

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

Vol. III

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1966.

No. 2.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

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

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For the Hospital Review.

Good Night.

"Good night"—Ah me, and that is all—
The low hills echo back, "good night,"
And shadows creep across the light,
And darkness comes with "shroud and pall."

"Good night"—some voice will answer me—
If only I call loud again,
And stifle back this ache and pain—
"Speak love—love; speak to me."

In vain—I turn away, and this I know—
He will not heed me though I cry
My heart is breaking, drop and die—
Weighed down with bitterness of woe.

Oh! cold grave give him back to me—
My hands shall keep him safe from harm,
My arms shall fold him close, and warm,
No tenderer love than mine can be:
I cannot count his gain to-night—
I only feel this wild unrest,
My bird is gone from out the nest,
And all is dark where once was light.

Some day, thank God, I lay my head
Close to the pillow where he lies,
Will some one come, and call, and cry
"Good night" to me?—then turn and sigh
"Life is not life, since she is dead."

MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

Importance of Cheerfulness.

Few parents realize as they should the importance of cheerful views of life exhibited in their daily walk and conversation. No matter what pecuniary difficulties hedge up your way, let your little ones see a bright exterior. It will be a precious memory as well as a helpful example when they in their turn are battling with life. The tone of anxiety or despondency often reaches the ear of childhood, casting an unnecessary shadow upon their young life.

Oh! will not grief come in due time for them, That their frail dimpled shoulders must be pressed With burdens under which the strong man groans? Let childhood be as God made it, gay, And fresh and bright and joyous. It will have Its own deep childish griefs; they are enough. Beware lest thou o'ercast its glory with Thy gloom, and so offend the "little ones," What said the Holy One to such as these? He told them of the Kingdom, not of death, And those pure lips that prayed in agony, "Father, if possible, let this cup pass From me, yet not my will but thine be done," Breathed blessings only for the little ones.

If death enters the household, let there be no such gloom as will make death seem an unmitigated evil. Let them see with the sense of loss a realizing sense of the

brighter and better home to which we are looking forward. We have all met with those (Christians too it may be,) who are all their life in bondage through fear of death. Could we trace the cause we should doubtless often find it in

"The gloom in which Death spoke to them at first Long years will not efface that memory." A.

For the Hospital Review.

Comfort in God's Word.

"Thou compassest my path, and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways." Psalm, 139 : 3. God's intimate knowledge of all that concerns us, is here plainly declared; on every side His eye pierces—there is no avenue of thought, feeling or desire, which He knows not—no narrow passes by which we may hope to elude His vigilance. Not only in our waking hours, but when lying down, shut out by darkness from every human eye—He is with us and takes knowledge of us. Oh, suffering and tried child of God, laid perchance upon a bed of sickness or pain, unto whom days of weariness and sleepless nights are appointed, remember for your comfort that He is with you. In His word we are taught to consider affliction a blessing. The sweetest support under every possible calamity is that God has promised to make all work for good. Oh, may His all-pervading eye ever see in us hearts inclined unto His testimonies, desires and aims, centered in His will.

In all the little things of life
Thyself, Lord, may I see;
In little and in great alike
Reveal thy love to me.

So shall my undivided life
To thee, my God, be given;
And all this earthly course below
Be one dear path to heaven. R.

Religion is not for death, but for life. It is a means of living aright, not of dying aright. Godliness has the "promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

For the Hospital Review.

"She Hath Done What She Could."

Richer than the monarch's crown,
Nobler than the knight's renown,
Rarer than the laurel wreath
That hides aching brow beneath,
Better than the poet's lays,
Was the Master's earnest praise;
He,—of all most wise and good,—
Said—"She hath done what she could!"

Such sweet praise, Oh! would'st thou earn?
Trim thy lamp, and let it burn;
Tho' its faint and feeble ray
Scarce be seen in glare of day,
Yet when twilight shades draw near,
Brighter will the light appear,
And its trembling gleam may show
Some poor soul the way to go.

Other feet may higher climb
Rugged steps of deeds sublime;
Other hands the work may do
That to thee is strange and new;
Other minds may grasp the thought
Still to thee with darkness fraught;
Other voices sing the strain
Which thy lips attempt in vain.

Be content—if thou art sure
That thy labor will endure;
If thou dost thy very best,
Thou canst leave with God the rest;
No stern Lord is He to ask
At thy hands a hopeless task;
Thou canst earn the guerdon good
Of "She hath done what she could!"

KATE CAMERON.

TROUBLES.—Some people are as careful of their troubles as mothers are of their babies; they cuddle them, and rock them, and hug them, and cry over them, and fly into a passion with you if you try to take them away from them. They want you to fret with them, and to help them to believe that they have been worse treated than anybody else. If they could they would have a picture of their grief in a gold frame hung over the mantel shelf for everybody to look at. And their grief makes them inordinately selfish—they think more of their dear little grief in the basket and in the cradle, than they do of all the world besides; and they say you are hard hearted if you say "don't fret." "Ah! you don't understand me—you don't know me—you can't enter into my trials."

From the New York Observer.

Our New Minister's Wife.

The good people of the congregation of X. are looking with much interest to the expected marriage of their new minister to a lady who is personally and by reputation, almost entirely unknown to them. At a social gathering of many of the mothers and daughters in Israel, in said church, I found the all-absorbing subject of conversation, was the character and qualifications which the minister's wife must and shall possess. Impressed with the unreasonableness of much that was said, I was led to give to the company, my own views upon the subject, which seemed so novel to some present, that I am tempted, Mr. Editor, with your permission, to give them to a larger audience.

Your minister is about to marry a wife; I do not understand that this church is to marry her, as I might be led to think from some things said to-night. Now, I take it, that if the minister is suited, we have no right to find fault.

"But should not the minister's wife make herself useful in the congregation?"

Certainly, and so should you, and you and you. But I do not understand the divine ordinance of marriage to be different in the case of a minister from what it is among the laity. The good Lord gave to man a wife to be help meet for him, and when your minister takes a wife, he seeks a help meet for himself, and not a help meet for his congregation. If you insist that your minister's wife shall be a *pastress*, and shall ever be ready to fill those stations which *your* duties, good ladies, to your husbands, home and children, forbid you to occupy, she will be constrained to overtask herself, or else fail in her home duties, and as she becomes the wife of the church, to that extent must she cease to be the minister's wife. She is to be your minister's help meet.

"But ought she not then to help him in his labors for his people?"

Yes, but how? Does the lawyer's wife assist him in his office, or the physician's in his practice?

Your minister's wife should help him in his work. But—she is not to do his work, she is to aid *him* to do it. Let her be his sympathising companion, his solace in hours of weariness, his cheer in discouragement, his light in despondency; and when his nervous system is all unstrung

by the constant tax imposed by his labor upon his mind, affections and sympathies, then let her soothe and divert and strengthen and encourage. Let your minister's wife make for him a home of comfort, and of peace, and of affection, to which he will ever return with gladness, and from which he will always go forth strong and cheery, with that peace and rest in his soul which is the offspring of a wisely founded, firmly rooted, and heartily returned conjugal affection.

Let your minister's wife do this for her husband, and she will do more for his people, than though she united in herself the several offices of head directress of every benevolent society, vice-superintendent in the Sunday school, leading soprano in the choir, general referee in matters of taste, opinion or differences in the congregation, grand sympathiser in every one's sorrows and disappointments, and lieutenant adviser in all cases of perplexity.

Q.—What then are some of the principal graces which should adorn a minister's wife?

Ans.—Piety, good sense, a cheerful temper, and (not least) strong love to her husband.

TIMOTHY.

How to use Earthly Blessings.

"Being with my friend in a garden," says Mr. Flavel, "we gathered each of us a rose. He handled his tenderly; smelled it but seldom and sparingly. I always kept mine to my nose or squeezed it in my hand, whereby, in a very short time it lost both its color and sweetness; but his still remained as sweet and fragrant as if it had been growing upon its own root. These roses, said I, are the true emblems of the best and sweetest creature enjoyments in the world, which being moderately and cautiously used and enjoyed, may for a long time yield sweetness to the possessor of them; but if once the affections seize too greedily upon them, and squeeze them too hard, they quickly wither in our hands, and we loose the comfort of them; and that either through the soul surfeiting upon them, or the Lord's righteousness in the just removal of them, because of the excess of our affection to them."

"Sam, why don't you talk to massa and tell him to lay up treasures in heaven?"
 "What de use ob laying treasures dar, whar he neber see um again?"

Little Feet.

There's a musical sound,
 I hear it low and soft,
 Following me around;
 Is't the rain on the pane,
 Or dropping on the ground,
 That I hear low and near?
 Ah, no—far, far more sweet
 Here and there, on the stair
 Comes the sound of little feet;
 'Mid the gloom of my room
 Cheerily my ear they greet.
 Bonnie Annie! sweet and canny!
 Peeping in with sunny face,
 Ope's the door, walks the floor
 In her most unconscious grace,
 While her feet, music sweet,
 Echoing send throughout the place.
 * * * * *

So her footsteps once did fall
 Patter, patter with sweet clatter
 Through the house and through the hall,
 Till one day, she went away
 To be laid beneath the sod:
 But her feet made music sweet
 Up the shining way to God.

An Arabian Legend.

The Arabs have a legend among them in which it is told that Moses received from the Lord, on Mount Sinai, a revelation of the mysteries of his Providence. The great Jewish lawgiver was complaining (so runs the statement) of the impunity with which men commit sin, of the success of the wicked in this world, and the affliction laid upon the just.

The Lord then took him to a mountain, from the top of which he beheld the vast plains of the deserts stretched at his feet. On an oasis slept a young Arab. Suddenly he awoke, jumped on his horse, and soon appeared as a mere speck on the horizon, leaving behind him a bag of pearls, which he had forgotten in his haste. Another Arab now reached the oasis, saw the bag of pearls, took it, and disappeared in the opposite direction.

Soon after, an aged traveler, leaning on his staff, came with slow and feeble steps to seek rest under the branches of the trees. He threw himself upon the ground, and soon fell asleep. But scarcely were his eyes closed, when he was rudely awakened. The young Arab had returned, and demanded his pearls. The old man replied, he had not taken them. The other, furious, ac-

cused him of having stolen them. The traveler swore he had not seen the treasure; but the Arab fell upon him; and during the fight that ensued, drew his sword, buried it in the old man's breast, and he fell dead on the turf.

"O Lord! is this just!" exclaimed Moses. "Be silent!" said the Lord. "Look at this man, whose blood is now lost in the sand of the desert. Some years ago, in this same spot, and secretly, he murdered the father of the young Arab who has just taken his life. His crime was hid from man; but I am the Avenger."

The Confessor of Allahabad.

In the Indian revolt, the Sepoys at Allahabad rose upon their officers, and slew them. An ensign, sixteen years of age, was left for dead among the rest; but in the night he escaped to a spot outside the city. Here the water of a stream was his only support of life for four days and nights. Although severely wounded he climbed into a tree for protection from wild beasts. Who can tell what were the thoughts and feelings and prayers of this poor youth during these long hours of pain and peril? On the fifth day he was discovered, and dragged into the city to have the little of life left in him destroyed. There he found a native Christian, formerly a Mohanmedan, whom the Sepoys were trying by torment, to compel to deny Christ. The firmness of the man was ready to give way, when the young ensign bravely cried out: "O my friend! come what may, do not deny the Lord Jesus." Just at this moment the sudden alarm of an attack by the English caused the immediate flight of the murderers. The native Christian's life was spared. He turned to bless the youth whose faith had given strength to his failing heart. But the martyr had sunk under his sufferings—he was dead.

"Whosoever shall confess me before men," says our Lord Jesus Christ, "him will I confess also before my Father, which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." (Mathew 10: 32, 33.)

Few in these days are called, at the peril of their lives, to such a trial of their faith. Yet all may deny Christ in their principles and conduct. Reader, "come what may," hold fast the truth. Believe in Christ, in

the Divinity of His person, His humiliation in our nature, His works of mercy, His teachings of truth, and His crucifixion as the atonement for sin; receive these truths into your heart, and show their influence in a holy life; and thus will you confess Christ before men.

The Death of Infants.

Those who have never lost a child, are unable to understand how great a void the death of one little one can make. There is, we think, nothing on earth that can cast so long, and wide and black a shadow as a small coffin. It is emphatically the shadow of death which freezes the parents' heart. Small as is an infant's tomb, it sometimes is capacious enough to hold all the brightest hopes and dearest joys of a whole family circle. The little child is often the bright focus where all the rays of gladness in a household center, and from which they are reflected again over happy hearts, and when this central light is eclipsed, great darkness falls upon all. How many must there be in heaven, gathered up from all climes, even from heathen shores, who have died so young as to retain no memory of earth, and to whom that world of glory seems as their native land; whose souls were washed and regenerated so early that no stain of this world was ever visible upon the soul.

Whatever wound of sin there may have been, has healed without a scar. Their every thought has been moulded by the society and scenery of heaven; and they stand continually before the face of the Father. In a large sense we may say—'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'

"Suppose some great benefactor to be willing to receive the petitions of those who are in want; the petitioners come to a side door and find written over—'No admittance but at the front door.' A man stands there and continues to knock, will he be admitted? No, he must go to the front door. And there is a great door by which alone sinners can come to God. Jesus is the door, and it is written over—'Knock and it shall be opened.' No man cometh unto the Father but by Him."

"When we try 'to gather up the fragments' of usefulness, we cannot tell how much good may spring from the least thing we do."

"Those who are careful to avoid offending others, are not apt to take offence themselves."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1866.

"The Sick and Suffering."

It is to these that our little paper is now avowedly devoted. No longer, as upon its organization, especially to the soldiers, whom it has been our chief delight to care for, but to *all* the sick and suffering. With the August number, the first of our new volume, we changed the heading, as our readers may have noticed—and in the place of the soldier, we have written as the object of our interest, "the sick and suffering." This by no means excludes the soldier, but it embraces more fully and entirely *all the sick and suffering*. It is our wish and our purpose to receive unquestioning, all of this class who may come to us. We have our spacious and beautifully furnished apartments where private patients may receive care and enjoy advantages impossible in many homes; and we have our commodious and pleasant wards, where the poorest and lowliest may come freely and be provided with every comfort. "The sick and suffering!" There is a holy significance in these words! There is no power which unites all hearts in the universe so closely in one, as this common bond of suffering. Joy has no tie so tender, so all-embracing. It is this—touching the finest sympathies of which our natures are capable, and moved by Christianity, which has filled our land with institutions of benevolence—while the myriad of church-spires lifted everywhere, tell of a Divine compassion and pity for human woes—and of a land where there is no more sickness, nor sorrow, nor sighing—a land of rest—to the weary, oh how sweet! "To the sick and suffering" our Hospital and Review are devoted. This is our work.

O then, can you refuse us your sympathy and your aid? Think now, as you return from your summer wanderings, and recreations, and as you begin to make arrangements for the comfort and the enjoyment of your own households for the winter, drawing near—think of the sick and suffering! They will be many this winter—for the high prices and scarcity of provisions, will press heavily and crushingly on the poor. Think of them day by day, as you lay by your stores for the dreary days that are coming! Think now, we beseech you, and let the words be engraved upon your hearts, of “the sick and suffering”!

A Visit to Brockport.

We have had many things to encourage us the past month, in our work for the *Review*, but nothing which has brought us so warm a gleam of hope and sunshine, as the following visit to Brockport: Two young ladies of this city, and warm friends of our Hospital—animated with zeal for our paper, made a little trip one day to Brockport, to see what they could do for us. The result exceeded even all their brightest expectations. They returned with a most glowing account of their visit. They had been everywhere so kindly, so cordially welcomed, and they procured for us, although their stay was so very brief, *twenty-five new subscribers!* Nor was this all. The kind friend at whose residence they were so charmingly entertained, and who escorted and aided them so heartily in their enterprise, has consented to become an agent. Thus, not only has our list of subscribers received a material addition by this day's effort of our young friends, but they had the satisfaction of leaving behind them, what we know so well how to appreciate—one who we have reason to believe, will prove an earnest, efficient and permanent worker. We think our two young friends may congratulate themselves upon having done at least one good day's work in their lives; and we doubt if they have

had many days that they will recall with purer pleasure. Their impressions of the pretty village of Brockport, and of its society, are all most delightful—and their enjoyment of everything was heightened even more than they realized, by the noble impulse which had led them hither. Are there not two other young ladies in this goodly city who, stimulated by this example, would like to go on a similar mission, to some of our adjoining towns, where they may have acquaintances? A little trip into the country, these golden autumn days, could hardly fail to be pleasant. It is something to see our orchards now in the glory of harvest-time. Reader, would not you like to go some day? If you do, you must not on any account, forget those *twenty-five new subscribers*, nor come back without them. Brockport is a nice place—a very nice place, we are sure of it; but we do not believe it is the only place where new subscribers can be gathered. Kind hearts and generous souls are everywhere. Try, and see if you do not find it so!

“Fruit, Eggs and Vegetables.”

Our suggestions last month about these articles, met with several very kind responses, as will be seen from our list of Donations, for all of which we are very thankful. Our great regret however, is that these responses are so few. Rochester is so peculiarly a fruit-growing, vegetable-growing vicinity, that our list of Donations for this month is in no wise as long as it ought to be. Indeed, its exceeding brevity, (allow us, dear reader, to speak plainly,) ought, as it reaches your eyes this month, to reproach every one of you whose name is not upon this list. There is hardly any one in these days of plenty, but who might send us a little fruit, or a few vegetables. Is this not so? O, let us see next month, a list worthy of your better natures—worthy of Rochester and its vicinity—worthy of glorious October!

From our Little Agents.

We still continue to hear from our little agents. Mary Watson has sent us two letters since our last issue, enclosing in all, five dollars—a part of which is from new subscribers she has obtained, and the remainder, the renewal of old ones. Mary has been very faithful with her list, and is deserving of many thanks. We have been thinking of some other little names upon our list, from whom we have not heard as yet—but we will hope that they are all busy at work for us, and that we shall hear from them soon. What is Bennie about! Not a word from him yet.—He has recently moved away from his old home, and perhaps finds it difficult to see all whose names are upon his list. But, Benny, why not get up a new list where you are? Will you try?

About that "One Can of Fruit."

Several, we are gratified to see, have already shown their readiness to respond to the hint from our Superintendent, about that "One Can of Fruit." The cans keep coming in—and let them come, we say! Do not forget about it now; when peaches and tomatoes are just in their prime; and very soon the grapes, quinces, &c. &c., will be. Seal up this one can, and write upon it as you label your fruit—"For the sick and suffering of the Rochester City Hospital." You will not regret it—a blessing will follow this little act. See if you do not find it so!

List of Donations to the Hospital,

FROM AUG. 15th, TO SEPT. 15th, 1866.

- Mrs. Chas. Stilwell—3 Loaves Home-made Bread, 1 can Cherries, 1 bottle Black Currant Cordial, a quantity Baby Clothing.
- Miss Porter, Mrs. Hollowell and Mrs. Rochester—Delicacies for Miss Halsted.
- Mrs. Anon Brouson—1 basket Tomatoes.
- Mrs. N. T. Rochester—1 basket Peaches.
- Mrs. Elias H. Davis, of Hornellsville—Spring Chickens and Tomatoes.
- An unknown Friend—Basket of Eggs.
- Little Montie—1 basket Squashes.
- Mrs. Danforth—1 basket Peas.
- Mrs. Mumford—1 Jar Pickles.
- Mrs. A. H. Oothout, of Elga—1 basket Squashes.

Cash Receipts for August, 1866.

Received from Patients,.....\$167 25

Receipts for the Hospital Review, FROM AUG. 15th TO SEPT. 15th.

- Mrs. George Brown, Mrs. E. F. Hyde—By Jennie Hurd and Mary Lane,..... \$1 00
- Mrs. D. M. Dewey, Mrs. David Hoyt, Mrs. George Shelton—By Miss Shelton,..... 1 50
- Mrs. Fort Benway, Mrs. Isaac Benway, Groveland—By Miss Maggie Culbertson, 1 00
- Willie Ellwanger, Miss Dagg, Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Angle, Mrs. Sproat, Miss Anna King, Miss Cora Hoyt, Mrs. Fred Zimmer, Mrs. J. Stewart, Mr. J. McGraw—By Mary Watson,..... 5 00
- Mrs. G. H. Ellis, Geneva, (2 years); Mrs. L. H. Strong, Scottsville; Mrs. F. Starr, Alvah Elce, Mrs. Sherman for Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Woodard—By Mrs. Mathews,..... 3 50
- Mrs. John Howe, Miss Lottie Wright, Lewiston; Frederick Palmer, Brockport; H. Southworth, George Palmer—By Miss O. A. Brackett,..... 2 50
- Mrs. J. F. Lovcraft, (2 years)—By Mrs. Perkins,..... 1 00
- Mr. Greenwood, (2 copies)—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester,..... 1 00
- Mrs. James Brackett, (2 years), Mrs. Jacob Howe—By Miss Mathews,..... 1 50
- Mrs. Roderick, Montdella Shumway, Pembroke—By Mrs. Roderick,..... 1 00

Superintendent's Report for August.

1866. Aug. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, 46	
Received during the month, 20	
Births " " 1—67	
Discharged " " 24	
Deaths " " 2—26	
<hr/>	
Sept. 3. Remaining in Hospital,.....	41

Died.

- At the Rochester City Hospital, August 18th, Nettie, daughter of Mrs. Eliza Carlton, of Toronto, Canada, aged 3 months.
- Saturday, September 1st, infant daughter of J. E. Gardner, of Chicago.

List of our Little Agents.

- LINDA BRONSON, Rochester,
- MARY PERKINS, "
- FLORIE MONTGOMERY, "
- FANNY and ELLA COLBURN, Rochester
- FANNY POMEROY, Pittsfield, Mass.
- S. HALL, Henrietta,
- JENNIE HURD, Rochester,
- MARY LANE, "
- BENNY WRIGHT, East Kendall.
- SAMUEL B. WOOD, Rochester.
- LEBBIE RENFREW, "
- ELLA VAN ZANDT, Albany.
- MARY WATSON, Rochester.
- JULIA A. DAVIS, "

Children's Department.

The Little Toy Maker.

On a warm day in June, a widow was seen drawing a wooden cart over a common. In the cart was a boy, whose head lay on a clean white pillow. His long hair spread over his forehead and curled on his pale cheeks. There was in his face the look of days of pain and sorrow.

For more than an hour the wooden cart rolled along the path, and the poor boy looked round on all the pleasant things to be seen on that fine day. The flowers and birds, the blue sky and green fields were all objects of joy to him.

"Who can that little boy be? Where does he live? And who is that poor widow who is drawing him in the cart?"

So thought a lady as she saw them that bright day in June.

"Pardon me," she said to the widow; "I have been looking at your dear boy. His pale, but happy face has quite won my heart."

"Thank you," replied the widow, my Jamie is a cripple, and cannot run about and play like other boys of his years; but he is quite happy when I draw him out in the morning, before I go to my daily work."

"But you look tired; you must rest under this tree, and then you can tell me about him. How old is he?"

"About ten."

"Was he always a cripple," asked the lady.

"Oh, no, he was as fine a baby as ever a fond mother had," said the mother, and a tear stood in her eye, "but when he was six months old his young sister let him fall from her arms one day, while I was away at work. He was very much hurt, and was ill for many months; but as I was so poor I could not do all I wished for him, a kind doctor watched over him, and tried to make him well though he knew I had no money to pay him for all he did. I had to go each day to work for a family who lived a good way from home and every morning, day by day, and week after week I kissed his little face, thinking never more to see him alive. But God was good and spared him to comfort his mother."

"But he must be a great care to you with all the other trials you have in life," said the lady.

"Oh, no, he is the greatest blessing I have on earth. To be sure God did not see fit to make him strong and well, for his spine is very much injured by that fall. But every morning before I leave home, I place everything which he will need on the little table by a chair. This stands near the window, and that part of our little room is always known as Jamie's corner.

"When I and my daughter go home at night," continued the mother, "tired with the labors of the day, I always see his sweet pale face at the window; he watches for our return. When he sees me, his face lights up with what some folks would call a sweet smile. I forget my weary state in a prayer of gratitude to Him who gave me such a comfort in my life of trouble, and humbly ask God that he will long spare me this blessing. I rise an hour earlier, in order to enjoy this morning walk with him, and my happiness is all crowded into the brief time I spend with him."

"But I should think Jamie would be very lonely while you are away."

"That is what I often feared, but he tells me that though he misses us sadly, he is never lonely. Jamie, dear, tell this lady how you amuse yourself when I have gone to work," said she, turning to the boy.

He had been looking about him, and so occupied with his own thoughts that our conversation had passed unobserved by him. He now looked up into her face. She repeated what she said before.

"Oh no, I am not lonely," he replied. "I am busy all the day working on my toys, or, when I get tired, in reading Lucy's Sabbath School books. The boys from the next house often come in on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and read to me. I like for them to come and sit with me, for then I can work and learn, too."

"But don't you ever wish that you could go to school with them?"

"I am very happy as I am. I think God is good to me, and I thank him for giving me such a kind mother and dear sister. Why, I have just the prettiest rose tree in my window that you ever saw. Almost every month it brings me a blossom. The first one in the year I give to mother, the next to Lucy. I never keep one on the stem to wither for all my friends love Jamie's roses, as they call them; and 'tis all I have to give to those I love. A kind lady gave me the bush, and told me to learn a

hymn for each blossom it gave. If you will come to-morrow, you shall have a blossom."

"Thank you, Jamie, I would like very much to visit you and your rose bush, and will try to call."

As it was now time for Mrs. M—to go to her home, she bade the lady good morning, thanking her for her kindness. Jamie gave her a smile and the little car rolled away.

About ten o'clock the next morning, the lady went into the alley where lived Mrs. M—. She wondered which of the many miserable houses hers could be, but she soon saw little Jamie's face at the open window.

As she passed into the room where he sat, he expressed much joy at seeing her. Before leaving, his thoughtful mother had placed a chair for the lady quite near him and his little table. On the table lay a bible and hymn book, together with a few little story books. The blooming rose was one of the sweetest kind, and perfumed the whole room, as it stood near the window.

The visitor praised it as its beauty warranted, and begging he would not remove its only blossom for her, promised to call again.

The table was strewn with bits of wood, while many pretty little images and toys, carved by his knife, were ranged in order next the wall.

In this way this poor crippled child supported his feeble life, and provided many a little comfort for his loving mother.

"Do you never get weary of life, James?"

