substantial response. The City Hospital debt is steadily increasing. Sanitary reasons are constantly demanding repairs. The admission of thirty nurses to our Training School crowds the Hospital, and an outside structure is greatly needed where dormitories and a pleasant parlor could be provided for the nurses when off duty. We have plenty of ground room, and we hope some one, as a memorial offering, or otherwise, will meet this want. A laundry outside the Hospital has become a necessity. Who will build one for us?

Dr. Rider is very anxious some separate building should be provided for the treatment of diseases of the eye. Physicians, generally, do not like to take charge of such cases. Dr. Rider has been very successful as a specialist in this department, and has not in his own home accommodations for the numerous cases that come to him for treatment. He is willing to give his services to the needy, if a suitable place can be provided for them, as there is now in many of our larger cities.

Our capacity for improvement is large; and answering blessings will be appreciated by our inmates. Our growing city demands a growing hospital.

The Hospital Inmates.

Saturday, the seventh of April, was a busy day at the Hospital, and the house officers and nurses were so occupied we could not obtain very full reports of the condition of the patients. Dr. Whitbeck and Dr. Rider were performing surgical operations at the time of our visit, and the nurses who could be spared from the wards were with them. Two accident cases had been brought in during the morning. The one was that of a boy whose finger had been split nearly to the second joint; the other was a sprained or fractured ankle that was to be encased in a plaster cast. Dr. Ely had performed a surgical operation, and Dr. Rider had been seeking to restore a boy's deformed upper eyelid to its proper place, but as the nurse was reporting this case to us she was called away, and we failed to receive a clear idea of the operation.

There were sixteen patients in the Male Medical Ward, three of whom were confined to their beds. One man had died in the morning of some disease of the heart; another was very low with diseased kidneys, some were suffering from consumption, others from paralysis and rheumatism; two were convalescing from fevers.

A group, among whom were two sisters of charity, were gathered around the cot of a man in the Male Surgical Ward whose face, arms and lower limbs had been badly scalded by an explosion in a brewery. A youth from Webster, fifteen years old had his arm bandaged. While loading a shot gun it had gone off and so injured his right hand that he had lost the first finger, and one hundred and twenty-seven shot had been removed. The accident occurred a month before, but the hand was still

painful. A German had been brought in during the morning with a fractured leg. Jacob Morse was reclining on his cot with his crutches beside him; he had six ulcers which were discharging, and of course weakening him. The man who had injured his face by falling down stairs had recovered and gone home. A private patient whose leg had been amputated had also left the Hospital. The man whose mangled hand had been amputated, was improving, the wound had nearly healed; the man whose eye was removed had also done well.

The isolated pavilions were both occupied; the one with sufferers from erysipelas, the other with a diphtheria patient. These were cared for by nurses who were isolated.

The Female Medical Ward was very full, twenty-three being under treatment, eight of whom were confined to their cots. No death had occurred during the month. Some in this ward were convalescing from various weaknesses, others were afflicted with dyspepsia, rheumatism, consumption, cancer, diseases of the heart and dropsical effusions, and some were aged and feeble. One rheumatic patient had left and taken a position as book-keeper.

Thirteen patients were in the Female Surgical Ward. One with a fractured thigh and another with ulcerated lower limbs were confined to their beds. One was in Dr. Whitbeck's hands in the operating room. There were two new patients one of whom was receiving treatment for swollen limbs. The young lady who was operated upon for blood tumor was nearly well, had been out doors several times. *Grossmutter* was singing and seemed very happy. She is now ninety-two years old, or as she says "eighty-twelve." She is very particular about the flowers she receives from the Flower Mission. Saturday is the day they distribute their welcome gifts, and the bouquet she received in the morning did not satisfy her, so one of the

other patients exchanged with her and she was gratified.

We were struck with the gentle, yet firm and kind bearing of the nurse in this ward, and the loving spirit, evinced to some that were not specially attractive, seemed to shed sunshine through the apartment. It is delightful to witness the interest shown in some cases, where care and great patience are required in dealing with the invalids, and only those who frequently visit the Hospital, or are constantly there, can appreciate the loving ministries of those who, following in the steps of the Master, go about doing good.

Our Hospital is doing a great work and its needs are proportionate. As we went through the wards our hearts echoed the words of Dr. Shaw and we wished we could wield a pen that would reach the hearts of those who are made stewards of the silver and the gold.

The Little Folks.

We found three young babies with their mothers in the Nursery, but the lower wards of the Children's Pavilion looked unusually empty, as all who were well enough and of suitable age had gone into the chapel, where one of the lady managers was holding a religious service, in which the children and some of the older patients appeared much interested. Mrs. Shannon had the little ones close by her. They were pleased with the songs. Two little girls thirteen and eleven years old come every Saturday to play and sing at this service, and some of the Hospital inmates join in the songs.

In the Boys Ward of the Children's Pavilion we found George Ennis, a little boy seven years old, with deformed limbs; he was playing dominos with his mother who was visiting him and trying to amuse him. George has been deformed since he was two years old. Mary Hills, four years old, was playing near George. She had had an

operation for a growth in her ear. Courtney was still in bed, having been confined there since the bone of his leg had been scraped. He was sitting up in bed and using the top of the wash-stand bureau that was between him and the next cot, as a table on which to play his dominos. The little companion who was playing with him was in the next cot. His name is Willie Reus; he has trouble with the knee and one of his legs is shorter than the other, he has an extension applied to it which he wears night and day. Jacob Striker, who has eczema of the scalp is improving. Henry Mattis was also in his bed with an extension which he wears all the time. Sada Hollohan had just wakened from her afternoon nap, and was pleased to show us how well she could walk.

Correction.

Mrs. Edwin Bates, of New York, sent us in December last a valuable trunk of clothing, which, by mistake, in the January REVIEW, was credited to another person.¹

Since the above was in type there comes to us the news of Mrs. Bates' sudden death. She has long been interested in the hospital, and her mother was an active member of the Board of Lady Managers.

A new hard wood floor has just been laid in the bath room adjoining the linen closet, an improvement greatly needed, for which we are indebted to Dr. Rider.

Died.

Died at the City Hospital, March 2, Charles Gilbert, aged 62 years.

March 6 of Cerebral Apoplexy, William McNaughton, aged 24 years.

March 9 of diphtheria, Inez Davis.

March 15 of diphtheria, Ruby Sherman, aged 23 years.

March 14, Geo. H. Kearnes, aged 27 years.

Rochester City Hospital.

Patients are here received on City or County orders, or on the recommendation of any of the Attending Physicians and Surgeons or Lady Managers, or by direct application to the Recorder at the Hospital. The charge to patients in the large wards is four dollars a week; in private wards accommodating three patients each, six dollars a week; this includes board, medicines, nursing; also medical attendance to those unable to pay for it.

The charge to patients in private rooms is from eight to fifteen dollars a week, which includes board, medicines, (exclusive of stimulants,) and ordinary nursing. An extra charge is made for a private nurse. Private patients choose their own physician, who may be of any school.

Donations.

Dr. Edward Angell\$ 10 00

DONATIONS ON BILLS.

Samuel Sloan 23 47

L. S. Graves & Son 17 10

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.

March Donations.

Busy Bees of Perry—3 comforters, books, cards, pictures, bibs and aprons.

Mrs. Lawton of Olean—Fruit for the children.

Miss Gould of Brighton—8 short night dresses, 18 pads, 4 flannel rests.

Miss Jeffrey—2 copies of Scribner's.

Daniel B. Beach, Mrs. Eliza Loop, Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, Miss Clarice Jeffrey, Mrs. Churchill, Miss Bowman—Reading matter.

Miss A. S. Mumford—1 full sized overcoat, 1 boy's overcoat, 1 vest, 1 flannel shirt, old flannel and reading matter.

Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt—Second hand clothing for children.

Hattie Eldridge, Norwich, N. Y.,—1 beautiful card album, reading matter, games, dolls for the children. old linen and cotton.

Friend—Dressing gown.

Mrs. Wright—Quantity of magazines and church papers.

L. F. Lawton, Olean, N. Y.—5 books.

Mrs. George W. Smith—2 volumes of Harper's bound.

Mrs. James H. Gould, Seneca Falls—Dressing gown and worsted boots.

Mrs. L. S. Chapin—Second hand shirts.

Mrs. W. W. Campbell, Cherry Valley—Afghan for St. Luke's room.

Edith Hooker—Books, toys, Easter cards and candy for the children.

The Parent Stem—3 infant shirts.

The First Twig—1 doz. infant bands.

Mrs. Hecht—Children's clothing.

Receipts for the Review

MARCH, 1888.

Miss Jeannie Curry, by Miss Pixley.....	\$.62
Mrs. J. DeF. Richards, Chadron, Neb., 50 cents; Mrs. C. Smith, Andover, Mass., 50 cents; by Mrs. S. H. Terry	1.00
J. M. Brown, 62 cents; Mrs. C. C. Davi- son, 62 cents; by Mrs. C. E. Converse	1.24
D Palmer, adv., \$5.00; by Mrs. M. M. Mathews.....	5.00
Mrs. L. H. Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. Harvey W. Brown, 62 cents; Mrs. C. T. Con- verse, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Castleman, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Canfield, 62 cents; Miss L. O. Caldwell, 62 cents; Mrs. P. Epstein, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Finkle, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Furman, 62 cents; Mrs. M. R. Fairman, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Hamilton, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Mandeville, 62 cents; Mrs. T. Meyer, 62 cents; R. Milliman, 62 Miss S. Newell; 62 cents; Mrs. N. P. Osborn, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Rapalje 62 cents; Mrs. S. Sloan, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Taylor, 62 cents; Mrs. James Upton, \$1.25; Mrs. W. W. Varney, 62 cents; Mrs. George G. Wanzer, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Wallace, 62 cents; Mrs. Isaac Willis, 62 cents; Mrs. G. D. Williams, 62 cents; by Miss Hat- tie Smith.....	16.13
Miss C. M. Avers, 62 cents; Mrs. F. R. Delano Niagara Falls, 50 cents; Mrs. Thomas Dransfield, 62 cents; Hamilton & Mathews, adv., \$5.00; Mrs. E. Ray, Batavia, 50 cents; Mrs. J. W. Swift, for Miss Webb, Geneva, 50 cents; Miss Fannie D. Wilder, De- troit, \$1.00, by Treasurer.....	8.74
MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treas., 96 Spring Street.	

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Mrs. C. D. W. Bridgman, New York, by Mrs. W. H. Perkins.....	\$ 2.50
Miss Emma Smith, Gates.....	1.50
M. Taggart.....	1.00
Dewitt Macomber.....	10.00
A friend.....	2.00
Mrs. J. P. Robinson, Genesee.....	1.00
Mrs. J. B. Adams, Mite Chest, Genesee	4.00
Easter Offering, St. Luke's Church, "In memory of a dear sister,".....	2.00
Lena Robinson.....	25
Louise, Jamie and Fred McKittrick, Eas- ter offering, Brooklyn, N. Y.....	2.00
"Series D," Miss Margaret Cogswell.....	12.00
"Series G," Mrs. O. Comstock.....	1.00

Total.....\$39.25

Previously acknowledged.....\$5,559.68

Total receipts.....\$5,598.93

We most earnestly solicit contributions for
this object, which should be sent to Mrs. Rob-
ert Mathews, 96 Spring street the Treasurer of
the Fund.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital March 1st	127	
Number rec'd during month	66	
Births	4	
		<hr/>
		197
Discharged during month.....	74	
Deaths	5	
Number remaining in Hospital, April 1st.....	118	
		<hr/>
		197

A Nurse.

E. M. C.

A nurse, a simple nurse; to the unthinking

Only a nurse, and nothing but a name:

A patient woman in her round of duty,

Living and dying all unknown to fame.

Only a nurse, a messenger of mercy,

An angel sent unto our suffering race,

With quiet step, and tender hand of healing,

Divinest pity on her gentle face.

When all the world lies wrapt in quiet slumber,

Save the poor sufferer moaning on his bed,

Whose watchful eye with Christian love keeps
vigil

Through the long night with silent, softened
tread?

Only a nurse, in duty all unshrinking;

Before such scenes, man's stouter heart
would quail;

See there! that sweet, fair girl, in sorest trial

Is at her post, nor will her courage fail.

The fever we but terror-struck encounter,

Or fly before with selfish, coward tread;

While nurse and doctor hasten to the rescue,

And stand unflinching by the stricken bed.

Hark! that weird bell—an accident at mid-
night!

The nurse and doctor, wakeful, close at hand,

Who minister to suffering or dying,

The hospital's heroic little band!

There you or I may in our need find refuge,

With kindly help and loving tender care;

Respect we give those brave unselfish women,

And, night and day, remember them in
prayer.—Chamber's Journal.

For the Hospital Review.

From out the ark, went forth the white
winged dove, returning with the olive
branch, so fresh and green that Hope was
satisfied and Faith received its "crown of
glory."

But to us who are ill, and tired of think-
ing of ourselves, comes a messenger who
brings to us sweet messages of Christ's love

and takes away our thoughts of aches and pain to Christ who carries them for us.

Mrs. Clark Johnston on each Saturday afternoon holds religious exercises in the Hospital. They are surely a source of great comfort and a great deal of good has been accomplished for Christ. They are enjoyed not only by the older patients but by the youngest also. It would do you good to see and watch their faces, one of these Saturday afternoons and see the sorrow fade and the bright sunshine of Christ's love appear.

Some of the patients assist by giving passages of scripture, which greatly add to the interest of the meetings, and to themselves, by their thus working in the vineyard. They become so interested in these meetings that they are talked of and looked forward to all the week by many of the patients. Saturday before Easter, Mrs. Johnston kindly remembered all by sweet little Easter offerings, consisting of cards and flowers.

As the waters subsided and the dry land appeared, and joy and peace were restored, let us in humble example, as health is regained, grow in Christ's love and "be at rest."

By one of the patients,
N. V. H.

A Sister of Charity.

From Our Dumb Animals.

A beautiful story is told of a Sister of Charity, who was returning to Boston from New York, on a Sound steamer, recently. As tea-time was about to be announced, a colored waiter approached her and suggested that perhaps it would be pleasanter for her to go to the table before the general rush of the passengers. She assented and took her place at the table for a very simple tea. The waiter left her without waiting for an order, and was gone so long that the sister wondered what had become of him. At last he appeared with a large tray loaded with all the luxuries of the season, and set it down before her. Of course the modest sister was quite taken

aback, and said to the waiter: "You have made a mistake; this is not for me." "Oh, yes; sister," said he, "it is for you." "But I did not order such a supper as that; it certainly must have been ordered for some one else, and you have brought it to me by mistake." "No, sister; there is no mistake; it was ordered for you." Convinced at last, the sister ate all she wanted. Before she could leave the table, the waiter appeared with a second course of sweets, ices, fruits, etc. "My dear man," said the sister, "that is too much. Who has ordered all those things for me?" "There is the gentleman who gave the order," said the darkey. "Then go and express my grateful thanks to him, and ask him for the pleasure of his name." The darkey conveyed the message to the gentleman, and returned with this reply: *Tell the sister that my name is of no consequence. I am a stranger, and may never see her again; but say that I am always happy to avail myself of every favorable opportunity of testifying my profound respect for the Sisters of Charity, whom I first learned to venerate and love in our late war.*—*Boston Herald.*

Each human being does not solely bear its own sin, nor work out its own retribution. Upon others near and distant falls the debt, and it must be paid.—*Miss Mullock.*

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MRS. M. M. MATHEWS, MRS. A. S. HAMILTON,
MRS. WM. E. HOYT.

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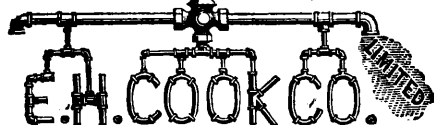
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Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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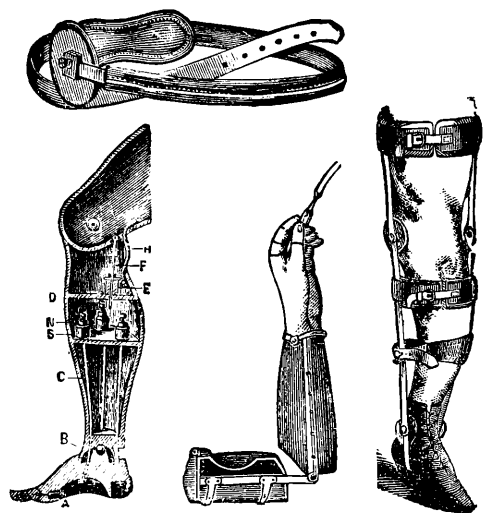
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1888.

No. 10.

For the Review.
One Memory.

Bertha Scrantom Pool.

Down the long shining levels,—heart of mine,
We see her coming, thro' the sunset air,
Outlined against the ruby hearted west.
With motes of sunlight sifting through her hair.

Long swinging footsteps, Atalanta's own—
Lithe movements, like a goddess, young is she,
If I were a Greek lover now I ween
No guerdon could be worthy love, of thee.

Thus, thus we ever keep her,—heart of mine,
Thus ever do we lose her longing eyes,
Perhaps to find her coming through the light
Of evening, down the fields of Paradise!
Not great, glad Gabriel, with shining wing
Shall hold her back my greeting first to share;

For we shall find her,—heart of mine, again,
With heavens' glory gleaming in her hair,

♦♦♦
Blessed are the missionaries of cheerfulness.—*Lydia Maria Child.*

Delivered.

A STORY OF LIFE IN FLORENCE.

BY HELEN WILBUR.

It is almost midnight; the moon shining brilliantly on the roofs and steeples of Florence, gilding them with her soft light. Her beams are so soft that they do not disturb the lovers standing on an old balcony overlooking the river. The two on the balcony are wrapt in conversation so earnest that they do not heed the flight of time.

"Casa," says the young man, in Italian; what shall I do if I do not gain this prize offered by the Duke?"

"But you will is her answer. You paint so beautifully, Arthur."

"But you forget," he returns; I have not commenced to study yet. I cannot get an inspiration, and it is only three weeks now to the exhibition."

"O, try, Arthur," Casa cries ; "do your best for my sake!"

"Do you think I shall not for my own?" he answers, passionately. Then they are silent a while, both gazing thoughtfully away over the water. At length, rousing himself, Arthur looks anxiously at his companion, saying :

"Ah, I forget the hour, darling ; I must go."

She rises as he does, and accompanies him into the adjoining room. As the light falls upon them, you can see they are both young and handsome, though very different, he being English, while she betrays her nationality in her liquid eyes and Madonna-like face. He lingers only a few moments, then goes away, after saying "good night."

Before following him to his destination, let us see who he is. His name is Arthur Stedman, and as I have said, he is an Englishman by birth, but has spent most of his life in the Italian cities, beginning his career as an artist in Rome, which city he left because there were so many to vie with him, and coming to Florence to earn a reputation. Here he had been three months when he fell in love with Casa Guida, a beautiful Italian girl, who was an orphan, with no friends except a grim old guardian, who took excellent care of her money, and determined she should fall a prey to no fortune hunter. At first he was suspicious of Arthur, but finally learned to trust him, and when Arthur came asking his consent to his engagement with Casa, he gave it, stipulating, however, that he should be well established as an artist before the marriage. To this Arthur agreed, and worked hard to win a reputation, and succeeded, in that his studio was visited by many, and a few orders came to him. But this would only support himself, and he longed to place a picture in the Academy at the next exhibition, knowing that would thoroughly publish his name. and now there was the grand oil-exhibition coming in three weeks, with an offer from the Duke of five thousand dollars for the picture that drew the first prize, and Arthur felt that if he could only win it, he could marry Casa immediately. But he had powerful rivals, and had been trying vainly for weeks to get his idea for the subject of the picture.

He leaves Casa's door-way, and crosses the street to the house where is his studio, there to paint far into the night. The morning finds him pale from the want of

sleep, and still with no idea for his picture.

* * * * *

It is two weeks later, and again night ; the bells are pealing "two" over the city, but in Arthur's studio the light burns, showing him pacing the floor, worn with work and late hours. The weeks have brought him no success, and only one remains before the exhibition. Suddenly he stops his walk, and going to a corner takes from a case an oil-painting and places it where the light can fall upon it. It is a freshly painted picture, with the name on a slip of paper. The subject is a curious one, but powerfully treated. It is the work of an American, with whom Arthur had made friends in Rome, who was considered by the artists there as a rising genius. One month before he was called to America by his father's death. Before leaving he had come to say "good-bye" to Arthur, and had brought this picture, saying he had just finished it, and asking Arthur if he would keep it until he could return. Arthur had said "with pleasure," and put it away, not thinking of it again. But now, as he gazes at it, what thought has he in his mind? "It is exquisite," he murmurs ; "a new thought, and would surely take the Duke's five thousand. No one has seen it this side of the water. It could be exhibited here and afterwards sent to him, and he can display it on the other side. What does he say? (taking a letter from his pocket). 'My dear fellow, I fear it will be long before I shall see Italy's sunny skies. Affairs are so arranged that I feel my duty lies here ; to leave my poor mother in her sorrow would be impossible. Whenever you have the leisure if you will pack that picture and send it over I shall be much obliged. You need not hurry, as I shall not do much in that line this winter.' Yes, I should be safe, and a few touches is all it needs." He places it before his working-stool, and prepares his paints. As he leans forward, brush in hand, why does he stop and turn pale? Casa's face rises before him, bidding him stop from this thing he would do, and not dishonor himself. He endeavors to shake off the thought, saying uneasily, "I am doing it for Casa, and it cannot be wrong when it would bring happiness to us both."

He starts to make the alterations, but his hands seem to have to lost their skill ; a blur comes before his eyes ; he rises petulantly from his chair.

"The heat makes him giddy," he says, "air will revive me"; and to the window he steps on the balcony, and leans against the balustrade, letting the air fan his forehead. As he leans thus he hears a step on the pavement below, a fresh young voice sounds on the air, chanting the pater noster. As the liquid notes steal upward Arthur grows quieter and mechanically follows the words. "Pater noster, qui est in cæle, sanctificatur nomen tuum," he repeats the prayer, dreamily, the voice below leading him, but suddenly he stops. Why? Entreatingly the voice chants, "Et ne nos inducas in tentationem."

Arthur turns and rushes into the room, trying to escape the words, but they follow, ringing in his ears. "Lead us not into temptation!" Ah, could he say that when he was plunging soul deep into temptation of his own presenting? As these thoughts come he falls upon his knees and pours out his soul in the petition—"sed libua nos ab illo Malo." Again and again it is his cry, until peace rolls back into his breast, and resting his head on the chair he falls asleep.

* * * * *

The morning of the Exhibition comes and the Academy is thronged, the Florentines eager to commend merit. Many works call forth their praise, but the one that attracts all gazers is the one in the western gallery. It has no name, but underneath it are engraved the words, "Et ne nos inducas in tentationem." "The idea is odd and wonderfully original," is the remark of all.

A deserted street; a dark building, with a light in the second-story (evidently an artist's studio); the two figures of the strong man, wrestling with temptation; the boy below unconsciously exorcising the spirit of evil from his suffering fellow-creature; the attempted picture flung aside; the wonderful work of art on the easel, with all its allurements, and the moonlight flooding all.

The Florentines need no key to it, it is understood by all. "Who is the artist?" is asked. "What, that quiet Signor Stedman! how these English do surprise one." "well, he will win the Duke's five thousand." And he did. I need not tell how he was praised and pronounced a rising star in the artistic sky.

* * * * *

The sun is just setting; Casa and Arthur are again standing on the old balcony. She

has been overjoyed with his success, and has given him the loving praise which is worth all the other to him. They have been silent a moment through very happiness, when suddenly Arthur says, "Casa, I must tell you something," and holding fast her hand, and watching her face with intent eyes, he pours out the story of his temptation. For a moment she is speechless, then in joyous tones, they repeat in unison, "Sanctificatur nomen tuum."

Mother Mary.

At Tonquin, in the presence of all the French troops guarding the capital, the Cross of the Legion of Honor has been recently bestowed upon Mother Mary Teresa the Superior of the Sisters of Charity there. The nun was called from the hospital, where she had been assisting at the amputation of a soldier's leg. The speech of the general commanding the troops will tell why she was thus decorated:

"Mother Mary Teresa, when you were twenty years of age, you received a wound from a cannon-ball, while assisting one of the wounded on the field of Balaklava. In 1859, the shell from a *mitrailleuse* laid you prostrate in the front rank, on the battlefield of Magenta.

"Since then you have been in Syria, in China, and in Mexico, and if you were not wounded, it is not because you have not exposed yourself to the shot of gun and cannon and the sabres and lances of the enemy. In 1870 you were taken up in Reichshofen, covered with many sabre wounds.

"Such deeds of heroism you have crowned a few weeks ago with one of the most heroic actions which history records. A grenade fell upon the ambulance which was under your charge; it did not burst, but it might have done so at any moment and caused new wounds in the bodies of those who were already wounded; but there you were—you took up the grenade in your arms, you smiled upon the wounded, who looked at you with feelings of dismay, not for themselves, but for you, and you carried it away to a distance of eighty meters.

"On laying it down, you noticed that it was going to burst, and you threw yourself on the ground; it burst, you were covered with blood, but when persons came

to your assistance, you rose up smiling, as is your wont, and said, 'that is nothing.'

"You are scarcely recovered from your wound, and you return to the hospital whence I have just now summoned you."

The cross was then pinned upon the nun's habit, and the general resumed, with a quavering voice :

"I put upon you the cross of the brave, in the name of the French people and army ; no one has gained it by more deeds of heroism, nor by a life so completely spent in self abnegation for the benefit of your brothers and the service of your country. Soldiers, present arms !"

The troops saluted, the drums and bugles rang out, the air was filled with acclamations, and all was jubilation and excitement, as Mother Mary Teresa rose from her knees, her face suffused with blushes, and asked : "General, have you finished with me?"

"Yes," said he.

"Well, then, I am going back to my soldier."

Siberia.

The illustrated papers on "Siberia and the Exile System," by Mr. George Kennan, which begin in the *May Century*, will embody the results of what is believed to be the first successful attempt by a competent investigator to make a thorough study of the Russian Exile System. Before undertaking his arduous journey of 15,000 miles, Mr. Kennan, author of *Tent Life in Siberia*, etc., had spent four years in Russia and Siberia, was thoroughly conversant with the people and the language, and had reached the conclusion that the Russian Government had been misrepresented, and that the exile system of Siberia was not so terrible as was supposed. Knowing that Mr. Kennan held these views, the Russian Government gave him every faculty for a thorough inspection—the most thorough that had ever been made by a traveller—of the mines and prisons of Siberia. Armed with letters from the Russian Minister of the Interior and other high officials, Mr. Kennan went everywhere, inspecting mines, prisons and etapes, convict barges and hospitals, and travelling with chained exiles along the great Siberian road. He made the intimate personal acquaintance of more than 300 exiled "liberals" and nihilists, many of whom wrote out their histories for

his use. The actual facts, as revealed by this searching investigation, were far removed from Mr. Kennan's preconceived ideas, as the thrilling narrative of more than a year of privation and adventure will show. As is already known, the publication of Mr. Kennan's preliminary papers has resulted in his being placed on the black-list by the Government, and copies of *The Century* are not allowed in Russia. Nor will he be permitted to cross the border again.

Mr. G. A. Frost, artist and photographer, accompanied Mr. Kennan, and his pictures of Russian and Siberian life will add greatly to the interest of the series.

THE *MAY CENTURY* is a great issue. It contains, besides the first Siberian paper, an interesting illustrated article on ranch life ; first chapters of "The Liar," a novellette by Henry James ; the exciting narrative, "A Locomotive Chase in Georgia," "A Love Story Reversed," by Edward Bellamy, etc. All dealers sell it ; 35 cents. *This number begins a volume.* You can subscribe for six months for \$2.00.

THE CENTURY CO., New York.

*REST.

I lay me down to sleep,
With little thought or care
Whether my waking find
Me here or there.

A bowing, burdened head,
That only asks to rest,
Unquestioning upon
A loving breast.

My good right hand forgets
Its cunning now,—
To march the weary march
I know not how.

I am not eager, bold,
Nor strong,—all that is past:
I am ready not to do
At last, at last.

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

And grasp his banner still,
Though all its blue be dim ;
These stripes, no less than stars,
Lead after him.

*Found under the pillow of a soldier who was lying dead in a hospital near Port Royal, South Carolina.

A Street Incident.

From the New York Commercial Advertiser.

A reporter called to a little bootblack near the City Hall to give him a shine yesterday. The little fellow came out rather slowly for one of that lively guild, and planted his box down under the reporter's foot. Before he could get his brushes out another larger boy ran up and calmly pushing the little one aside said, "Here, you go sit down, Jimmy." The reporter at once became indignant at what he took to be a piece of outrageous bullying, and sharply told the newcomer to clear out. "Oh, dat's all right, boss," was the reply, "I'm only goin' to do it fur him, you see he's been sick in the hospital for mor'n a month, and can't do much work yet, so us boys all turn in and give him a lift when we can, savy?"

"Is that so, Jimmy?" asked the reporter, turning to the smaller boy.

"Yes, sir," wearily replied the boy, and as he looked up the pallid, pinched face could be discerned even through the grime that covered it. "He does it fur me, if you'll let him."

"Certainly, go ahead," and, as the bootblack plied the brush, the reporter plied him with questions.

"You say all the boys help him in this way?"

"Yes, sir; when they ain't got no job themselves and Jimmy gets one they turns in and helps him, 'cause he ain't very strong yet, ye see."

"What percentage do you charge him on a job?"

"Hey!" queried the youngster. "I don't know what you mean."

"I mean what part of the money do you give Jimmy, and how much do you keep out of it?"

"You bet yer life I don't keep none; I ain't no such sneak as that." "So you give it all to him, do you?" "Yes, I do. All the boys give up what they gets on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking it on a sick boy, I would." The shine being completed, the reporter handed the urchin a quarter, saying, "I guess you're a pretty good fellow, so you keep ten cents and give the rest to Jimmy there." "Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here' Jim." He threw him the coin and was off like a shot after a customer for himself, a veritable

rough diamond. In this big city there are a good many such lads, with warm and generous hearts under their ragged coats.

Science is sometimes a great help in detecting frauds, as is proved by the following incident given in a scientific journal. In a certain large factory one of the workmen received a blow from a hammer on one of his eyes, and brought a suit for damages against the owner. The case was carried into court, and the workman declared that he could see nothing whatever with his left eye, although there was no indication that the organ of sight was really affected. An oculist was brought in by the defence, and this is the way he proved that the man was shamming. The oculist knew that red and green combined made black, so he prepared a black card on which a few words were written with green ink. Then the plaintiff was ordered to put on a pair of spectacles with two different glasses, the one for the right eye being red and the one for the left eye consisting of ordinary glass. Then the card was handed him, and he was ordered to read the writing on it. This he did without hesitation, and the cheat was at once exposed. The sound right eye, fitted with the red glass, was unable to distinguish the green writing on the black surface of the card, while the left eye, which he pretended was sightless, was the one with which the reading had to be done.

A mistaken idea we have is to build a fine monument over the graves of our friends, and think thereby to perpetuate their memories, little thinking we all build our own monuments each day as we pass along, which either stand or fall, according to the building. Again we load our caskets with earth's brightest flowers. I want all mine given to me while living. Let us send more flowers to the living and fewer to the dead.

True zeal is modest and retiring; it is not like the scentless sunflower, which spreads its gaudy petals to the light of heaven, and turns its face to the orb of day, as if determined to be seen; but like the modest violet, it hides itself in the bank, and sends forth its fragrance from its deep retirement.—*J. A. James.*

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1888.

Rochester City Hospital.

Patients are here received on City or County orders, or on the recommendation of any of the Attending Physicians and Surgeons or Lady Managers, or by direct application to the Recorder at the Hospital. The charge to patients in the large wards is four dollars a week ; in private wards accommodating three patients each, six dollars a week ; this includes board, medicines, nursing ; also medical attendance to those unable to pay for it.

The charge to patients in private rooms is from eight to fifteen dollars a week, which includes board, medicines, (exclusive of stimulants,) and ordinary nursing. An extra charge is made for a private nurse. Private patients choose their own physician, who may be of any school.

The Hospital Inmates.

On the second of May we wended our way towards the City Hospital, and found the warm sunshine had tempted many of the invalids to leave the wards and stroll upon the lawn, or take longer walks outside the grounds. Some of the aged and more feeble inmates were enjoying their wheel chairs on the lawn, and some of the young men were engaged in a game of ball. One of the private patients had purchased a nice ball for the Pavilion children and, from his room in the Hospital, he watched the youngsters at their sport.

Twenty patients were receiving treatment in the Female Medical Ward, three of whom were confined to their cots. One of these was a new comer, the second was an aged and feeble woman, and the third was hoping to derive benefit from blisters. No death had occurred during the month. One patient was being treated for deafness,

caused by erysipelas, one was convalescing from rheumatism, another from erysipelas, several were consumptives. One woman was troubled with indigestion, another with general debility, a third had dropsical effusion ; a cancer patient was very feeble ; one woman had for thirty-three years been troubled with sore or swollen limbs.

There were several cases of peculiar interest in the Female Surgical Ward. One of these was a woman who had fallen through a glass window on Franklin street. She fell eight feet and landed on a pile of barrels ; she had sustained a compound fracture of the leg, and the blood flowed very freely, but she was doing remarkably well. The woman who six weeks before had broken her thigh, was able, with assistance, to take a few steps. *Grossmutter* had a bad cough, and trouble with her lungs and was inclined to remain most of the time in bed. Dr. Rider had removed from the lower eyelid of a woman a tumor as large as a hickory nut.

In the Nursery were four mothers and four babies. Three of the latter were born on the last day of April.

Twenty-three patients were receiving treatment in the Male Medical Ward. One man had died the preceding day from pleurisy. One patient had just been attacked with typhoid fever, in another case the fever had about reached its crisis. Nineteen in this ward were, most of the time in their cots, several of whom were consumptives, one had bronchial troubles, another suffered from rheumatism, a third had diseased bowels and still another was suffering from tonsillitis.