"Sometimes I get very tired, for I am never free from pain; and often for whole days I cannot get from my bed into this pleasant little corner, my back pains me so, but I lay still, and try to think about Jesus, and of the time when I shall never more get tired with pain."

"Do you feel afraid to die?"

"It don't seem as though there was any such thing as dying for me, for when I go to heaven I shall just begin to live. I shall not be a cripple there, but shall walk up and down those shining streets which my Bible tells me about, with mother and sister Lucy. No one will know I was the little cripple who always had to ride on his little cart wherever he went."

"Shall you not feel sorry to leave your mother, and die alone?—for we all have to go alone thro' death; we cannot take our loved ones with us."

"The Saviour will take care of me till she comes. Mother taught me this nice text: 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' He seems a precious Saviour to me now; much more must I love him in heaven."

The lady looked at the child in astonishment. "You seem in a very happy frame of mind, my dear boy; have you always felt thus?"

"No, I used to be afraid to die until I heard what Christ did to give me a home in heaven, and what a happy place it is.—I know he loves even me—a poor little cripple boy—and if I believe in him will forgive me my sins. Sometimes when I am all alone, I try to keep thinking of Christ. He knows that I love him," he added, "for when I am alone I often pray to him, and tell him how dear he is to my soul; and I pray for everybody I know, that he will give them all a happy home in heaven."

"Well, Jamie, I am glad to find you so happy," said the lady. "Life is uncertain, and we ought so to live, that each day we may be prepared to hear the voice of our Heavenly Father calling us to his arms. As we know not when the hour cometh, we ought to be always prepared to leave these earthly scenes and enter upon a better state."

"I don't think I shall live long. Every morning when mother goes away, I watch her till she turns the corner, for I think perhaps I shall never see her again. Dear mother! I don't tell her these thoughts, for I know they will only trouble her, and as long as I am here I will try to be her sunshine, as she often calls me."

"That's right, Jamie; next to God, love that mother who so tenderly cares for you. But I have made a long call; I must go now, though I will try to come again. Good bye."

A few weeks passed, and the lady was told that Jamie had become much worse. She hurried to see and comfort him. There was no pleasant face at the window as she passed up the court. All was still.

She went in, to find the almost distracted mother weeping over the dead body of her son. There he lay, with his white face calm in death. The little hands so busy with toy work during her last visit, were

calmly laid by his side. He was now, as he had so long wished to be—at rest.

Some unfinished toys lay about the room—his chair stood in its usual place—the rose bush, with a bright new blossom, stood where she last saw it. She took the blossom, and kissing it, laid it upon his little shroud.

How cheerless now, she thought, will seem this abode to the mother. How often, as she returns from daily toil, will she shut her eyes, and recall the little face she used to see at the window.

When the lady called to mind what a cheerful, happy, loving spirit that afflicted boy displayed; when his mother told her how, for years, he had rendered all happy around him by his uncomplaining nature, causing all to forget their sorrows, by the messages of peace which he repeated from his loved book, the Bible—she grieved to think how many little boys and girls, who had everything that heart could wish, did not love the Saviour, or do anything to advance his blessed cause.

Think, little reader, are you well and strong? If so, what do you do for Jesus, who died for you on the cross, and shed his precious blood to take your sins away. He might have made you like crippled Jamie. See how much you have to be thankful for. Then give your heart to Jesus, and try to do something to promote his glory on earth.

Perhaps you will say, "Why, what can I do for Jesus?" You can speak kindly to the poor, and show them you love them just as well as the rich. Kind words and bright smiles are worth much to them, and cost you nothing. If you know a little child who has not heard much of Jesus, tell his sweet story, and take that child to the Sabbath School, where kind teachers will tell more about him. Strive to do good, and truly believing in Jesus, he will be a kind friend to you when all earthly friends shall fail.—*Child's Companion.*

THE BRAVE DRUMMER BOY.—Among all the letters that came home from the East, during the Crimean war, one of the most affecting was that of a little drummer-boy to his mother. After describing the hardships of that memorable winter, the cold and biting and pitiless wind, the hunger and nakedness, which the army endured, he concluded the letter with the simple and touching words, "But, mother, it's our duty, and for our duty we will die."

A Nursery Song.

As I walked over the hills one day,
I listened, and heard a mother-sheep say,
"In all the green world there is nothing so sweet,
As my little lamble, with his nimble feet,
With his eye so bright,
And his wool so white;

O, he is my darling, my heart's delight.
The robin, he
That sings in the tree,

Dearly may dote on his darlings four,
But I love my own little lamkin more."
And the mother-sheep and her little one,
Side by side, lay down in the sun,
And they went to sleep on the hill-side warm,
While my little lamble lies here on my arm.

I went to the kitchen, and what did I see
But the old gray cat and her kittens three?
I heard her whisperings of: Said she,
"My kittens, with tails all so cunningly curled,
Are the prettiest things that can be in the world.

The bird in the tree,
And the old ewe, she
May love their babies exceedingly,
But I love my kittens there,
Under the rocking-chain.

I love my kittens with all my might:
I love them at morning, and noon and night;
Which is the prettiest, I cannot tell—
Which of the three,
For the life of me—

I love them all so well.
Now I'll take up my kitties—the kitties I love—
And we'll lie down together beneath the warm
stove."

Let the kitties sleep under the stove so warm,
While my little darling sleeps here on my arm.

I went to the barn, and I saw the old hen
Go clucking about with her chickens ten,
She clucked and she scratched, and she bristled
away,

And what do you think I heard her say?
I heard her say, "The sun never did shine
On anything like to these chickens of mine.
You may hunt the full moon, and the stars if you
please,

But you never will find such ten chickens as
these.

The cat loves her kittens, the ewe loves her lamb,
But they do not know what a proud mother I am:
For lambs nor for kittens, I won't part with these,
Though the sheep and the cat should go down on
their knees.

No! no! not though
The kittens could crow,

Or the lammie on two yellow legs could go.
My dear downy darling! my sweet little things!
Come, nestle now, cozily under my wings."

So the hen said,

And the chickens all asped

As fast as they could, to their nice feather bed.
And there let them sleep, in their feathers so
warm,

While my little chick nestles here on my arm.

The Precious Little Plant.

Two little girls, Bridget and Walburga, went to the neighboring town, each carrying on her head a heavy basket of fruit to sell for money enough to buy the family dinner. Bridget murmured and fretted all the way, but Walburga only joked and laughed. At last Bridget got out of all patience, and said vexedly: "How can you go on laughing so? Your basket is as heavy as mine, and you are not one bit stronger. I don't understand it!"

"Oh!" said Walburga, "it is easy enough to understand. I have a certain little plant that I put on the top of my head, and it makes it so light I hardly feel it. Why don't you do so too?"

"Indeed!" said Bridget, "it must be a very precious little plant! I wish I could lighten my load with it. Where does it grow? Tell me. What do you call it?"

"It grows," replied Walburga, "where ever you plant it, and give it a chance to take root, and there's no knowing the relief it gives! Its name is *Patience*."—*Herder.*

I'D RATHER CARRY IT.—Going from market one day, we observed a very small boy, who gave no special indication, by dress or face, of other than ordinary training in life, carrying a basket that was so heavy as nearly to bear him down beneath it.

We observed, "My boy, you have a heavy load."

"Yes," said he, "but I'd rather carry it than that mother should."

The remark was one of a nature we love to hear; but we do not know that we should have thought enough of it to have chronicled it, had we not seen across the street a highly accomplished young lady playing the piano, while her mother was busily washing the window.

Miscellaneous.

From the New York Observer.

Eating when Exhausted.

When the strength or nerve power is already worn out, or used up, the digestion of food only makes a fresh demand upon it, and if it be unable to meet the demand, the food is only a burden, producing mischief. Our bodies have been compared to a steam engine, the food being the fuel, and the steam produced, the nerve power. The analogy holds good to a certain extent. If when the steam is low because the fires are low, you pile in too fast a quantity of coal, you put out your fire, and if you have depended upon steam power to fan your fires that also is extinguished.

Beyond this the comparison fails. You may clear out your furnaces and begin again, but in the body the consequences of this overloading are dangerous, and sometimes fatal. No cause of cholera is more common, than eating freely when in an exhausted state.

The rule should be to rest for a time, and take some simple refreshment, a cup or a part of a cup of tea, a little broth, or even a piece of bread, any thing simple and in small amount, just to stimulate the stomach slightly, and begin to restore its powers. After rest, a moderate meal will be refreshing and safe.

A traveler in the desert, the wild steppes of Central Asia, writes: "On the encampment of the caravan, the travelers sit with their tea cups in their hands, and eagerly sip the costly beverage. It is nothing more than a greenish warm water innocent of sugar; but human art has invented no beverage which is so grateful, so refreshing in the desert as this unpretending drink. After the tea has restored their strength, the caravan becomes gradually busier and noisier." And then the food is prepared and eaten.

To those who have not the means of preparing tea, (though we hope they are few,) a few tea leaves held in the mouth, prove most refreshing, as many of our soldiers found in their long marches, when they could not stop to make tea or coffee. There are those who advocate alcoholic stimulants for this state of fatigue and exhaustion, but after the statements of travelers in all climates from the Arctic region to the Equator, we are not inclined to the alcoholic theory. Testimony is against it,

except, perhaps, according to the Scripture rule: "Give strong drink to him that is ready to perish."

Never eat a full meal when you are exhausted. Take first a small quantity of anything simple which may be at hand, and rest. Then after a time, proper food will be a blessing, not a burden. The fires will burn, the steam will be up, and you can go on your way safely.

It is not amiss in this connection to say, that children would avoid many a feverish night, and many an attack of disease, if mothers would follow this rule.

The Wood-pecker's Foresight.

"The wood-pecker in California is a storer of acorns. The trees he selects are invariably of the pine tribe. He bores several holes, differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, and then flies away, in many instances to a long distance, and returns with an acorn, which he immediately sets about adjusting to one of the holes prepared for its reception, which will hold it tightly in position. But he does not eat the acorn; for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorn exhibits acute foresight, and knowledge of results, more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but becoming saturated with rain, is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots, who seem to delight in this special food. It is then that the wood-pecker reaps the harvest his wisdom had provided, at a time when the ground being covered with snow, he would experience a difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food. It is a subject of speculation why the red-wood cedar or sugar-pine is invariably selected; it is not probable that the insect the most dainty to the wood-pecker's taste, frequents only the outside of wet trees; but so it is, that in Calaveras, Muriporee, and other districts of California, trees of this kind may be frequently seen covered all over their trunks with acorns when there is not an oak tree within several miles."

A. B. BARTON.

A man out West says he moved so often during one year, that whenever a covered wagon stopped at the gate, his chickens would fall on their backs and hold up their feet, in order to be tied and thrown in.

MY DEAR EDITRESS:

A friend has handed me the following, which she clipped from some paper, in her journeyings. Perhaps you, or some of your learned friends, can tell us whether they are all what they purport to be:

A.

CURIOUS FACTS.—In Australia, it is summer in January, and winter in July. It is noon there when it is midnight in Europe. The longest day is in December. The swans are black, the eagles are white, the bees do not sting, and the birds do not sing. The cherries have no stones, the trees give no shadow, for the leaves turn edgewise to the sun; and some of the quadrupeds have a beak and lay eggs.

DEAR EDITRESS:

In a volume of "Curiosities of Human Nature," I met with the following, which I copy, in hopes it may interest and amuse some of your young readers.

A.

"Joseph Clarke, of London, a man whose suppleness of body made him the wonder of his time. Though he was well made, and rather gross than thin, he could easily exhibit every species of deformity. The powers of his face were more extraordinary than the flexibility of his body. He could suddenly transform himself so completely, as not to be recognised by his familiar acquaintance. He could dislocate any of the joints of his body, and he often amused himself by imposing upon people in this way.

He once dislocated the vertebrae of his back and other parts of his body, in such a manner, that Molins, the famous surgeon, before whom he appeared as a patient, was shocked at the sight, and would not even attempt his cure. On one occasion, he ordered a coat of a tailor. When the latter measured him, he had an enormous hump on his left shoulder; when the coat came to be tried on, the hump was shifted to the right side! The tailor expressed astonishment, begged a thousand pardons, and altered the coat as quickly as possible. When he again tried it on, the deformity appeared in the middle of the back. But little is known of the life of this remarkable person—he died about 1700.

As thrashing separates the corn from the chaff so does affliction purify virtue.

A Russian Postilion.

A modern writer gives an amusing description of this important personage :

"In his greasy sheepskin, faded sash, and low round hat with bright buckles, or a few peacock's feathers twisted in the band, he flies off the moment he has mounted the vehicle, at the rate of eight miles an hour, whistling, singing, shouting and talking to his horses, making as much noise as an Irishman at a fair; his whip, like the shillelah, flourishing fiercely round his head, but seldom coming down with the same violence. In fact, it is by his tongue more than his whip, that he impels his horses. He reasons with them, remonstrates, conjures and upbraids all the time. If you tell him your head aches with his noise, he shrugs his shoulders, raises his eye-brows, and gives you to understand that the horses, which he fondly terms his pigeons, his rabbits, his darlings, his turtle-doves, are so fond of talk and so well accustomed to his voice, that they would never move if he was silent."

Passion Past.

BY MISS MULLOCK.

Were I a boy with a boy's heart-beat
 At glimpses of her passing down the street,
 Of a room where she had entered and gone,
 Or a page her hand had written on,—
 Would all be with me as it was before?
 O, no, never! no, no, never!
 Never any more.

Were I a man, with man's pulse-throb,
 Breath hard and fierce, held down like a sob,
 Dumb, yet hearing her lightest word,
 Blind, until only her garments stirred;
 Would I pour out my life like wine on her floor?
 No, no, never; never, never!
 Never any more.

Gray and withered, wrinkled and marred,
 I have gone through the fire and come out un-
 scarred,

With the image of manhood stamped on me yet,
 No shame to remember, no wish to forget;
 But could she rekindle the pangs I bore?
 O, no, never! thank God, never!
 Never any more.

Old and wrinkled, withered and gray,—
 And yet if her light step passed to-day,
 I should see her face all faces among,
 And say, "Heaven love thee, whom I loved
 long?
 Thou hast lost the key of my heart's door.
 Lost it ever, and forever,
 Ay, forevermore."

Forget injuries and remember benefits;
 if you grant a favor, forget it; if you re-
 ceive one, remember it.

It is from the remembrance of joys we
 have lost that the arrows of affliction are
 pointed. [Mackenzie.]

Hospital Notice.

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

Persons making application for the reception of patients, are referred to Dr. W. W. Ely, attendant physician.

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the *Hospital Review*:

- MISS MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
- " L. A. BULLER, Peiry Centre.
- " E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.
- " MARY W. DAVIS, "
- Mrs. C. F. SPENCER, "
- " PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.
- MISS MARY BROWN, Perinton.
- MISS ADA MILLER, "
- " JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.
- " LILLIAN J. BENNETT, Phelps, Ont. Co.
- MISS PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.

A. S. MANN & CO.

37 AND 39 STATE STREET, have just received a lot of

SILK WARP POPLINS,

just the thing for Ladies' Traveling Dresses.
 April, 1866.

Water Lime and Plaster.

REMOVAL.

M. M. MATHEWS & SON,

Have removed their Office and Warehouse to
 83 Exchange Street,

Where they will continue to deal in WATER LIME and PLASTER, and all kinds of Mason's goods. 6m* Rochester, N. Y., April, 1866.

Election Notice.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE.
 Notice is hereby given pursuant to the Statute of this State, and the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County, on the **TUESDAY SUCCEEDING THE FIRST MONDAY OF NOVEMBER, (6th) 1866**, at which Election the officers named in the annexed Notice will be elected.

Dated Rochester, August 8th, 1866.

A. CHAPMAN, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE }
 Albany, July 28, 1866. }

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:

SIR—Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Governor, in the place of Reuben E. Fenton ;
 A Lieutenant Governor, in the place of Thomas G. Alvord;

A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Benjamin F. Bruce;

An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of James K. Bates;

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also a Representative in the Fortieth Congress of the United States for the Twenty-eighth Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Monroe and Orleans.

COUNTY OFFICERS TO BE ELECTED.

Three Members of Assembly.

A County Treasurer, in the place of Samuel Schofield.

Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Joseph Dewey and Robert Martin.

All of whose terms will expire on the last day of December next, except that of Samuel Schofield, County Treasurer, whose term will expire on the first day of October next.

The attention of Inspectors of Elections and County Canvassers is directed to Chapter 181 of Laws of 1866, a copy of which is printed herewith, entitled "An act to provide for the submitting to the people the question, 'Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same?'" for instructions in regard to their duties under said act.

CHAP. 181.

AN ACT to provide for submitting to the people the question, "Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same?"
 Passed March 19, 1866.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. At the general election to be held in this State on the Tuesday next after the first

Monday of November, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, there shall be provided for the poll of each election district, and kept thereat by the inspectors of election of such district, a box marked "Convention," proper for the reception of ballots. Every person in such district qualified to vote at such election for members of the Legislature, may vote at such poll a ballot either written or printed, or partly written or partly printed, on which shall be inscribed the words "For a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same," or the words "Against a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same." Such ballot shall be indorsed "Convention," and shall be received by said inspectors of election, and shall be deposited in said ballot box. The poll lists for the said election shall be so prepared and kept that there shall be a column therein containing a mark or figure for each voter who shall vote one of such ballots, which column shall be headed "Convention." All the provisions of the act entitled "An act respecting elections other than for militia and town officers," passed April fifth, eighteen hundred and forty-two, and all laws amendatory thereof, and all the provisions of the act entitled "An act for ascertaining by proper proofs the citizens who shall be entitled to the right of suffrage, and to prevent fraudulent voting," passed April fifteenth, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, and all the provisions of the act entitled "An act to ascertain by proper proofs the citizens who shall be entitled to the right of suffrage," passed May thirteenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-five, so far as the same are applicable, shall apply to the proceedings under this act.

§ 2. The Secretary of State shall immediately after the assembling of the next Legislature, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, report thereto the result of the election herein provided for.

§ 3. This act shall take effect immediately.

FRANCIS C. BARLOW,

Aug. 18, 1866.

Secretary of State.

NEW STOCK OF BEAUTIFUL

SPRING DRY GOODS.

WE are now opening the LARGEST and FINEST STOCK of SPRING GOODS that we have ever offered to our customers. The stock comprises everything new and desirable in the line of DRY GOODS.

We invite every one to call and examine our goods and prices.
 A. S. MANN & CO.,
 April, 1866. 37 and 39 State St.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

ICE supplied on reasonable terms, to Private Families, &c. by week, month or year.

Ice Depot, Mount Hope Avenue, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Orders left at J. PALMER'S ICE CREAM SALOON, Fitzhugh Street, opposite the Court House, will be promptly attended to.

March 15, 1866. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

BRECK'S PHARMACY.

GEORGE BRECK,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

61 Buffalo Street,

Smith's Arcade, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DEALER IN

Fancy & Toilet Goods,

AND PURE WINES & LIQUORS,

For medicinal uses.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.

Floral Depot for Frost & Co's Greenhouses.

June 15, 1866.

A. S. MANN & CO.

37 and 39 State Street,

HAVE received another large lot of NEW SILKS, which they offer to purchasers at GREAT BARGAINS. The lot comprises BLACK, BROWN, GREEN, BLUE, LAVENDER, and every other desirable color. Also, a full assortment of

BLACK AND WHITE CHECKED SILKS, at the lowest prices. April, 1866.

THE GREAT AMERICAN

TEA COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

Have established an Agency for the sale of their

Teas and Coffees,

At 62 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

The following are the Prices:

YOUNG HYSON,	\$1.	\$1.10	and	\$1.25	per lb.
OO LONGS,80c.	90c.	and	\$1.00	"
MIXED TEAS,80c.	90c.	and	\$1.00	"
IMPERIAL,	\$1	and	\$1.25	"
UNCOLORED JAPAN, best,	\$1.25	"		"
ENGLISH BREAKFAST,	\$1	and	\$1.20	"	"
GROUND COFFEE,20c.	.30c.	and	40c.	"

All goods sold by this Company are put up in pound packages, with style, price, and guarantee, as to quality, printed on the wrapper. The prices are precisely the same at which the Company sell them in New York; and every pound of Tea or Coffee sold, is warranted to give entire satisfaction, or they can be returned and the money refunded.

We have a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

of every description, and offer all articles in our line so low as to make it a special object for people, in City or Country, to deal with us.

The goods put up by the Great American Tea Company, are for sale by no other house.

MOORE & COLE,

April, 1866.

1y

62 Buffalo Street.



NOW IS THE TIME TO PURCHASE from our large Stock of

LAWN SETTEES,

ARM AND SINGLE CHAIRS,

Iron Vases, &c.

NEW & BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS,

At No. 182 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

June, 1866. 11

CURRAN & COLER,

SUCCESSORS TO B. KING & CO.

Druggists & Apothecaries,

No. 96 BUFFALO STREET,

Opposite the Court House.

Rochester, N. Y.

RICHARD CURRAN.

April, '66-ly*

G. W. COLER.

SMITH & PERKINS, WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH.

GILMAN H. PARKINS.

[Established in 1824.]

Jan. 1865.

tf

S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON, DEALERS IN Choice Groceries and Provisions,

OF ALL KINDS,

Nos. 67 & 69 Buffalo Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Jan. 1866.

1y

LANE & PAINE,

Dealers in

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.

18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

ALFRED S. LANE. mel, 1866. ly OWEN F. PAINE.

JOHN SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

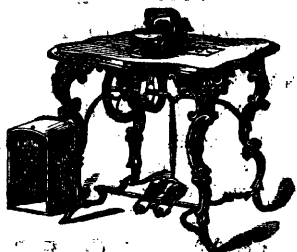
LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.

No. 142 Main St., Rochester.

Jan. 15, 1865.

PERFECTION REACHED AT LAST.

Embodied in the New and Popular



GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE.

THE "FLORENCE" took the Gold Medal at the Fair of the American Institute, New York, Oct. 20th, 1865, as the best machine in the world. 80,000 Sold within the last three years, giving universal satisfaction to all. They have no equal as a Family or Manufacturing Machine.

Warranted never to have "fits." Does its work alike each day.

REASONS.

1. Its simplicity and great range of work.
2. Its making four different stitches, viz: the lock, knot, double-lock and double-knot.
3. The reversible feed motion operated by simply turning a thumb-screw, enabling the operator to run the work from right to left or left to right, and perfectly self-sustaining to the end of the seam.
4. The perfect finish and substantial manner in which the machine is made.
5. The rapidity of its working, and the quality of the work done.
6. Its self-adjusting tension.

The "FLORENCE" will sew from the finest Lawn to the heaviest Pilot Cloth, without change of tension or breaking of thread. As a Tailor's manufacturing machine, or family machine, it has no equal. We make strong assertions which we are prepared to substantiate in every particular.

Believe not what the agents or friends of other machines may say, but see the Florence before purchasing any other and judge for yourself.

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Nov. 15, 1865.

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Jan. 1865. Rochester, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. III

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1866.

No. 3.

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Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.

Over 21 Buffalo Street, opposite the Arcade.

For the Hospital Review.

In Memoriam.

We stand beside our loved one's lowly bed,
And whisper softly, "darling, we are here;"
Then wait to see the lightly lifted head,
And mark the cheeks' quick flush of happy red,
So sure to dawn whenever we appear.

We take our loved one's hand, so stiff and cold,
And wonder that it lies so still within our own;
And say how it was wont to clasp and hold,
While lips and eyes a thrilling story told;
And love ran ever thro' his lightest tone.

We touch our loved one's pallid lips, and start
To miss the quick response they used to give:
We fold the hands above a pulseless heart;
Those little hands so soon have done their part
And now they rest, while we who weep still live.

Too late we stand beside our loved one's bed,
For just before another came this way, [fled;
And touching these dear lips, lo! all their color
And cheeks and eyes and little restless head
Shall never more our lightest call obey.

We soon must stand beside a lowlier bed,
The daisied turf its cover from the cold;
Beneath, all heedless of the tears we shed,
Our "one dead lamb"—we will not call him dead,
But safely gathered to Thy heavenly fold.

MRS. JAS. K. WILLIAMS.

Rochester, Oct. 19, 1866.

For the Hospital Review.

DEAR EDITRESS:

You were kind enough to give me a place in the September "Review," for a brief article on "Cheerfulness." Shall I trespass if I send you a few lines on a subject of equal importance, and yet often overlooked?

Thankfulness.

All Christians acknowledge the duty of thanksgiving to God, but even here we are too apt to circumscribe its use. Great mercies, great blessings, we thank Him for, and some may even be able to say with the sweet poet,

"I thank Thee for sickness and sorrow and care,
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear;
I praise Thee, I bless Thee, my Lord and my God,
For the good and the evil Thy hand hath bestowed."

But how is it in the daily and hourly favors so lavishly bestowed; are we conscious of a constant sense of thanksgiving keeping pace with the ever-flowing stream? But I have wandered a little from my theme. I would speak of thankfulness to our fellow-creatures—seemingly a more easy duty, for we have personal contact to aid our sense, and we are all prone to look away from the

first "Great Cause." It is a most valuable habit to *express* our thanks for the daily and hourly recurring acts which pass in the family circle. Let us accustom our children from their tenderest years to speak out the pleasant words, "thank you," though it be but for the handing of a book or toy. We all know the effect of those little words, often withheld (where perhaps the heart has the feeling) because the habit was not formed in early life. It is not only the individual we thank who is affected by our words, but they tend to deepen in our hearts the feelings of thankfulness, and we realize more and more our sweet dependence upon the social relations, and we thank God that He has set us in families and made us mutual helpers one with another.

A.

For the Hospital Review.

Lost.

When the morning breaks and brightens,
 All the hill-tops into bloom,
 And the mist-veil slowly rises,
 Up from out the valley's gloom—
 When the robin, scarlet-breasted,
 Sits and twitters on the sheaves,
 And the squirrel mouths and chatters,
 Dropping brown nuts on the leaves—
 Though my heart feels all this beauty,
 There is something always missed—
 Little hands that sought my clasping,
 Little lips that I have kissed.

Ripen, golden fruits of summer—
 Purple grapes are on the wall,
 Crimson tints creep on the maples,
 Yellow sun-shine over all.
 Slowly turns the stately sun-flower,
 With her round face to the west;
 And the dead leaves lie and moulder,
 In the bird's forsaken nest.
 These shall be restored, and waken—
 These things die, and come again—
 After all the snows of winter,
 And the spring-time's gentle rain.
 Nothing brings my lost birds homeward,
 Going once—they're always missed—
 Little hands that sought my clasping,
 Little lips that I have kissed.

MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

For the Hospital Review.

Comfort in God's Word.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord." Psalm, 130: 1. From how many depths does the Christian have occasion to send up the cry to. "Him whose ear is ever open." When our sins rise up as mountains on every side, threatening to overwhelm us, we are indeed in a deep from which alone God's mercy in Christ can rescue. When sickness invades our frames, or enters our loved circle, and death lays its hand on our dear ones, out of the depths of sorrow and desolation we send up the cry, and He sends down the blessed Comforter to heal our wounded hearts and lift us above the billows. When the daily trials and vexations of life encompass us on every side, and our earthly hearts yield to the deadening and destroying influence, let us send up the cry to Him who can make "earthly care a heavenly discipline."

R.

The Broken Atlantic Cable.

The London *Spectator* has the following thrilling account of the reception of the first intelligible spark from the cable of 1865, after the experiments of a year upon it:

"Night and day, for a whole year, an electrician has always been on duty watching the tiny ray of light through which signals are given, and twice every day the whole length of wire—one thousand two hundred and forty miles—has been tested for conductivity and insulation. The object of observing the ray of light was, of course, not any expectation of a message, but simply to keep an accurate record of the condition of the wire. Sometimes, indeed, wild, incoherent messages from the deep did come, but these were merely results of magnetic storms and earth currents, which deflected the galvanometer rapidly, and spelt the most extraordinary words, and, sometimes even sentences of nonsense upon the graduated scale before the mirror. Suddenly on Saturday morning, at a quarter to 6 o'clock, while the light was being watched by Mr. May, he observed a

peculiar indication about it which showed at once, to his experienced eye, that a message was at hand. In a few minutes afterwards the unsteady flickering was changed to coherency, if we may use such a term, and at once the cable began to speak, to transmit, that is, at regular intervals, the appointed signals which indicated human purpose and method at the other end, instead of the hurried signs, broken speech and inarticulate cries of the still illiterate Atlantic. After the long interval in which it had brought us nothing but the moody and often delirious mutterings of the sea stammering over its alphabet in vain, the words 'Canning to Glass,' must have seemed like the first rational word uttered by a high fever patient when the ravings have ceased and his consciousness returns."

Our Boys in Blue.

Four hundred thousand men,
The young, the brave, the true,
In tangled wood and mountain glen,
On battle plain, in prison pen,
Lie dead for me and you.
For me and you,
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made our ransomed soil their grave
For me and you,
Good friend, for me and you!

We marked their courage high;
Their worth we little knew;
We saw ten thousand marching by,
Nor thought they left us but to die,
To die for me and you.
These men, our nation's hope and pride,
Four hundred thousand men, have died!

By many a fevered swamp,
By many a black bayou,
By many a cheerless, frozen camp,
The weary sentinel ceased his tramp,
And died for me and you.
Our brothers, nurtured by our side,
Four hundred thousand men, have died!

Up many a fortress wall
They charged, those "boys in blue;"
'Mid cannon's flash and volleyed ball,
The bravest were the first to fall,
To fall for me and you;
The patriot's courage fired each eye;
Four hundred thousand dared to die.

On many a bloody plain
Their ready swords they drew,
And poured their life-blood like the rain,
A home, a heritage to gain,
To gain for me and you.
From western plain to ocean tide
Are stretched the graves of those who died!

In noisome prison-hold
Their martyr-spirits grew
To stature like the saints of old,
While, amid agonies untold,
They starved for me and you.
The good, the patient, and the tried,
Four hundred thousand men, have died!

A debt we ne'er can pay
To them is justly due;
But to the nation's latest day
Our children's children still shall say,
"They died for me and you."
Four hundred thousand of the brave
Have made this ransomed soil their grave!
American Messenger.

Saved.

I believe the boy came in to steal. Why else did he creep into the kitchen without knocking?

Pet was sitting there in one of her thoughtful moods: I could see through the side window, though the luxuriant grapevines hid me completely from view.

At first sight the boy startled me. He was uncouth—he was ugly. Not only that, but his brow was low; and to me his eye was vicious. Some children would have screamed at sight of such an apparition—Pet did not. Instead, a smile broke over her face like a burst of sunshine.

Pet made us often tremble, often sigh—her father and me. Not that she was preternaturally good or given to extraordinary speeches; but there was a strange attractiveness about her—an unearthliness—though we never would say the word to each other. Her little soul seemed to flow out toward you; you felt impelled to speak, ay, even to think purely in her presence. Nothing human repulsed her; I have shuddered to see her clasp a filthy little creature round the neck. Everybody was "nice," with her, and in her vocabulary, "nice" meant good.

But to go back to the rough intruder. It startled me to see her smile; but in an instant the boy looked ashamed. A flash

spread to the purplish swellings under his eyes.

"Is 'oo hungry," cried Pet, in her clear, small, bird-like voice. A moment after she merged from a corner with a lovely, rosy apple that filled both wee hands, and running towards him, her eyes shining, I thought I never had seen so beautiful an expression in a human face.

"Take 'is and 'ool be nice—'oo is nice, ain't 'oo?"

The boy looked down on the small blessing; his lips worked a little. Sure am I, no sermon would have reached his poor heart as did that little act. He seemed to hesitate.

"Take it," said I cheerfully; "Pet would rather you would eat it, I know. What did you wish when you came? Can I do any thing for you?" coming in as I spoke.

The tears stood in his eyes now.

"I don't know as I want any thing, ma'am. I—well—I—I—don't know as I need anything!"

"Have you a home? I asked.

"A—a—home—that's what I never had."

"Div him somefin more, mamma," said Pet, pittingly, grieving for the tears.

He looked at her with an almost worshipping glance.

"I have two or three cords of wood that wants splitting and piling down cellar," said I.

"I'll do it," he cried, brightening.

I looked at him keenly.

"Can I trust you?" I asked; but I tried to say it with a smile.

"Yes, you may, ma'am, indeed you may," he said; and then with a swift motion jerked his sleeve across his eyes. He told me he was called Bertie, and I imparted his name to Pet. So every little while she would pat, pat to the head of the cellar stairs, and cry out:

"Bertie, is 'oo nice?" then throw back her little head and burst into such silvery peals of laughter, that I laughed softly to myself every time I heard her.

Dear little white-throated angle. Dear sinless babe forevermore!

Bertie came next day to finish the job and his grey eyes, that I thought so wicked, grew positively beautiful at sight of Pet.

"O, I love her, ma'am?" he exclaimed.

"O, I'd give anything if I might kiss her, ma'am."

"Pet, Bertie wants to kiss you," I said.

"Is 'oo nice?" laughed Pet, suspending her busy little operations.

"No—no, I ain't nice," he said, remorsefully.

She seemed to deliberate a moment, then she said, slowly:

"Well, 'oo must be nice;" came up to him and put up her rose-bud lips.

He kissed her—made that swift awkward motion with his sleeve again, and hurried to his work.

My husband became interested in the boy. "Depend upon it Hetty," said he, "he is a neglected genius, or he never would have showed such sensibility. I'll see about him."

He did see about him, to some purpose. He gave him occupation; found him reliable and steady. The war broke out—Bertie enlisted—was wounded, and came near dying in the hospital. From that sick bed he returned home refined, spiritualized. Ah, me! he came home to weep over Pet's still, waxen features.

"O! my little salvation!" he cried, with tears of agony; "under God—my little saviour!"

Pet, in her home above must rejoice if she sees Bertie—now an earnest student in Christ; for this sketch is not all fancy. Bertie will be a shining light, a brand saved from the burning, to minister to the heirs of glory.

As for Pet, do not think I ever wished her back, ever!

My waiting angel—my seraph guide to the courts of heaven! My one little child that never gave the hearts that loved her a single pang. "Of such is the kingdom," and with such, my blessed darling is safe forevermore.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

Selected for the Hospital Review.

Small Things.

"The sense of an earnest will,
To help the lowly living,
And a terrible heart-thrill,
If you have not the power of giving.
An arm of aid to the weak,
A friendly hand to the friendless,
Kind words so short to speak,
But whose echo is endless.
The world is wide—these things are small,
They may be nothing, but they may be all."

Good Advice.—Say nothing about yourself, either good, bad or indifferent.

From the New York Observer.

R. S. V. P.

One who had no knowledge of the French, and little of fashionable life and letters, received an invitation to a wedding. In the left hand corner of the note were written the mystic letters R. S. V. P. What they meant was a mystery to him. As well they had been in Greek. Had he asked any one familiar with the usages of polite life, he would have been told at once that they were the initials of four French words, requesting an answer to the invitation: *Reply if you please*, or, as we would say, Please answer. But he was so unfortunate as to apply for information to one who was no better posted than himself. This friend studied them for a few moment, and the mystery stood revealed. "I have it;" said he, "this is an invitation to a wedding: it is now expected that every friend will bring a gift to the altar: R. S. V. P. means, Return Some Valuable Present."

Of course the order had to be complied with, and the invited guest paid his tax with as good a grace as could be expected.

What led me to mention this incident was the reading of a very racy and truthful criticism on the excess into which the wedding present mania has run, and the tendency of the age to get presents out of everybody on all possible occasions. The time was,—and a good time it was,—when the immediate relatives and friends delighted to gladden the heart of the bride with some appropriate tokens of their love, and often these were the work of their own hands, or something so simple and useful as to be suggestive at once of the affection of the giver, and the new duties and cares on which a married pair were to enter. Now this has run to seed, and the result of it is that every wedding, and each succeeding decade, has become the occasion for levying contributions upon a whole circle of acquaintances, far beyond the range of relationship. What is a delight and a benediction when rendered spontaneously, becomes a bore and an imposition when custom or fashion has made it a law. I do not know any thing sweeter in the way of giving (except to the needy) than to bring a fit and beautiful offering to one who is about to begin a new life, with all the hopes and fears of a young bride trembling in her heart. But when the thing has been carried to such an extreme that

now there is an actual rivalry among the women to see who shall get the most, so that fifty thousand dollars are not too many to be sought, and a hundred thousand have been received, all the virgin loveliness of the custom has been coiled and spoiled; and it has become another species of internal revenue tax, by which a new candidate for housekeeping expects to provide ways and means to keep the pot boiling. To the rich, it is a small matter thus to be leyed upon. Taxes hardly press upon the rich, but they press very hard upon the poor. And in almost every circle, there are some of both classes who are expected to gather around the nuptial feast; and as the custom now is, each one must Return Some Valuable Present. The poor must offer theirs in contrast or competition with the rich, and pride forbids that the gift should be mean. A rich friend can afford to give an *inferior* present, but a poor friend can not.—His must be something "valuable," or it is liable to be despised. Who knows how much self-denial and toil it may have cost to save the means to get it! But it must be had, and there is no discharge from the obligation.

But the first five years of married life are over, and then comes a wooden wedding, and by and by a tin one, and a silver, and a gold, and a diamond wedding, and I know not whether there is another beyond that, but generally the next step is into the world where they neither marry nor are given in marriage. On each of these "happy returns," it is expected of each invited guest that he will come laden with an offering suitable to the occasion. And a pleasant occasion it is, when the gifts are such as impose no burden upon any, and are only brought to give zest to the merry hour. So full of care, toil and trouble, is this present evil world of ours, that it is well to improve each and every anniversary for rational enjoyment. Every child's every birth-day ought to be signalized in every family. The parent's wedding day ought not to go by unremembered. The floral offerings of the children are joy-wreaths for the heart of the aged father and mother, as they are thus reminded of their youthful loves. "Live joyfully" is the command of God, and "God is love." But this whole fashion of wedding celebrations has been run to an extreme that is proverbially repulsive to good taste and

true delicacy of feeling. A venerable friend of mine had reached the 50th anniversary of his happy and blessed married life. His children and their children determined to give him a golden wedding.—He heard of it and bade them welcome, with their warm hearts and glad faces; but no gold, not a piece of it, nothing of the kind, nothing bought with it, would he have.—“I have everything,” he said, “that heart can wish; come and eat, drink and be merry, but bring no presents, we are too old for them, we want nothing now but love, and we shall soon be where there is nothing else.” I honor the sentiment of my excellent friend, a gentleman largely known and universally esteemed, and entitled to more respect because he would not have a wide circle of friends taxed to make him a donation when he needed nothing.

All the grace of giving is gone when it is reduced to a custom, or drawn out by an invitation that has the effect, if not the intention, of compulsion. It has degenerated into this in many of our congregations, where the annual *donation* is reckoned as part of the yearly stipend. But the salary should in all cases be made adequate to the pastor's comfortable support, and every present made to him should be a spontaneous and extra expression of regard. A minister's salary is not a *gift*; it is his due; it is the debt the people engaged to pay when he became their pastor. To make him a *donation* as a part of his salary, is not the thing at all, though it may be easier to put it in that shape than in any other. We deceive ourselves by giving false names to things; calling the payment of a debt a present, is one of these; and another is, receiving a wedding present that was extorted by custom or fashion, and was not a gift.

It is said there is a mutual admiration society in New York city, the fees of admission being invested in a set of silver plate. Every few weeks or months you read in the papers the proceedings of a meeting, at which, with many complimentary resolutions, a service of plate is presented to John Jones, Esq., for his distinguished fidelity to some important trust. Again you see a similar meeting and John Smith, Esq., is similarly honored. *It is the same set of plate*, and all these recipients are the possessors of it only until the members wish to have another meeting, supper, speeches, resolutions, &c., to be

followed by their names in print! There is quite as much sincerity in this rotary presentation, as in many of the gifts that are brought to the shrine of friendship on these wedding anniversaries.

IRENEUS.

October.

“The October grove hath brighter tints
 Than summer or than spring,
 For o'er the leaves before they fall
 Such hues hath nature thrown,
 That the woods wear, in sunless days,
 A sunshine of their own.”

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1866.

A Thanksgiving Party.

The Ladies of the Hospital desire at this time, to extend through our columns, a most cordial invitation to all our readers and friends in city and country, to be present at a Thanksgiving Party, proposed to be given at the Hospital, on the 30th of November, the day following our National Thanksgiving. The design of this party is two-fold. First, to procure material aid for our Hospital, of which we stand just now in urgent need. Second, to bring together in one large genial, social gathering, all the friends of the Hospital. One such annual assembly of the various friends of any benevolent association, seems almost indispensable to its growth and interest—and we have chosen the month of November for this occasion, not because it seems to be the donation-month for our sister Institutions, but because of all months in the year, no other seems so appropriate. The harvest then is ended—barns and cellars and granaries are overflowing with the fresh-gathered stores—while before us, close by, lies the long, cold, stern winter—so long—so cold—so stern to the poor and suffering. With plenty smiling at our doors, and surrounded in our pleasant homes with the fruits of God's rich and

manifold bounties to us, it is the time of all others, for us to think of the poor, and the time to give. No other portion of the year would it be so easy for our friends to help us; and at no other time are we so much in need of help. We have chosen the latter part of the month for our Thanksgiving Party—first, that we may in no wise interfere with other benevolent Institutions of our city, who have for many years held their Annual Donations in this month, and who, for this reason, have a right to a precedence—and secondly, because we think it will be pleasant now, and in the coming years, for us to associate our annual gathering, with all that is joyous and sacred with the great National Thanksgiving Festival. We prefer to call our anticipated meeting, a Thanksgiving Party, rather than a Donation—and the gifts, let them all be thank-offerings! We announce our Party, and give out our invitations thus early, that all may have ample time to get ready for it. As this is our “first party,” we feel a great anxiety that it should prove in every way a success. Our Hospital has never felt the need of making so strong an appeal for help as now—Our funds are low, and we feel that a great and special effort must be made by our friends in some way, to help us through the winter. Of all the plans which have been proposed for our relief, none has impressed us so favorably, or has seemed to promise so much, both of assistance and pleasure, as a Party. We want the day to prove not only a pecuniary success, but a happy day. It is not too early to begin preparations for it. We expect to have a table for the sale of fancy articles, contributions to which will be very acceptable. Now is the time for our friends—we are thinking of our young friends especially—to decide what they will make for us. Then we want our readers to begin now to use their influence in securing us a full attendance. Talk about the Party to your friends and acquaintances, and invite them cordially to be present. The Ladies of the

Hospital will, on their part, spare no pains to render the occasion attractive. Refreshment tables will be spread all day and in the evening, at their own expense, for the entertainment of their guests, and they will be in attendance to receive all visitors, and to conduct them over the various wards and apartments. Donations of every description, will be acceptable—money—coal—flour—potatoes—vegetables of all kinds—fruits—bedding—towels—clothing—and indeed, anything and everything, small or great, which can be of service in any household.

Thirteen Soldiers!

We have now thirteen soldiers in our Hospital. Those whose enthusiasm and devotion to our soldiers have not yet died out, as they can never in any noble, grateful heart, may always find in our Hospital those towards whom they may manifest their appreciation of all that they have been willing to do and to sacrifice for us. The soldier—wounded—maimed—and with broken health, we ever expect to have with us. To them we extend the warmest welcome, and upon them would bestow our tenderest care. They suffer, and have been willing to suffer, even to the end of their lives, if need be, to purchase for us peace, union, and our untarnished national honor. Can we do too much for them? Never forget the soldiers at our Hospital!

That List.

That list of Donations did not improve this month, as we hoped it would. Just look at it and see how short it is! Is it worthy of this golden—bountiful—fruit-laden—vegetable-laden October?

Lint and Bandages.

Again we feel called upon to send out an appeal for Lint and Bandages. We have now fourteen patients under surgical treatment, which increases the demand for these articles which can never come amiss in a Hospital.

Work for the "Review."

We want every body, old and young, to work for the "Review" this month in double earnest. We want cheering up. If everybody would pay up their arrearages and renew their subscriptions this month; and if everybody would send us one new name, how enlivening it would be to our drooping spirits!

Other little Agents at Work.

Florie M., whose name has recently been added to our Little List, will please accept our most hearty thanks for eight dollars and fifty cents, collected for the "Review" within the last two months. We have returns, also, from Ella C., who has recently brought us four subscribers—one a new one.

Cans Keep Coming In.

It is cheering to see how those cans of fruit still keep coming in, and still there is time and room for many more. When the season of fruit is over, and Winter's reign is upon us, how gratifying to our sick and invalids shall we find these cans of fruit! Kind reader, depend upon it, you will never regret sending in that "one can!"

Two more Little Agents.

We are much gratified to be able to add two more names to our list of Little Agents. Carrie Pettit, of Manlius, a little girl of eight years, sends us two new subscribers, which is only the beginning, we trust, of what she means to do for us; and Lottie I. Wright, of Lewiston, sends us eight. Here is Lottie's first letter. We have since received another short one from her, enclosing the other four names she has obtained for us:

Lewiston, Sept. 28, 1866.

DEAR MADAM—I am delighted to think my mother took a short trip to Rochester a few weeks ago, for there she saw your little paper and subscribed for me.

Yesterday my first number came; and in looking it over, I found it so entertaining, besides doing so much good, and seeing so many names of little agents, and some whom I knew, that the thought came to me, why can I not be an agent too? Not a *little one* to be sure; for although only fifteen, I am taller than N. B., yet I can be an agent, I *know* I can. So after taking my dinner, I went out in this little town of ours, and secured four subscribers, with the promise of more as soon as people get back from the Provincial Fair. But being of rather an impatient disposition, I cannot very well wait, so enclose you what I have received and the names of the different subscribers. Hoping to send you more in a few days,

I am, dear madam, respectfully yours,

LOTTIE I. WRIGHT.

Touching Tribute.

The following letter, dictated by one of our inmates a few days before his death, will be read with peculiar interest. Mr. Whelen came to us very low with consumption, and after lingering a few weeks with us, entered, as we trust, into rest. His patience and unceasing gratitude for the care and kindness he received, won for him many friends, and the following simple and earnest expression of his feelings, is a most touching tribute to our Hospital and to the faithfulness of those engaged in its service.

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL, }
 September 25th, 1866. }

I have been in this Hospital nearly seven months and a half. At the time I came here, I was weak and debilitated—have been gradually growing weaker—and am now wasted to a mere skeleton. Feeling I have but a short time longer to linger upon earth, before leaving to go to that "bourne from whence no traveler returns," I wish to express my gratitude to the superintendent, Mr. Van Zandt, to the nurses and inmates of the Hospital, and to other kind friends, for the unwearied attention and kindness shown me. It seems to me a mother's care could not exceed the kindness I have here received. May the blessing of God rest upon them all.

Written by my request.

THOMAS WHELEN.

Correspondence.

The following letters will explain themselves, and will be read with interest by all the friends of the "Rochester City Hospital." We cannot refrain from giving them publicity, and do justice to our faithful Superintendent, or to the noble, generous members of the "Alert Hose Company," who have thus testified their appreciation of the care which their fellow-member received, while in the Hospital.

ALERT HOSE COMPANY, }
Rochester, Oct. 12, 1866. }

SIR :

The members of the "Alert Hose Company," wishing to express some portion of the feeling of gratitude which they entertain and cherish toward you for the kind care and attention so freely bestowed by you upon their friend and brother, GEORGE S. HARRIS, during that portion of his last illness, that he was an inmate of the "Rochester City Hospital," and for the more than brotherly kindness which anticipated and ministered to all his wants, and soothed and comforted him in his dying hours; have instructed us to present to you, on the part of the Company, the accompanying Watch and Chain, which we ask you to receive, not as an expression of the measure of the feelings which are entertained by the members of the Company, toward yourself, but rather as an indication that such feelings exist, and are cherished, and that your kind and generous acts will ever be held in the most grateful remembrance, by the members of the "Alert Hose Company."

Permit us also, to tender to you the expression of the kindest regard and the warmest wishes of every member of our Company, for your welfare and happiness.

Your friends,

GEO. B. HARRIS,
L. W. CLARKE,
JAMES H. KELLY,
Committee.

WILLIAM VAN ZANDT, ESQ.

GENTLEMEN OF THE ALERT HOSE CO. :

On Friday evening last, I received by the hands of your Committee, a beautiful *Watch and Chain*, presented as an expression of the feelings you entertain towards me, for the care bestowed upon your

"friend and brother," GEORGE S. HARRIS, during his last illness, at the City Hospital.

While I am conscious of only having performed my duty as a man and brother, towards one whom, with you, I learned to love and mourn; and being conscious also, that my reward has already been ample, still I do not feel at liberty to refuse your beautiful gift, when I know how sincere and disinterested were the feelings and motives that prompted it.

While I rejoice that my heart can contain its full measure of thankfulness, I have it to regret that the power of expressing to you, in fitting terms, even a portion of it, is denied me; and unless you can read and interpret the unwritten language of my heart, you will never know how thankful I am for this unexpected mark of your generosity and friendship. That my heart can feel, and I will ever cherish and wear it as a golden link of friendship between your hearts and mine, that coming years will only serve to brighten, and our final parting only will sever.

Please accept, gentlemen, my sincere wishes for your individual happiness, prosperity, and usefulness, as an organization.

WILLIAM VAN ZANDT.

GEO. B. HARRIS, L. W. CLARKE, JAS. H. KELLY,
Committee.

DEATH IN THE CITY HOSPITAL.—On Sunday morning, Oct. 14, Mr. Stephen Cud, an old man aged seventy-eight years, died very suddenly at the City Hospital. He was sitting upon his bed and putting on his stockings, when he fell over and expired. He was admitted into the Hospital the evening previous, to be treated for ulcerated limbs. Coroner Treat investigated the case. The physicians who were called decided that death was caused by disease of the heart.

The National Military Asylum to be erected in Milwaukee, Wis., will be located on a tract of about 500 acres. The buildings will be capable of accommodating from 10,000 to 15,000 inmates, and will cost nearly \$1,000,000. The Asylum will be placed in charge of disabled officers, and will be for the accommodation of all disabled Union officers and soldiers of the late war. Two other similar institutions are to be established in other localities, under the act of Congress.

Correspondence.

Mrs. R., of East Pembroke, writes:

"I have not forgotten that I volunteered to do what I could in this good cause. I here enclose one more subscription, and trust to be able to send more."

FIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS.—A friend, Mrs. J. B. A., of Geneseo, in a note enclosing the names and money for five new subscribers, very kindly says:

"My best wishes are with you all in your Hospital work—wish I could do more for you."

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 14th, of consumption, Miss **ADELLA HALSTED**, of Lansing, Michigan, aged 25 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 26th, of consumption, **THOMAS WHELEN**, aged 30 years. His remains were taken to Scottsville for interment.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 14th, of disease of the heart, **STEPHEN CARD**, aged 78 years.

List of Donations to the Hospital, FROM SEPT. 15th TO OCT. 15th, 1866.

Mrs. J. B. Parmalee, Spencerport—A bushel of Beans, half a bushel of Apples, one can of Peaches.
 Mrs. W. H. Knapp—A quantity of Books and Pamphlets, collected by Jennie Hurd and Maggie Lane.
 Mrs. Charles Stilwell—Three cans of Fruit.
 Mrs. D. A. Woodbury—One can of Fruit.
 Mrs. James McGuire—One jar of Jam.
 Mrs. A. S. Lane—One bottle Blackberry Cordial.
 Mrs. L. A. Pratt—One can of Peaches.
 Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—One can of Cherries, one bottle of Catsup.
 A Friend—Twenty Cabbages.
 Mrs. McMaster—One box of Grapes, and Flowers.
 Mrs. E. H. Davis, Hornellsville—Fresh Pork and Celery.
 Miss Hattie Hayes—Several rolls of Bandage and a basket of Grapes.
 Miss Short, Chili—Peaches and Grapes.
 Thomas H. Rochester, Esq.—Basket of Grapes and half a bushel of Pears.
 Mrs. Oriel—Basket of Quinces, basket of Pears.
 Mrs. E. L. Pottle—Two bottles of Grapes, two cans of Fruit.

Superintendent's Report for September.

1866. Sept. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, 41
 Received during the month, 22
 Births " " 1
 Disabled Soldiers, " 11—75
 Discharged " 21
 Deaths " 3—24
 —
 Oct. 1. Remaining in Hospital,..... 51

Receipts for the Hospital Review,

FROM SEPT. 15th TO OCT. 15th.