The Male Surgical Ward was as usual, of late, very full, numbering twenty-six inmates. Every cot had its occupant and seven of the patients did not leave their beds. One of these had had his foot injured in a railroad accident and amputation had been necessary ; one while wrestling had fractured his ankle, one had

varicose veins ; the two sufferers from the sewer explosion in East Rochester came to the Hospital in a fearful condition, their faces were filled with stones and dirt from the sewers, and it was feared one man would lose one eye and the other both eyes, but fortunately each will have one eye left. A great many pieces of stone had been taken from the faces of the men. A carpenter had fallen twenty-two feet from the roof of a house and fractured his shoulder blade, and may have received internal injuries. Harrison, the last of the three victims of the Platt street explosion who remains in the Hospital, had so far recovered from his broken leg, that the cast had been taken off and he could go about with the aid of crutches and would soon leave the Hospital. A man who had been badly scalded by steam in Bartholomay's brewery was doing well : his arm had nearly healed. One patient had died of pneumonia. A boy of seventeen years, who had had one of his fingers nearly cut off by a circular saw, had had his finger sewed on and would save it. An operation had been performed on a man's upper eyelid that did not close so as fully to protect the eye. The operation was successful and the eyelid was brought into a natural position.

The small pavilions were both occupied by men with diseased toes. The flesh on the toe of one man was sloughing off and the other man had lost his toe from gangrene.

The Little Folks.

We found the boys that were old enough and whose health would permit it, very happy playing ball on the lawn. Little Courtney Crary, the bone of whose leg had been scraped, was sitting up in bed looking very bright, and the physician reports his limb as doing well. Jakey Striker, the boy from the Jewish Asylum with skin disease, had just had his head shaved. Willie

Reus, who has a disease of the hip joint, who could not stand or take a step when he came to the Hospital, is much better, but keeps in bed most of the time. Harry Addison, who has synovitis was in bed but improving. A bright little girl two years and five months old was brought to the Hospital suffering from pain in the head and stomach. She was a beautiful looking child, but when the physician took her in his arms she swore at him, and when she called for drink and the nurse offered her water she wanted lager. She was in the Hospital only eleven days, and for the last few days she was in an unconscious condition. A post mortem examination showed that there was a consumption of the membranes of the brain, lungs and other organs, and a partial obstruction of the intestines. A child two years and a half old, who had been brought in by the Humane Society, had a growth in the ear, and the nurse was syringing it as we visited the Pavilion. Sada Hollohan had been very sick with inflammation of the lungs, her plaster of Paris jacket had been removed, but would be replaced as soon as she was well enough to wear it. Carrie Myers, the little girl from the Jewish Asylum with stiff elbow and skin disease was improving. She carries a bag of sand many times during the day, and the elbow is less stiff under this treatment. Jerry Sheehan has become a very pretty child, and by the aid of a chair is able to push himself around and walk quite well. It was feared he would never be able to walk ; he came from the orphan asylum. Henry Mattes, with diseased hip, keeps his cot most of the time and has a weight attached to his limb. You see, dear children, the class of little ones for whom you are making your offerings and we are sure it makes you happy to know you are helping pay for the Pavilion where these suffering little ones have such good care. Every offering you send to Mrs. Mathews goes to pay off the debt still resting on the Pavilion.

Death.

We copy from one of our city papers the following notice of the death of Miss Harriet E. Bessee, who was one of the most promising nurses in the City Hospital, but who on account of failing health was compelled to resign :

Obituary.

Miss Harriet E. Bessee died at the home of her brother-in-law, R. A. Putnam, No. 504 North James street, at 3:30 A. M. today of consumption, after an eighteen months' illness, aged 25 years. The deceased was a daughter of the late Ephraim Bessee and was born at Bartlett in the town of Westmoreland. She attended the district school and afterward taught for some time at Dix. Subsequently she attended the Normal School at Oswego for some time. Then she took a course in the Hygienic Institute at Geneva and acted as a nurse in the city hospital at Rochester. While in the hospital she was taken sick and was obliged to discontinue her work. She then came to this city and took up her home with her sister, Mrs. Putnam. Miss Bessee was a very estimable young lady and her numerous friends will be grieved at her untimely death. She was a member of the Baptist Church at Bartlett and always led a consistent Christian life. The deceased leaves two brothers, Judson Bessee of this city and George C. Bessee of Bartlett, and one sister, Mrs. Putnam.

We are indebted to Mrs. Charles E. Fitch for a very sweet toned parlor organ, that has been set up in the chapel, where it will add much to the pleasure of the chapel services. The old instrument will be placed in the Pavilion, where it can benefit the children.

Miss Alice L. Parry, from Boston, has been admitted to the Training School. Miss A. Northwood and Miss Hood have been received as probationers.

Old quilts are greatly needed at the Hospital, and even if they are very old they will be acceptable.

Help From the Little Folks.

We congratulate our young friends on the success of the entertainment given for the benefit of the Pavillon Fund, on April 13th, 1888. Their names are found in Mrs. Mathews' report, and the hundred and fifty-two dollars, the result of their efforts, is a most acceptable gift. It is pleasant to know so many of our young friends are interested in the sick children, and we are sure they will send us more offerings, and stand by us till the Children's Pavilion is free from debt. The entertainment was a most enjoyable one, and the young people are entitled to much credit for performing their parts so well. Miss Belle Brewster had most thoroughly prepared the little folks, and trained them with great care, and we offer her, as well as our young friends, our hearty thanks for all their labors of love for the benefit of the sick children in the Hospital.

Mrs. Frey from Palatine Bridge has sent some very nice coats, pants and vest for which we are very thankful, and Mrs. S. S. Gould, Jr. from Seneca Falls has sent a very valuable package of clothing, comprising woollen suits for twelve boys, four blouse waists, three Jersey dresses, ten colored dresses for girls, one child's cloak, one plush cloak and cap for child, one woollen cloak, 3 pairs of mittens, sixteen infant's dresses, two skirts, four pairs night drawers, four baby blankets, ten fruit napkins, three table scarfs, eight Turkish towels, two white counterpanes, four white aprons, nine pairs boy's drawers, two night dresses, two knit skirts, shoes, slippers, stockings, infant's socks, collars, cuffs, rubbers, bag of worsteds, books, &c., &c. Two new dresses and ten aprons for Mrs. Shannon who is the loving nurse of the little folks. These gifts will be very useful for our children.

A water cooler would be very acceptable at the Hospital.

The Nightingale.

We have been much interested in THE NIGHTINGALE, a monthly published in New York, in the interests of good nursing. Some of its pleas for visiting nurses, to meet the needs of the sick poor in their homes, are very suggestive, and in the Female Charitable Society the want of such help has often been felt and a plan suggested similar to that proposed in the Nightingale.

Mr. Jay B. Ogden has entered on his duties as Pharmacist.

The carpet in the Supervising Nurse's room had worn out and has been replaced by a nice hard wood floor, which is much more suitable than a woollen carpet for a Hospital.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Mrs. C. E. Converse	1 00
Jeannette, Elizabeth, Katharine, Harriet Beckie, Fanny and Ned	4 00
"Little Walter Smilh's anniversary gift"	2 00
Proceeds of entertainment given April 13, 1888 by Stella Briggs, Augusta Mac- omber, Cornelia Wilder, Marie Louise Barry, Elinor Lattimore, Florence Lat- more, Regina Fahy, Susan Pond, Jean Lindsay, Rachel Brewster, Gabrielle Clark, Ruth Whittemore, Beatrice Rogers, Marian Morgan, Henrietta Al- len, Mary Allen, Fred Barry, Brainard and Caleb Whitbeck, James G. Aver- ell, Allen Farley, Walton Smith, Ward Waters and Willid Webb	152 00
St. Luke's Church sewing school mite box	3 58
Wade Becker, Fairport	1 00
"R. A. Club"	2 68
Total	\$166.26
Previously acknowledged	\$5,598.93
Total receipts	\$5,765.19

We most earnestly solicit contributions for this object, which should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the Fund.

Be noble—that is more than wealth;
Do right—that's more than place;
Then in the Spirit there is health,
And gladness in the face.

—George Macdonald.

Receipts for the Review

APRIL, 1888.

Mrs. S. E. Harlow, Bath, by Mrs. S. H. Terry	\$.50
Mrs. Hosford, 50 cents; Mrs. A. D. Keeney 50 cents, Mrs. H. N. Page, 50 cents; Mrs. R. Traver, 50 cents, all of Perry, by Miss Mamie Reed	2.00
Mrs. Oscar Craig, 65 cents; E. S. Ettenheimer & Co., Adv., \$5.00; Howe & Rogers, Adv., \$5.00; S. Sloan, Adv., \$5.00; C. B. Woodworth & Sons, Adv., \$5.00, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews ..	20.65
Mrs. L. T. Butterfield, Sioux Falls, Dak., 25 cents; Mrs. A. J. Cumming, 62 cents; Rev. W. A. Coale, Geneseo, \$1.00; Mrs. A. E. Crabbe, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Dann, East Avon, \$1.00; Mrs. E. E. Doty, Geneseo, 50 cents; Mrs. J. Gray, Chicago, \$1.50; Mrs. Hollowell, Penn Yan, 50 cents; Mrs. Geo. McKittrick, Brooklyn, 50 cents; Mrs. W. A. Stevens, Geneseo, \$1.00; Mrs. W. H. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. E. F. Wiison, San Diego, Cal., 50 cents; Mrs. C. H. Williams, 65 cents; Sale of papers, 10 cents, by Treasurer	9.36

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

Donations for April.

Mrs. Chas. E. Fitch, parlor organ, second-hand shirts.	
Mrs. Frank Brewster, quantity of children's clothing, collars, neckties, &c.	
Mrs. Corning, Easter flowers.	
Tom F. Whitehead, Easter offering of pictures for the children.	
Harry H. Newcomb, 2 pairs of socks and reading matter.	
Mrs. John Baker, old linen.	
Mrs. Earle Putnam, quantity of magazines.	
Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, second hand clothing.	
Mrs. Davidson, games and cards for children.	
Mrs. Lafayette Rogers, pictures, papers, and old cotton	
Mrs. S. S. Gould, Seneca Falls, trunk of useful articles of every description.	
Mrs. Edward Harris, reading matter.	
Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, 2 comforters, childrens clothing, 3 flannel night-dresses, 3 suits for boys, and a second bundle of childrens clothing, 1 pair nice sheets, pencils, paints, games and clothes for the children.	
Mrs. A. B. Smith, Rev. W. A. Stewart, Mrs. Maltby Strong, Mrs. Hiram Krill, Mrs. Wm. H. Reid, Miss Julia Adams, reading matter.	
Mrs. Baker and a friend, old cotton.	
Mrs. Geo. W. Sill, large bundle of old linen, cotton, and childrens clothing.	
Mrs. J. F. Emery, dressing gown.	
Prof. Robbins, 1 can of ether and other valuable medicines.	
Mrs. S. H. Terry, Scientific Americans.	
Mrs. D. C. Becker, handkerchiefs and elastics for the children.	

Mrs. A. B. Frey, Palatine Bridge, 2 very nice coats, 1 pair of pants and vest.
Mrs. Fenner, dressing gown.
Eddie Fenner, Youth's Companion.
Mrs. W. Miller, 5 books.
Mrs. Thomas Chester, 15 books.
Mrs. D. M. Dewey, 1 pr. of night shirts, 1 white vest.
Mrs. J. W. Lauer, second hand shirts.
Mr. Conrad Gansevoort, ball for the boys.
Mrs. Henry F. Smith, 7 gallons of pickles, and pickles several times,

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital April 1st.	118
Number rec'd during month.	69
Births.	6
	193
Discharged during month.	71
Deaths.	5
Number remaining in Hospital, May 1st.	117
	193

Died.

At the City Hospital, April 7, Dennis Vandelinde, aged 80 years.
April 8, August Miller, aged 70 years.
April 20, Jonas Seto, aged 33 years.
April 22, of Basilar Meningitis, Lottie Green, aged 2 years and 6 months.
April 28, of Atapia, Hon. John Cowles, aged 71 years and 7 months.
In this city, April 16, Harriet E. Bessee, aged 25 years.

Too Late.

Late, late, so late ! and dark the night and chill.
Late, late, so late ! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.
No light had we ; for that we do repent :
And learning this, the bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.
No light ; so late ! and dark and chill the night !
Oh, let us in, that we may find the light !
Too late, too late ! ye cannot enter now.
Have we not heard the bridegroom is so sweet ?
Oh, let us in, tho' late, to kiss his feet !
No, no, too late ! ye cannot enter now.

Tennyson in Guinevere.

"Humph !" grumbled the clock. "I don't know of any one who is worked harder than I am—twenty-four hours a day, year in and year out." And then it struck.

Poor Little Mother.

"Is this the city prison, sir?"

A sweet trembling voice thus addressed me. I turned and beheld a little woman in a shabby black dress and threadbare coat. A small rusty bonnet covered a head of soft brown hair. A pair of blue eyes like the heavens above, so timid and sorrowful, looked appealingly in my face. There was something so sweet and plaintive in the little woman's face that I paused for a moment in spite of myself before I answered her. She could not have been more than forty, yet the lines on her face and little pinched-up mouth denoted many a hard struggle with poverty and some deep hidden sorrow.

"The city prison? This way, I'll show you."

I led the way up a pair of stairs into the building. "Who do you wish to see?"

"Oh! pardon me, sir; I wish to go into the prison, that's all." A slight flush spread over the sad face.

"Forgive me," I said; "here is the officer in charge." But for the life of me I could not withdraw.

She approached the big, bluff guardian of the prison and said:

"Please, sir, I want to see my son. I was informed this morning that he was here. His name is Edward Scott, sir; can I see him?"

"What Scott?" said the burly officer. "That young tough? Yes, he is here and he's good for five years, and serves him right, too."

"Oh! dear," came in trembling accents from her lips—but she was a brave woman. This little mother—blest with the truest and noblest of heroism—that which can endure and suffer in silence.

The officer paused for a moment, and then said:

"Is he your son, ma'am? for he's in a bad fix and deserves it, too."

"Yes, sir," came from the little mother. "he is. Oh, I hope it is not so bad. I know he's wild, poor boy, but if you only understood him, sir. He can't help it; he takes his passion from his father, who was killed at Antietam, but he's been a kind son to me, and—and—can't anything be done for him?" The sweet blue eyes welled up with tears, but she was brave and choked back the big lump that was in her throat.

"You want to see him, do you?"

"Yes, sir, please; you must know, sir, he is my only child, and he takes care of me, and nicely too; but when he meets some of his wild friends and takes a drink, it affects him, sir, but he's not so much to blame for that—it was his poor father's weakness and he inherits it from him. Oh, my poor boy; if you only knew him; he's so kind and handsome—and—" Here the poor little mother broke down and sobbed.

The big officer coughed and looked sort of queer for a moment, then said:

"Forgive me, ma'am, I didn't know he was

your son ; hope for the best. Come, I'll show you in."

"Thank you, sir : oh ! thank you. I'm sure you have a mother, and that you love her dearly : " and the little woman placed her hand on the big officer's arm softly.

He turned around and looked down on her. The hard lines on his face softened, and he answered her in a voice as low as if speaking to a little child.

"Yes, I had a mother once, but she is an angel now ; such a one as you will be some day. Come in, poor little woman, come in."

It seemed to me that a heavenly light was shining on the little mother's face as she walked down the long passage to see her wayward and foolish boy.

Oh ! men, you who have got a mother to cherish, grasp her love with hooks of steel while yet you may. Bask in her pure and unselfish love before she leaves you and passes over the dark river into the sunlight of futurity.—*Saturday Evening Herald*.

The Sister Months.

By Lucy Larcom.

When April steps aside for May,
Like diamonds all the rain-drops glisten ;
Fresh violets open every day.
To some new bird each hour we listen.

The children with the streamlets sing,
When April stops at last her weeping ;
And every happy growing thing
Laughs like a babe just roused from sleeping.

Yet April waters, year by year,
For laggard May her thirsty flowers ;
And May, in gold of sunbeams clear,
Pays April for her silvery showers.

All flowers of Spring are not May's own
The crocus cannot often kiss her,
The snowdrop ere she comes has flown,
The earliest violets often miss her.

Nor does May claim the whole of Spring ;
She leaves to April blossoms tender,
That closely to the warm turf cling,
Or swing from tree-boughs high and slender.

And May flowers bloom before May comes,
To cheer a little April's sadness ;
The peach-bud glows, the wild-bee hums,
And wind-flowers wave in graceful gladness.

These are two sisters, side by side
Sharing the changes of the weather,
Playing at pretty seek-and-hide—
So far apart, so close together !

April and May one moment meet,
But farewell sighs their greetings smother ;
And breezes tell, and birds repeat,
How May and April love each other.

Our virtues live upon our income ; our
vices consume our capital.—*J. Petit Senn*.

A Chinese Hospital.

In one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the Chinese quarter of Shanghai, there has stood for forty years a free native hospital, mainly supported by the European community. Very strange its wards look at first to English visitors. The patients bring their own bedding, consisting of a bamboo mat and a wadded quilt. Those who can move about are the only regular attendants of those who cannot. The house-surgeon and dispenser is a Christian Chinaman, for thirty years connected with the hospital, and one of the first converts of a mission school. Yearly about 800 patients pass through the wards, and the proportion of deaths is small. Last year there were 56, and in the dispensary more than 22,000 cases were treated. From very far distances many of the poor suffering creatures come, and back to their far-off homes many a healed one has carried a blessing greater than bodily healing, for we believe that nowhere, at home or abroad, could better proof be found than in the Shanghai hospital, of the benefit of combining medical and Gospel work. Daily the waiting room, seated for 300, is crowded with men, women, and children, long before the dispensing hour, and daily an English missionary, as conversant with their language as his own, sets before this waiting multitude the Word of Life. "I believe," writes a Christian physician, who for some years had the oversight of this work, "that the Chinese undergo more suffering for want of medical knowledge than any other nation in the world. In an institution like this, almost daily under a good surgeon may the blind receive sight, the deaf hear, the lame walk. I have known in one year, among those cured in our hospital, thirty men and women received into the Christian church."—*Quiver*.

What spendthrifts of time we are ! what waste and prodigality of golden opportunities ! aimless aspirations ; barren resolves ; the one paramount, absorbing thought—*self*.—*Rev. J. R. Macduff, D. D.*

I could not live in peace if I put the shadow of a willful sin between myself and God.—*George Elliot*.

Some of us have a very skillful way of concealing our religion.—*Joseph Parker*.

Sorrowful.

A great deal of sorrow and suffering might be averted if the confidence of children continued through life to run to their parents; if the time never came when there were words and deeds that they would not like mother or father to know.

A man still young, but a complete physical wreck through years of dissipation and wrong-doing of every sort, was brought to a western hospital, mortally injured in a brawl in a saloon.

He was unconscious when they put him into one of the little white cots, and when he finally opened his eyes his mind wandered.

To the nurse who sat near him he said, in a cautious, half whispering tone, "Don't tell mother!"

"No," she said soothingly; but in a moment he put out his hand, and said in a still more earnest and pleading tone:

"You won't tell mother, will you? I'd hate to have her know that I—I—lied."

His mind had evidently gone back to the beginning of his downfall. He grew more restless and uneasy, and finally muttered—

"No, no; mother musn't know about it; don't tell her that I—*stole*."

To all who came near him, his one earnest and even cry was, "Don't tell mother! you won't, will you? Don't!"

Once he said, "If mother knew that I'd been in State prison two whole years! You won't any of you tell her, will you? There is so many things I don't want her to know."

When morning came his delirium had left him, but when the hospital physician made his visit he saw at a glance that the man was sinking fast and likely to die at any moment, and gently told him so that he might have letters and messages sent to his friends if he cared to do so.

"No," he said; "I ain't but one friend left in this world, and I wouldn't have her know for the world how and where I died."

Just before his lips closed for the last time, he whispered to the nurse who bent over him, "*Don't tell mother!*"

It is the surest test of genuine love that it brings back our early simplicity to the worldliest of us—*Hawthorne*.

Selfishness is only another name for short-sightedness.—*Panin*.

"What shall I do to be forever known?"

Thy duty ever.

"This did full many who yet sleep unknown."

Oh, never, never!

Think'st thou perchance that they remain unknown.

Whom thou know'st not?

By angel trumps in heaven their praise is blown
Divine their lot.

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?"

Discharge aright

The simple duties with which day is rife,

Yea, with thy might.

Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise

Will life be fled;

While he who ever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead.

Dr. J. G. Holland relates that, "after the Chicago fire, three friends met, two of whom had been burned out of house and home, and the immense accumulations of successful lives. One of the unfortunates said to the other two: 'Well, thank God, there was some of my money placed where it could not burn;' saying which, he turned upon his heel cheerfully, and went to work at his new life. His brother in misfortune turned to his companion and said: 'That man gave away last year nearly a million of dollars, and if I had been wise, I should have done done the same thing.'"

Be your own executor, then, and give while you can.

We call that a beautiful life which exists to make others happy.—*Macduff*.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE,

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MRS. M. M. MATHEWS, MRS. A. S. HAMILTON,
MRS. WM. E. HOYT.

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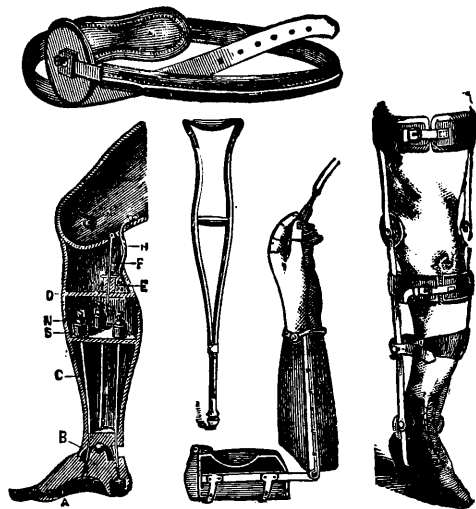
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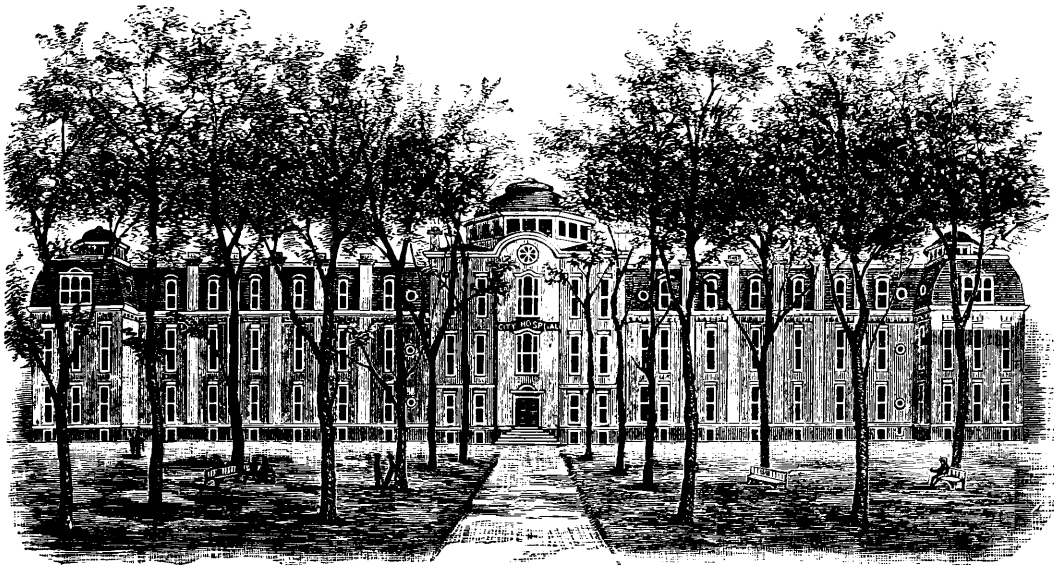
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DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1888.

No. 11.

Which One ?

One of us, dear—
But one—

Will sit by a bed with a marvelous fear,
And clasp a hand,
Growing cold as it feels for the spirit land—
Darling, which one ?

One of us, dear—
But one—

Will stand by the other's coffin bier,
And look and weep,
While those marble lips strange silence keep—
Darling, which one ?

One of us, dear—
But one—

By an open grave will drop a tear,
And homeward go,
The anguish of an unshared grief to know—
Darling, which one ?

One of us, darling, it must be ;
It may be you will slip from me ;
Or perhaps my life may just be done—
Which one ?

The Invalid Chair.

By Josephine C. Goodale.

How Charlie did want that engine. He watched it wistfully through the toy-shop window as it worked in its miniature way, the fly-wheel spinning around, and the piston-rod moving back and forth just like the one he had seen so often in the big engine of his father's manufactory ; and then when a man inside the store came to the window, and by turning a thumb-screw made the toy-machine blow a whistle, a *real* whistle, so loud that he could hear it in the street, Charlie's delight knew no bounds. Phil Weston had told him that he knew a boy who had such an engine, to which was attached a toy blacksmith in the act of shoeing a horse, and as the piston-rod moved in the cylinder, the arm of the blacksmith brought down a paper hammer on to an imaginary nail in the paper horseshoe, and it was just daisy. No wonder that Charlie's

heart beat violently at the very thought of owning such a treasure, or that he rattled the two silver half-dollars in his pocket in a desperate sort of way, as he noted that the price marked on the machine was just one dollar.

"The blacksmith would cost seventy-five cents more," said Charlie half aloud to himself, "but I could soon get that, now that Uncle Jim pays me twenty-five cents a week for shining his boots every morning."

But then the chair! Charlie dared not trust himself for another moment before the tempting window, so he started at a quick pace for the depot, where he was to meet his uncle in time to take with him the 5:30 train for Westchester.

Charlie's father and mother had gone to Florida, hoping that by escaping the severe cold of a northern winter, Mrs. Morse's delicate health would be so far restored as to enable her to return in the Spring to the care of her family, which care meanwhile had been assumed by the eldest daughter, Nellie. This older sister had so long been her mother's assistant in the care of the younger children, that it seemed quite natural for them to look up to her for direction, and to yield without questioning to her gentle rule.

Uncle Jim, as the children familiarly called Mr. Howard, had consented to leave his comfortable bachelor quarters in the city, and to make his home during his brother-in-law's absence with the Morse household, as a protector to Nellie, and should she need it, an adviser in the care of the younger children.

Charlie was an especial favorite with his Uncle, and was often allowed to go to the city on Saturday afternoon, as in the present case, to look about for a little while, and then to accompany Mr. Howard to their home.

After they were comfortably seated in the railway train, Mr. Howard took out his evening paper, but before unfolding it, he turned to Charlie and said, "Well, my boy, what did you see to-day after you left the office?"

Charlie's thoughts were all of the coveted toy, which he knew his Uncle would gladly buy for him should he ask it; but he was a boy of too much delicacy to even hint to his generous friend his desire to possess the engine, remembering how kindly he had bestowed gifts upon them all at the Christ-

mas time so lately passed. But he could not refrain from telling his Uncle how much he had enjoyed watching the working of the wonderful toy, which was so real an engine, that, as Charlie said, "It even whistled, pon my word!"

"How much does it cost?" inquired Mr. Howard.

"One dollar; but I've got the money to buy it if I want it," said Charlie quickly, displaying his store of wealth.

"Then why did you not get it," said his uncle, "that is if it be safe, and there be no danger of explosion, or anything of that sort?"

"This money," said Charlie, "is for another purpose. Of course I am not really obliged to use it for what Nellie says; but we boys have agreed to raise five dollars, and so we are going to do it."

"For what purpose?" said his uncle, now beginning to feel really interested.

"Why," said Charlie, "last Summer when Nellie took us children way off down to Uncle Hazleton's in Oakland—way off ever so far you know—we found a poor woman there who hadn't walked in twenty-five years."

"Whew!" whistled out Uncle Jim.

"Yes," said Charlie, "terrible, isn't it!" and he got up and walked two or three steps in the aisle of the car, to stretch his own sturdy limbs, and make sure that they were still in working order. "Twenty-five years," he continued, "and she wasn't cross about it a bit, but looked just as contented as if she could walk and do anything that she liked. She lived in a log house, because Nellie said the family had always been too poor to build a better one; but Danny and I thought it would be too jolly for anything to live in such a house, with a broad veranda across the front of it, and stairs on the outside to go up where the children used to sleep."

Mr. Howard smiled, and said, "Perhaps when you are grown up, and go out West on a ranch, as I heard you and Phil Weston planning that you would do the other evening, you can have some such coveted experience; but what has all this to do with the chair?"

"O yes," said Charlie, "I forgot! You see Mrs. Clarey (that is the sick lady's name) used to know our grandmother up North here, when they were both young, and as soon as she heard that we were at

Uncle Hazleton's, she sent for Nellie to come and see her, and to bring us boys, too ; because she wanted to tell us all about the time when she and grandma were little girls, and went to school together. Nellie can tell you about that, because Danny and Fred and I were busy out of doors all day, seeing the colts, and nursing a sick lamb, and going through the great fields of sorghum that grow in that part of the country, and that the people used to make molasses from. We had the best kind of a time all day, and when driving back to Uncle Hazleton's, Nellie said to us boys, "It would be so nice for our Sabbath-school to raise money enough to send an invalid chair (that is a chair with wheels on it) to this poor woman, so that her daughter need not have to drag her in a rocking-chair from room to room as she does now." We boys thought it would be nice, and so when we got back home last Fall, Nellie spoke to the superintendent and teachers about it, and they all agreed that it was proper missionary work, and that as soon as Christmas was over they would see about raising money for the chair. Mrs. Watson, that's our Sabbath-school teacher, pledged five dollars for her class, and that will be a dollar apiece for each of us boys. There are six of us, but Neddie Crane is a very poor boy, and his father is dead, so we five others thought we could raise the whole, and so need not ask Neddie for anything.

"Suppose that I should give you a dollar towards the chair," said Mr. Howard, "so that you can have your dollar for the engine, what then?"

"No, thank you," said Charlie bravely, "that wouldn't be self-denial money, and Mrs. Watson is very particular about that. She says, and so does Nellie, that there is no real generosity in giving what costs us nothing, and so she wants us all to earn the money that we give, or else to give money that we really want for something else."

"I think your dollar meets all the requirements then," said Mr. Howard, as they stepped from the train, "and I am not sure but that it is the true way of looking at things, after all ;" for Uncle Jim, though not much of a Sunday-school man himself, as he told Nellie, yet had a profound respect for her great good sense and simple piety, and intended to give her his hearty

co-operation in the management of Mary's boys, as he called Charlie and Danny and Fred.

Charlie in stating the case in such detail to his Uncle, had really overcome his selfish wish to use the money for his own gratification, and it was with a light heart that he gave the two half dollars to Mrs. Watson the next day at Sabbath-school to be used toward the purchase of the invalid chair.

In another week the entire sum needed was raised by the children of the school, and even little Neddie Crane had earned a small sum which he begged might be used ; and his teacher wisely decided that it was no reason because his gift was small that he should be debarred from having a share in the good work.

The chair was purchased and sent on its long journey, and safely reached its destination ; and then came a letter from the invalid addressed to the children of the Sabbath-school, which was one song of thankfulness. While expressing heart-felt gratitude to every member of the school who had assisted in the purchase of this valuable and welcome gift, she did not forget to give praise to Him who had put it into the hearts of these dear Christians so far away to remember her not only in this unexpected token, but also as she felt sure they had done in their prayers.

"Surely," she exclaimed in closing, "my cup runneth over !"

There was a happy exchange of glances between the children as these touching words were read, and in Mrs. Watson's class one boy at least had to wink very hard to keep the tears from falling,

As they were walking home from the service, Charlie told his sister of his struggle before the toy-shop window a few weeks before and added "But I know that no engine could make me half so happy as it did to hear Mrs. Clarey's letter read. How nice it will be for her to be rolled to church in her chair next Summer, as she wrote that she was expecting to be !"

Uncle Howard who had accompanied them to the service at Nellie's solicitation, in order to hear Mrs. Clarey's letter read, now remarked "How a person who has not walked for twenty-five years can find so much to be thankful for, is a puzzle to me ! I'm sure I don't understand it !"

"And you would be more puzzled," said

Nellie, "could you have seen her in her home as I did last Summer, Yet she is bright, sunny, and her presence is like a benediction to all who come within her influence. Sitting day after day as she does, cut off from so many of the blessings of life, with her Bible and hymn-book ever at hand, she has learned to look for happiness to those unseen sources which never fail the earnest and trustful child of God. I shall never cease to be grateful that I had the opportunity of meeting her, for I feel sure that her example of patience and cheerfulness will ever be an inspiration and help to me."

Mr. Howard walked silently the remainder of the way home, evidently thinking of what he had heard, for as they entered the house, he said to Nellie, "I believe that Christians are the only happy people in the world, after all. That letter has been better to me than a sermon!"

"I am so glad," said Nellie, and secretly she prayed that as so many hearts had already been comforted and strengthened, so another might be added to those who should receive a blessing as a result of the gift of the invalid chair.

Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

Two brown heads with tossing curls,
Red lips shutting over pearls,
Bare feet white and wet with dew,
Two eyes black and two eyes blue;
Little boy and girl were they,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They were standing where a brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Flashed its silver; and thick ranks
Of green willow fringed the banks;
Half in thought and half in play,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray.

They had cheeks like cherries red;
He was taller—most a head;
She, with arms like wreaths of snow,
Swung a basket to and fro,
As she loitered, half in play,
Chattering to Willie Gray.

"Pretty Katie," Willie said—
And there came a dash of red
Through the brownness of his cheek—
"Boys are strong and girls are weak,
And I'll carry, so I will,
Katie's basket up the hill."

Katie answered, with a laugh,
"You shall carry only half;"
And then, tossing back her curls,
"Boys are weak as well as girls."
Do you think that Katie guessed
Half the wisdom she expressed?

Men are only boys grown tall;
Hearts don't change much, after all;
And when, long years from that day,
Katie Lee and Willie Gray
Stood again beside the brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,

Is it strange that Willie said,
While again a dash of red
Crossed the brownness of his cheek—
"I am strong and you are weak;
Life is but a slippery steep;
Hung with shadows cold and deep;

"Will you trust me, Katy dear?
Walk beside me without fear;
May I carry, if I will,
All your burdens up the hill?"
And she answered with a laugh,
"No; but you may carry half."

Close beside the little brook,
Bending like a shepherd's crook,
Washing with its silver hands,
Late and early at the sands,
Is a cottage, where, to-day
Katie lives with Willie Gray.

In a porch she sits, and lo!
Swings a basket to and fro,
Vastly different from the one
That she swung in years ago;
This is long, and deep, and wide,
And has—rockers at the sides.

Louisa May Alcott.

[From the *Youth's Companion*.]