Mrs. Jacob Bean, Mrs. John Wilhelm, Miss Sarah Allen, Miss Phebe Whitman, Chas. E. Swick, Scottsborough—By Miss Whitman,..... \$2 50
 Robert E. Brewster, Washington, (\$1.00); Mrs. J. H. Clements, Barnet, Vt.—By Mrs. Perkins,..... 1 50
 Georgie T. Shuler, Lockport; Nina C. Moore, Buffalo; Mrs. M. J. Holmes, Mrs. E. B. Holmes, Mrs. A. W. Carey, Georgie Decker, Mrs. Mary Allen, Mrs. Dayton S. Morgan, Mrs. William Bowman, Everett Reynolds, Mrs. L. Silliman, Mrs. N. P. Pond, Mrs. J. Harrison, Mrs. G. B. Whiteside, Mrs. James Whelon, Mrs. W. H. Seymour, Mrs. William B. Mann, Mr. G. Benson, Mrs. McGee, Mrs. L. Gordon, Mrs. Thomes Comes, Mrs. J. W. Adams, Mrs. S. Spalding, Mrs. S. M. Ashley, Mrs. W. L. King, Mrs. J. R. Randolph, Miss Fannie King, Capt. H. D. Mann, Brockport—By Miss Fanny Holmes, Miss C. A. Brackett and Miss Mathews,..... 14 00
 William C. Bagley, Buffalo—By Mrs. Arner, Mrs. John C. Keeler, Pittsford—By Mr. Wooster,..... 50
 Mrs. L. H. Morgan—By Mrs. Strong,..... 50
 Mrs. F. Whittlesey, Mrs. E. W. Armstrong, Mrs. C. H. Webb, Thomas Whelen, Mrs. E. Loop—By Mrs. Mathews,..... 2 50
 Josiah Tryon, Miss L. N. Aldrich, Miss Jennie Atwater, Miss M. A. Fleming, Miss Maria Perry, Mrs. T. M. Griffith, Lewiston; Miss Fannie Rumsill, Miss Lizzie Holbrook, Buffalo—By Lottie I. Wright,..... 4 00
 Miss Lillie R. Pitkin, Buffalo—By little Monte,..... 50
 Mrs. Samuel E. Dawley, Mr. Sexton, Taberg—By Mr. Van Zandt,..... 1 00
 Miss Bella M. Smith—By Miss Van Zandt, Mrs. William Pitkin, Mrs. N. T. Rochester, Mrs. N. B. Rochester for Nettie Granger, Mrs. G. H. Perkins, Mrs. E. T. Smith, Mrs. Dr. Bristol—By Florie Montgomery, Mrs. E. Lines, Mrs. Hopkins, Miss N. J. Cannaby, Mrs. William Giles—By Ella J. Colburn,..... 2 00
 Mrs. M. T. King, Mrs. E. L. Pottle—By Mr. Van Zandt,..... 1 00
 George L. Elliott, East Pembroke—By Mrs. Roderick,..... 50
 Mrs. A. Bronson, Mrs. William N. Sage, J. O. Pettengill, Miss M. A. Hamilton—By Linda Bronson,..... 2 00
 Mrs. J. S. Orton, Mrs. H. McBride, Mrs. H. G. Baker, Mrs. J. B. Adams, Geneseo; Mrs. Paul Goddard, York—By Mrs. Adams,..... 2 50
 Levi A. Morse, Gilbert Alberts, Manlius—By Carrie Pettet,..... 1 00
 Mrs. E. C. Baker, Mrs. McWilliams, 2 yrs., Caledonia—By Ithamer Berthrong,..... 1 50
 Mrs. Collinson, 2 years, Mrs. Bixby, Miss Bliss, Miss Flora Jennings—By Mrs. J. S. Hall,..... 2 50

Children's Department.

The "Five Arab Maxims."

This interesting puzzle, which we gave to our young friends in the August No., has been solved at last. A friend sends us the following :

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL, Sept. 7, 1866.

DEAR MRS. M.—

Madam: You expect some of your young readers to arrange the Maxims with sense. I am an old reader, and I found it hard.

1st. Never tell all you may know, for he who tells every thing he knows, often tells more than he knows.

2d. Never attempt all you can do, for he who attempts every thing he can do, often attempts more than he can do.

3d. Never believe all you may hear, for he who believes every thing he hears, often believes more than he hears.

4th. Never lay out all you can afford, for he who lays out every thing he can afford, often lays out more than he can afford.

5th. Never decide upon all you may see, for he who decides upon every thing he sees, often decides upon more than he sees. W. S.

Jumping to Conclusions.

"They're going to hang Snap," said Frisk, my lady's Blenheim, as she stood wagging her tail with great animation on the top of the kitchen-steps, looking out into the yard.

"Well, who'd have thought it!" said Growler. "But I'm not surprised when I reflect: that was what master and the groom were talking about yesterday, no doubt; for they looked at him."

"They're measuring his neck for a rope," said Frisk, scampering off.

"Snap's going to be hanged," said Growler to Tray.

"Indeed! Well, I thought he looked very low spirited all day yesterday. I'm not surprised at all; but are you sure?"

"O! I fancy he has the rope round his neck already."

"Only think of Snap!" said Tray to Lion, the Newfoundland dog.

"What about him?" said Lion, apparently more inclined to think of something else.

"Going to be hanged; that's all."

"And enough, too," said Lion. "When?"

"O, I doubt if he isn't hanged already: I fancy the rope was about his neck some time ago."

"Poor fellow! What's it for?"

"I can't exactly tell. The groom's been complaining of him to the master, I believe, from what Mr. Growler says."

"I thought he was a great favorite."

"Ah! but we've all seen a great change lately."

"When did you notice it?"

"I don't know that it was spoken of till this morning; but any one might have seen it long ago."

"I never saw it."

At this moment Snap ran into the yard with a new collar on.

"Hey, what's this?" said Lion, as Snap trotted from one to another to show his finery; while Frisk looked down from the top of the steps, and whispered rather sheepishly to Growler, "Who'd have thought they were measuring him for a collar!"—*Original Fables.*

The Crow and the Cheese.

A crow, as he flew by a farm window-sill,
 A choice piece of cheese carried off in his bill.
 Intent on enjoying his banquet alone,
 And making the treasure more strictly his own,
 He flies to a tree, where the boughs green and high,

Holds out a broad screen from the curious eye;
 A fox, notwithstanding, the choice morsel spies,
 And plans his approach to get at the prize.

"Fair bird," said he, "how I admire thy wing,
 And thy musical throat—for I know thou canst sing;

Only yesterday, passing these elm trees, I heard,
 Methought the rich tones of the night-warbling bird,

So softly and sweetly they fell on the ear,
 I could but imagine the nightingale near.

Repeat, for my pleasure, the ravishing strain;
 Tune your voice to those notes of enchantment again."

These speeches, delivered with flattering skill,
 Prevail with the crow to unfasten her bill.

Down drops, on the ground, the much coveted
 Which the fox, snapping up, carries off at his
 cheese, [ease;

Observing, though much he admired her strains,
 No compliment yet could he pass on her brains.

How many who flattery speak to their friends,
 Extol them, to further their own private ends;
 Some selfish advantage, alas! is their aim

In all the fair phrases and speeches they frame;
 Remember the price words of flattery cost

When Eve heard the tempter, and Eden was lost!

Kitty's Victory;

OR, "A SOFT ANSWER TURNETH AWAY WRATH."

"Did you ever see the like? Here's this meadow nearly spoiled for mowing, with the grass all trodden down from one end to the other. The fences are all right, so it couldn't have been the cattle; it must have been those troublesome children: I hear them in the woods now; they're always engaged in some mischief. They shall not come back this way, anyhow, if I have to sit by the stile all day."

All this Mr. Barker muttered to himself as he stood looking over the fence into a meadow, where he had come to see if it would be ready for mowing the next day.

Cross old Mr. Barker, the children called him; for he seldom had a pleasant word for anybody, and they all disliked him so much, that there was no end to the mischief they were ready to do him, provided they were not afraid to be found out. The apples on his trees, which overhung the road, were sure to be picked, as soon as they were ripe, by other hands than his, because, the children said, "He was so mean, he never gave away any." Now there was Mr. Kindly: they never thought of touching his apples; for a boy never passed his orchard when he was in it without having his hands filled with apples, when they were ripe, or his garden without an offer of a rose or pink, or whatever flower might happen to be in bloom.

I do not want you to think that I mean to excuse the children for their treatment of Mr. Barker, for I have not a thought of such a thing. If they had tried to obey the Bible rule, they would have behaved very differently; for our Saviour says, "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you." I am only telling you what they did, not what they ought to have done.

However, if anybody ever had an excuse for being cross, Mr. Barker had on that afternoon; for a party of children had passed through his meadow, on their way to the woods, and, without thinking whether it would not be best to keep close by the fence, so as to tread down but little of the grass, they had walked here and there, just as it happened, and had trodden several paths through it. Mr. Barker's temper did not improve as he crossed the field and saw all this; and he climbed the fence at the farther end, and sat down by the brook,

resolved to send the first child who tried to return through the meadow home by the road, with a threat of a whipping if he or she attempted to come that way again.

The little trespassers, meanwhile, were enjoying themselves in the woods, picking flowers, playing hide-and-seek, and hunting for berries; and they started to come home, little thinking of what awaited them after they had crossed the brook. Kitty Kindly and May Bell were a little in advance of the rest, and they reached the brook first. They were above the stepping-stones, where they crossed, when Kitty saw a pond-lily floating on the water in a little quiet nook where the brook went softly, as if fearful of disturbing the beautiful flower in its resting-place.

"Oh! stop, May," said Kitty: "I must get this lily; and here's one for you, too," she added, as she stopped to gather them. Her basket, which she had filled with flowers, was by her side, and she had thrown off her hat in her eagerness to get the flowers, when she was startled by a cry from May, and she turned to see what was the matter.

"Oh, Kitty!" said May, in a frightened whisper; "there's cross old Mr. Barker sitting by the fence; and we shall have to go back, and go home by the road; for he'll never let us pass through his meadow, I know."

"Why, May," said Kitty, "it is a whole mile round by the road, and we cannot get home till dark; and then what will mother say?"

"We cannot help it," said May; "there is nothing else for us to do; and see, the other children have seen him, and they have stopped too."

"I think he will let us pass if we ask him pleasantly," said Kitty. "My father says he would not be half so cross if the boys did not tease him so, and that may be he would be better if he did not live all alone in that gloomy house. Come, I will ask him to let us through, if you will come too." So Kitty beckoned to the other children to follow, and, picking up her bonnet and basket, crossed the stepping-stones, the rest of the children timidly following. May laughed to herself at the idea of Mr. Kindly ever being like cross Mr. Barker, and thought that if anybody could make him goodnatured, it would be little Kitty, who never had anything but gentle words and pleasant smiles for any one.

Mr. Barker was a little surprised when he saw the children coming towards him. He had thought that if they attempted to cross the meadow at all, it would have been at the other end, and that then they would have trusted to their swift running to escape from him. He was still more surprised when Kitty said, "Please, Mr. Barker, will you let us cross your meadow?"

No child had ever spoken so to him before, and as he looked into the sweet face of the little petitioner his wrath was somewhat softened. Still he thought it would never do for him to yield, or all his meadows would be spoiled; so he said, "No, I will not have my meadows turned into a road: you have already trampled down much of the grass. You can go round by the road; that's the place to walk."

Kitty's heart beat very fast, and the tears came to her eyes, when she heard this; for she was not used to hear such cross tones: her voice faltered a little as she said, "Please, sir, do not send us round by the road: it is so far that it will be dark before we get home, and mother will be alarmed. We are very sorry that we trod down your grass, but we did not mean to do any harm: we will be more careful now."

It was of no use for Mr. Barker to hold out any longer; he could not be cross while Kitty spoke so pleasingly; and he said, "Well, you may go back this way, as it is so late; but you must go close to the fence, and after the grass is mown it will be no matter."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Barker," said Kitty; "and won't you take this basket of flowers home with you? I can get plenty more."

Mr. Barker took the flowers with a gruff "Thank you," and the children went on their way, keeping close to the fence until they had crossed the field. He watched them all the way, and then turned to go to his solitary home, which Kitty's flowers brightened for two or three days. He kept them long after they were withered; and then one day, when Kitty was going to school, he gave her the basket filled with ripe pears.

As for Kitty's victory over Mr. Barker, the news of it spread all over the village, for the children told the story when they went home, and all the people wondered; but they need not have done so, for they each had a book which says, "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Miscellaneous.

Josh Billings says: the best kind of a dog tew hav for awl purpuzes is a wooden one. Tha dont kost much, and aint liable tew git out ov repair. Tha are easy kep, and yu alwas kno where tu find them. Tha aint kross tu children when yu step on thare tales. Bi awl means git a small one. I never knu one ov this breed tew foller enny-boddy oph.

An industrious tradesman having taken a new apprentice, awoke him at a very early hour on the first morning, by calling out that the family were sitting down to table. "Thank you," said the boy, as he turned over in bed, to adjust himself for a new nap, "thank you: but I never eat anything during the night."

A correspondent in Havana writes, that if he wanted to describe the island of Cuba in a single line, he should call it, "The land of the flea, and the home of the slave."

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the *Hospital Review*:

MISS MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.

" L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre.

" E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.

" MARY W. DAVIS, "

Mrs. C. F. SPENNER, "

" PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.

Miss MARY BROWN, Perinton.

Miss ADA MITLER, "

" JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.

" LILLIAN J. RENNEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.

Miss PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.

Miss LOTTIE J. WRIGHT, Lewiston.

List of our Little Agents.

LINDA BRONSON, Rochester,

MARY PERKINS,

FLORIE MONTGOMERY,

FANNY and ELLA COLBURN, Rochester

FANNY POMEROY, Pittsfield, Mass.

S. HALL, Henrietta,

JENNIE HURD, Rochester,

MARY LANE, "

BENNY WRIGHT, East Kendall.

SAMUEL B. WOOD, Rochester.

LIBBIE RENFREW,

ELLA VAN ZANDT, Albany.

MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.

MARY WATSON, "

JULIA A. DAVIS, "

CARRIE PETTIT, Manlius.

LOTTIE I. WRIGHT, Lewiston.

Hospital Notice.

Packages, including Provisions. Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathew s.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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

A Column contains eight Squares.

A. S. MANN & CO.

37 and 39 State Street,

HAVE received another large lot of NEW SILKS, which they offer to purchasers at GREAT BARGAINS. The lot comprises BLACK, BROWN, GREEN, BLUE, LAVENDER, and every other desirable color. Also, a full assortment of

BLACK AND WHITE CHECKED SILKS, at the lowest prices. April, 1866.

THE GREAT AMERICAN

TEA COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

Have established an Agency for the sale of their

Teas and Coffees,

At 62 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

The following are the Prices:

YOUNG HYSON, ...\$1, \$1.10 and \$1.25 per lb.	
OOLONGS,80c., 90c. and \$1.00 "	
MIXED TEAS,80c., 90c. and \$1.00 "	
IMPERIAL,.....\$1 and \$1.25 "	
UNCOLORED JAPAN, best,\$1.25 "	
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, ..\$1 and \$1.20 "	
GROUND COFFEE, ...20c., 30c. and 40c. "	

All goods sold by this Company are put up in pound packages, with style, price, and guarantee, as to quality, printed on the wrapper. The prices are precisely the same at which the Company sell them in New York; and every pound of Tea or Coffee sold, is warranted to give entire satisfaction, or they can be returned and the money refunded.

We have a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

of every description, and offer all articles in our line so low as to make it a special object for people, in City or Country, to deal with us.

The goods put up by the Great American Tea Company, are for sale by no other house.

MOORE & COLE,

April, 1866. 1y 62 Buffalo Street.

BRECK'S PHARMACY.

GEORGE BRECK,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

61 Buffalo Street,

Smith's Arcade, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DEALER IN

Fancy & Toilet Goods,

AND PURE WINES & LIQUORS,

For medicinal uses.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.

Floral Depot for Frost & Co's Greenhouses.

June 15, 1866.

A. S. MANN & CO.

37 AND 39 STATE STREET, have just received a lot of

SILK WARP POPLINS,

just the thing for Ladies' Traveling Dresses. April, 1866.

Water Lime and Plaster.

REMOVAL.

M. M. MATHEWS & SON,

Have removed their Office and Warehouse to

83 Exchange Street,

Where they will continue to deal in WATER LIME and PLASTER, and all kinds of Masons' goods. 6m* Rochester, N. Y., April, 1866.

CURRAN & COLER,

SUCCESSORS TO B. KING & CO.

Druggists & Apothecaries,

No. 96 BUFFALO STREET,

Opposite the Court House.

Rochester, N. Y.

RICHARD CURRAN.

April, '66-1y*

G. W. GOLBE.

**SMITH & PERKINS,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,**

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH.

GILMAN H. PERKINS.

[Established in 1836.]

Jan. 1865.

tf

S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,

DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries and Provisions,

OF ALL KINDS,

Nos. 67 & 69 Buffalo Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Jan. 1866.

1y

Election Notice.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, COUNTY OF MONROE.
 Notice is hereby given pursuant to the Statute of this State, and the annexed notice from the Secretary of State, that the General Election will be held in this County, on the **TUESDAY SUCCEEDING THE FIRST MONDAY OF NOVEMBER, (8th) 1866**, at which Election the officers named in the annexed Notice will be elected.

Dated Rochester, August 8th, 1866.

A. CHAPMAN, Sheriff.

STATE OF NEW YORK.

OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE }
 Albany, July 28, 1866. }

To the Sheriff of the County of Monroe:

SIR—Notice is hereby given, that at the General Election to be held in this State on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

A Governor, in the place of Reuben E. Fenton;
 A Lieutenant Governor, in the place of Thomas G. Alvord;

A Canal Commissioner, in the place of Benjamin F. Bruce;

An Inspector of State Prisons, in the place of James K. Bates;

All whose terms of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also a Representative in the Fortieth Congress of the United States for the Twenty-eighth Congressional District, composed of the Counties of Monroe and Orleans.

COUNTY OFFICERS TO BE ELECTED.

Three Members of Assembly.

A County Treasurer, in the place of Samuel Schofield.

Two Justices of Sessions, in the place of Joseph Dewey and Robert Martin.

All of whose terms will expire on the last day of December next, except that of Samuel Schofield, County Treasurer, whose term will expire on the first day of October next.

The attention of Inspectors of Elections and County Canvassers is directed to Chapter 181 of Laws of 1866, a copy of which is printed herewith, entitled "An act to provide for the submitting to the people the question, 'Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same?'" for instructions in regard to their duties under said act.

CHAP. 181.

AN ACT to provide for submitting to the people the question, "Shall there be a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same?" Passed March 19, 1866.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. At the general election to be held in this State on the Tuesday next after the first

Monday of November, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, there shall be provided for the poll of each election district, and kept thereat by the inspectors of election of such district, a box marked "Convention," proper for the reception of ballots. Every person in such district qualified to vote at such election for members of the Legislature, may vote at such poll a ballot either written or printed, or partly written or partly printed, on which shall be inscribed the words "For a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same," or the words "Against a Convention to revise the Constitution and amend the same." Such ballot shall be indorsed "Convention," and shall be received by said inspectors of election, and shall be deposited in said ballot box. The poll lists for the said election shall be so prepared and kept that there shall be a column therein containing a mark or figure for each voter who shall vote one of such ballots, which column shall be headed "Convention." All the provisions of the act entitled "An act respecting elections other than for militia and town officers," passed April fifth, eighteen hundred and forty-two, and all laws amendatory thereof, and all the provisions of the act entitled "An act for ascertaining by proper proofs the citizens who shall be entitled to the right of suffrage, and to prevent fraudulent voting," passed April fifteenth, eighteen hundred and fifty-nine, and all the provisions of the act entitled "An act to ascertain by proper proofs the citizens who shall be entitled to the right of suffrage," passed May thirteenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-five, so far as the same are applicable, shall apply to the proceedings under this act.

§ 2. The Secretary of State shall immediately after the assembling of the next Legislature, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-seven, report thereto the result of the election herein provided for.

§ 3. This act shall take effect immediately.

FRANCIS C. BARLOW,

Aug. 18, 1866.

Secretary of State.

NEW STOCK OF BEAUTIFUL

SPRING DRY GOODS.

WE are now opening the LARGEST and FINEST STOCK of SPRING GOODS that we have ever offered to our customers. The stock comprises everything new and desirable in the line of DRY GOODS.

We invite every one to call and examine our goods and prices. A. S. MANN & CO.,
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UNION ICE COMPANY.

ICE supplied on reasonable terms, to Private Families, &c. by week, month or year.

Ice Depot, Mount Hope Avenue, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Orders left at J. PALMER'S ICE CREAM SALOON, Fitzhugh Street, opposite the Court House, will be promptly attended to.
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Dealers in

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

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18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

ALFRED S. LANE mch, 1866. 1y CYRUS F. PAINE.

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DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

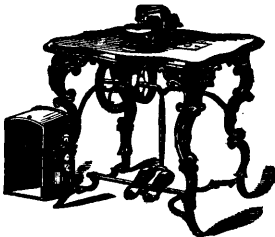
LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.

No. 142 Main St., Rochester.

Jan. 15, 1865.

PERFECTION REACHED AT LAST.

Embodied in the New and Popular



GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE.

THE "FLORENCE" took the Gold Medal at the Fair of the American Institute, New York, Oct. 20th, 1866, as the best machine in the world. 80,000 Sold within the last three years, giving universal satisfaction to all. They have no equal as a Family or Manufacturing Machine. Warranted never to have "fits." Does its work alike each day. REASONS.

1. Its simplicity and great range of work.
2. Its making four different stitches, viz: the lock, knot, double-lock and double-knot.
3. The reversible feed motion operated by simply turning a thumb-screw, enabling the operator to run the work from right to left or left to right, and perfectly self-sustaining to the end of the seam.
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The "FLORENCE" will sew from the finest Lawn to the heaviest Pilot Cloth, without change of tension or breaking of thread. As a Tailor's manufacturing machine, or family machine, it has no equal. We make strong assertions which we are prepared to substantiate in every particular.

Believe not what the agents or friends of other machines may say, but see the Florence before purchasing any other and judge for yourself.

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☞ Rooms over 29 State street, Rochester, N. Y.

A liberal discount made to those who buy to sell again.

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Nov. 15, 1865. Rochester, N. Y.

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E. & A. WAYTT,

Dealers in all kinds of

Fresh Meats, Poultry,

SMOKED MEATS;

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

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AND PAINTING DONE,

In the most reliable and satisfactory manner. All orders left as above, or at his residence, on Ely St., will receive prompt attention. Oct. 1865.

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INSURANCE OFFICE,

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No. 7 EXCHANGE PLACE, }

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H. P. BREWSTER,

E. N. BUELL.

Rochester, Sept., 1865.-6m.

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☞ NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors; also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Scoured or Colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Silks, Woolen or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed in all colors and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

Goods dyed black every Thursday.

All goods returned in one week.

☞ Goods received and returned by Express.

Bills collected by Express Co.

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Jan. 1865.

Rochester, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. III.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1866.

No. 4.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE;

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

TERMS—Fifty Cents a Year, Payable in Advance.

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Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. Dr. MATHEWS, Corresponding Secretary, 28 Spring Street.

Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.
Over 21 Buffalo Street, opposite the Arcade.

For the Hospital Review.

Forever and Forever.

Forever and forever,
God's promises are sure,—
Forever and forever,
Shall Heaven's rest endure.
And so, the loved and cherished,
Who tread their homeward track,
To all our ardent yearning,
Can never more come back.

Forever and forever,
Their earthly cares are o'er,
Forever and forever more,
They sin and sigh no more.
Beyond the reach of sorrow,
Beyond the reach of pain,
The loss to us so bitter,
Is their eternal gain!

Forever and forever,
Thank God that it is so!
Forever and forever,
Their tears have ceased to flow,

And when we cross the river,
Death's cold and narrow tide,—
We'll live and love forever,
Upon the Angel-side!

KATE CAMERON.

For the Hospital Review.

Sympathy.

How can we thank our Heavenly Father, as we ought, for giving us the assurance in His blessed word, that our gracious "elder brother" sympathises in all our trials. What a precious gift is the sympathy of "Him who thought it not robbery to be equal with God," and now reigns with Him. Often, very often in life, we feel that all other sympathy is worthless, or only valuable as it brings to us the assurance that we are remembered at the Throne of Grace. But in our daily life, in sickness, in painful accidents, in the varied trials which come to all, how pleasant the earthly sympathy, how we long for it, how eagerly we accept it. None are so low, or poor, that it is not pleasant to receive from them the word of sympathetic inquiry or condolence. How sweet in the family circle, (if God has laid one on a bed of suffering,) to hear morning by morning from each member of the household the gentle greeting, accompanied by a few words, that show that the sufferer was not forgotten, but that fresh sympathy springs up in the heart continually for the one whom God has laid aside. Let us all

both old and young, cultivate a large-hearted sympathy with all whom God calls to suffer. When our turn comes, we shall feel, as we perhaps never felt before, the comforting power of a few simple words.

A.

For the Hospital Review.

Astray.

The night falls dark and cold; my weary feet are straying [tend:

In dangerous paths and know not whence they
"Father, forgive," my trembling lips keep saying,
And grant one day that I may see the end."

"The day was long and fair," I hear a voice replying, [straight."

"And just beyond, the road grows plain and
"But e'er I reach the turn, the faint light, dying,
Leaves me in danger of a dreadful fate."

"Why did ye linger? e'er the daylight ended,
The dangers passed, the turning safely won,
With all my flock so kindly housed and tended,
Ye might have rested 'till another sun."

"But, Father, see, the night grows darker, colder;
And gathering clouds forebode the tempest nigh;
And threatening forms each moment growing bolder,

Press ever nearer as I hasten by:

True, I have lingered where the wayside flowers
grew fairest, [road;

And once I went astray, and well nigh lost the
The fruits were tempting, and I stayed to cull the
rarest,

But now I faint and droop beneath the load.

Wilt Thou not pity? Death must soon o'ertake me
If I am left to wander on alone.

Lo, here I helpless lie! Do not forsake me,
Let this my woe for follies past atone, [ing,

"The day is done, the night has found thee stray—
Thy feet must walk in darkness to the end;

But I will pity, I have heard thee praying;
Henceforth I walk beside thee as thy friend:"

"Enough, dear Lord, I ask no ray to guide me,
Since Thou art near no evil can betide.

The tempest breaks, but Thou wilt shield and
hide me;

The storms but drive me closer to Thy side.

I cannot see, but Thy dear arms around me,
Uphold and lead me thro' the dangerous way;
Tho' day should dawn I would not walk, without
Thee,

Bide with me, Lord, that I no more may stray."

MRS. JAMES H. WILLIAMS.