Being born on the birthday of Columbus, I seem to have something of my patron saint's spirit of adventure, and running away was one of the delights of my childhood. Many a social lunch have I shared with hospitable Irish beggar children, as we ate our crusts, cold potatoes and salt fish, on voyages of discovery among the ash heaps of the waste land that then lay where the Albany station (Boston) now stands. Many an important picnic have I had on the dear old Boston Common, with strange boys, pretty babies and friendly dogs, who always seemed to feel that this reckless young person needed looking after. On one occasion the town crier found me fast asleep at nine o'clock at night on a doorstep in Bedford street, with my head pillowed on the curly breast of a big Newfoundland, who was with difficulty persuaded to release the weary little wanderer who had sobbed herself to sleep there. I often smile as I pass that door, and never forget to give a grateful pat to every big dog I meet, for never have I slept more soundly than on that dusty step, nor found a better

friend than that noble animal who watched over the lost baby so faithfully.

My father's school was the only one I ever went to, and when this was broken up because he introduced methods now all the fashion, our lessons went on at home, for he was always sure of four little pupils who firmly believed in their teacher, though they have not done him all the credit he deserved. I never liked arithmetic or grammar, and dodged these branches on all occasions; but reading, composition, history and geography I enjoyed, as well as the stories read to us with a skill which made the dulllest charming and useful. "Pilgrim's Progress," Krummacher's "Parables," Miss Edgeworth, and the best of the dear old fairy tales made that hour the pleasantest of our day. On Sundays we had a single service of Bible stories, hymns and conversation about the state of our little consciences and the conduct of our childish lives, which will never be forgotten.

Walks each morning round the Common while in the city, and long tramps over hill and dale when our home was in the country, were a part of our education, as well as every sort of house work, for which I have always been very grateful, since such knowledge makes one independent in these days of domestic tribulation with the help who are too often only hindrances.

Needlework began early, and at 10 my skillful sister made a linen shirt beautifully, while at 12 I set up as a doll's dressmaker, with my sign out and wonderful models in my window. All the children employed me, and my turbans were the rage at one time, to the great dismay of the neighbor's hens, who were hotly hunted down that I might tweak out their downiest feathers to adorn the doll's headgear. Active exercise was my delight from the time when a child of six I drove my hoop round the Common without stopping, to the days when I did my twenty miles in five hours and went to a party in the evening. *

* * Emerson remained my beloved "Master" while he lived, doing more for me, as for many another young soul, than he ever knew, by the simple beauty of his life, the truth and wisdom of his books, the example of a good, great man untempted and, unspoiled by the world, which he made nobler while in it, and left richer when he went. The Concord days were the happiest of my life, for we had charm-

ing playmates in the little Emersons, Channings, Hawthornes and Goodwins, with the illustrious parents and their friends to enjoy our pranks and share our excursions. At 16 I began to teach 20 pupils, and for 10 years learned to know and love children. The story writing went on all the while, with the usual trials of beginners. Fairy tales told the Emersons made the first printed book, and "Hospital Sketches" the first successful one. Every experience went into the cauldron to come out as froth, or evaporate in smoke, till time and suffering strengthened and clarified the mixture of truth and fancy, and a wholesome draught for children began to flow pleasantly and profitably.

Speaking of anthems reminds me of the story of two old British sailors who were talking over shore experience. One had been to a cathedral, and had heard some very fine music, and was descanting particularly upon an anthem which gave him much pleasure. His shipmate listened for a while, and then said, "I say, Bill, what's an anthem?" "What?" replied Bill, "do you mean to say you don't know what a hanthem is?" "Not me." "Well, then, I'll tell yer. If I was to say to yer, 'Ere, Bill, give me that 'andspike,' that wouldn't be a hanthem. But was I to say, 'Bill—Bill—Bill—giv—giv—giv—giv me, giv me that—Bill, giv me, giv me that hand, giv me that hand, handspike, spike—spike—Bill, giv—giv me that—that hand—handspike, hand—handspike, spike, spike, ah—men, ah—men; Bill, givmethathandspike, spike, ah—men!' Why, that would be a hanthem."

The following plan was formerly adopted by physicians, to prevent them from receiving infection. They used a cane with a hollow head, the top of which was of gold pierced with holes, like a pepper-box. This top contained a small quantity of aromatic powder or of snuff; and, on entering a house or room where a disease supposed to be infectious prevailed, the doctor would strike his cane on the floor to agitate the powder, and then apply it to his nose. Hence many of the old prints of physicians represent them with a cane at their nose.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1888.

Hospital Inmates.

On the last Tuesday of May we visited the Hospital. The grounds were very attractive in their fresh, spring verdure. The birds were hopping about on the lawn where the opening leaves cast their soft shadows. Little folks clustered around the Pavilion piazza, or in the arms of their nurses, were drinking in the pure air; some of the invalids were availing themselves of the lawn settees to take a sun bath.

Carpenters were busy constructing a new piazza at the West Avenue entrance to the Hospital. This will greatly add to the appearance of the building and furnish a pleasant resting place for the invalids.

The smaller pavilions were both occupied by patients requiring isolation. These pavilions enable the Hospital to receive and treat cases of contagious diseases, which could not be taken care of in the wards of the Hospital without exposing the inmates. This is one of the expensive improvements in modern nursing, as of course the nurse must be isolated, and can take care of but one pavilion.

On enquiring for the house physicians, on entering the Hospital, we found they and some of the nurses were in the mansard, where Dr. Whitbeck was performing a surgical operation.

Seven of the twenty inmates of the Male Medical Ward were confined to their cots. One of these had rheumatism and both arms were bandaged to the elbows. A fever patient was convalescing. One man who had been brought in that morning was said to have been poisoned; he appeared to be improving and his pulse was good. Four men were consumptives and were among the sickest of the patients. One man was a chronic paralytic. Most of

the other invalids were convalescing. Four of them appeared to be enjoying a game of cards.

Sixteen were under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward. One of them was a youth of 16, who said that while driving up King Street, he passed under the elevated railroad track; his horse became frightened but he had obtained control of him and while trotting towards the Rochester and Pittsburgh track the flagman nodded for him to come on. He did so, and two coal carts making a flying switch came on, struck the horse, broke his neck, killing him instantly. The boy was caught and dragged twenty feet, breaking three ribs, one wrist and shoulder blade. He rolled over to a fence, went back for the horse, then became senseless. He lost his watch and hat. This according to the young man's report occurred a week previous to our visit; when we saw him he was up and dressed and looked quite comfortable. He was driving J. Ottenberg's delivery wagon when the accident took place.

Six in this ward kept their cots most of the time, one suffering from a diseased toe which must be amputated; two had recently undergone surgical operations. A boy in Livingston Hotel had fallen eighteen feet, striking the ground and dislocating his shoulder. One man who had been shot through the leg was doing well; another with sore leg had been brought in for treatment the previous day, the physicians hope to save the limb but amputation may be necessary. One man whose leg had been amputated and another who had lost his hand were both doing well.

Six of the twenty-two patients in the Female Medical Ward were confined to their cots. One of them had paralysis, another was aged, a third had been unable to speak for a year, a fourth was suffering from general debility, a fifth from cancer and a sixth from some disease of the bowels. The cancer patient was the sick-

est of all in the ward. Two of the inmates had diseased hearts, two were consumptives, one had impaired intellect, another swollen limbs, still another general debility. The general aspect of the ward was cheerful. We saw marks of a visit from the Flower Mission. One death had occurred from paralysis. A patient whose left side had been paralyzed was gradually improving and regaining the power of speech.

Twenty are under treatment in the Female Surgical Ward; four of these do not leave their beds. One who was brought in the preceding Sabbath night had been assaulted, cut and bruised by her husband; she was improving. One woman had fallen down stairs and displaced the knee cap, but was doing well. One woman while washing windows had fallen from a two story building and broken her leg. It had been encased in plaster of Paris, and the woman was doing well. A woman with ulcerated leg had been two weeks in the Hospital and was gaining. One woman who had fallen from a window and hurt her back died from internal injuries. *Grossmutter* seems to be failing fast; she keeps her bed most of the time. She says she is eighty-two years old. A paralytic who kept her bed for six weeks is now able to be walking out; this is a very interesting case, the improvement has been so marked. Three were discharged the previous week. One of these was an aged woman with a broken thigh, who was for months in the Hospital but was able to walk when she left it.

A new nurse expressed much interest in her work. She said "I love my work and take great pride in it, and also in my patients."

There were no babies in the Nursery.

The Children's Pavilion.

It is delightful to go into the Children's Pavilion and witness the loving service

there rendered the little ones. No fond doting mother can express more interest in her children than do some of our nurses in the little folks under their care. Little Sada was in one of the nurse's arms and was put down to show us how nicely she had learned to bow. Mary Hill, a little girl brought in with a growth in her ear, was resting on her bed, and a new nurse was frolicking with her. Carrie Mayer, the child who has been carrying the sand bag to strengthen her arm, continues this exercise fifteen minutes at a time, eight times a day. George Peeling, two years and a half old, was in his cot, his hand bandaged. An iron sewer pipe had jammed his finger and it was feared amputation would be necessary, but the physicians then hoped to save it. The little thing had become very much attached to Mrs. Shannon, followed her around, and refused to go from her to his own mother. This was recognized by the mother as proof her little one was kindly cared for. Many of the Pavilion children were in rocking chairs on the piazza, among whom were Willie Reus, Willie Hooper and Henry Mattis, all having diseased hips. Willie Reus' disease was the result of a fall; Willie Hooper's was caused by rheumatism. Max Kraus was also on the piazza; he you know has a curvature of the spine, caused by falling over a stone as he was walking backward. Jackie Striker was convalescing from eczema of the head. Harry Addison, under treatment for rheumatism, was playing on the lawn. Jerry Shehan had a new dress just brought him by his mother. Katy runs about the lawn, enjoys her chicken broth, and is getting plump.

The Hospital looks very clean and attractive. The house-cleaning is about completed. Our matron has the bump of neatness very fully developed.

In the Upper Male Ward a new marble floor and in the bath room a new bath tub are noticeable improvements.

An Out-Door Department.

The officers of the Rochester City Hospital have long felt the pressing need of an out-door department, where persons afflicted with diseases of the eye, ear, lungs, or other organs, who did not necessarily require constant residence in the hospital, or who could not be spared from their own abodes, could come on certain days of the week for examination or treatment, and then, in their own homes, carry out the suggestions of the physicians.

Plans for such a building have been made recently, and we are happy to announce that through the liberality of a former resident of the city, our long delayed hopes are about to be realized. The kind heart of the bountiful benefactor has prompted her to generous deeds, and multitudes of the afflicted sufferers, who will avail themselves of this charity, will rise up and call her blessed.

The building, a two story one, is to be erected west of the Hospital, and the entrance to it will be between the Hospital and Children's Pavilion. The lower story will be arranged with special reference to eye patients. There will be four rooms, and a dark closet for examinations of the eye.

If one who has ceased to be a resident of our city feels such an interest in our institutions as to endow this charity, we hope others who are still with us will be stimulated to walk in her footsteps.

A laundry and a building with dormitories and a sitting room for our nurses when off duty are greatly needed, and they would be noble memorials of those who when with us were benefactors of their race.

Who will supply these needs?

Miss Lawrence, our Supervising Nurse, is absent, taking a vacation. Mrs. Converse our Recorder, has returned to the Hospital and resumed her duties.

A New Laundry.

There are now more than a hundred patients in the Hospital, a whole Training School of Nurses, and various other parties who are needed to care for the invalids.

The basement, which for years has been used as a laundry, is by no means adequate to the present needs of the Hospital for laundry purposes. We have plenty of ground outside the main building, and we urgently plead with our citizens to enable us to construct a building suitable to our necessities. Are there not rich men among us who will be willing to erect such a structure and perpetuate their names, or give the money in memory of some one who when living delighted to do good to others? This month we record the gift of a former citizen to meet one of our great wants. Who next month will be on record as the donor of a laundry?

The Pavilion Fund.

We are glad to learn that two sales have been held by the little folks for the benefit of the Pavilion Fund. Mrs. Mathews' report gives the names of our young friends. We hope their good example may be followed.

The nurses say some of the aged men are very fond of flowers. They retain for a long while those given by the Flower Mission and are disappointed if they are not remembered.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital May 1st.....	117
Number rec'd during month.....	82
Births... ..	1
	<hr/> 200
Discharged during month.....	89
Deaths	10
Number remaining in Hospital, May 1st... ..	101
	<hr/> 200

Died.

At the City Hospital, May 2nd, Peter Ennis, aged 48 years.

May 3rd, Daniel R. Paine, aged 57 years.

May 5th, of Pelvic Peritonitis, Mrs. Ann Glass 57 years.

May 8th, of Tubercular Phthisis Pulmonalis, Richard Threehouse, aged 52 years.

May 8th, of Cerebral Apoplexy, David P. Cone, aged 35 years.

May 11th, Charles Gilman, aged 19 years.

May 14th, railroad accident, W. H. Cunningham, aged 40 years.

May 25th, of shock from fall from window, Mrs. Hannah Cornwell, aged 52 years.

May 27, Margaret Burtis.

May 31, of Pulmonary Tuberculosis, Harry White, aged 45 years.

Donations.

Mrs. George C. Buell, Mrs. Thomas Dransfield, Mrs. E. H. Davis, Mrs. Gyle, Mrs. Freeman Clarke—old cotton.

Mr. Wendell Curtis—1 pair of flannel shirts and reading matter.

Nellie Laborde and Frankie Hutchinson—reading matter, toys and oranges for the children.

Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, 6 bed tidies, old cotton, reading matter and child's wrapper.

Dr. David Little—wheeled chair.

Mrs. Geo. W. Smith, N. Y. City—6 beautifully dressed dolls.

Mrs. Alvin H. Dewey—shirts, collars, cuffs, and magazines.

Mrs. E. J. Loop—very nice suit of clothes.

Mrs. B. E. Chace, Mrs. H. D. Wilkins, Mrs. J. L. Hatch, Mrs. C. D. Van Zandt and Mrs. L. S. Chapin—gingham aprons for the children.

Rev. J. A. Stewart—Quantity of Scientific Americans and Illustrated London News.

Edith and Florence Bates of N. Y. City—Infant's clothing.

Mrs. M. Strong, Mrs. C. S. Hastings—Reading matter.

Mrs. S. H. Terry—Scientific Americans.

Mrs. E. N. Sill—3 tumblers of jelly.

Young Ladies So.—1 pair of drawers, 1 night dress.

Parent Stem and 1st Twig—8 new night shirts, 7 pinnars, 18 binders, 4 flannel shirts, 2 doz. flannel bands.

Miss A. S. Mumford—15 shirts, collars, books and small articles for the Children's Pavilion, 4 suits of clothes, 1 overcoat, shirts, underclothes, socks, &c., &c.

Mr. Samuel Paine—2 hip braces for patients in Pavilion. Value \$30.00.

Mrs. J. L. Pixley—Quantity of reading matter.

Nell Bros.—Marble top of table, value \$8.00.

Mrs. Geo. Taylor—Second hand shirts.

Mrs. Simon Stern—Children's clothing.

Mrs. John Brewster—12 yds of gingham for aprons

Mrs. John Adams—Package of worsteds.

Mrs. H. F. Smith—2 qts. French pickles.

Mrs. Huntington—5 books and socks.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Mrs. W. H. Perkins.....\$ 6 00

Proceeds of sale held May 15th by Dottie Gilman and Alice Little..... 7 08

Proceeds of sale held May 28th, by Cornelia Robinson, Beatrice, Alice and Katie Rogers..... 20 51

"Series F," Mrs. C. M. Allen..... 1 00

"Series G," Miss Aldridge, \$1.00; Mrs. D. Andrews, \$10.00; Mrs. C. C. Morse, \$1.00; Mrs. A. B. Lamberton, \$1.00... 13 00

Receipts for the month.....\$47.59

Previously acknowledged.....\$5,765.19

Total receipts\$5,812.78

We most earnestly solicit contributions for this object, which should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the Fund.

Receipts for the Review

MAY, 1888.

Mrs. E. A. Bartlett, Annandale, by Miss Terry..... 50

Miss L. M. Read, by Mrs. S. H. Terry... 62

Mr. J. H. Howe, 62 cents; Mr. J. McCabe, 62 cents; Mr. Geo. W. Ross

Lewin, 62 cents, by Miss Hattie Smith 1 86

Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co., Adv., \$26.00; Oaks & Calhoun, Adv., \$5, by

Mrs. M. M. Mathews..... 31 00

George R. Fuller, Adv., \$15.00; Mrs. H. F. Huntington for Miss Worcester,

New York, 50 cents; Mrs. W. R. Humphrey, Ithaca, \$1.00; Mrs. Chas.

Jones, Geneseo, 52 cents; Mrs. E. S. Moore, Fairport, 50 cents; sale of

paper, 5 cents, by Treasurer..... 17 57

MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treas.,

96 Spring Street.

Life hath no blessing like an earnest friend; than treasured wealth more precious, than the power of monarchs, and the people's loud applause.—*Euripides, B. C., 460.*

Christ in us, that we may never despair when we are beset by difficulties; we in Him, that when we have attained something we may reach forward to greater victories.—*Canon Westcott.*

My Cross.

It is not heavy agonizing woe,
Bearing me down with hopeless crushing
weight ;
No ray of comfort in the gathering gloom,
A heart bereaved, a household desolate.

It is not sickness with her withering hand,
Keeping me low upon a couch of pain ;
Longing each morning for the weary night,
At night for weary day to come again.

It is not poverty with chilling blast,
The sunken eye, the hunger-wasted form ;
The dear ones perishing for lack of bread,
With no safe shelter from the winter's storm.

It is not slander with her evil tongue ;
'Tis not "presumptuous sins" against my
God ;
Not reputation lost, nor friends betrayed ;
That such is not my cross I thank my God.

Mine is a daily cross of petty cares,
Of little duties pressing on my heart
Of little troubles hard to reconcile,
Of inward troubles overcome in part.

My feet are weary in their daily rounds,
My heart is weary of its daily care,
My sinful nature often doth rebel,
I pray for grace my daily cross to bear.

It is not heavy, Lord, yet oft I pine ;
It is not heavy, but 'tis everywhere ;
By day and night each hour my cross I bear,
I dare not lay it down—Thou keep'st it there.

I dare not lay it down ; I only ask
That, taking up my daily cross, I may
Follow my Master, humbly, step by step,
Through clouds and darkness, unto perfect
day.

Thoughtful.

It is always pleasant to see the kindly, tender deference paid by a young husband to his bride in the days when she is still called a bride and he a bridegroom, and it is still more pleasant and beautiful to see this deference and kindly courtesy enduring through all the years of their lives, and manifesting itself in many little things when they are both aged and gray.

The attention of the passengers on a railroad train was directed to an old couple, both of whom had passed their threescore and ten years, and were living in the waiting expectant "borrowed time" period of life.

The old gentleman's vision was apparently stronger and clearer than his wife's, and he was evidently anxious that she should see as much as possible while on their journey.

"Now, Harriet," he said when they had found an unoccupied seat, "you set next to the winder."

"No, no, pa, you set there yourself," she mildly protested.

"No, I want you to set where you can see most, he insisted, gently pushing her forward.

"Well, thank you, pa," she said ; "you shall set next to the winder on our way home, anyhow."

There were other unoccupied seats in the car, but it did not occur to the old gentleman that he might sit in one of them, and then be near a window himself. Possibly he thought it would not be polite or gallant to leave his wife sitting alone.

"You seeing everything, Harriet?" he would ask anxiously of his wife, as she sat with her dim, old eyes turned toward the window.

"Oh, yes, pa, everything ; but I'm afraid you don't see much at all."

"Oh, yes, I do, yes, I do," he replied cheerily ; "don't you bother 'bout *me*—see that monstrous big house and barn up there on that hill."

"Where ? I don't see."

"Oh, you're looking the wrong way, over here—now we're past them. I'm sorry, I'd liked for you to have seen them. How's your headache now?"

"Oh, it's most all gone."

"That's good. Don't you want a drink of water?"

"No, I guess not ; thank you all the same."

And to the end of their journey of several hundred miles the old gentleman's thoughtfulness and attention did not lapse ; it evidently had not lapsed in all the fifty or more years that he had lived with his wife.

Removing the Ring.

"Will you please saw this ring off my finger?"

It was an old woman who made this request of a Broadway jeweler, and as the worker in gold and silver took the wrinkled, though fat and shapely, hand in his it trembled violently, and a tear dropped upon the counter.

"Excuse me," continued the old lady, "but it is my wedding ring. I have never

had it off since I was married---forty-five years ago. I have refrained from having it cut, hoping that my finger might get thinner and that I could take it off without breaking it."

"And what if I can remove it without cutting?" inquired the jeweler.

"But can you?" said she, looking up in a credulous way. "If you can, do it by all means."

Then the jeweler took the swollen finger and wound it round from the top downward in a length of flat rubber braid. The elastic cord exerted its force upon the tissues of the fingers gently and gradually until the flesh seemed to be pushed down almost to the bone. The old woman's hand was then held above her head for a brief interval. Then the bandage was quickly uncorded and rewound about the member. This was repeated three times, and finally it was found upon uncovering the finger that it was small enough to admit of the ring being removed with ease.

"I have never failed but once," said the jeweler, "and I have removed many rings from fingers even more swollen than yours. Do I charge for it? Oh, yes. I ask the same amount that I would get if the ring were left to be mended after being cut. One dollar. Thank you!" and as he turned to his bench and the old woman left the store, he added: "But after all, she might have done the same thing herself. It's not the work, however, I charge for. It's the 'know how.'"

Painstaking.

"What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is an excellent motto for every young person to follow. Not only does practicing this adage establish habits of carefulness, speed and accuracy, but it lays a good foundation for success in life. A prominent judge, living near Cincinnati, wished to have a rough fence built, and sent for a carpenter:

"I want this fence mended," said he, "to keep out the cattle. There are some unplanned boards, use them. It is out of sight of the house, so you need not take time to make it a neat job. I will only pay you a dollar and a half.

However, afterward, the judge coming to look at the work, found that the boards were planed and finished with exceeding

neatness. Supposing the young man had done it in order to make a costly job of it, he said, angrily:

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vines. I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter.

"How much do you charge?" asked the judge

"A dollar and a half," said the man, shouldering his tools.

"Why did you spend all that labor on the job, if not for the money?"

"For the job, sir."

"Nobody would have seen the poor work on it."

"But I should have known it was there. No; I'll take only the dollar and a half." And he took it and went away.

Ten years afterward the judge had a contract to give for the building of certain magnificent public buildings. There were many applicants among master-builders, but one face attracted his attention. It was that of the man who had built the fence.

"I knew," said the judge afterward, telling the story, "we should have only good, genuine work from him. I gave him the contract, and it made a rich man of him."

Many wounded men who wore the gray or blue in the late war, will remember Mother P—, a nurse in a Pennsylvania hospital, noted for her always cheerful face and invincible good humor. One day the news of a terrible battle was brought to the hospital. The result was doubtful, and every one dreaded the worse. Physicians, nurses, even servants, neglected their work all day, and talked in excited groups, or ran out to gather the last tidings. Mother P— went quietly to work as usual to scrub the floor of her ward. "What do you think of the news?" she was asked by an agitated young doctor. "I think," said Mother P— calmly, "that I did not make this war, nor am I called upon to end it. But I *am* sent to mop the floor of this hospital." The excited crowd understood the rebuke, and quickly scattered to their work. "Learn what you cannot do, and then do what you can."

And ye shall succor men;

'Tis nobleness to serve;

Help them who cannot help again;

Beware from right to swerve.

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

About Toads.

Here is a description of a toad's manner of swallowing his prey, by ex-President Hill of Harvard College, which cannot fail to amuse and interest all who read it :

When he sees any moving thing which he judges to be an insect, he throws the tip of his tongue out with great accuracy of aim, he picks the insect up, and thrusts it down his throat with the rapidity of lightning. Lay down an apple core, or a little piece of shingle smeared with molasses near a toad, and you must watch very sharply to see how it is that he so rapidly transfers every fly that settles on your bait to his own stomach.

Under a beehive, in a garden at Cambridge, I observed for several successive summers, a toad watching for overloaded bees who failed to reach the threshold of the hives. No sooner did they fall to the ground than he snapped them up. But one day I saw he had lost by some accident his right eye, and when he struck at a bee he lost his aim, and picked up dirt from one side of the bee. He wiped his mouth with his fore paw and tried again and again. The bee generally managed to climb to the top of some little prominence on the ground, and fly away before the toad succeeded. The poor fellow was half-starved, and grew thin ; but I observed that, before the summer was ended, he had learned to aim as correctly with one eye as he used to with two, and had again recovered his plumpness.

The toad's tongue usually puts things down his throat so nicely that he does not need much power of swallowing ; but he occasionally needs it, and is forced to make up by mother wit what is lacking in the powers of the throat. You will observe this difficulty most frequently in his attempt to take a grasshopper or locust. A toad will frequently attack an object that is really too large for him to get into his mouth at all. Thus I have seen one attempt a huge caterpillar of a sphynx, and I have known of one undertaking a wounded humming-bird. In this case it was a perfect failure. But when a toad has transferred the head of a large locust to his stomach, and finds the hind legs and tail still protruding from his mouth, he usually turns to the nearest stone or fence, and pushes the grasshopper's legs against the

obstacle until he has rammed it into his mouth. It would seem from this that his stomach is capable of considerable mechanical extension without giving pain. And were his stomach not somewhat insensible, he would neither be capable of enduring the long fasts to which he must sometimes submit, nor of indulging with impunity in the feasting and over-eating which we sometimes observe in him.

Discontent is the echo of unbelief. — *J. H. S. Trainer.*

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Every day is full of a most impressive experience.—*F W Robertson.*

We should not be content with the first movement, however sincere, of penitent devotion ; but should seek to rise from penitence to faith and hope and love.—*Dr. Jebb.*

Sorrow is not selfish, but many persons are in sorrow entirely selfish. It makes them so important in their own eyes that they seem to have a claim on all that people can do for them,—*George MacDonald.*

Those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were without an infant child. Their other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality ; but this one alone is rendered an immortal child—*Leigh Hunt.*

Are you accepting your daily cares and duties as a ministry to be entered into for God ? If day by day we say to Him : "Whatever work Thou hast for me to do, give it into my hands, and give me grace to do it," and then just "wait on our ministering," will not our life be one of peace, even though full of trial and seeming perplexity? *Hope Ledyard.*

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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MRS. M. M. MATHEWS, MRS. A. S. HAMILTON,
MRS. WM. E. HOYT.

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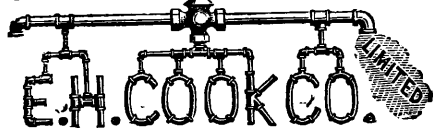
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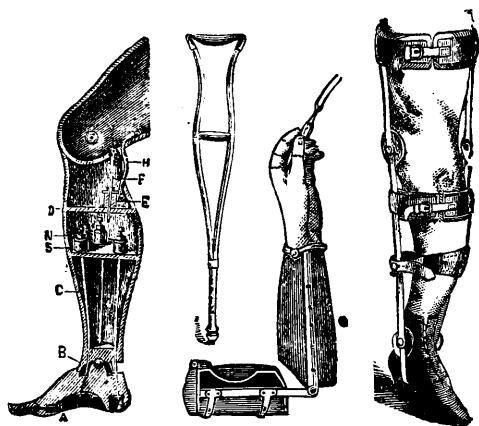
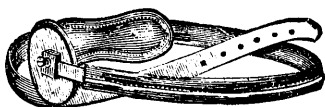
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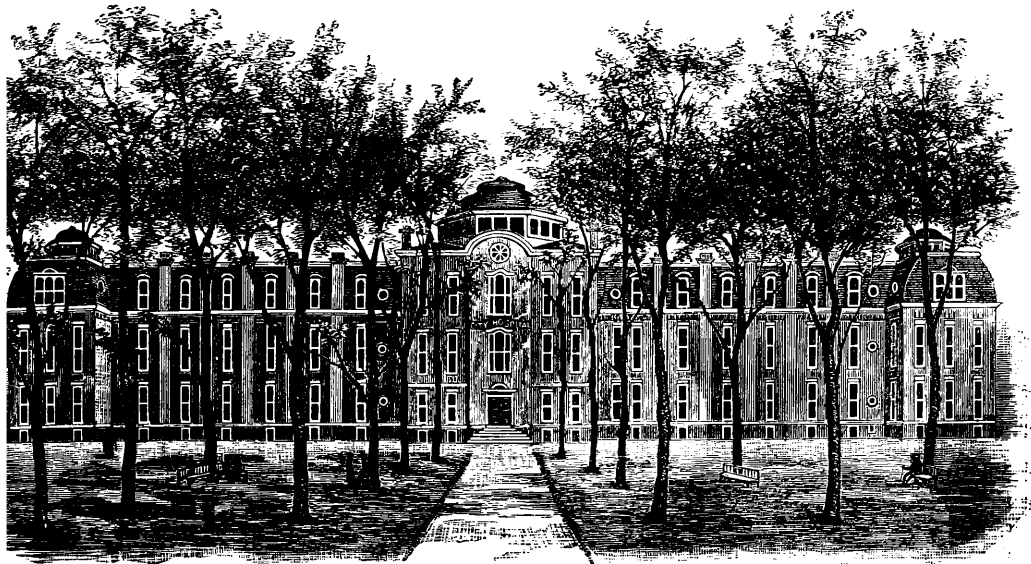
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DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING
AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXIV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 16, 1888.

No. 12.

Church Music.

The harp at Nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play ;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made, and praise is given,
By all things near and far ;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

It's waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the human knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea !

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they bring.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine ;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer ;

The altar-curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain,—
The thunder-organ or the cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head and branches crossed
The twilight forest grieves
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air,
The music of its starry march
The chorus of a prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent frame
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man.

—Whittier.

In sweet belief I know,
Which way my life doth go,
Since God permitteth so,
That must be best.

One of the King's Daughters.

BY SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

"Martha Carroll is just the one for Mrs. Whitbeck, if we can only get her. I think we can, for things are going on well at her home now, and the money she will be paid will be a great help to her family."

When Miss Powell said this, she was standing in Mrs. Gardner's parlor with an open letter in her hand. Mrs. Gardner took city boarders, and had just been making arrangements with Miss Powell to take her friend, Mrs. Whitbeck, for a few weeks.

"Mrs. Whitbeck is something of an invalid; quite peculiar, too," Miss Powell continued, "but I think Martha will get along with her better than any one else would. I will go right up there and see about it."

When Miss Powell told Mrs. Carroll and Martha her errand, they thought at first that Martha could not be spared; but after considering the matter, and the advantages it would be in a monetary way, the arrangements were made for Martha to go the next week to Mrs. Gardner's, to wait on Mrs. Whitbeck during her stay in the country.

Martha found Mrs. Whitbeck as Mrs. Gardner told her, "very queer, and rather hard to get along with." This the young girl thought strange, as she had heard that Mrs. Whitbeck had a great deal of money, and she thought people who had money must surely be very good and happy. But Mrs. Whitbeck was more unhappy than any of the hard-working women who lived up where Martha did. She was always fretting and worrying about something that had taken place, or might take place at some future time. Her food was never cooked to suit her, and her bed had to be made over three or four times some days. She told Martha what trials and troubles she had had, and said she did not believe any one had had such a hard life. Mrs. Whitbeck had troubles, for that is the lot of every one on earth; but instead of making her thoughtful of others and sympathetic with them, she had grown selfish and sour. Mrs. Whitbeck was to be pitied, for if she had only learned how much more easily our own troubles are borne when we try to help others carry their burdens, she would have found out the secret of true living, and the satisfaction it brings to a troubled soul.

Martha felt homesick sometimes, and

when Mrs. Whitbeck had been unusually fretful and exacting, she thought she would have to give up her place and go home. But she had engaged to stay a specified time, and the money she earned would help them all so much. When she felt discouraged, she would look at her silver cross and remember she was one of the King's Daughters, and she would lift up her heart to God and ask Him to help her.

One day Mrs. Whitbeck thought it would do her good to take a drive to the woods, and smell the scent of the pines and the balsam firs, and stroll about among the rocks and trees. Martha went with her, and she was rejoiced to see Mrs. Whitbeck seem to really enjoy something, for she wandered about as delighted as a child; but when she got back to Mrs. Gardner's, she had what she called one of her bad spells, and Martha was up all night. It was all because of overdoing, she said; she was one of that kind of persons who could not have a good time without paying dearly for it. Martha was very patient, for she had heard one of the nurses in the village tell that no one must mind what people who are ill say, as it is all on account of weak nerves. Martha was thankful for health and strength and strong nerves, and although she was tired and sleepy, she managed to be very thoughtful and helpful. She was bending over the bed putting a cloth with hot water on Mrs. Whitbeck's forehead, when that lady noticed the little silver cross.

"Who gave you that cross?" she asked, as she took it in her hand.

Martha told Mrs. Whitbeck all, and also about the "King's Daughters."

"Strange I had not heard about them," the lady said. "Tell me all you can."

"I'm afraid it will make you keep awake, and I am sure you need rest," Martha said kindly.

"No, it won't hurt me at all, Martha; it will do me good. I can't sleep, and it may divert my mind."

So Martha kept putting the cloths wet in hot water on Mrs. Whitbeck's aching head, while she talked in a low tone of voice about the "King's Daughters," and what they were doing.

"Some endow a bed in a hospital for sick poor folks," Martha added. "If I were rich, I'd like to do that. It is so dreadful to be poor and sick and have no

good place to be quiet in, or anybody to care and nurse one."

"It must be terrible," Mrs. Whitbeck replied. "It's bad enough to be ill when one has money and a comfortable place to stay in. But I never thought much about it before."

Mrs. Whitbeck soon slept, and Martha went to her room, which opened out of that lady's, and was soon asleep, too. Both slept late the next morning, and when Martha woke up and saw what time it was, she felt quite annoyed that she had slept so late. She went into Mrs. Whitbeck's room immediately, but found her patient sleeping quietly. She moved about very cautiously, lest she should awaken her.

Soon she heard "Martha, Martha!" and was at the bedside in an instant.

"O I've had such a good sleep, Martha," Mrs. Whitbeck said, "and I feel quite well for me."

"I'm so glad," the young girl replied. "I slept late myself."