Rochester, Nov. 12, 1866.

For the Hospital Review.

Comfort in God's Word.

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Matt. vii. 7.

If we apply to earthly friends for help or counsel, there are many circumstances which may prevent their giving what we ask, but here is one with whom dwells all wisdom, all power, and all riches. His promise is sure. If we seek for earthly riches, we may seek in vain—or, if successful, they may soon flee from us, or we be taken from them—but here is an offer of heavenly treasure, a pearl of great price, which we have only to seek earnestly and we shall find, and by God's grace keep, till we go where truer joys, higher riches, and enduring treasures, await us in our Saviour's mansion. We may seek for admission to earthly friends, and seek in vain; but here is a *sure word*. Knock at the door of Christ's fold, there is no refusal, at any hour of the day or night. He is ever present, and none who come to Him will He send empty away.

"Though the breath of prayer be weak,
All shall find who truly seek." R.

Sickness.

MY DEAR EDITRESS—

I came across the following passage, which seemed to me particularly appropriate for your paper. Indeed, I felt that it was worthy of a place in every Hospital. C.

"Suffering in all its forms is and should be looked upon as being a vocation. There are many, and these real Christians—persons interested in God's service, who regard suffering in a shallow, superficial point of view—as an interference with their vocations, and consequently miss all the golden opportunities of growth in grace and knowledge which it holds out. Their plan of life is put out of joint, and as it appears, their usefulness impeded by some accident, or some grievous sickness; their activity is at an end, or at an end for the time—quietness is imposed upon them;

they chafe and fret at the restraint. Now what does this fretting indicate? When our Heavenly Father changes our whole plan of life by His providence, and virtually sends us the order, "Lie still," shall we venture even to remonstrate, when we are assured by the testimony of His word that both His wisdom and His care for us are unbounded! and when our own experience of life re-echoes this testimony."

For the Hospital Review.

A Day that is Gone.

While yet the sun shone bright, and summer lingered,

Loth to depart,

There came a bird, with fluttering wings, and nestled

Down in my heart.

Wee, airy sprites, o'er tangled violets tripping

With dainty feet—

Ye cannot crush from out the hearts of roses

Perfume so sweet

As this faint joy, glad earnest of the bright day turning

Back from the past,

To walk again in memory's fair white chambers,

Unlocked at last.

Drift on, fast fleeting days, toward dark December—

My bird I keep—

O, sweet eyes looking into mine, remember

Love lies asleep.

Warm hand, into whose clasp mine own went stealing,

Once, and no more.

Put back the veil between, and see, I'm kneeling

Here at the door.

Take down the bar that shuts us out, so lonely,

My bird and I—

Or in the cold, bleak winter, surely coming,

We droop and die.

Go, golden summer day, with swift feet flying,

Ye come not back to me—

I hear the drear November winds, low sighing—

"It cannot be."

O, radiant hills, arrayed in Autumn's glory,

This wild, dark day,

Writes on your face the oft repeated story—

Death and decay.

So I, alone, go in my heart's far inner chamber,

And shut the door,

And set a seal thereon, and write beneath it—

"Closed, ever more."

MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

From The Presbyterian.

The Lord's Tenth.

There is a common opinion existing in the minds of Christians, that though their expenditures for the support of their families should be suitably proportioned to their incomes, that which is devoted to the Lord's service may well be left to accident, or the convenience or impulse of the moment when a call for benevolence is made.

Although it is true that in the New Testament we have no definite amount for God's treasury demanded, yet we are enjoined to give in proportion to our income. "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by in store, as God hath prospered him." Here the duty of a definite appropriation is demanded. It does not, it is true, state whether a tenth, or fifth, or hundredth is required; but let us look a moment at a few records of those early days, and see if any light may be gathered from them. Zaccheus gave "one-half his goods to the poor." The poor widow whom Christ commended gave in "all her living" to the treasury of the temple. We find the poor and afflicted church of Macedonia "abounding in riches of liberality" to those still poorer, giving even "beyond their power," and entreating that the gift might be accepted. A whole church sold their houses and lands, and gave away the proceeds.

Although we are not commanded to perform the same acts, yet the whole spirit of the gospel teaches us to make self-denials for the advancement of Christ's cause, and points toward a much larger liberality than was required in the old Jewish Church.

And what was the proportion required then for the Lord's service? From the highest to the humblest every one was required by God to give one-tenth of his increase to the tribe of Levi. Another tenth was required for the support of the regular feasts. Still another every three years for the poor, besides journeys to the temple, trespass-offerings, and numerous other requirements, making in all not less than a fifth of the income.

How can any Christian, with the light of God's word illuminating the path of duty, be willing, or even dare to give less than one tenth of all he receives to the Lord? "Shall a man rob God?" Yet how many are daily robbing him by withholding the tithes, the mere interest-money on the sums he has loaned them! Ah! a breath of his

power can scatter the ill-gotten possessions which are secured by such robbery. "The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich." He who fails to honor God with the *first fruits* of his increase, will find his gold corrupted, and its "rust shall eat his flesh as it were fire."

The resolution of Jacob should be written on the door-posts of every Christian's heart: "Of all that Thou shalt give me, I will surely give the tenth to Thee." Many have adopted and strictly followed this resolution, and one who has had a large acquaintance with the business as well as the religious world, said he never knew an instance of one who did so failing in business, however great the commercial pressure. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." God never fails to give back "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together," for all that is given to his cause. Dr. Harris has truly said that "the most marked interpositions and signal blessings of even earthly prosperity have attended the practice of Christian liberality in all ages." Said Baxter, who was noted for his charities, "The little I now possess was nearly all acquired at the time when I gave away most."

Let any one try the experiment, and watch the providences of God and I doubt not that he will find his promises of prosperity to those who honor him with their substance fulfilled far beyond his largest expectations.

E. L. M.

Cheerfulness as taught by Reason.

I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon gray blank of sky, we might be faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls. But since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop,
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
Oh, pusillanimous heart, be comforted,—
And, like a cheerful traveler, take the road—
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints?—At least it may be said,
"Because the way is *short*, I thank thee, God!"

MRS. BROWNING.

Contentment.

"O, humbly take what God bestows,
And like His own fair flowers,
Look up in sunshine with a smile
And gently bend in showers."

For the Hospital Review.

Autumn.

BY E. H. DAVIS.

Oh, come with me to the forest,
On this golden Autumn day,
And gaze on a scene of splendor
That is soon to pass away.
Come where the songs of Heaven
Sound fresh and pure and clear,
And amid ten thousand singers
No discord frets the ear.

Bright leaves of every hue and tint,
Make soft your rustling tread;
And couches green of springy moss
Invites the weary head.
The oak that all the summer,
Has worn its leafy crown,
Now bows to Nature's mandate,
And casts it gaily down.

And could I read yon poplar,
As it whispers to the pine,
Full many a hidden secret
Of the forest then were mine;
But fast they lock their secrets,
As centuries onward fly,
And we shall know them only
In immortality.

Man toils in pride and vanity,
For fortune and for fame,
And piles the sculptured marble
Whereon to leave his name;
When every leaf and blossom
That's falling round us now,
Would tell him of his folly,
And his vain soul to bow.

For here man buildeth never,
No furrow breaks the sod,
No shrub or flower planted,
But by the hand of God.
No painter's art can equal,
No architect devise,
Such beauty and such grandeur,
As in this woodland lies.

Surely *He* is near us here,
Amid his works so grand;
These spires and domes and altars,
Are from *His* mighty hand.
Here we can truly worship,
And cast our sins away,
For God will hear his children,
When at such shrines they pray.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1866.

Come to our Thanksgiving Party!

The Thanksgiving Party to which we invited our friends and readers last month, is now the absorbing topic. On every side we hear the din of preparation, and are greeted with faces eager and bright with hope and anticipation. It is our "first party;" so we think we may be pardoned if we do find ourselves now and then falling into pleasant reveries, and day-dreams over it. To us it is a great occasion, so do not forget us, and do not disappoint us. Come one—come all! The invitation we issued through our columns last month was wide and all-embracing, and here again it is most cordially repeated. Let no one mistake it. It is meant for all. We want to see our friends, and friends' friends, and relatives, and neighbors, and acquaintances, far and near. Great blessings, we trust, will flow to our Hospital through this gathering, not only from the material aid which we hope to receive, and of which we stand so much in need—but this meeting of friends and fellow-workers—this interchange of sympathy, and the opportunity thus afforded of talking over with each other our mutual plans and hopes—must, we believe, serve to strengthen and stimulate us in our labors, and imbue us with fresh courage and vigor. It is these motives which have led us to make our invitation so general. It is not simply the donations of our friends that we want. We want to see them—to meet them in person—to show them our Hospital, and to talk with them. And we want not only to see our friends on that day, but the public generally. Many who have not hitherto been especially interested in us, would, we are sure, become so, if they knew more of our work and efforts. We expect at our party to make not only many new acquaintances,

but new friends. Our Hospital needs but to be fairly introduced, to win for itself its due place among the many noble charities of our city. We are justly proud of our beautiful building—its high and airy rooms—its tasteful and pleasant accommodations. Come to our Thanksgiving Party and see its various departments for your self! Hospitals have but so recently been introduced in Rochester, that we are sometimes amused, although not reasonably surprised, at the impressions which many even in our midst have of them. A gentleman, in visiting us not long since, expressed utmost astonishment at finding everything so cheery and inviting—remarking that he had never supposed a Hospital could be so pleasant—that his ideas of a Hospital had always been of a place where one would instinctively draw their clothes tightly around them, and hold their breath to escape the fetid and unwholesome atmosphere. Others having similar impressions may, we can assure them, have them entirely dissipated by a visit to our Hospital, where they will see how comfortably the sick—even the sick-poor may be cared for, and how spacious and even elegant are the apartments devoted to this object.

We hope our friends in the country will make a special effort to be present at our Party. Let us have a good representation from Victor, Groveland, Scottsville, Avon, Brockport, and all those towns around us which have ever responded so nobly to our call. Come in parties—come in jolly loads! Let there be a regular turnout both from city and country—rain or shine! Whatever the weather may be, the Ladies will promise you a hearty welcome—a good cup of coffee with something beside, and a good time generally.

"A poor man served by thee, shall make thee rich;
A sick man helped by thee, shall make thee strong;
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service thou renderest."

Thank-Offerings.

We expect that the thank-offerings at our Party will be many and abundant. Following, as it does, the national festival for Thanksgiving, which we have just been commemorating in our happy homes, surrounded with dear ones—and where we have had so vividly recalled to us the many mercies and blessings crowning our lives, shall we not all feel it a privilege to bring something to the Hospital as an expression of our thanks and gratitude to the Giver of all? Let every gift on that day be indeed a thank-offering, not bestowed “grudgingly or of necessity,” but freely, remembering that “God loveth a cheerful giver.” Give from hearts full and overflowing with all the sweet memories and grateful thoughts which the national thanksgiving should bring to us all. Then, indeed, shall our charity be twice-blessed—blessing “him that gives and him that takes.”

What shall we Bring?

Are any asking, What shall we bring to the Party? If we were to mention anything especially, it would be money, provisions of all kinds, butter, lard, &c., &c., but nothing can come amiss. We are looking very earnestly for a good, bounteous supply of vegetables. Shall we be disappointed? Delicacies for the sick are always acceptable—“that can of fruit,” if you have not already sent it, and wine, brandy, jellies, &c., &c. Under-clothing, also, for the sick, would be gratefully received, and now and then a remembrance for our Hospital babies. But we will not go on enumerating. Our readers, especially house-keepers, and those who have had the care of the sick, will know what in every household is always needed and acceptable. The smallest contribution will be sure to be welcome. Let no one remain away because they have nothing to bring. Be your gifts much or little, or nothing at all—COME!!!

Subscribe for the Review!

We do not wish to be exacting in our demands, but there is one thing we do expect of every guest at our Thanksgiving Party, and that is, that they subscribe, if they have not already done so, for the “Review.” The subscription price is only fifty cents a year. Few who accept of our invitation but would intend to donate at least that amount; and if they have only fifty cents to spare, we can assure them there is no way they can invest it so acceptably to us, and so pleasantly and profitably to themselves as to subscribe for the “Review.” Fifty cents for the “Review,” will aid the Hospital as effectually as if given directly for its use—and at the same time it is aiding our paper, whose mission in making known the wants and aims of our Institution, cannot be over-estimated. The Treasurer will be present to put down new names, and an excellent opportunity will then also be offered for old subscribers to renew subscriptions and pay up arrearages. First of all, at the Party, remember to subscribe for the “Review!!!”

The Fancy Table.

Our friends, especially our young friends, are busy as bees, and gay as butterflies, over the preparations for the Fancy Table. From what we hear, we expect a much more than ordinary display of pretty and useful articles of every variety and description. Contributions to the Table are still solicited, and may be sent for this purpose to Miss Libbie Mathews, 28 Spring Street, or to Miss Brackett, No. 36 North Fitzhugh Street. Articles are requested to be sent in as early as possible.

A VERY GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.
—The Lint and Bandages we asked for last month, came. We thought they would—and we are duly obliged—but we want a great many more. Don't forget them—and send along with them any quantity of old cloths—so serviceable always in a sick room.

An Ice Cream Table.

In addition to the free refreshment tables, furnished by the Managers, the young ladies interested in our Party, propose to have an ice cream table—where not only ice cream, but hot oysters, choice confectionery, cake, fruit, candies, &c. &c., will be sold for the benefit of the Hospital. Patrons of this table, on the day and evening of our Party, we shall not need to solicit, as the added attraction of the bright eyes and fair smiles of the young ladies in attendance, will, we are sure, prove more than sufficient—but contributions *now*, in getting ready for the occasion, would be very thankfully received.

SOMETHING EXTRA.—We understand that our young friends are determined to get up some special entertainment for our guests, during the day and evening of our party—although of what kind, they have not yet fully determined. But, whether of music, or tableaux, or side shows, or whatever it may be—something, both good and funny, we may safely expect.

A Little Agent in Springwater.

We are pleased to find, from a letter recently received from Grovelond, that we have a little worker for the *Review* in Springwater. "M. G." sends us three dollars for subscriptions, including five new names, four of which, she tells us, were procured by Maria Van Veghten, a little girl of twelve years. This effort, we think, fairly entitles Miss Maria to a place in our List of Little Agents, for, having voluntarily begun so good a work, we are sure she does not mean to stop. We shall expect to hear from Maria again.

A Letter from Cameron Mills.

CAMERON MILLS, Nov. 12, 1866.

Enclosed please find fifty cents for the current year. I wish it were fifty dollars instead of cents. I like the "Review," and would gladly aid in its circulation if in my power, but at present am unable to do so. I am rejoiced to see that you are still blessed in your noble work of attending and ministering to the wants of the sick and afflicted. That God will bless and prosper your efforts is still the prayer of

Yours, affectionately,

L. W. S.

Report of the Hospital Committee to the Ladies' Charitable Society.

Another year of success has crowned the efforts for the "Rochester City Hospital"—and we rejoice to-day that though not yet three years old, this institution holds no medium rank among the works of Christian love, which adorn our goodly city. Emanating from the "Charitable Society," with the same objects in view, (the care and relief of the sick and suffering,) most fitting it is, that we should be linked in bonds of tender sympathy, and meet in thankfulness to God, to rejoice over the good accomplished, or mourn for opportunities lost or unimproved.

Two hundred and sixty-five persons have been admitted to the Hospital, for medical and surgical treatment. Of this number, two hundred and nine have been discharged—fifty-six now remaining. There have been seventeen births, but we have only eleven deaths to record—affording ample proof that the care and nursing is such as tend to the best welfare of the patients.

Of the few who have died, *three*, had nearly reached the allotted term of life; *three*, were victims of that insidious disease, consumption; *four*, born, but to die; and *one* an accidental death by burning.

Among these, persons from England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, France, Germany, and Switzerland, Prince Edward's Island, Canada, and the various States of the Union, have here found an asylum in their suffering and distress.

The interest which clustered round the Hospital when filled with Soldiers, seems in a great measure to have died away—but we had no greater sufferers *then*, than now; and we ask you only to go with us through the various wards, to see what the Hospital is doing. As we enter the female ward, at our left, we see the bright face of one, for months a weary little sufferer of a nervous disease—a recipient of your charity, and requiring the incessant care of a wid-

dowed mother, struggling for the maintenance of herself and four children. Thankful are we, that she has here received such treatment and care, as promise restoration to perfect health. In another bed we behold the livid face of a child of sin and sorrow—more to pity than to blame, we see in her, as we hear her sad story. We know not the power of her temptation, but *we do know* our Saviour's command, "*Judge not.*" By her side lies one, stricken with paralysis, having no control over her lower limbs, and who prays in the agony of her sorrow for "the sweet rest of Heaven."

In the male ward we also find many sufferers: among them, ten or more disabled soldiers—blind or nearly so, crippled and sick, and we can but hope that the Ladies of the Charitable Society will go and see for themselves, for words cannot fully portray all the suffering, or will the faithfulness of those who labor in this institution ever be known until that day, when called to give an account of their stewardship.

While we speak of those now there, we do not forget many who have passed through the furnace, "endured the cross, and now wear the crown." In February, there came to us a soldier, wasted and enfeebled by disease contracted in the service of our country. Patient, uncomplaining and grateful, his expressions of thankfulness were so frequent and so unlike the many—that we were tempted to believe they came not from the heart. For more than seven months he lingered, and his dying testimony was but a reiteration of his thanks and gratitude, "that no mother's love could exceed the kindness bestowed upon him." Nor was this all; not satisfied with words alone, this grateful man, as he gave us a donation of \$30, only said, "I wish it were more—I never can repay what I have received." A frequent visitor to the wards this past summer, will hardly forget the radiant countenance of one, beaming with the peace of God which filled her heart, though laid upon her couch for many

months by an injury. She was the joy of the ward, and her sweet voice was often heard in hymns of praise to her Redeemer. In a quiet room, apart from the wards, was one whom we recall to mind—her life, a life of discipline—an orphan, meek, gentle and patient, in her weary hours of languishing—but with kind and loving brothers, faithful to death. From a distant State, she came to the city for medical attendance, and by the advice of friends, entered the Hospital, to be cared for and to die.

We cannot refrain from speaking of the last sad case of death and burial from the Hospital. A lad, whose mother died near three years since, living with his father, was so seriously burned, while lighting a fire, as to cause his death. He was taken to the Hospital, and in his dying hours received care and sympathy. His pastor, at his funeral, bore testimony to his consistent, Christian life. A mother's love led him to the Saviour.

Ladies, our Hospital is dependent upon the benevolence of the people. We appeal to you earnestly, shall it not be supported? Shall there not be a remembrance of this Institution, as we gather in our happy homes, on our National Thanksgiving? And shall there not a thank offering, for our manifold blessings, be sent to the Rochester City Hospital, which may be acceptable in the sight of the Lord?

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

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, October 29th, 1866, GEORGE, only son of A. W. Sharpe, of this city, aged 16 years.

He was brought into the Hospital, severely burned, his clothes having caught fire from a candle, on Monday morning, and died in the night.

At the Rochester City Hospital, November 12, MICHAEL REYNOLDS, of Troy, N. Y., aged 48.

COMFORTS.—God's time to visit his people with his comforts, is when they are most destitute of other comforts and other comforters.

List of Donations to the Hospital,
From Oct. 15th to Nov. 15th, 1866.

- Mrs. M. F. Reynolds—One bowl of Jelly.
 Mrs. D. C. Alling—One jar of Jelly.
 Mrs. Dr. M. Strong—One basket of Grapes.
 Mrs. James Brackett—Roll of old Linen and four bowls of Jelly.
 Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—Bandages and Lint.
 Mrs. Joseph Frost—Roll of old Cotton.
 Jesse Van Zandt, Avon—A barrel of Vegetables.
 Mrs. C. J. Hayden—Six Shirts and a Table Cloth.
 Mrs. Geo. Benedict, Burlington, Vt.—A Feather Brush.
 A Friend—A can of Fruit.
 Kremlin Saloon—Two gallons Oysters.
 Mrs. Wicks, Henrietta—One jar Fruit, two dozen Eggs, and two heads Cabbage.
 Mrs. Phebe Whitcomb, Sparta—Package Dried Plums and Raspberries, and two and a half dozen Eggs.
 Mrs. E. Loop—Bottle of Pickles, and two pairs of Children's Hose.
 A Friend—Pail of Pickles, and a bottle of Horse Radish.

Receipts for the Hospital Review,
From Oct. 15 to Nov. 15, 1866.

- Mrs. J. M. Winslow, Mrs. E. N. Allen, Mrs. A. J. Wilkin, Mrs. J. H. Brewster—By Mrs. Dr. Strong, \$2 00
 Mrs. M. F. Reynolds, 2 years—By Florie Montgomery, 1 00
 James Sperry, Mrs. Willard Hodges; A. D. Miner, Esq., Lima; Mrs. L. W. Slye, Cameron Mills—By Mrs. Dr. Mathews, .. 2 00
 Mrs. Ralph O. Ives, Mrs. J. H. Rochester—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester, 1 00
 Mrs. Geo. W. Parsons, James M. Phelon for Anna Hart—By Mr. Van Zandt, 1 00
 Mrs. B. A. Pitcher, Dunkirk—By Rev. Mr. Dickey, 50
 Miss O. S. Davis, Palatine Bridge—By Miss C. A. Brackett, 50
 Mrs. Hiram Crossman, Bushnell's Basin; Miss Fannie Fowler—By Mrs. Perkins, .. 1 00
 William B. Morse; Mrs. Thomas Fish, Pultneyville; Mrs. S. A. Beecher—By Mrs. H. L. Fish, 1 50
 Mrs. W. J. McPherson, Arras G. Brooks—By Ithamer Berthong, 1 00
 Mrs. Dawes—By Miss Hibbard, 50
 Miss Maria L. Van Veghten, Mrs. Elizabeth Quaokenbush, Mrs. Rev. George White, Thomas Sliter, Stillwater, 2 00
 Mrs. E. R. Convers, Conesus Centre; Thomas Lookenback, Groveland—By Minne Groesbeck, 1 00

Superintendent's Report for October.

1866. Oct 1. No. of Patients in Hospital,.....	51
Received during the month, 27	
Births,.....	1
	28—79
Discharged,.....	21
Deaths,.....	2—23
Nov. 1. Remaining in Hospital,.....	56

Cash Receipts and Donations for October, 1866.

Received from Patients,.....	\$234 34
Donation from little Lymy Fish,.....	50

Children's Department.

For the Hospital Review.

Little Montie's Knife.

Our little readers who have heard about Montie from time to time in the "Review," will, we are sure, feel interested to hear about Little Montie's knife. Now, if you were to see this knife, you might at first be a little disappointed, for just to look at it is not a remarkable knife in any respect. It is not even new, and when it was new it could never have been anything very costly, or rare, or beautiful. It is a simple, plain, common jack-knife, such as you may see any day, and yet this knife is very dear to Montie. Should he live to be an old man, as we trust he may, if he is a good one—so old that the gold in his soft curls will all have turned to silver, or to snow—and should he become ever so rich, we do not believe he will ever have another knife which will be so precious to him as this one. Shall we tell you why? In the last number of the "Review," there was a notice of the death of one of our patients—"Thomas Whelen, of consumption"—which you may have read. He was for many months a weary sufferer, but a very grateful one—and it was one of Montie's pleasures to go up to the Hospital with his mother to pay him a visit, and to carry him delicacies, and to do little things for his comfort. And this poor, sick man, lying there on his couch, away from his home and friends, grew very fond of little Montie, and used to watch for his visits, and welcome them as gleams of sunshine. One morning in September, when they reached the Hospital on one of their accustomed visits, they learned that Mr. Whelen was very ill, so ill indeed that it was feared he was dying. Leaving Montie below for fear

that he might disturb the poor sufferer, his mother went up alone to see him. She found him struggling heavily for breath, as they do with that disease, and that his feeble life was ebbing fast away. He recognized her, however, and turned upon her one of his pleasant smiles, but it was evident from his look that he missed something. Perceiving his troubled expression, she went closely up to him and said, "Is there anything I can do for you?" He shook his head, but still his eyes fell inquiringly upon her, wandering now and then towards the door, and at last, though with the greatest difficulty, he made her understand that he wanted to see Montie. She immediately sent for him, and then softly, yet unshrinkingly, little Montie came into that room—solemn with the presence of Death already there—and laid his warm, rosy hand into that one so cold, so white, so thin, stretched feebly forth to meet him. The sick man smiled upon him and said, "You are not afraid of me, Montie?" "Oh, no," was the reply—and then beckoning to one of his attendants—by signs more than by words Mr. Whelen directed him to bring him a portion of his clothing, and with effort made him understand that there was something in the pocket that he wanted. It was this knife, which, when handed him, he gave to Montie, and said, in broken utterances, pausing to rest between the words, "This is all I have in the world, Montie, and I want to give it to you because I love you, and may God bless you." Do you wonder, little reader, that this knife is so precious to Montie? T. C. A.

OBEDIENCE.—The first duty of a child is to obey its parents. By obeying our parents we learn to obey God. And this habit of obedience to lawful authority, is one of the chief things needed to make a good citizen and a good man. Without it there must be confusion and every evil work.

Belle at the Study.

Who comes knocking at my door?
 "Let me in," says Belle,
 Ah, I've heard that voice before—
 "Let me in," says Belle—
 "I will be so good and still,
 Dear papa, you know I will,
 Just a little corner fill,
 "Let me in," says Belle.

So I spoke the welcome word,
 "Come in, little Belle"—
 Then two tiny feet I heard;—
 "Here I come," says Belle—
 In there peeped a golden head:
 Chubby face, with cheeks so red;
 "Welcome, darling Belle," I said.
 "Here I come," says Belle.

I was tired, and full of gloom,
 When you came, my Belle,
 Dark and lonely seemed the room,
 Till you came, my Belle,
 But your presence changed it quite:
 In you brought a flood of light;
 Made my study warm and bright—
 Sunny little Belle.

—*Rel. Herald.*

The Little Outcast.

"Mayn't I stay, ma'am? I'll work; cut wood, go for water, and do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker were filled with tears. It was a lad that stood, one cold day in winter, at the outer door of a cottage on a bleak moor in Scotland. The snow had been falling very fast, and the poor boy looked very cold and hungry.