"I had such a strange dream, too. I'm not much given to talking about dreams, but I thought I had a ribbon tied round my forehead, and it had 'One of the King's Daughters,' in gilt letters on it. I seemed to be trying to sew and to sing, and I was picking flowers in the woods for people who were ill."

"I'm afraid we talked too much last night, Mrs. Whitbeck; that was what made you dream so."

"It did not tire me though, Martha. I rather think it quieted me."

After breakfast, as Martha was "touching up" the room with flowers, and making things look bright and cheery, Mrs. Whitbeck said "I suppose no one but young girls belongs to your Society."

"O yes, Mrs. Whitbeck, ladies belong, too. They have not joined here yet, but they have in some of the cities."

"Women as old as I am?"

"O yes ma'am, and older, too—some grandmothers. I read about them; one had just celebrated her one hundredth birthday. 'In His Name,' is the motto. There is a very rich lady who built a cottage for some hospital, I don't know just what it is, but it cost \$12,000, and she had 'In His Name,' cut in the stone walk."

"I must look into this organization," Mrs. Whitbeck said.

When Miss Powell called she talked the matter all over with her, and before she

went to sleep that night, she told Martha she had made up her mind to be one of the King's Daughters, and to endow a bed in a hospital. Martha's face was all aglow, and the lady noticed her joy. "You and I will endow that bed together, Martha."

The young girl's countenance changed in a moment, as she said, "I would like so much to do that. It has been the great desire of my heart, but you know I have no money."

"O I'll give the money, Martha. But I should not have known it if you had not told me, so your part is the greater. I don't care to have my name made public, so I am going to call it the "Martha Bed."

O, how happy Martha was! She was so happy that the tears rolled down her cheeks, tears of joy.

"I believe the mottoes of the King's Daughters are just what I need to make me get well," Mrs. Whitbeck said to Miss Powell the next time she came.

"Look forward, and not back."

"I've been looking back all the time to the days when Jessie was alive, and before the old home was broken up, but now I'm going to try with God's help to look forward, and leaving the things that are behind press forward to those that are beyond."

"I'm always looking in, instead of out, too, thinking of my own aches and pains and troubles, but now I'm going to look at other people's, and try to forget mine."

"Look up, and not down." "What a blessed motto that is. I forgot to look up toward the things that are heavenly. I only looked down on the sordid things of earth, and I am sorry to say that my hand has not been lent to do the work of my Father, the King. I shall hope now to remember to 'Lend a Hand.'"

Martha made herself so useful and good to Mrs. Whitbeck, that when the Summer was passed that lady said she would be one of the "Continuing Ten," and would provide ways and means for Martha's family, so she could go to school all Winter; and when she bade Martha good-bye, she told her how grateful she felt to her for telling her about the King's Daughters. She would have taken Martha to the city with her, but Miss Powell advised her not to do until another year, as she was afraid to have her beautiful home influence taken away until the family were better established in their new ways of living.—*New York Observer.*"

TO MY IRRITABLE SISTER.**An Open Letter.**

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

Yes, my dear fellow-housekeeper, I know all about it from experience. I know the eternal vigilance which is alone the price of decent cleanliness. I have fought the incessant battle with dust, and have envied those notable matrons whose windows are always brightly polished, whose floors never show speck or fluff, whose vestibules are immaculate, and whose tables are not only abundantly provided, but invariably daintily served. I know how beautiful, in the reading, is the story of this woman or that, whose affairs move with no audible jar, and no visible friction. And I am aware, too, that it is not easy, in actual practice, to go through an ordinary domestic week, with its multifarious activities, and feel neither jar nor friction. The ideal superlative transcends the positive actual with many of us, and the prettier our homes are, the harder it is, alas! to take the proper and exquisite care which our very luxuries and conveniences demand.

It came to me, the other day, as I sat in my chamber, and thought of your annoyances and my own, that perhaps the most practical way of conquering the tendency to irritability of which you complain, and which I deplore, is resolutely to refuse it expression. We are not always able to control the impetuous rush of emotion, but we can repress the hasty speech and the severe frown. We can be silent, in the first flush of injured feeling, and refrain from the sharp word, the querulous outcry, and the indignant burst, of which we are sure to repent. Have we not repented over and over of having spoken impatiently, when to do so did no good, in fact, did but confuse child or servant, or vex the heart of our friend?

Apart from the repression of resentment, in look or word, we may do much toward the cultivation of a gentle and not easily perturbed temper by using habitually a gentle quietude of tone. Shall I ever forget my friend, the sweet mistress of a Virginia manse, her health fragile, her family large, her house overflowing with guests, and her hands with cares, while the best service at her command was both imperfect and uncertain? Her presence in the book-lined study was a benediction as we gathered

for family prayers, or evening chat; nor, under any provocation was the sweet voice ever raised. So tranquil, so unhurried, when I am wearied the remembrance of her gentleness rests and soothes me still.

Very precious to my heart is Bonar's hymn,

"Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast,
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

"Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain;
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain."

When we have exhausted all our prescriptions, and tried all our remedies, dear, easily-irritated sister, the one unfailing panacea awaits us. The leaves of the tree of life are forever for the healing of the nations. But we are often so slow to avail ourselves of the peace we might have for the asking; we so often buy everything else before we go to Him who never fails us when we carry our wants to His feet.

I think we instinctively run to Him in the time of calamity or disaster. Then we cannot help it. The impulse dominates us, and as the hurt child cries out for the mother-comfort, we fly to our heavenly Friend. But the children are naughty, the chimney smokes, there are business worries, the servant leaves suddenly, the dinner is spoiled through somebody's carelessness, the baby is teething, and we are worn out; and we call all these little things, and think we must bear them alone. They are the very things in which the Lord is waiting to be our gracious helper, if we will only carry them straight to Him, to "drop the burden at His feet, and bear a song away."

I have addressed this bit of talk to you, my irritable, my discouraged, my overwrought sister. You are irritable, because you are overwrought, and your discouragement springs from the same reason. I do not know your name, but God knows it, for is it not written in the Lamb's book of life? Let us pray for each other, and let us take care to rule our spirits if we can, lest haply we be so unfortunate as to offend one of his little ones by our unkindness or sinful exasperation.—*Interior.*

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.—Bible.

Daniel Webster and the Woodchuck.

Daniel Webster was the greatest lawyer of his time in the country. His first law case was when he was a boy. The story of it, made shorter, was something like this: The prisoner at the bar—or rather, in a box trap—was a woodchuck, which had stolen some vegetables from Daniel's father's garden, but which he and his brother Ezekiel succeeded in capturing. Zeke wanted to let the dog have him; Dan wanted to let him go. They agreed to leave it to their father. He told them to argue the case before him as judge. Ezekiel made his speech first, arguing that the woodchuck had done a great deal of harm; that he would continue to do so, if set free, in somebody's garden; and that therefore the public good required a punishment of death. Then Daniel, looking at the soft eyes of the trembling animal, appealed to the Court in his behalf:

"God made the woodchuck. He made him to live. He made him to roam free in the fields and woods, and to enjoy the pure air and the bright sunshine. God did not make anything in vain—not even the woodchuck. He made him to fill his proper place in creation, and the woodchuck has as much right to live as any other living thing. He is not a destructive animal, like the wolf and the fox and the tiger. He does not kill poultry; he does not take life; he does not destroy anything for mere sport; he simply eats a few vegetables, of which we have an abundance, and can well spare a part. The food that he eats to sustain life is as sweet to him, and as necessary to his existence, as is that which is served for us upon our mother's table. *

* * We have taken the land where he roamed, and have cut down the trees that supplied him with nuts and acorns. Shall we, then, take it into our hands to punish the woodchuck—to imprison or put him to death—just for taking the food which God has provided for him? I say we have no right to deprive him of either life or liberty. Witness the mute but earnest pleading of the animal for that life which is so sweet to him. Oh, let us not take it away in selfish cruelty and cold heartedness! for if we do we must expect a just and righteous judgment for our wanton act."

While the young lawyer was making his plea for the prisoner, the tears ran down the father's cheeks; and before Daniel had

finished his argument, the old man, forgetting that he was a judge, shouted: "Zeke, let the woodchuck go!"

Sensible.

"I notice," says a Chicago lady, "that in all this talk about what is designated as women's labor, the every-day routine of the housekeeper is ignored. There is no reference to the work of the women whose lives are passed in home-making, home-keeping. They are regarded as a negative, non-productive class. Yet the profession of the housekeeper is the most natural and proper vocation of women. There is no other trade so complex; none more difficult. Add to this the cares of motherhood, and what else can a woman engage in which will as completely absorb every energy of which she is capable? To be a good housewife and mother is by no means the occupation of an idler. Perhaps my notions are obsolete, but I think the woman who creates a comfortable home, and raises children to worthy manhood and womanhood, is the noblest work of God, and is quite as much a producer as the woman who writes a book, invents some machine, or follows a profession."

Farmer Eno on Church Singin'.

BY L. B. CAKE.

I've been listenin' to the birds
An' hummin' of the bees,
A blendin' in the chorus of
The wind among the trees.
The world seemed like a meetin'-house,
The congregation there
All j'inin' in the joyful hymns
That 'peared to fill the air.

The Lord's ole-fashioned meetin'-house;
Ole-fashioned hymns of praise,
The world has sung an' sung unchanged,
Since them creation days.
No bang and bustle worship there,
Got up for show and hire,
But ev'rything that had a voice
Was in Jehovah's choir.

I wish they'd quit the proxy plan,
Where you and me belong,
An' take the Lord's ole-fashioned way
Of worshipin' in song.
Let ev'rybody with a voice,
In pulpit an' in pews,
Just shout the glory in his heart,
An' swell the halleluws.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 16, 1888.

Hospital Inmates.

On the last day of June we visited the City Hospital and found less than usual of stirring interest within the wards.

But four of the nineteen inmates of the Female Medical Ward were confined to their cots. One of these was afflicted with a cancer. A second had a tumor. A third was a new comer, and the fourth a sufferer from pneumonia. One patient who had been sick for fourteen years, and most of this time unable to walk, had improved so much since receiving Hospital treatment that she walked about without assistance, but was accompanied by a person to aid her if she was inclined to fall. Two patients had diseases of the lungs, two were convalescing from surgical operations, one was recovering from eczema. One paralytic who could not walk or speak when brought to the Hospital is able to do both now, and is gaining every day. The patient with chronic sore limbs changes but little. Five were dismissed last month in an improved condition.

Bright flowers in the Female Surgical Ward indicated a recent visit of members of the flower mission, and perhaps no one was more appreciative of their gifts than *grossmutter*, who is evidently failing. Only one of the twelve under treatment in this ward was confined to her bed, and this one was an aged woman. A new eye patient had just been brought into the ward; one under treatment for cataract was doing well. Most of the invalids were very comfortable and several of them busying themselves with sewing.

Sixteen were inmates of the Male Medical Ward. A consumptive and a paralytic were confined to their cots. Four were afflicted with rheumatism. The Ward

Master had fallen and broken his left wrist and was receiving treatment in the Surgical Ward. Several of the inmates had diseases of the stomach, but the majority of the patients were quite comfortable.

Seven of the thirteen occupants of the Male Surgical Ward were all the time in their beds. One man had cut his head by jumping off from a train of cars. The railroad engineer who had so injured his arm that amputation had been necessary was doing well. The man who while riding on a bicycle was caught by a butcher's hook that penetrated his cheek and pulled the eye out of place was doing as well as could be expected. The wound was healing but would leave an ugly scar. The power of opening the eyelid was gone, but possibly may be restored by a surgical operation. He retains the sight of one eye. The patient with gangrene on his toes had had two of them amputated and was improving. A youth with hip disease had another abscess. An Italian whose thigh was swollen to more than twice its natural size had an abscess. A man with ulcer on his leg was doing well. A boy who had been run over by a railroad engine and had his right leg crushed from the foot to the middle of the thigh, and his left leg taken off near the hip, died the same day he was brought to the Hospital.

There were two babies and two mothers in the Nursery. The isolated pavilions were tenantless.

The Children's Pavilion.

Dear children if you could have visited with us the Children's Pavilion, you would have seen a long table in the Boys' Ward, where all the girls and boys who were able had been eating their dinners. All but three had left the table; one of these was Carrie Myers, the little girl with skin disease and stiff arm; another was Mary Hill, who was brought in by the Humane So

ciety; a third was little Sarah Hollahan, who ran about to show us how nicely she could walk, and then came back saying, "my jacket hurts me." The nurse promised to put a piece of cotton wool beneath the plaster of Paris jacket, to relieve the pressure. Turning from the dinner table we found one boy in bed; this was Willie Lundqvst, a boy of Sweedish descent. Last October he was jumping over a stone step, when he slipped on a banana skin and hurt his shin. He had a bone abscess in consequence and a very sore leg when he came to the Hospital. Dr. Kempe had opened it and it is now improving. Near Willie stood a girl thirteen years old from Townsend. While she was sewing a button on her shoe the needle slipped and penetrated the eye. Ulceration of the cornea followed. Dr. Rider was treating her and hoped to preserve the sight of the eye. Minnie Johnson, seven years old, had a skin disease and both her hands were bandaged. Jacky Striker, from the Jewish orphan asylum, was being treated for a skin disease, his head was covered with ointment and protected by a cloth bandage. Willie Reus, who has been confined to his bed with diseased hip for two months is better and able to walk around. Georgie P. is seven years old, but very small of his age, he has a diseased spine, and has never walked. The nurse brought him to us in her arms and then placed him on a soft mat with pillows about him, so that he could amuse himself on the floor with some of the younger children. He sits contentedly in his chair much of the time, and seems very patient. Henry Mattis who has a disease of the skin and also a diseased hip was trying to amuse Georgie. Tommy and Max were playing out of doors. There are fifteen children now receiving treatment in the Children's Pavilion without counting the two babies in the Nursery. The nurse showed us a photograph that some gentleman had taken of the little folks, their nurses and one of the house

physicians. The Hospital children have heard about the Children's Summer Hospital at the lake, and some of them who spent a few days there last summer are hoping to get another chance to visit the lakeside.

The Out-Door Department.

We alluded last month to a generous friend from a neighboring State, whose warm heart had prompted her to benevolent acts for the afflicted in our city, and through whose liberality the long needed Out-Door-Department was about to become a permanent blessing to our city.

Plans gratuitously drawn by Mr. W. D. Powell, the architect, have been submitted to and approved by the donor and the officers of the City Hospital, and a contract for its erection awarded to Mr. Wm. H. Gorsline.

We were fortunate enough to witness an interesting scene as the ground was broken for this new enterprise. A number of the Lady Managers and members of the Hospital Staff had assembled at the Hospital to meet Mrs. Mary S. Jewell, and see if any improvements in the plans for the building could be suggested. As all parties were satisfied, it was proposed that the aged friend who was to erect the memorial edifice should herself break the ground for the new structure. So, at a quarter past twelve on the fifteenth of June, the party proceeded to the selected spot, west of the south part of the Children's Pavilion. A spade was furnished and our venerable friend turned over the first sod for the new building directly under the spot where are to be placed the dark room and the ophthalmoscope, the wonderful instrument that is to reveal so much about the eye. At her request the other friends of the Hospital present imitated her example. The members of the Staff, the President and three other members of the Board of Lady Managers of the City Hos-

pital, the Matron of the Hospital, and the Editress of the Review each lent a hand and a foot and the good work was started. We visited the spot on the last day of June and found the old root cellar demolished, a new cellar built and the foundations laid for the ground floor of the new edifice. The sound of the trowel and the hammer indicated work was progressing.

We hope the example of our friend may be imitated, and that before this structure is completed, that a laundry, so greatly needed, and a dormitory for members of the Training School may be started, as memorials of some of our beneficent citizens. Who will contribute for these objects?

The A B C Scheme.

Persons holding the A B C schemes are still sending them in to the treasurer, and every one that comes does something towards reducing the Pavilion debt. Mrs. R. Mathews has plenty of the G blanks that she will be glad to give to any who apply, and will by collection or gift return them with one dollar each. We desire, as soon as possible, to wipe out the Pavilion debt, and the work suggested by the A B C plan is not burdensome to any, but in the aggregate is very effective if entered into by a multitude of helpers.

Treat for the Children.

Mrs. Hiram Sibley, Jr., by sending a weekly supply of ice cream for the Pavilion children, provides a treat that is thoroughly appreciated by the little ones, and that is especially grateful during the warm summer days. We shall never forget the relish with which, at a boot-blacks' dinner, one little boy, unaccustomed to such luxuries, described to his companion the delight he felt in eating ice cream. "If you only put it in your mouth," said he, "it goes down of itself."

A Grateful Tribute.

On our last visit to the Hospital, at the request of a friend, we called on a private patient, who was apparently convalescing from a short illness. Her expressions of grateful appreciation of services rendered during her sickness at the Hospital were very strong and gratifying. There was after this a sudden change in the patient; alarming symptoms appeared, and medical skill and tender care could comfort the invalid, but were powerless to preserve life.