"You may come in at any rate till my husband comes home. There, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with cold;" and she drew a chair up to the warmest corner; then, suspiciously glancing at the boy from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy boots, and the door was swung open with a quick jerk, and the husband entered, wearied with his day's work.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself. He looked at the boy, but did not seem very well pleased; he nevertheless made him come to the table, and was glad to see how heartily he ate his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "until to-morrow;" so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that, as long as he was such a good boy, and worked so willingly, they would keep him.

One day, in the middle of winter, a peddler, who often traded at the cottage, called, and, after disposing of several of his goods, was preparing to go, when he said to the woman:

"You have a boy out there, splitting wood, I see," pointing to the yard.

"Yes, do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the peddler.

"Where? Who is he? What is he?"

"A jail-bird," and the peddler swung his pack over his shoulder. "That boy, young as he looks, I saw in court myself, and heard him sentenced—"Ten months."

"You'd do well to look carefully after him."

Oh! there was something so dreadful in the word "jail!" The poor woman trembled as she laid away the things she had bought of the peddler; nor could she be easy till she called the boy in, and assured him that she knew that dark part of his history.

Ashamed and distressed, the boy hung down his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with the hot blood, and his lips quivered.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame shaking, "there's no use in my trying to do better; everybody hates and despises me; nobody cares about me."

"Tell me," said the woman "how came you to go so young to that dreadful place? Where is your mother?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold. "Oh! I han't no mother! I hadn't no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, while tears gushed from his eyes, "I wouldn't have been bound out, and kicked, and cuffed and horsewhipped. I wouldn't have been saucy, and got knocked down, and run away, and then stole, because I was hungry. Oh! if I'd only a mother"

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sunk on his knees, sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with the sleeve of his jacket.

The woman was a mother, and though all her children slept under the cold sod in the churchyard, she was a mother still. She put her hand kindly on the head of the boy, and told him to look up, and said from that time he should find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arm around the neck of that forsaken, deserted child; she poured from her mother's heart sweet kind words, words of counsel and tenderness. Oh! how sweet was her sleep that night—how soft her pillow! She had plucked some thorns

from the path of a little sinning but striving mortal.

That poor boy is now a promising man. His foster-father is dead, his foster mother aged and sickly; but she knows no want. The poor "outcast" is her support. Nobly does he repay the trust reposed in him.

"When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."—*The Standard Bearer.*

The Mother's Gift.

A BIBLE.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,

When other days shall come;

When she who had thy earliest kiss

Sleeps in her narrow home.

Remember, 'twas a mother gave

The gift to one she'd died to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,

The holiest, for her son,

And from the gifts of God above

She chose a goodly one:—

She chose for her beloved boy

The source of light and life and joy.

And bade him keep the gift, that when

The parting hour would come again,

They might have hope to meet again

In an eternal home.

She said his faith in that would be

Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer in his pride

Laugh that fond faith to scorn,

And bid him cast the pledge aside,

That he from youth had borne;

She bade him pause and ask his breast

If he or she had loved him best.

A parent's blessing on her son

Goes with this holy thing:

The love that would retain the one

Must to the other cling.

Remember, 'tis no idle toy—

A mother's gift, remember, boy!

"I Cannot, Sir."

A young man—we will call him Honest Frank—who loved truth, was a clerk in the office of some rich merchants. One day a letter came recalling an order for goods which had been received the day before. One of the merchants handed it to Honest Frank, and, with a persuasive smile, said—

"Frank, reply to this note. Say, 'The goods were shipped before the receipt of the letter countermanding the order.'"

Frank looked into his employer's face with a sad but firm glance, and replied—

"I cannot, Sir."

"Why not, Sir?" asked the merchant, angrily.

"Because the goods are now in the yard, and it would be a lie, Sir."

"I hope you will always be so particular," replied the merchant, turning upon his heel, and going away.

Honest Frank did a bold as well as a right thing. What do you suppose happened to him? *Lost his place?* No; quite different. The merchant was too shrewd to turn away one who wouldn't write a lying letter. He knew the value of such a youth; and, instead of turning him away, made him his confidential clerk. —*Sunday School Advocate.*

Miscellaneous.

House Hunting.

"Gris" contributes the following to the Cincinnati Times:

One of the special privileges of our modern civilization is that of house-hunting. The former residents of America, whose lands we are taking care of without remuneration, and at enormous trouble and cost to ourselves, didn't know any thing about house-hunting — poor benighted souls. They knew the pleasures of the chase, but it wasn't *chasing* after a house to rent—not by a long shot. The Constitution of our country insures us the privilege, once or twice a year, of running all about the city to find a place which an avaricious and extortionate landlord will permit us to call home for a few months, by paying him about a hundred per cent. on his money. And would you destroy that Constitution, reducing this fair land to a howling wilderness, in which house-hunting would be superfluous?

We have been lightening the toils of editorial life for two or three weeks past, by stealing away a few hours each day to look for a house. To one who is tied up to hard work as much as we are, recreation of this sort is appreciated. It will be a subject of regret, almost, when we get a house (if we ever do get one,) because we shall be compelled to give up an exercise which has become almost essential to our existence. It wouldn't be strange if we should keep right on hunting a domicile after we are domiciled (if we ever are, which we begin to doubt.)

We began mildly, only looking at a couple of dozen houses the first day. We found low priced houses in low neighbor-

hoods, as a general thing, and it is a serious misfortune to us, that in addition to being poor we are proud. This has always worked against us.

We haven't kept any track of the number of houses that we have found that would have just suited us—exactly the thing—only they had been rented about an hour before we arrived. Determined to be on hand for once, we were at the office of a morning paper at 4 A. M., when the first sheet came wet from the press. Bought it, turned eagerly to the list of houses to rent, and hit upon one that seemed likely to suit. Hurried up there and found a man in conversation with one of the inmates, who was in a white shiver at an upper window. Heard the man say, "We'll, I'll take it." Beat again. Asked him how he came to get the start of me. He said he "saw the advertisement when it was handed in."

Was told of a house that was likely to suit, only it was so far out. Had got so that we didn't care much how far we went out, if we didn't go out of our head, as we seemed likely to if this unsatisfactory chase was continued much longer. Street car expenses having already reached a formidable sum, we walked on. The day was warm, and the walk a long one. Weary and foot-sore, we reached the spot at length, and found that it was a house we had inspected a few days before and forgotten. Picture our disgust, if you are a picture maker. If you are not you can have it photographed at Landy's.

We have visited houses that were advertised, when we have found so many people waiting in the yards, walking up and down in front, hanging by their elbows on window sills and peeking in the windows, wandering through the alley, and "spooking" about the back premises, waiting for the agent to appear, that we would have thought some crime of horrible interest had drawn the people to the house, had we not known the real facts in the case.

"Don't the landlord make any repairs!" we inquired of a tenant at a house we were inspecting.

"Oh, yes," said the tenant, "he repairs to the house regularly once a month to collect his rent!"

Nimrod was a mighty hunter, and is said to have been mighty successful at it, but we don't believe his line was house-hunting.

Ingratitude to Parents.

There is a proverb : "A father can more easily maintain six children than six children can one father." Luther relates the story :

There was once a father who gave up everything to his children—his house, his fields, his goods—and expected for this the children would support him ; but after he had been some time with the son, the latter grew tired of him, and said to him, "Father, I have had a son born to me this night, and there, where your arm chair stands, the cradle must come ; will you not, perhaps, go to my brother, who has a large room?" After he had been some time with the second son, he also grew tired of him, and said, "Father, you like a warm room, and that hurts my head.—Wont you go to my brother, the baker?" The father went, and after he had been some time with the third son, he also found him troublesome, and said to him : "Father, the people run in and out here all day, as if it were a pigeon house, and you cannot have your noonday sleep ; would you not be better off at my sister Kate's near the town wall?" The old man remarked to himself, "Yes, I will do so ; I will try it with my daughter." She grew weary of him, and she was always so fearful, when he went to church or anywhere else, and was obliged to descend the steep stairs ; and at her sister Elizabeth's there was no stairs to descend, as she lived on the ground floor.

For the sake of peace the old man assented, and went to the other daughter ; but after some time, she, too, became tired of him, and told him, by a third person, that her house near the water was too damp for a man who suffered with the gout, and her sister, the grave digger's wife, at St. John's, had much drier lodgings. The old man himself thought she was right, and went outside the gate to his youngest daughter, Helen ; but after he had been three days with her, her little son said to his grandfather, "Mother said yesterday to cousin Elizabeth that there was no better chamber for you than such a one as father digs."—These words broke the old man's heart, so that he sunk back in his chair and died.

How does the hair-dresser end his days ?
He curls up and dies.

A Pretty Thought.

The night is mother of the day,
The Winter of the Spring ;
And ever upon old decay,
The greenest mosses cling.

Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall ;
For God who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope with all.

Air, Sunshine and Health.

A New York merchant noticed, in the progress of years, that each successive book-keeper gradually lost his health, and finally died of consumption, however vigorous and robust he was on entering his service. At length it occurred to him that the little rear room, where the books were kept, opened into a back yard, so surrounded by high walls, that no sunshine came into the room from one year's end to another. An upper room, well lighted, was immediately prepared, and his clerks had uniform good health ever after.

A familiar case to general readers is derived from medical works, where an entire English family became ill, and all remedies seemed to fail of their usual results, when accidentally a window-glass of the family-room was broken in cold weather. It was not repaired, and forthwith there was a marked improvement in the health of the inmates. The physician at once traced the connection, discontinued his medicines, and ordered that the window-pane should not be replaced.

A French lady became ill. The most eminent physicians of her time were called in, but failed to restore her. At length Dupuytren, the Napoleon of medicine, was consulted. He noticed that she lived in a dim room, into which the sun never shone ; the house being situated in one of the narrow streets, or rather lanes of Paris. He at once ordered more airy and cheerful apartments, and "all her complaints vanished."

The lungs of a dog become tuberculated (consumptive) in a few weeks, if kept confined in a dark cellar. The most uncommon plant grows spindly, pale and staggling, if no sunlight falls upon it. The greatest medical names in France, of the last century, regarded sunshine and pure air as equal agents in restoring and maintaining health.

From these facts, which cannot be disputed, the most common mind should conclude that cellars, and rooms on the northern side of buildings, or apartments into which the sun does not immediately shine, should never be occupied as family rooms, or chambers, or as libraries or "studies." Such apartments are only fit for "stowage," or purposes which never require persons to remain in them over a few minutes at a time. And every intelligent and humane parent will arrange that the family rooms and chambers shall be the most commodious, lightest and brightest apartments in his dwelling.—*Dr. Hall.*

WHY THE FINGERS ARE NOT OF AN EQUAL LENGTH.—A school-master, in illustrating on this question, made his scholar grasp a ball of ivory, to show that the points of his fingers are equal. It would have been better, says Sir Charles Bell, had he closed his fingers upon his palm, and then asked whether or not they correspond. The difference in the length of the fingers serves a thousand ends, adapting the form of the hand and fingers to different purposes—as for holding a rod, a switch, a sword, a hammer, a pen, a pencil, engraving tools, &c., in all which a secure hold and freedom of motion are admirably combined.

Some twenty-five or thirty years ago, an Irishman, William Patterson, left Erin's green isle to find a home in America. Having friends in the region of Fair Haven, Ohio, he made his way thither. Taking dinner one day at the house of Dr. P——, he was treated to the American dish, wholly new to him, of green corn in the ear. Unwilling, however, to be thought green himself, or being anxious to display unusual sagacity, after having eagerly devoured the savory corn, his appetite still unappeased, he passed up the despoiled cob with the very natural request:

"Please put some more pase on my stick!"

People of small intellect are very dangerous enemies, because they are likely to have few extraneous thoughts to divert them from their immediate object of malice; because they are very shrewd noticers of personalities, and personal weaknesses; because there is nothing which a fool and a mean man enjoys so much as to catch a wise and honest one at a disadvantage.

Why is a restless sleeper like the proverbial lawyer? Because he lies on one side, and turns and lies on the other.

Persons making application for the reception of patients, are referred to Dr. W. W. Ely, attendant physician.

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the *Hospital Review*:

- Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
- " L. A. BULLER, Peary Centre.
- E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.
- MARY W. DAVIS, "
- Mrs. C. F. SPENCER, "
- " PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.
- Miss MARY BROWN, Perinton.
- Miss ADA MILLS, "
- " JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.
- " LILLIAN J. RENEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.
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Hospital Notice.

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

Advertisement

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HAVE received another large lot of NEW SILKS, which they offer to purchasers at GREAT BARGAINS. The lot comprises BLACK, BROWN, GREEN, BLUE, LAVENDER, and every other desirable color. Also, a full assortment of

BLACK AND WHITE CHECKED SILKS, at the lowest prices. April, 1866.

THE GREAT AMERICAN

TEA COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

Have established an Agency for the sale of their

Teas and Coffees,

At 62 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

The following are the Prices:

YOUNG HYSOON,...	\$1, \$1.10 and \$1.25 per lb.
OOLONGS,	80c., 90c. and \$1.00 "
MIXED TEAS,	80c., 90c. and \$1.00 "
IMPERIAL,	\$.1 and \$1.25 "
UNCOLORED JAPAN, best,	\$.125 "
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, ..	\$.1 and \$1.20 "
GROUND COFFEE,...	20c., 30c. and 40c. "

All goods sold by this Company are put up in pound packages, with style, price, and guarantee, as to quality, printed on the wrapper. The prices are precisely the same at which the Company sell them in New York; and every pound of Tea or Coffee sold, is warranted to give entire satisfaction, or they can be returned and the money refunded.

We have a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

of every description, and offer all articles in our line so low as to make it a special object for people, in City or Country, to deal with us.

The goods put up by the Great American Tea Company, are for sale by no other house.

MOORE & COLE,

April, 1866. 'ly 62 Buffalo Street'

BRECK'S PHARMACY.

GEORGE BRECK,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

61 Buffalo Street,

Smith's Arcade, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DEALER IN

Fancy & Toilet Goods,

AND PURE WINES & LIQUORS,

For medicinal uses.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.

Floral Depot for Frost & Co's Greenhouses.

June 15, 1866.

A. S. MANN & CO.

37 AND 39 STATE STREET, have just received a lot of

SILK WARP POPLINS,

just the thing for Ladies' Traveling Dresses. April, 1866.

Water Lime and Plaster.

REMOVAL.

M. M. MATHEWS & SON,

Have removed their Office and Warehouse to

83 Exchange Street,

Where they will continue to deal in WATER LIME and PLASTER; and all kinds of Masons' goods. 6m* Rochester, N. Y., April, 1866.

CURRAN & COLER,

SUCCESSORS TO R. KING & CO.

Druggists & Apothecaries,

No. 96 BUFFALO STREET,

Opposite the Court House.

Rochester, N. Y.

RICHARD CURRAN. April, '66-ly* G. W. GOLDB.

SMITH & PERKINS, WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH. GILMAN H. PERKINS.

[Established in 1826.]

Jan. 1865.

tf

S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,

DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries and Provisions,

OF ALL KINDS,

Nos. 67 & 69 Buffalo Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Jan. 1866.

ly

LANE & PAINE,

Dealers in

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.

18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

ALFRED S. LANE. mch, 1866. 1y CYRUS F. PAINE.

JOHN SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

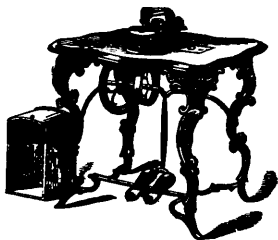
LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.

No. 142 Main St., Rochester.

Jan. 15, 1865.

PERFECTION REACHED AT LAST.

Embodied in the New and Popular



GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE.

THE "FLORENCE" took the Gold Medal at the Fair of the American Institute, New York, Oct. 20th, 1865, as the best machine in the world. 80,000 Sold within the last three years, giving universal satisfaction to all. They have no equal as a Family or Manufacturing Machine.

Warranted never to have "fits." Does its work alike each day. REASONS.

1. Its simplicity and great range of work.
2. Its making four different stitches, viz: the lock, knot, double-lock and double-knot.
3. The reversible feed motion operated by simply turning a thumb-screw, enabling the operator to run the work from right to left or left to right, and perfectly self-sustaining to the end of the seam.
4. The perfect finish and substantial manner in which the machine is made.
5. The rapidity of its working, and the quality of the work done.
6. Its self-adjusting tension.

The "FLORENCE" will sew from the finest Lawn to the heaviest Pilot Cloth, without change of tension or breaking of thread. As a Tailor's manufacturing machine, or family machine, it has no equal. We make strong assertions which we are prepared to substantiate in every particular.

Believe not what the agents or friends of other machines may say, but see the Florence before purchasing any other and judge for yourself.

☞ All kinds of Stitching, Cloak and Dress Making, done to order, and all kinds of Ladies' Garments made to order on short notice, in the neatest possible manner, by competent operators.

☞ Silk, Needles and best Oil, for sale at this Office.

☞ Rooms over 29 State street, Rochester, N. Y.

A liberal discount made to those who buy to sell again.

For particulars address

CHAS. SPENCER HALL, General Agt.

Nov. 15, 1865.

Rochester, N. Y.

MEAT MARKET.

E. & A. WAYTT,

Dealers in all kinds of

Fresh Meats, Poultry,

SMOKED MEATS,

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

104 Buffalo Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Cash paid for Country Produce. Game of all kinds in its season.

GEORGE MCKAY,

PAINTER & GLAZIER,

CORNER OF STONE & ELY STREETS.

Walls Whitened or Tinted,

AND PAINTING DONE,

In the most reliable and satisfactory manner.

All orders left as above, or at his residence, on Ely St. will receive prompt attention.

Oct. 1865.

LIFE, FIRE, AND MARINE

INSURANCE OFFICE,

No. 18 ARCADE HALL, } ROCHESTER, N. Y.
No. 7 EXCHANGE PLACE, }

CASH CAPITAL REPRESENTED, \$10,000,000.

BUELL & BREWSTER,

Agents for a large number of the most reliable Companies in the United States.

Policies issued, and all losses promptly adjusted and paid.

H. P. BREWSTER,

E. N. BUELL

Rochester, Sept., 1865.-6m.

THE OLD & RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

Steam Fancy Dyeing

AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT,

Two hundred yards North of the New York Central R. R. Depot,

On Mill St., corner of Platt,

Brown's Race, Rochester, N. Y.

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

☞ NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors; also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Scoured or Colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Silks, Woolen or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed in all colors, and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

Goods dyed black every Thursday.

All goods returned in one week.

☞ Goods received and returned by Express.

Bills collected by Express Co.

Address D. LEARY, Cor. Mill & Platt sts.,

Jan. 1865.

Rochester, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. III

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1866.

No. 5.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

TERMS—Fifty Cents a Year, Payable in Advance.

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Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. Dr. MATHEWS, Corresponding Secretary, 28 Spring Street.

Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.

Over 21 Buffalo Street, opposite the Arcade.

For the Hospital Review.

On the Resurrection.

Shall I not see ye, my belov'd,
At the last trumpet's sound,
That in the graves of all the dead,
Awakes their rest profound?
Shall I not see ye with these eyes,
Whose light ye were on earth;
Not take ye in these yearning arms
That clasp'd you at your birth?
Not press within my trembling fingers
The tresses of your hair,
That only now in memory lingers,
Around your foreheads fair.
Or pass my hands adown your cheeks,
Whose softly rising swell
Were tinted with the hue that streaks
The lining of the shell.
Nor kiss the brows, that white as snow
From Alpine glaciers gleam'd;
Or look into the deeps below,
Whence floods of radiance stream'd.

Not hold the little waxen hands,
That as the night came on,
Were sweetly folded, with the prayer
To keep them till the dawn.

Not hear the tinkling of your feet
Along the golden floor,
And know the forms I press to meet
Are those I've clasp'd before.

If I shall see ye in another form
Than that on earth ye wore—
"Oh, where for me the resurrection morn
That shall my dead restore."

I know my flesh, though perishing,
Is destined God to see;
And so I look for Christ to bring
My little ones to me.

Covington, Ky.

To the Editress of the Hospital Review.

I send you an extract from the private journal of a lady, who is a subscriber to your excellent and useful periodical, "The Hospital Review." The writer accompanied her husband and his regiment in their march across the plains to Colorado and the Rocky Mountains during the past summer, and she alludes in her journal to her first timid efforts to administer consolation to the soldiers who fell sick on the long and weary march across the plains.

For the Hospital Review.

Across the Plains.

IN CAMP, ON CORNET CREEK, INDIAN TERRITORY.

You will see in my Journal, July 2d, an account of the death and burial of Edward

Ryan, who was killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol. I was much affected by his sudden death, and impressed with the uncertainty of life. To-day, I was told that there was a man lying at the point of death in one of the ambulances. It disturbed me greatly. Those words of Robertson's, in regard to the soldiers, came again and again to my mind, "Poor fellows, no one cares for their souls." I was alone in my tent, and as I leaned my head on my pillow, I thought of the two men who had already been buried in this wild country, who had died without any one to care for their eternal welfare; and as I contemplated these things, I felt the burden of this man's soul resting upon me. I thought of our Colonel reading the burial service over Ryan's grave, and asked myself, "Can I not do as much for the living as he did for the dead?" It was sunset, and some distance in the rear of my tent stood the two ambulances, which serve for our traveling hospital. I put my testament in my pocket and turned my steps towards the temporary abode of the sick soldier. I found the poor man nearly unconscious; he was lying in the ambulance, his head pillowed on a coarse bag filled with oats, or something of the kind. A soldier was sitting beside him, fanning him. Two or three others were near, and among them the acting hospital steward. I inquired of him the condition of the man, and if I could send him any thing to eat. He mentioned several things, which I afterwards sent down, together with a clean pillow for him to lay his head upon. I then said I would like to read to the sick man some verses in the bible, if he would be pleased to hear me. The steward aroused the poor fellow, and all around listened respectfully while I read aloud the parable of the Prodigal Son, and added a few words of invitation to them to accept Christ. The sick soldier was too far gone to admit of my holding conversation with him, and I was too much agitated and unused to such a

scene to speak farther to the by-standers. I, therefore, returned to my tent and lifted up my heart in prayer, that Jesus Christ, the friend of sinners, would reveal himself to the parting spirit of the dying man through the words I had read in his hearing. The next day we had our long dry march of 45 miles across the Prairie in search of water; and on the following evening, as I was about to visit the sick soldier again, I heard that he was dead!

My first effort in behalf of the poor soldier. It may be that it did not benefit him, but I trust it was not lost upon me, for every effort of this kind strengthens one for further duty. I have since given a few tracts to the soldiers, and have distributed among them copies of *The Child's Paper*, *The American Messenger*, and the *Hospital Review*. Towards evening, I was alone, and made up my mind that this was the time to see the hospital steward, of whom I had been thinking for several days. He had been very civil the day I went to see the sick man, and thanked me very gratefully. I sent for him to come to me, and conversed with him for some time about the man who had died, and tried to impress him with his responsibility concerning their spiritual as well as their temporal welfare. I gave him some papers for the soldiers, and a tract entitled "Great Bounty," for which he thanked me, and then left my tent. I had the satisfaction afterwards of seeing the soldiers earnestly engaged in reading their papers. I can but sow in faith and prayer, and I love to think that there are hearts at home lifted up in supplication for those who are roaming the desert.

When far from the hearts where our fondest hopes centre,

Denied, for a time, their loved presence to share;
In spirit we meet when the closet we enter,

And hold sweet communion together in prayer.
Oh, fondly we think, as night closes around them,
The Shepherd of Israel tenderly keeps;

The angels of God are encamping around them,
They are watched by the eye that ne'er slumbers nor sleeps.

I think the Patriarch's religion should be doubly prized from having flourished in tents. It is a hard place for retirement, and never secure from interruption and noise. This sort of life impresses me with the conviction, that we are pilgrims and strangers on earth, and that this is not our rest.

For the Hospital Review.

Why?

Not ours to question, "Why?" Poor foolish heart, be still.

What are we now, who dare to question, *Why?* It is enough, that He who gave, has called, it is His will,

So stifle back the murmuring, hush the hungry cry.

'Tis true, December snow falls not on colder ground,

The milk-white daisy is not nearer death—
But while *she* folds her dainty robes, and makes no sound,

And lays her tired head safe from the wintry breath.

We stand amid the storm, and say—"Why comes this day—

I love the sunshine better than the storm;
Why was I made, if I am chilled, and wrecked this way,

'Twere better, Lord, I never had been born."

Still beats the tempest o'er us, far louder than our feeble cry

The night-wind howls, and blinds us with its snow,

Till we sink down at last, but dare not whisper, *Why?*

Convinced too late, God's hand hath dealt the blow.

Then comes His smile of love to those, who, trusting, had believed

He dealt in mercy, and bowed down afraid
To question, *Why?*—but trusting, all in all—not one aggrieved

That He should crush the idols He had made.

The daisy, from off her chilly bed pushed back the sheets of snow—

Came forth arrayed in newer life, and shamed my heart and I;

For she, a little flower, had trusted—"God must know

What seemeth best"—while *we* had questioned, *Why?*

MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

For the Hospital Review.

Comfort in God's Word.

"The love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead." 2. Cor. 5:14.

What a powerful motive is love; how forgetful it makes us of self; how willing to spend and be spent for those we love. What a constraining power, then, should the love of Christ be in the heart of the Christian. St. Paul speaks of it, as the one power that moved his life. How imperfectly dwells this love in us, when it fails to work in us the fruits of the Spirit. How should it stir our souls within us, and lead us to labor for the *dead* for whom Christ died. If He died for all, then surely all are dead. Let us seek to live as if we realized that we were in a dying world—striving to do good to some, leading them to Him who is "light and life."

"As Thou hast died for me,
Oh! may my love to Thee,
Pure, warm and changeless be,—
A living fire." R.

For the Hospital Review.

"It is but a Question of Time."

How often do we hear these words applied, always, to those in whom disease is making visible progress, and who are thought to be near the bound of life. Are they not applicable to us all? The strong and healthy are cut off as with a stroke, while the feeble invalid lingers on to manifest more clearly that "in God's hands is the breath of every living thing."

"We stand upon the brink of death
Where most we seem secure."

Let us then remember at this "solemn season, while every thing about us reminds us of decay; while nature is stripped of her gay colors, and the days are short, and wintry, and the world's year dwindles towards its last minute," that for us all it is but a question of time; and yet not only of time but of eternity, for life here is but the beginning of the life hereafter. May

we all be quickened by this thought to greater watchfulness and earnestness in our respective calling, that when our summons comes we may be found with our lamps trimmed and burning, ready to meet our Lord.

A.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 15, 1866.

The Thanksgiving Party.