Attractive in person, gentle in manner, a comparative stranger in the city, a widow with an only child, a boy about twelve years of age, she won the love of all who came in contact with her, and the triumphant faith that supported her in her dying hours made an indelible impression on all about her. A friend who was the companion of the deceased during her last days, sends us the following tribute to the faithfulness of those who tenderly and acceptably ministered to the departed:

It has been my sad privilege, during the week which has passed, to stand beside the death-bed of a dear friend, whose spirit passed away from within the walls of the City Hospital. Through the columns of the REVIEW I would thus extend a grateful tribute to the unceasing care, watchfulness, patience, gentleness and sympathy of all those who waited upon her. A stranger in the city, but a few short months, when disease laid a hand upon her delicate frame, and she came for the healing which the Great Physician has perfected in Heaven. No hands could have been gentler, no wants more quickly anticipated than were her own by her faithful nurses, whilst the watchful attendance of the physician night and day, his prompt response at every call, elicited from her own lips most earnest expressions of gratitude. "Do not feel anxious that I will not have proper care, I have the very best. Every one in the building is good to me. The matron, Mrs

Converse, these dear nurses, this good doctor, their kindness is unceasing."

In after years, when those young attendants look back to their early experience in Hospital life, it will be a sad pleasure to recall that closing summer afternoon when, in compliance with the request of their dying patient, they mingled their sweet voices in the gentle petition—

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,"—

whilst her voiceless lips followed the melody with so much earnestness.

From her entrance into the dwelling, until the tired heart ceased to beat, the great Love that "gave Himself for us," raised up to herself and her orphan boy friends that softened the parting, and comforted the lonely one. And whilst all were kind, I would in this public manner, especially thank Dr. Tait, for all his watchful care, and Misses Swayne and Cunningham, for their unwearied attention.

May God prosper this Institution, and in blessing others may He bless you.

M. E. D.

Rochester, N. Y., July 10th, 1888.

The Cheerful Workers of the Brick Church have sent a pretty patchwork quilt to the Hospital. The blocks are in the form of bricks, they are of pink and white. Each white block has a Scripture text and the name of the donor written indelibly upon it. We recognized many familiar names attached to precious promises. We doubt not this quilt will be a "*Silent Comforter*" to many an afflicted patient who will rest beneath it.

Mr. Waldo G. Morse has given to the Hospital, 75 yards of rubber sheeting, of extra fine quality. This is a most useful and valuable gift and will be fully appreciated and do good service in our wards.

Two little friends from Kalamazoo, Mich., Hugh and Janet Burns, have sent

six large cards covered on both sides with pretty pictures, neatly and tastefully arranged for the amusement of the children. The matron was so pleased with them that she showed them to old as well as young, and all are delighted with the pretty work of the children and their kind remembrance of the little folks in the Pavilion.

Our new front porch is now completed and is a great comfort to the invalids. It is the gift of five friends of the Hospital. The plan was drawn gratuitously by Mr. J. F. Warner, the architect.

The Pavilion Fund.

We have received twenty-five dollars as a thank offering for the recovery of beloved children from sickness; and twenty-three dollars and fifty cents from the Lavender Village Club, the proceeds of a fair. We are very grateful to all who aid us.

City Hospital.

DONATIONS FOR JUNE.

Mrs. James C. Hart—velocipede for children.
A Friend—Sugar bowl and games.
Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley—children's second hand clothing.
Mrs. Lattimore—old cotton, second hand clothing, shoes, stockings and worsteds.
Miss Hopkins, Mrs. M. Strong, Mrs. Charles Smith and Rev. Nelson Millard—reading matter.
Miss A. S. Mumford—second hand clothing.
Mrs. Edward Ray, Batavia—large bundle of old cotton.
Hugh and Janet Burns, Kalamazoo, Mich.—6 large picture cards.
E. H. Cottman—2 chairs.
J. Y. McClintock, Chamber of Commerce—quantity of reading matter.
Mrs. Hiram W. Sibley, 2 quarts of ice cream for the children of the Pavilion, every Wednesday.
"Parent Stem" and "The First Twig"—86 table napkins, 2 night shirts, 1 binder, 2 piners, 3 diapers.
Mrs. W. L. Halsey—large basket of roses.
Mrs. Josiah Anstice—large basket of roses.
Mrs. H. F. Smith—basket of roses.
The "Cheerful Workers" of the Brick Church—1 bed quilt.
Mrs. Joseph Schantz—ice cream for the children of the Pavilion.
Waldo G. Morse—75 yards of rubber sheeting.
Nell Bros. & Kern—marble slab for the diet kitchen.

Annual Subscription for the Rochester City Hospital.

By Mrs. C. E. Mathews—	
Mrs. Robert Mathews.....	\$ 5.00
Mr. Robert Mathews.....	5.00
Mrs. C. E. Mathews.....	5.00
By Mrs. H. F. Huntington—	
Mrs. F. M. McFarlin.....	5.00
Mrs. W. B. Morse.....	5.00
Mr. Isaac Willis.....	5.00
Mrs. H. F. Huntington.....	5.00
Mrs. D. W. Wright.....	5.00
Judge Danforth.....	5.00
Mrs. Isaac Gibbard.....	5.00
Mrs. Alphonso Collins.....	5.00
Mrs. Geo. Griffin.....	5.00
Mrs. Alfred Wright.....	5.00
Robert Reilly.....	2.00
Mrs. Geo. W. Goler.....	2.00
Mrs. W. N. Caldwell.....	1.00
Mrs. R. J. Moore.....	1.00
Mrs. Henry C. White.....	1.00
By Mrs. W. H. Perkins—	
Miss Lois Whitney.....	5.00
Mrs. Howard Osgood.....	5.00
Mrs. W. H. Perkins.....	5.00
Miss Mumford.....	5.00
MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.	

Receipts for the Review.

JUNE, 1888.

Mrs. M. E. Edgerton, Plainfield, N. J., by Mrs. J. H. Brewster.....	\$.50
Mrs. J. Van Voorhis, by Miss Fannie Rawlings.....	.62
Mrs. D. C. Becker, Fairport, 75 cents; Miss C. E. Norris, Springville, 50 cents; sale of papers, 22 cents, by Mrs. C. E. Converse.....	1.47
Mrs. F. B. Bishop, 62 cents; Miss L. A. Crandall, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Dickin- son, 62 cents; F. L. Durand, 62 cents; Mrs. S. F. Hess, 62 cents; Mrs. G. E. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. John Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Stein, 62 cents, by Miss Hattie Smith.....	4.96
E. B. Booth & Son., Adv., \$5; H. Likly & Co., Adv., \$5; Osgood & Porter, Adv., \$5; Mrs. W. L. Osgood, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Schlegel, 62 cents; K. P. Shedd, Adv., \$5; H. C. Wisner, Adv., \$5, by Mrs. M. M. Mathews.....	26.24
Mrs. C. P. Achilles, 62 cents; J. T. And- rews, 62 cents; Mrs. F. C. Armstrong, 62 cents; Mrs. A. D. Blair, \$1.25; Mrs. Theo. Bacon, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Brown, 62 cents; Mrs. J. T. Briggs, 62 cents; Mrs. P. Barry, 62 cents; Mrs. W. T. Bassett, \$1.25; W. H. Benjamin, 62 cents; Mrs. C. S. Baker, 62 cents; Miss E. Breck, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Bower, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Collins, 62 cents; Mrs. J. G. Cueter, 62 cents; Mrs. K. Delano, \$1.25; Mrs. J. A. Daly, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Durand, 62 cents; Geo. Darling, \$1.86; Mrs. W. K. Daggs, 62	

cents; Mrs. D. Deavenport, 62 cents; Mrs. F. W. Elwood, 62 cents; Mrs. W. N. Emerson, 62 cents; Mrs. Porter Farley, 62 cents; Mrs. P. M. French, 62 cents; Miss M. E. Gilman, 62 cents; Mrs. M. D. L. Hayes, 62 cents; Mrs. H. S. Hanford, 62 cents; Rev. F. S. Hyde, 62 cents; Mrs. H. B. Hathaway, 62 cents; Mrs. Thos. Hawks, 62 cents; Mrs. E. E. Howell, 62 cents; L. W. Kaufman, 62 cents; Mrs. G. W. Loom- is, 62 cents; Mrs. W. P. Latz, 62 cents; Mrs. H. J. Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Mosely, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Marburger, 62 cents; Mrs. W. D. McGuire, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Millman, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Proctor, 62 cents; Mrs. E. B. Par- sons, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Palmer, 62 cents; Mrs. F. E. Peak, 62 cents; Mrs. E. B. Putnam, 62 cents; Mrs. Thos. Raines, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Robinson, 62 cents; Mrs. S. B. Roby, 62 cents; Geo. S. Riley, \$1.25; Mrs. J. Moreau Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. N. A. Stone, 62 cents; Miss Carrie M. Soule, 62 cents; Mrs. H. R. Selden, 62 cents; Mrs. T. H. Turpin, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Upton, \$1.25; Mrs. F. A. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. S. D. Walbridge, 62 cents; Mrs. Julia Whit- beck, 62 cents; Mrs. H. May, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Wilson, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Zeweld, 62 cents, by Miss Nellie Raw- lings.....	42.21
Mrs. Chas D. Miller, Geneva, \$1; Mrs. R. Messenger, 63 cents; J. Owens, Brockport, \$1; Mrs. M. E. Rice, Chel- sea, Mass., \$2.50; Mrs. S. Van Aukon, Oswego, 50 cents; Mrs. W. Walker, Geneseo, \$1, by Treasurer.....	6.63
MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treas., 96 Spring Street.	

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Dr. Tait.....	\$ 1.00
Mrs. Edward Ray, Batavia.....	1.00
Mrs. Wm. McKennan.....	5.00
Proceeds of fair held June 14th by "The Lavender Village Club".....	
Emily and Sallie Brewster.....	23.50
Emily's and Sallie's earnings.....	25.00
Mrs. E. M. Bentley, Holyoke, Mass.....	2.00
"Fortnightly Club".....	1.00
Interest on deposit.....	5.00
Miss H. J. Paul, Ocean Grove, N. J.....	2.10
"A friend," Washington, D. C.....	.50
"Series E," Mr. A. Benedict.....	1.00
"Series F," Miss Hattie Troan.....	1.00
"Series G," Mrs. B. F. Harris, \$1; Miss Ena M. Teall, \$1; Mrs. P. M. French, 50 cents.....	.50

Receipts for the month.....	\$71.10
Previously acknowledged.....	\$5,812.78

Total.....\$5,883.88

We most earnestly solicit contributions for this object, which should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the Fund.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital June 1st	101
Number rec'd during month	58
Births	2
	<hr/>
	161
Discharged during month	67
Deaths	3
Number remaining in Hospital, July 1st	91
	<hr/>
	161

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 4th,
Lawrence Kane, aged 4 years.

June 10th, Hattie Fernell, aged 42 years.

June 24th, Chas. Featherly, aged 10 years.

About Sleep.

Certainly, too much sleep is harmful ; but too little is vastly more so. I would let each man regulate his hours of sleep by what he feels are his real requirements, always urging him to avoid the suspicion of laziness, to take into consideration the bed he lies upon, and to watch the effect on his health of any system of sleep he adopts. If you get up when you first wake, providing you have had six hours of sound, refreshing sleep, you can scarcely get wrong. But make sure of your six hours minimum, and be wonderfully suspicious of the necessity for further sleep, as it is apt to become, not necessity, but indulgence. Wellington could sleep at any moment. Baron Bunsen could sleep for half an hour at any time in the midst of his studies, awaking refreshed, and resuming his work with increased vigor. A blessed gift this ! Such a faculty, combined with that of early rising, is as good as a fortune to a capable man, or, indeed, to almost any man. Sleep is heaviest in the first few hours, gradually becoming lighter, and probably disturbed by dreams, as time wears on, until a slight noise disturbs us, or our rested system resumes full work of its own accord.

A very important factor in securing healthy sleep is the kind of bed we lie upon. Feather beds I cannot commend. Indeed, luxuries—and this is an undoubted one—are not to be sought by him whose aim is perfect health and strength. A spring mattress is very excellent ; and the

harder your couch, to be comfortable, the more likely are you to secure healthy, refreshing sleep, not unduly prolonged. The clothing should be light and warm ; and I cannot but recommend the sheet of paper placed between two blankets as being very warm, for paper is a poor conductor of heat. You get warmth by this means without undue weight of clothing. Then your bedroom must be well ventilated ; for you require to take in an extra stock of oxygen during the night, to help out the supply for the day. You will sleep too much if the air is impure. I have before now urged the importance of excluding flowers from sleeping apartments, because of their throwing off carbonic acid gas during the night and absorbing the oxygen we require. As small a light as possible should be kept, if any light is required, for a similar reason,—the consumption of oxygen.

It is a great mistake to fly to opiates and sedatives in insomnia, unless specially prescribed for you. They are hurtful in themselves, and the system becomes so inured to them that increasing doses are required ; and they in time aggravate the condition they are intended to relieve, leaving the patient irritable, sleepless, and demoralized. But always look for the causes of insomnia in some bodily disorder or mental worry and excitement, and seek to remove the cause when found. It seems, then, that we are to make sure of six hours out of twenty-four as a necessity, unless we are very extraordinary persons,—which I don't believe we are. Beyond this, be careful, and suspect laziness ; but carefully estimate your real requirements, observing the effects which different periods of sleep have on your system. Avoid, as a rule, after-dinner sleep. Try to get your sleep at the proper hours, paying no attention to that fact of experience that two hours of sleep before midnight are worth much more than two hours after midnight. Remember, too, that sleep is most useful at night, and work most easy and valuable in the early morning.

Injuries to Knee-Joints.

We commend to the earnest attention of our readers the following extract from a letter sent to us by a lady subscriber :

"For the last two years my five-years-old boy has suffered with a disease of the knee-joint, resulting in the loss of the knee-

cap, or patella. He was lately operated upon at the Children's Hospital, Huntington Avenue.

"If I had taken him there two years ago, he might have been well to-day. Now the knee may be several years in healing fully, and will be a nearly stiff joint for life, while all this might have been spared him if I had known what a slight swelling of the knee might lead to, and had kept him in bed a month.

"Your paper goes all over the land, and I feel it my duty to ask you to warn the mothers not to neglect what may seem a slight trouble with the knee-joint, or, worse still, with the hip. It may lead to amputation or even death."

The joints, especially those of the knees, are liable to many serious affections, some of which are due to constitutional defect, and some to other diseases, but most frequently the cause is injury from accident. This cause operates especially in childhood and youth, partly because this period is more full of exposures, and partly because the tendency to set up inflammatory action is then at its maximum.

The surfaces of all joints are covered with a membrane, the office of which is to secrete a lubricating fluid. Under this is cartilage, to lessen jolt and to render the play of the joints over each other soft and safe. The head of the bones beneath the cartilage is spongy, and thus more liable to harm.

Disease, or over use, or accidental injury may have resulted in inflammation of the synovial membrane. Indeed, it is believed that nearly one-half of all affections of the knee-joint are of this character. If the trouble is neglected the inflammation may extend to the cartilage and destroy it, leaving the bare ends of the bone to grate on each other; or it may extend even to the head of the bone and give rise to a destructive abscess.

The inflamed membrane thickens, increases its secretion in quantity, and causes the adjacent parts of the knee to bulge out with fluid. This may have been what first attracted the attention of our correspondent. There is, of course, pain—generally severe pain.

Of course a child may have a severe injury to the knee which may soon heal, without any further harm. But any subsequent pain at the joint in walking, or any ^gulging out, as if from a fluid, should re-

ceive immediate medical attention. Meanwhile, absolute rest of the parts, by a recumbent posture of the body, is of the first importance, and this will constitute one of the chief means toward the cure.—*Youth's Companion*.

An Old Rhyme and Odd.

In a recent volume of Notes on Christ's Hospital, it appears that formerly poor people were apt to regard Christ's Hospital as a foundling institution, and the author quotes the following amusing lines, which were left with an infant "on Thursday, the 14th of April, 1698, at the foot of the Staires leading up to the Mathematicall schoole:" "This childe is left to ye Marssy of ye allmitiey God and to ye disposhall of ye Rite Onrabbell Govenor of this House.

My name is William Gray
my Father is a fireman of London & is Run
a way
& left my Mother desolate and pore
with me and too more
whose lot it is to Ly with me
when I can speak Ile thankfull be
In ye nites for a letel bear
if yould give it me
be cause my Mother has not weaned me
of age I am a yeare & quarter olde
and if my Mother cold a kept us all
we wold not haue bin so bolde.
King Charles is bag I ffane wold ware
So no more but your Humbill Sarvant we all
are."

Willie Gray's pitiful appeal failed to persuade the Governors of Christ's Hospital to adopt him, and three days later his mother was forced to take him away. By King Charles's "bag" is probably meant the "badge" still worn by the Royal Mathematical Boys on the foundation of King Charles II.

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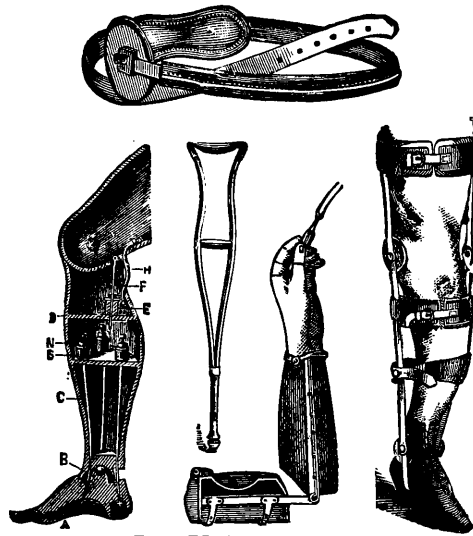
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