It is not necessary to tell any of our readers who were present at our Party, of its success, socially or pecuniarily; and to those who were not present, a glance at the long Lists given this month, will prove sufficient. The day was a series of bright and pleasant surprises to us. We did not expect so much—We did not expect all that throng of welcome faces smiling in upon us all that day and in the evening. We did not, how could we, expect such an outpouring of gifts, such munificent results! Some of our Ladies hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry with delight, as one golden shower fell after another, and one kind act and remembrance was succeeded by another. We did not know before how many friends we had, nor how deep and warm and wide the interest felt for our Hospital. The day and the occasion was, we believe, a happy one to all. There were so many there whom it was pleasant to meet—so much in the building and in the wards and private rooms that was gratifying to see—so much that was entertaining—such a genial atmosphere pervading the place—such a gleam of sunshine in every face we met—how could one help but enjoy it! The results we feel to speak of between a tear and a smile, so overwhelming, so deep is our sense of gratitude, not only to our donors, but to the Great Giver Who, we feel, has put it into the hearts of our friends to remember us so generously. Our

First Party can, we believe, but leave a gleam of pleasure in the hearts and memories of all our friends. Impatiently almost, shall we await the return of another Thanksgiving Festival, when, as we trust, we may all have a joyous meeting and re-union.

Our Fancy and Ice Cream Tables.

The avails from both of these departments, far exceeded our highest expectations. The sum of \$206.48 from the Fancy Table alone, seems almost too much to believe; and the sales from Ice-cream, &c. were equal in proportion. Great credit is due to the young ladies who presided at these tables, and to whose taste and skill and faithfulness, we owe so much. The contributions to the Fancy Table, were many of them choice and beautiful, and the supply, which was varied and abundant, kept coming in all day. Several times the young ladies would begin to think, from the growing thinness of the table, that their sales were about completed, when a fresh store would come in to fill the empty places. One peculiar, and we think highly praiseworthy feature of the Fancy Table was, that nothing was sold by ticket. The managers believing, as many do, that disposing of articles by ticket is but another name for lottery, and in fact a violation of the law of our State, which every good citizen is bound to respect, determined to abandon the practice so common at such sales, and they had no cause to regret their decision. Several articles, it is true, which were sent in to be disposed of in that way, they were obliged to decline, but the final result of the sales was more than satisfactory. Perhaps the success of the Fancy Table was owing in part to the fact that the articles were all marked at moderate prices, and customers were not seized upon as so many fair victims for spoil, exaction and robbery—but treated fairly and courteously.

Our Paper.

From the number of new subscribers, and from the number of renewed subscriptions which the Treasurer has to report this month, we think that our "expectations of our guests" at the Thanksgiving Party, were fully realized. A goodly number we see, made that most excellent investment of fifty cents, which we suggested, and those who did not at that time, will find it not yet too late to do so. Just send your money and address to Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, Drawer 58, and it will be all right. A Christmas or New Year's present of a new subscriber, or several of them, would not come amiss—but with such Lists of Donations before us, we are not going to beg for a thing this month—not even a new subscriber.

The "Grate Sho."

Among the attractions, not the least at our Party, was the "Grate Sho" of "Fine Arts," by A. Ward & Co. We are indebted to the Westminster church of Buffalo, for originating the entertainment, but several of our most unique specimens were purely original with A. Ward & Co., to whom special thanks are due, not only for their valuable additions to the "Art Collection," but for the artistic taste and skill evinced by them, in grouping and arranging the specimens, with due reference to light and shade and general effect, and to their various efforts in making the exhibition pass off so pleasantly and successfully. The "Sho," all combined, was, as we heard several remark, one of the wittiest, brightest, richest things of the kind ever exhibited in our city. Every one felt that they had the "worth of their money," and "more too," even before getting half through with the exhibition.

Persons making application for the reception of patients, are referred to Dr. W. W. Ely, attendant physician.

"Praise to Whom Praise is Due."

A Manager says: "Don't forget, in making your acknowledgments, those young ladies who served so faithfully, all day and evening, at the refreshment tables—nor those stationed in the halls, who conducted visitors through the building." We shall not forget them. This Manager is not the only person who has expressed appreciation of the very-wearing, and yet so well and so cheerfully-performed, services of these young ladies. In the name of the Managers, and in behalf of our guests, who were each so much indebted to these young ladies—here is our very best and lowest courtesy, and our very sweetest "Thank you!"

Acknowledgments to the Press.

We feel that in recognizing the many favors which attended our Thanksgiving Party, we should be very remiss if we failed to acknowledge our great indebtedness to the Press. Indeed, we think the Editors of all our daily papers, entitled to special thanks on our part, for their gratuitous advertisements of our Party, and for voluntary and repeated editorial notices of the same. Nor is this all—since the Party, they have continued their kind favors to us by their various and flattering notices of the "Exhibition of Paintings," for our benefit, and by their unceasing efforts to attract the attention of visitors to it.

A Muff Exchanged.

A muff belonging to one of the young ladies presiding at our Fancy Table, was exchanged in the dressing-room—by some person, on the day of the Party. The muff taken, was a handsome sable, and the one left in exchange, a mink, of far less value. The young lady alluded to, is naturally desirous of recovering her own muff—and if the person who made the exchange, will leave it at the City Hospital, she will find her own there awaiting her.

Thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Fish.

The Ladies of the Hospital feel that many thanks are due to Mr. and Mrs. Fish, for their efforts for us on the day of the Party. The tableaux and charades, attracting such dense crowds in the evening, filling the ward appropriated to them to overflowing, and resulting in so handsome a sum for our benefit, were, we understand, entirely under their management. Then there was that beautiful cake, attracting the eyes of all beholders, made and donated by Mrs. Fish, and from the sale of which \$65 were realized. For these and other expressions of interest in our success, manifested on that day, the Ladies desire, through our columns, to express their grateful appreciation.

Special Acknowledgment.

The Ladies of the Hospital desire to make a special acknowledgment to the Masons of our city, for the handsome sum of \$150, presented at our Party. The donation was the united offering of four different companies, and, considering the various demands upon their benevolence, the remembrance was a very generous and a highly gratifying one.

Barrels of Flour.

Among our many generous donations, we notice ten barrels of flour! With flour at the prices which have ranged for the last few months, this donation is one which we know how to appreciate. Nine of these barrels were procured through the efforts of Geo. J. Whitney, Esq., of the firm of J. H. Poole & Co., which contributed one barrel, and eight were procured from the various mills of our city, which each donated one. The tenth barrel, as will be seen from our List, was from N. T. Rochester, Esq. The Ladies desire to return thanks to the proprietors of the various mills, for their free and generous response to the call in our behalf, and to Mr. Whitney, for his kind efforts in interesting others in our Hospital.

The "Something Extra."

We do not believe that any of our guests were disappointed in the "something extra" which we promised them at the Party. We are sure that the Music, the "Sho," and the beautiful Tableaux, &c., must more than have equalled their expectations. The Statuary, representing "Jepthah's Daughter" and "Rebecca at the Well," was exquisitely beautiful; perhaps, however, no more worthy of praise, than one or two other tableaux. It is difficult to speak of individual merits, where all was so good. "Women's Rights" was very clever, amusing and exceedingly well received. The Charades evinced much talent—the characters were remarkably well represented, and the music, both vocal and instrumental, was of a choice order, and a rich treat of itself.

Special Notice.

As omissions and mistakes are almost unavoidable in long Lists like those we publish this month, we therefore make here an earnest request of our readers and friends, to report any such inadvertancies they may discover, promptly to us, that we may have the opportunity of correcting them in our next number.

Exhibition of Paintings for the Benefit of the Rochester City Hospital.

A favorite Correspondent sends us the following pleasant notice of the collection of Paintings recently on exhibition for the benefit of our Hospital:

Each, and every picture, is a gem of itself, well worth the price of admission to see; and taken as a whole, there has never before been any thing to compare with it placed within the reach of our citizens.

There are, also, several pieces of Statuary added to the collection. The little bust of "Winter," with its exquisitely chiseled face, is a sweet thing to hold in one's memory for a lifetime. The largest and most prominent picture, is the "Un-

dias," owned by Dr. O. O. Burgess, and painted by Pollak; the same artist also painted the dainty little "Zephyr," owned by the same gentleman. It is hard to decide upon a favorite among them all; for one that we decided yesterday, as the gem *par excellence*, to-day, is eclipsed by a new and undiscovered beauty, that escaped us yesterday, and which is unseen at a casual glance; to-morrow, we wonder that we ever thought any thing more beautiful than the rippling hair of Titian's "Flora," or the superb creation of the life-like "Pomona," with her perfect head and shoulders. The "Beatrice Cenci," with the suffering look so touchingly expressed in the half-turned face, looks down at one with sad eyes, that tell her whole story.

The Madonnas are all beautiful, but perhaps the best is the "Madonna de San Sisto," a copy of *Raphael*, owned by Geo. Ellwanger; although the admiration is pretty equally divided between this and the "Madonna and Child," from Mrs. Hunter, a copy of *Murillo*; both are divine creations. The "Preaching of the Reformation in Germany," (original,) by Rustige, from Geo. Ellwanger, and the "Exiled Huguenots," owned by J. L. Requa, and the two pictures recently added to the collection, through the kindness of Mr. Patrick Barry, the owner. "A Court Scene, Reclaiming a Child stolen by Gipseys," and "Monks Feeding the Poor," are each a day's study. The arch look of the "Good Night," (original,) from G. H. Mumford, is a general favorite, and the smiling lips almost speak the word while you look at it.

The Landscapes—a "Scene in the Tyrol," owned by the same gentleman, and "Lazerne," from W. A. Reynolds, carry one entirely away out of the present every day world, into the still valleys where the feet of great mountains stand, while their heads tower up into the white clouds beyond our seeing. The small pictures on porcelain are exquisitely beautiful, and the fruit and flowers are true to nature.

"The Power of Fashion," by Mrs. Lilly M. Spencer, owned by Gen. Williams, attracts a great deal of attention. Mrs. Spencer, formerly Miss Martin, came, when a child, from England, with her parents, who are both French, to New York, and opened a French school for young ladies and gentlemen. At that time, she showed wonderful talent in the use of her pencil, although but six or seven years of age. Not succeeding in New York as well as they had hoped, they removed to Ohio. Here Miss Martin, having a limited supply of working material, covered her bedroom walls with sketches, and over them hung her dresses, fearing her mother's displeasure at this unique embellishment of her room; but two mischievous young brothers one day discovered the secret, and insisted upon making a target of her beautiful heroine, in spite of her tearful remonstrances; and to save her "chalk and charcoal offsprings," she carried her grievance to her mother, who instantly stopped the proceedings of the young sharp-shooters, and Miss Lilly had full permission to decorate her room at her pleasure. She studied afterward in Cincinnati, where she was married, and from there moved to New York. Her pictures, "The Flower Girl, or Maternal Admonition," and "Domestic Felicity," attracted a great deal of admiration, exhibited by the Philadelphia Art Union, several years ago.

It is entirely impossible for us, in the limited space our paper allows, to enumerate, or even make mention, of half the beautiful things in this room, to say nothing of the adjoining room, filled with engravings of the choicest description. Many of which are proofs of some of the best pictures of the best artists in this country. W. A. Reynolds sends a complete series of Hogarth's works.

The excellent taste displayed in the lighting of the room, and the hanging of the Paintings, adds considerably to the attractiveness of the place.

E.

DEATH OF HENRY HUNTER.—Henry Hunter, Esq., whose serious illness we mentioned Monday, died yesterday at the City Hospital, of a dropsical disease. He was at one time a very promising lawyer, and has held the office of City Attorney. His health has been bad for several years past. Deceased was about forty-five years of age and unmarried. His remains were taken by his friends to Bath.—*Rochester Express*, Dec. 19.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 5th, of dropsy, MARY BENNING, of Prussia, aged 23.

The funeral was attended at the Hospital the following day.

As we entered the room, where the last sad rites were performed in an unknown tongue to us, we could but rejoice that we have such an institution to throw open its doors to the stranger in a strange land.

List of Donations to the Hospital,

FROM NOV. 15th TO DEC. 15th, 1866.

- Mrs. Charles Stilwell—One jar Pickles, a package of Children's Clothing.
- Mrs. E. Darwin Smith—Dressing Gown for Mary Cook.
- Miss L. M. Griffin—Garments for Mary Cook.
- A Friend—Roll of old Cotton.
- H. L. Fish, Esq.—One ton of Coal.
- Mrs. Marvin Green—One large can of Cherries.
- Mrs. Hiram Sibley—One Turkey, 12 cans Peaches, 1 barrel Apples.
- Mrs. Oriel—One Turkey, 5 pounds Rice, 1 can Peaches, 1 can Plums.
- Mrs. Todd, Mrs. Lay, Mrs. Budd and Mrs. Redman, of Greece, (by Mrs. Rochester and Miss Bronson)—A quantity of Butter.
- H. P. Brewster, Esq.—Four Turkeys.
- Mr. Sloan—One Turkey.
- George Gould—Three Chickens.
- Mr. Peterson—Half cord Maple Wood.
- Dr. and Mrs. Little—A package of Sugar and Coffee.
- Mrs. Gangross—One Ham.
- Jacob Howe—One barrel Crackers.
- Mrs. W. H. Knapp—Sweet Potatoes, Oysters, Crackers, roll of Cotton Cloth, 1 loaf Cake, Biscuits, Pickles and Dish.
- Mrs. Charles M. Lee—A Framed Steel Engraving for the "Plymouth Ward."
- Gordon Hayes—Apples for the table.
- Mrs. E. Bowen—One can Milk, 1 can Cream, 1 bag Potatoes.
- Moore & Cole—One barrel of Apples.
- N. T. Rochester—One barrel Flour.
- Thos. H. Rochester—One Turkey.
- Mr. Robinson—Three gallons Cream.
- J. G. Budd, Greece—One and a half galls. Cream.
- Mrs. Baker and Mrs. Nichols, Penfield Road—A quantity of Cream.

- A Friend—Two dozen Eggs, half gallon Oysters, 1 jar Cauliflower, Cream and Milk.
- Mrs. Ralph O. Ives—One gallon Oysters.
- Mrs. James Nichols—One Turkey.
- Mrs. C. C. Merriman—One Turkey, Celery, 1 qt. Cherries, and 1 quart Cream.
- Mrs. Lee—Roll of Cotton Pieces and Children's Clothing.
- Mrs. S. W. Updike—Two loaves of Cake.
- Mrs. M. F. Robinson, Fairport—One bottle Pears.
- Mrs. W. T. Lewis, " —One bottle Pears.
- Mrs. James E. Haydon—A quantity of Biscuits.
- Mr. Sample—Ten pounds Sugar, three pounds of Coffee.
- Mrs. F. Starr—Can of Fruit, Roll of Bandages.
- Mrs. Wm. Pitkin—Ten yards Cotton Cloth.
- Miss Eaton—A loaf of Cake and package of Tea.
- T. A. Newton—Two pairs of Chickens.
- Mrs. G. E. Mumford—1 Ham.
- Mrs. Boughton—Ten pounds of Loaf Sugar.
- Mrs. Draper—One can of Tomatoes.
- Mrs. W. H. Cheney—Coffee Urn and Basket of Grapes.
- Mr. Norris—Five pounds of Candy.
- J. H. Palmer—Two pounds of Candy.
- Mr. McGuire—Five pounds of Candy.
- George Breck—Two pounds of French Candy.
- Mrs. Badger—A quantity of Doughnuts.
- Mrs. F. Whittlesey—1 jar of Pickles and one can of Peaches.
- Miss Bradbury—Two loaves of Sponge Cake.
- Mrs. Dauchy—Two Pies and a loaf of Bread.
- Mrs. Phelan—One bottle of Peaches, one Ham and a basket of Cake.
- Warner O'Keefe—Ten pounds of Figs.
- Mrs. G. H. Mumford—Three cans of Jelly, Celery, Chicken Salad, and one case of Wine.
- Mrs. Rice—Two cans of Fruit and one bottle of Catsup.
- Alvah Rice—One bushel of Potatoes and one bushel of Apples.
- Fish, Ellison & Co—One force Pump.
- Mrs. Lydia Fish—One Indian Blanket.
- Mrs. George J. Whitney—One dozen bunches of Radishes, twenty-nine Boquets of Green House Flowers.
- Mrs. E. Leavenworth—Two mince Pies.
- Mrs. A. R. Pritchard—One Turkey.
- Mrs. John Burns—One loaf of Cake.
- Mr. F. A. Whittlesey—One Turkey and Biscuits.
- Mrs. Dr. Dean—One loaf of Cake, and Lobster Salad.
- H. O. Pope—One barrel of Potatoes and two boxes of Grapes.
- Mrs. Saml. Hamilton—Three loaves of Cake, and Biscuits.
- Howe & Rogers—One Door Mat.
- Brown & Williams—Two Door Mats.
- Miss Barhydt—Two loaves of Cake.
- Mrs. B. F. Enos—One bottle of Blackberry Jam, and one bottle of Quince.
- Mrs. E. H. Davis, Hornellsville—Five cans Fruit.
- Mrs. Prof. Northrop—One jar of Fruit.
- Mrs. E. N. Buell—Three Pies, Corn Starch and Farina.
- Mrs. John Craig—One loaf Cake and one Turkey.
- Mrs. J. F. Lovcraft—Two cans of Fruit and one bowl of Quince Jelly.
- Mrs. N. S. Phelps—Half bushel of Onions.
- Mrs. L. B. Shears—Three Brooms.
- Mr. J. S. Caldwell—Two boxes of Crackers.

M. J. Monroe—Five pounds of Java Coffee.
 Kitty McMasters—A quantity of Lint.
 Mrs. E. Loop—Half gallon of Oysters, one can of Tomatoes, and Biscuits.
 Mrs. F. Zimmer—Two Chickens.
 Mrs. Kellogg—Jelly and Cakes.
 A. S. Mann & Co—Four pairs very nice Blankets.
 Mr. S. B. Roby—One barrel of Apples and one barrel of Potatoes.
 Mrs. E. M. Parsons—Five cups of Jelly, Ginger Cakes.
 Mrs. John Williams—Six cans of Plums and one of Pumpkin, one jar of Pickles.
 Mrs. C. Smith—Cake.
 Mrs. M. W. Mix—Bottle of Quinces.
 Mrs. James McDonald—Cake.
 Mrs. Oren Sackett, Avon—Three gallons Cream.
 Mrs. H. C. Roberts—One bottle of Peaches, and Crackers.
 Mrs. C. J. Holland—One Night Dress.
 Mrs. W. S. Thompson—Three jars of Fruit and two bowls of Jelly.
 Mrs. Mumford—One Dressing Gown.
 Mrs. J. Humphrey—Two jars canned Fruit.
 Mrs. S. Snow—Three bottles of Wine.
 Eva Snow—Two bowls of Marmalade,
 Mrs. E. H. Hollister—One Turkey, two Quails and one Partridge.
 Mrs. W. F. Holmes—One battle of Raspberry Vinegar.
 Mrs. J. B. Pollock—One jar of Jelly.
 Mrs. E. C. Baker—One Large bottle Extract of Lemon.
 Mrs. A. G. Bristol—One double Gown.
 Mrs. C. M. Hartwell—One can of Quinces.
 Mr. S. Ives, Batavia—One cask of Vegetables.
 Mrs. Samuel Wilder—One Turkey and one gallon of Oysters.
 Mrs. H. Hendershot, East Groveland—One can of Raspberries, Cookies and Onions.
 Mrs. J. Eagle, East Groveland—One bag of dried Raspberries.
 Mrs. R. Johnson, East Groveland—One can of Cherries, and Bandages.
 Mrs. A. G. Mudge—One loaf Cake.
 Mr. L. C. Spencer—Two gallons of Oysters.
 Mrs. C. Dewey—One gallon of Oysters.
 Wm. Richardson, Phoenix Mills—One barrel flour.
 J. H. Poole & Co, Granite Mills—One barrel of Flour.
 Richardson, Burbank & Co., New York Mills—One barrel of Flour.
 Hiram Smith, Washington Mills—One barrel of Flour.
 Moseley, Motley & Wilson, Frankfort Mills—One barrel of Flour.
 Elwood & Smith, Model Mills—One barrel Flour.
 A. Burbank & Co., Crescent Mills—One barrel of Flour.
 C. Waydell, Clinton Mills—One barrel of Flour.
 J. Connolly, Boston Mills—One barrel of Flour.
 Homer Sackett, Avon—One barrel of Apples.
 Goetzman & Wehn—One barrel of Soap.

DONATIONS TO THE FANCY TABLE.

Steele & Avery—Package of Toy Books.
 Miss Louisa Griffin—Four Merino Bags.
 Miss Sarah Burbank—Two infants' Sacques.
 Mrs. W. W. Carr—One set of Mats.
 Miss Julia Hamilton—Tidy.

Mrs. N. T. Rochester—Six boot Pincushions, four Neckties, one Book-mark, eighteen perfume Bouquets, three perfume Bags, six ball Cushions, six Tomato Cushions, two Pin Baskets, one Thread Case, one Heart Cushion, three Bags.
 Mary Perkins—Crocheted Scarf.
 Miss M. H. Wells—3 Balls, three Spool cases.
 Mrs. R. Carter—One Paper Weight, two knit Pitchers.
 Miss E. G. Mathews—Two and one half yards Tattug, Garters, Baby's Socks.
 A Friend—One Needle Book, two Emery Strawberries, three Balls, 12 spools Thread.
 Miss Fanny Whittlesey—Two pairs Infants Socks.
 Mrs. Charles M. Lee—Handkerchief Case, Mat, Hood.
 Miss A. Harvey, East Groveland—Doll's Mittens and Stockings.
 Miss A. Heath, East Groveland—Bracket.
 Miss E. Van Valkenburgh, East Groveland—Shell Frame.
 Mrs. A. G. Bristol—Three pairs Garters.
 Miss Mary Bristol—Infant's Socks.
 Miss Fanny Whittlesey—Toilet Cushion.
 Miss Helen Bristol—Baby's Shirt.
 Rev. Mr. Dillon—Embroidered Bracket.
 Mrs. E. D. Smith—Three pairs Mittens, package of Autumn Leaves.
 Mrs. C. M. Wines—Two Fancy Bows.
 Montie Rochester—Japanese Egg, Water Toys, Pin Cushion.
 Lillie Emerson—Pair Baby's Socks.
 Miss Libbie Bronson—Dew-drop, Wristlets.
 Amy Ames—Two Book-marks.
 Jennie Hall—Bead Collar and other articles.
 Miss Hattie Hayes—Five Needle Books, five Pin Cushions.
 Miss Hattie Chappell—Card Pictures.
 Florie and Minnie Montgomery—Four Wash Cloths, four Pin Balls.
 Gertie Chappell—Catch All, Madeira Nut.
 Jennie Lee—Mats and Doll.
 Julia Griffith—"Flora McFlimsey," Toilet Box, Dolls' Hats.
 Miss Marion Hills—Indian Needle-book, three Nets, Chatelaine, Needle-books.
 Mrs. E. F. Smith—Sacque, six Mops, two bunches Tapers.
 Mrs. C. Dewey—Opera Hood.
 A Friend—Tidy.
 Mrs. W. H. Perkins—Two Infant's Shirts, one Head Dress.
 Mrs. Vescelius—Two Doll's Hats.
 Mrs. W. H. Knapp—Pair of Reins.
 Mrs. S. E. Redfield—Five Pen-wipers, 4 Cushions, 5 Needle-books.
 Mary and Carrie Hooker—Three Mats.
 Mrs. C. Kellogg—Doll Pin-cushion, Baby's Sacque, Collar.
 Fannie Rochester—Spectacle Case.
 Viola and Annie Fay—Cushion and Thread Case.
 Jennie Hingston—Slipper.
 Cornie Hoyt—Pen-wiper.
 R. F. C. Ellis—Fancy Box, Neck-tie.
 Mary and Lottie Davis—Sacque and Scarf.
 Mrs. E. C. Baker—Large bottle of Perfumery.
 Luta Emerson—Thread Tidy.
 George Breck—Box of Perfumery.
 M. S. Jennings—Ten Dollars.
 Mr. Van Zandt—Silver Half Dollar.

Miss Carrie Starr—Three Sea Foams, set of Toilet Mats.
 Miss Julia Smith—Two Scarfs.
 Miss Nellie Brackett—Thread Tidy, Toilet Mats.
 Miss Nellie Brown and Miss Emma Hayes—Very handsome crocheted Tidy.
 Mrs. M. Rochester—Old Woman in a Shoe.
 Mrs. Davis, Hornellsville—Parlor Scrap Bag.
 Mrs. Barrett, Hornellsville—Six Doll's Bonnets, Watch Case, Tidy.
 Mrs. E. M. Smith—Pair Mittens, two Hoods.
 Misses Sarah and Amanda Green—Opera Hood.
 Miss Mary Bellows—Handsome worsted Tidy.
 Mrs. George F. Mumford and Miss Angie Mumford—Four Cake Tidies, two pairs Socks, Knitting Bag, Baby's Talma, Toilet Cushion.
 William Van Zandt—Apron.
 Mrs. Sarah E. Fuller—Watch Case.
 Mrs. Kate Farquar—Needle Cushion.
 Nellie Townsend—Feather Fan.
 Nellie Early—Two pairs Doll's Slippers, Hat and Cushion.
 Mrs. Badger—Two Pin Cushions, two Book-marks and Box.
 H. J. Rickard—Two Pictures.
 Miss Mary Ward—Two Chairs.
 Mrs. R. S. Frazer—Four Boxes, one Basket, five Cornucopias, two Vases.
 S. A. Newman—Perfumery.
 Mrs. E. S. Gilbert—Baby's Sacque.
 Mrs. M. D. Hicks—Fancy Articles.
 O. M. Benedict, Jr.—Toilet Set.
 Mrs. J. L. Booth—Baby's Sacque.
 Miss Hanford—Mat.
 Sadie Breck—Two thread Tidies.
 Miss Anna Rochester—Seven bottles Pomade.
 Mrs. Thomas Hawks—Set of Doll's Furniture.
 F. B. Mitchell—Large quantity of Perfumery.
 St. Mary's Hospital—Basket of Artificial Fruit, Framed Engraving, Photograph Album.
 Mrs. M. S. Phelan—Dolls' Bonnets, Dress and Fancy Articles.
 Mrs. Starr Hoyt—Pen-wipers.
 Miss Caddie Brackett—Worsted Tidy.
 Miss Fannie Baker—Three thread Tidies.
 Miss Lottie Wright, Lewiston, N. Y.—Pin Cushion, Cup, Housewife, Chatelaine.
 George W. Harrold—Fancy Articles, value \$10.
 G. W. Fisher—Articles for the Grab-bag.
 Mrs. S. Culver, Newark—Five yards fine Tatting.
 Hubbard & Northrup—Worsted Goods, value \$8.

Receipts for the Hospital Review,

FROM NOV. 15 TO DEC. 15, 1866.

Mrs. G. H. Mumford, Mrs. D. E. Sackett, Mrs. J. K. Chappel, Mrs. Prof. Cutting, Mrs. H. S. Draper, W. B. Crandall, F. H. Marshall, Mrs. Caroline Smith, Mrs. J. McDonald, Mrs. S. A. Vescelius, Miss Libbie A. Millard, Mrs. M. W. Mix, Dr. Anderson, Mr. Hyland, Michael Sanford, W. C. Taylor, P. H. Allen, Mrs. D. W. Marsh, Mrs. John Williams, Mrs. William Jeffrey, G. H. Mumford, Esq., Mrs. L. W. Miller, W. F. Holmes, Esq., E. H. Hollister, Miss S. Barhydt, Alex. Thompson, Hon. S. W. D. Moore, Dr. H. W. Dean, (2 copies,) B. Frank Enos, C. R. Beardsley; R. S. Clark, Albion; Maj. C.

R. Babbitt, Mrs. S. E. Redfield, L. C. Spencer, S. Scofield, E. M. Smith, S. W. Updike, M. N. Van Zandt, I. F. Force, J. S. Garlock; Mrs. M. F. Robinson, (2 years,) Mrs. W. Z. Lewis, (2 years,) Fairport; Rev. A. T. Pierson, Binghamton; Mrs. O. Morgan, Holley; Mrs. E. C. Dwinelle, 6 mos.; Mrs. Dr. Brown, Galeana, Ill.; A. N. Whiting—By Mrs. B. Frank Enos, \$24 75
 Mrs. H. Parmelee, West Bloomfield; Miss L. J. Ranney, (2 copies,) Phelps; Mrs. George Cummings, W. O. Porter—By Mrs. W. H. Perkins, 2 50
 Mrs. R. Johnson, Miss Kate Ewarts, East Groveland—By Miss Maggie Culbertson, 1 00
 Mrs. A. Morse, (2 years,) Mrs. H. E. Hooker, (2 years,) Mrs. W. F. Cogswell, (2 years); Miss Amelia Goddard, York; Miss Clara L. Richman, Miss Lillia Barnard, Saginaw City, Mich.—By Mrs. Dr. Mathews, 4 50
 Miss Jennie A. Briggs, Deerfield, Mass.—By Mrs. Dr. Barnes, 50
 Mrs. J. E. Edmondson, New Market, C. W.—By W. S. Falls, 50
 Miss Libbie Crandall, Miss J. Landon—By Ithamer Berthrong, 1 00
 Mrs. J. R. Eldridge—By Florie Montgomery
 Miss E. D. Brown, (2 years)—By Miss E. A. C. Hayes, 1 00
 Mrs. H. B. Smith, Avon; S. Ives, Batavia—By Mr. Van Zandt, 1 00
 Mrs. E. N. Bacon, Geneseo; Mrs. A. Hamilton, Livonia Station—By Mrs. J. B. Adams, 1 00
 H. H. Seymour, Buffalo; Mrs. A. A. Miller—By Miss E. G. Mathews, 1 00
 Mrs. E. Barhydt—By Mrs. Dr. Strong, 55

Cash Receipts of the Thanksgiving Party,

AT THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

Mrs. H. F. Atkinson, \$25 00
 A Friend, 1 00
 Mrs. Prof. Cutting, 5 00
 Mr. Robb, 1 00
 Mrs. Eliza Wetherell, 2 00
 A Friend, 5 00
 G. H. Mumford, 25 00
 James Brackett, 10 00
 A Friend, 5 00
 Mrs. S. B. Raymond, 5 00
 Mrs. Lovecraft, 2 00
 Mrs. Edwin Barhydt, 2 00
 Mrs. M. T. Hardy, 1 00
 Mrs. Wilcox, 1 00
 Miss Florence Sill, 1 00
 Miss Story, 1 00
 Mrs. S. B. Roby, 5 00
 Mrs. E. J. Loop, 3 00
 Mrs. E. Pancoast, 5 00
 A Friend, by Miss Kellogg, 5 00
 Mrs. H. E. Hooker, 2 00
 Mrs. M. Galusha and Mrs. N. M. Kelly, .. 5 00
 S. D. Porter, 10 00
 Mrs. J. C. Marsh, 2 00
 Mr. Hyland, 3 00
 Mrs. Geo. Gould, 5 00
 C. J. Hayden, 10 00

Freeman Clarke,	\$20 00
Mrs. F. Clarke,	10 00
William Hollister,	5 00
Morgan S. Lewis,	2 00
Mrs. Alfred Hoyt,	1 00
Miss Hoyt,	1 00
Mrs. George Hollister,	10 00
John Greenwood,	10 00
James Campbell,	5 00
W. A. Reynolds,	10 00
A Friend,	1 00
Mayor Moore,	10 00
Alderman Beir,	5 00
S. M. Sherman,	5 00
Mr. Durand,	2 00
Monroe Commandary Knights Templar, by W. B. Crandall,	25 00
Valley Lodge, No. 109, F. and A. Masons, by R. H. Smith, Master,	25 00
Hamilton Chapter, No. 62, E. A. M., by F. Hollershall,	50 00
Geneee Falls Lodge, No. 507, F. and A. Masons, by J. W. Vary,	25 00
Yonnonadio Lodge, No. 163, F. and A. Ma- son, by W. F. Holmes,	25 00
Ronald McDonald, Avon,	3 00
Martin Briggs,	10 00
Mrs. I. Hills,	3 00
D. W. Powers,	25 00
Frank Little,	2 00
Dr. H. N. Lowe,	2 00
O. M. Benedict,	5 00
S. M. Spencer,	5 00
Samuel Wilder,	5 00
E. M. Smith,	6 00
Mrs. Thomas Montgomery,	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. King,	2 00
Abelard Reynolds,	5 00
W. H. Benjamin,	10 00
Newell A. Stone,	5 00
E. M. Parsons,	10 00
Mrs. S. A. Beecher, Buffalo,	1 00
Annie Lawrence,	1 00
John H. Rochester,	8 00
W. B. Morse,	3 00
Mr. Hollister,	1 00
E. D. Smith,	10 00
Joseph Field,	50 00
Mrs. Addison Gardiner,	10 00
Miss Carter,	1 00
Mr. Wayte,	5 00
Robert M. Dalzell,	10 00
Dr. M. B. Anderson,	5 00
E. S. Jennings,	10 00
Mrs. Andrew Brackett,	1 00
Mrs. E. G. Robinson,	2 00
Aaron Erickson,	10 00
John W. Adams,	5 00
Mrs. D. W. Marsh,	1 00
Miss Eaton,	1 00
Mrs. E. T. Huntington,	2 00
Rev. Charles P. Bush,	2 00
Dr. H. W. Dean,	10 00
A Friend,	1 00
Mrs. W. F. Cogswell,	3 00
Mrs. William Burke,	10 00
Mrs. Lydia Fish, Newark,	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Howard, Fairport, ..	5 00
Samuel Hamilton,	5 00
Mrs. S. C. Hoadley,	1 00

Mrs. Hooker, Clover Street,	\$1 00
Henry Hamilton,	5 00
Curran & Goler,	5 00
E. H. Davis, Hornellsville,	5 00
Mr. Chilson,	2 00
Thomas Williams,	1 00
R. & J. Peart,	10 00
J. D. Robinson,	1 50
Mrs. D. P. Davis,	25
Ada King,	50
Irondequoit S. S. D. O. Porter, Sup't, ..	11 00
D. O. Porter's S. S. Class, Brick Church, ..	5 00
Cash received by sale of Cake, from Mrs. H. L. Fish,	51 00
S. B. Roby,	15 00
Groveland Ladies, by Miss Culbertson, ..	2 50
Ice Cream Table, by Miss Bronson,	100 62
Fancy Table, by Miss E. G. Mathews, ..	206 46
Wm. S. Falls, account donated,	8 50
Side Show, by Mrs. Rochester,	48 16
Tableaux,	120 00
Flower Table,	4 38
Grab Bag,	8 41
Little Monty's Table,	10 20
Hebrew Ladies' Benevolent Society,	10 00
Total,	\$1,304 48

Superintendent's Report for November.

1866. Nov 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, ..	56
Received during the month, 12—68	
Discharged,	10
Deaths,	2—12
Dec. 1. Remaining in Hospital,	56

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the *Hospital Review*:
 Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
 " L. A. BUTLER, Peary Centre.
 " E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.
 " MARY W. DAVIS, "
 Mrs. C. F. SPENNER, "
 " PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.
 Miss MARY BROWN, Perinton.
 Miss ADA MILLS, "
 " JULIA M'CHEENEY, Spencerport.
 " LILLIAN J. RENNEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.
 Miss PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.
 Miss LOTTIE J. WRIGHT, Lewiston.

List of our Little Agents.

LINDA BRONSON, Rochester,
 MARY PERKINS, "
 FLORIE MONTGOMERY, "
 FANNY and ELLA COLBURN, Rochester
 FANNY POMEROY, Pittsfield, Mass.
 S. HALL, Henrietta,
 JENNIE HURD, Rochester,
 MARY LANE, "
 BENNY WRIGHT, East Kendall.
 SAMUEL B. WOOD, Rochester.
 LIBBIE RENFREW, "
 ELLA VAN ZANDT, Albany.
 MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.
 MARY WATSON, "
 JULIA A. DAVIS, "
 ARRIE PETTIT, Manlius.

Children's Department.

From the Home Journal.

The Christmas Tree.

A GERMAN STORY, RENDERED FROM MEMORY.

The poet Bernhard sat in his little dwelling-room, in the fifth story of a picturesque old house in a closely built street of a certain ducal capital. Near him played his three rosy boys; while Ermingarde, his sweet blonde wife, plied her household tasks, only pausing now and then to turn a cheerful glance toward the dormer window nook, where Bernhard was writing, or softly to leave a kiss on his broad, white brow, as she passed to and fro behind his chair.

It was the week before Christmas, and the three boys, gathered in a knot before the blazing fire, were recounting the last year's gifts of the good Christ-kindchen, and innocently wondering what they would receive this year.

"I know what I would like!" exclaimed Paul, earnestly clasping his little hands, "if but the dear Christ-kindchen will find me worthy of it—a book of fairy tales, filled with beautiful colored pictures, like the one we saw in the bookseller's window."

"And I," said Hermann, "can think of nothing I would like so well as a rocking-horse, a very little larger than that of our neighbor's son Heindrich, down in the third story.

"As for me," lisped little Perti, "I would choose a basket of sugar plums, wrapped in gold and silver paper, and—"

"Oh, I have it!" joyfully interrupted Hermann. "Let us write the dear Christ-kindchen a letter, asking for these very gifts!"

"Papa, papa!" and the children sprang to his side—"will you be so kind as to write a little letter for us?"

"And to whom, my little men?" asked the father, looking up in smiling surprise.

"To Christ-kindchen, papa; we will tell you what to say."

And Bernhard prepared to write, at his boys' direction:

"DEAR, GOOD CHRIST-KINDCHEN:—Do, please, bring us a rocking-horse, a book of fairy tales, with lovely pictures, and a basket of sugar plums, this Christmas; and

do not forget, dear, dear, Christ-kindchen, that we live in room No. 20, fifth story, of house No. 340, Linden-Strasse.

"Yours,

"PAUL, HERMANN AND LITTLE PERTI."

When the letter was written, neatly folded and addressed "To Christ-kindchen," the boys persuaded Bernhard to open his window, and cast it far out on the roof, confident that those heavenly eyes would look down and see it, all in good time.

That night there arose a great storm of wind and snow, and the little white messenger was lifted up and borne over the high roofs of more than one street to the splendid Government Square, where it rested at last on the ledge of one of the upper casements of the palace of the Grand Duke.

Long after the next morning's sun had risen over the snow-covered city, a blue-eyed lady stood at this casement; and, looking out on the bright winter picture, beheld the tiny letter where it had lodged without—the address, "To Christ-kindchen," in full view. Hastily summoning her maid, the Countess Victorie directed the window to be opened, and the folded paper handed to her. She lost no time in reading it.

"Dear children?" and, as the fair lady finished the little petition, tears stood in her beautiful eyes, "God has guided their simple words to me, perhaps, that I may take the place of their dear Christ-kindchen!"

* * * * *

Christmas-day dawned brightly on the little group of eager expectants; and as Bernhard and Ermingarde watched their happy faces and listened to their impatient longing for night to come—this night, when, as the children firmly believed, Christ-kindchen would answer their letter with the so-desired gifts—the fond parents had very often to turn away to conceal their emotion. Alas! their slender purse would not allow them the luxury of procuring these little presents for their children!

After their early dinner, in preparing which Ermingarde had exerted all her skill, besides expending the best part of her last florin in a Christmas cake, to which Bernhard and the boys did full justice, the dear little woman prepared them all for a walk in the brilliant Christmas streets, trusting that the children would become absorbed

in the gay scenes without, and so forget their expected visit from Christ-kindchen. With this hope, she and Bernhard permitted them to linger at pleasure before the beautifully arranged shop windows, and before the lottery booths, where Bernhard was tempted to risk a few kreutzers for his little people, and won, to their delight, a coronet of the most delicious *bon bons*.

When night came on, and the lamps began to twinkle along the crowded street, the little party found themselves at some distance from the Linden Strasse, whereupon the careful mother prevailed upon them to turn their footsteps homeward. But now, to her sorrow, the children's thoughts again reverted to Christ-kindchen and the expected gifts.

"We will find them awaiting us—*nicht so, lieber mutter—nicht so, lieber papa?*" was the question of each little heart.

Impatience lent wings to their feet, and springing through the great door opening upon the stone stairway leading up to their attic home, the three boys reached the narrow fifth story landing in advance of their weary, heavy-hearted parents.

A joyous shout from the boys, and a flood of light falling in waves over the winding stairway, now startled Bernhard and Ermingarde. Hastily mounting to the side of their children—what a sight met their eyes! The door leading into their little home was wide open, and in the centre of the tidy room rose a beautiful CHRISTMAS-TREE—a tapering, dark-green fir—in whose graceful branches blazed innumerable waxen tapers, between which hung the loveliest toys that ever were seen, golden and silver-covered fruits, nuts and sugar plums; on a little round table beneath lay three prettily-bound books, and near by stood a fine rocking-horse, just as if he were awaiting a rider.

Let the curtain fall on the transports of the children, the bewilderment of the parents, the gratitude to their generous unknown, as they watched their darling boys around the radiant table. There were happy, glowing hearts in the little attic that Christmas night.

The next day two letters were brought to Bernhard. The first announced to him that the volume of poems submitted by him to the court bookseller a few weeks before, would "be published at the earliest possible day." Good news; but the other letter, which bore a government seal, raised

the happiness of the little family to a height still greater. It was Bernhard's appointment to an office under the Grand Duke, the duties of which were little more than nominal, but whose salary would at once place his family in a position of comparative ease.

Years later, when Bernhard's name as a poet had become known and honored throughout his fatherland, the still lovely Countess Victorie, confessed to him and Ermingarde, the part she had taken in answering the letter of Paul, Hermann and Perti—now grown to be manly youths—to Christ-kindchen, and also the fact of her having exerted her influence with the Grand Duke and Duchess, (after learning that the father of the three boys, and Bernhard, the rising poet, were one and the same person) in obtaining for him the government appointment.

Only Five Minutes.

Five minutes late, and the school is begun,
What are rules for, if you break every one?
Just as the scholars are seated and quiet,
You hurry in with disturbance and riot.

Why did you loiter so long by the way?
All of the classes are formed for the day;
Hurry, and pick up definer and slate,
Room at the foot for the scholar that's late.

Five minutes late, and the table is spread,
The children are seated, and grace has been said;
Even the baby, all sparkling and rosy,
Sits in her high chair, by mamma, so cozy!

Five minutes late, and your hair all askew,
Just as the comb was drawn hastily through!
There is your chair, and your tumbler, and plate,
Cold cheer for those who are five minutes late.

Five minutes late on this bright Sabbath morn!
All the good people to meeting have gone;
And they cannot hear the sweet gospel message,
As your boots creak noisily in the passage.

People and minister look at your pew,
Little surprised when they see it is you;
Ah! when you stand at the beautiful gate,
What will you do if you are five minutes late?

MRS. M. J. RAYNE.

The Christmas Tree was first introduced into Germany by the Archduchess Henrietta, wife of the late Archduke Charles, some fifty years ago. Let the little folks make their best bow to the Archduchess.

Miscellaneous.

Wanted, a Place.

During breakfast, one day, Lord Eardley was informed that a person had applied for a footman's place, then vacant. He was ordered into the room, and a double-refined specimen of a *genus* greatly detested by his lordship, made his appearance. The manner of the man was extremely affected and consequential, and he determined to lower him a little.

"Well, my good fellow," said he, "you want a lackey's place, do you?"

"I came about an upper footman's situation, my lord," said the gentleman, bridling up his head.

"Oh, do ye, do ye," replied Lord Eardley; "I keep no upper servants; all alike, all alike here."

"Indeed, my lord," exclaimed this upper footman, with an air of shocked dignity, "what department, then, am I to consider myself expected to fill?"

"Department, department!" quoth my lord, in a tone of inquiry.

"In what capacity, my lord?"

My lord repeated the word "*capacity*" as if not understanding its application to the present subject.

"I mean, my lord," explained the man, "what shall I be expected to do if I take the situation?"

"Oh, you mean if you take the place. I understand you now," rejoined my lord. "Why, you are to do everything but sweep the chimneys and clean the pig-sties, and those I do myself!"

The "gentleman" stared, scarcely knowing what to make of this, and seemed to wish himself out of the room; he, however, grinned a ghastly smile, and, after a short pause, inquired—"What salary does your lordship give?"

"Salary! salary!" reiterated his incorrigible lordship; don't know the word, don't know the word, my good man."

Again the gentleman explained "I mean, what wages!"

"Oh, what wages," echoed my lord. "What d'ye ask—what d'ye ask?"

Trip regained his self-possession at this question, which looked like business; and considering for a few minutes, answered—first stipulating to be found in hair powder, and (on state occasions) silk stockings, gloves, and bouquet—that he should expect thirty pounds a year.

"How much! how much?" demanded his lordship, rapidly.

"Thirty pounds, my lord."

"Thirty pounds?" exclaimed Lord Eardley, in affected amazement, "make it guineas, and I'll come and live with you;" then ringing the bell, said to the servant who answered it, "let out this 'gentleman,' he's too good for me."

Plighted.

Mine to the core of the heart, my beauty!
Mine, all mine, and for love not duty;
Love given willingly, full and free,
Love, for love's sake, as I love thee.
Duty—a servant, keeps the key,
But love—the master, goes in and out
Of his goodly chambers with song and shout,
Content and happy, merry and free.

Mine, from the dear head's crown, brown-golden,
To the silken foot, that's scarce beholden!
Give a warm hand to a friend, a smile
Like a generous lady, now and awhile;
But the sanctuary heart, that none dare win,
Keep holiest of holiest evermore—
The crowd in the aisles may watch at the door,
The High Priest only enters in.

Mine, my own—without doubts or terrors;
With all thy goodness, all thy errors,
Unto me, and me alone, revealed
A spring shut up, a fountain sealed;
Many may praise thee—praise mine and thine;
Many may love thee—I'll love them too,
But thy heart of hearts, pure, faithful and true,
Must be mine, mine wholly, forever mine.

Mine! God, I thank Thee that Thou hast given
Something *all mine* on this side of Heaven!
Something as much myself to be
As this my soul which I left to Thee!
Flesh of my flesh, bone of my bone,
Husband and wife, whom Thou dost make
Two to the world, for the world's own sake,
But each unto each, as in Thy sight one.

Hospital Notice.

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

NEW STOCK OF BEAUTIFUL

SPRING DRY GOODS.

WE are now opening the LARGEST and FINEST STOCK OF SPRING GOODS that we have ever offered to our customers. The stock comprises everything new and desirable in the line of DRY GOODS.

We invite every one to call and examine our goods and prices.

April, 1866.

A. S. MANN & CO.,
87 and 39 State St.

Advertisements.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Pr. Sq., 1 insertion \$1 00	Quarter Column.....\$10 00
Three Months..... 3 00	One Third Column..... 12 00
Six Months..... 5 00	Half Column, 1 Year, 15 00
One Year..... 8 00	One Column, 1 Year, 26 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

A. S. MANN & CO.

37 and 39 State Street,

HAVE received another large lot of NEW SILKS, which they offer to purchasers at GREAT BARGAINS. The lot comprises BLACK, BROWN, GREEN, BLUE, LAVENDER, and every other desirable color. Also, a full assortment of

BLACK AND WHITE CHECKED SILKS, at the lowest prices. April, 1866.

THE GREAT AMERICAN

TEA COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

Have established an Agency for the sale of their

Teas and Coffees,

At 62 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

The following are the Prices:

YOUNG HYSON, ... \$1.	\$1.10 and \$1.25 per lb.
OOLONGS,	30c., 90c. and \$1.00 "
MIXED TEAS,	30c., 90c. and \$1.00 "
IMPERIAL,	\$1 and \$1.25 "
UNCOLORED JAPAN, best,	\$1.25 "
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, ..	\$1 and \$1.20 "
GROUND COFFEE, ...	20c., 30c. and 40c. "

All goods sold by this Company are put up in pound packages, with style, price, and guarantee, as to quality, printed on the wrapper. The prices are precisely the same at which the Company sell them in New York; and every pound of Tea or Coffee sold, is warranted to give entire satisfaction, or they can be returned and the money refunded.

We have a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

of every description, and offer all articles in our line so low as to make it a special object for people, in City or Country, to deal with us.

The goods put up by the Great American Tea Company, are for sale by no other house.

MOORE & COLE,

April, 1866. 1y 62 Buffalo Street.

UNION ICE COMPANY.

ICE supplied on reasonable terms, to Private Families, &c. by week, month or year.

Ice Depot, Mount Hope Avenue, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Orders left at J. PALMER'S ICE CREAM SALOON, Fitzhugh Street, opposite the Court House, will be promptly attended to.

March 15, 1866. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

BRECK'S PHARMACY.

GEORGE BRECK,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,

61 Buffalo Street,

Smith's Arcade, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

DEALER IN

Fancy & Toilet Goods,

AND PURE WINES & LIQUORS,

For medicinal uses.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.

Floral Depot for Frost & Co's Greenhouses.

June 15, 1866.

A. S. MANN & CO.

37 AND 39 STATE STREET, have just received a lot of

SILK WARP POPLINS,

just the thing for Ladies' Traveling Dresses. April, 1866.

Water Lime and Plaster.

REMOVAL.

M. M. MATHEWS & SON,

Have removed their Office and Warehouse to

83 Exchange Street,

Where they will continue to deal in WATER LIME and PLASTER, and all kinds of Masons' goods. 6m* Rochester, N. Y., April, 1866.

CURRAN & COLER,

SUCCESSORS TO R. KING & CO.

Druggists & Apothecaries,

No. 96 BUFFALO STREET,

Opposite the Court House.

Rochester, N. Y.

RICHARD CURRAN.

April, '66-1y*

G. W. COLER.

SMITH & PERKINS, WHOLESALE GROCERS,

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH.

GILMAN H. PERKINS.

[Established in 1836.]

Jan. 1865.

tf

S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,

DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries and Provisions,

OF ALL KINDS,

Nos. 67 & 69 Buffalo Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Jan. 1866.

1y

LANE & PAINE,

Dealers in

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,

TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.

18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

ALFRED S. LANE. mch, 1866. 1y CYRUS F. PAINE.

JOHN SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

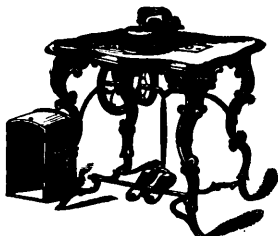
LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.

No. 142 Main St., Rochester.

Jan. 15, 1865.

PERFECTION REACHED AT LAST.

Embodied in the New and Popular



GOLD MEDAL SEWING MACHINE.

THE "FLORENCE" took the Gold Medal at the Fair of the American Institute, New York, Oct. 20th, 1865, as the best machine in the world. 80,000 sold within the last three years, giving universal satisfaction to all. They have no equal as a Family or Manufacturing Machine.

Warranted never to have "fits." Does its work alike each day. REASONS.

1. Its simplicity and great range of work.
2. Its making four different stitches, viz: the lock, knot, double-lock and double-knot.
3. The reversible feed motion operated by simply turning a thumb-screw, enabling the operator to run the work from right to left or left to right, and perfectly self-sustaining to the end of the seam.
4. The perfect finish and substantial manner in which the machine is made.
5. The rapidity of its working, and the quality of the work done.
6. Its self-adjusting tension.

The "FLORENCE" will sew from the finest Lawn to the heaviest Pilot Cloth, without change of tension or breaking of thread. As a Tailor's manufacturing machine, or family machine, it has no equal. We make strong assertions which we are prepared to substantiate in every particular.

Believe not what the agents or friends of other machines may say, but see the Florence before purchasing any other and judge for yourself.

For All kinds of Stitching, Cloak and Dress Making, done to order, and all kinds of Ladies' Garments made to order on short notice, in the neatest possible manner, by competent operators.

- For Silk, Needles and best Oil, for sale at this Office.
- Rooms over 29 State street, Rochester, N. Y.
- A liberal discount made to those who buy to sell again.

For particulars address

CHAS. SPENCER HALL, General Agt.,
Nov. 15, 1865. Rochester, N. Y.

MEAT MARKET.

E. & A. WAYTT,

Dealers in all kinds of

Fresh Meats, Poultry,

SMOKED MEATS,

SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.

104 Buffalo Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Cash paid for Country Produce. Game of all kinds in its season.

GEORGE MCKAY,

PAINTER & GLAZIER,

CORNER OF STONE & ELY STREETS.

**Walls Whitened or Tinted,
AND PAINTING DONE,**

In the most reliable and satisfactory manner. All orders left as above, or at his residence, on Ely St., will receive prompt attention.
Oct. 1865.

LIFE, FIRE, AND MARINE

INSURANCE OFFICE,

No. 18 ARCADE HALL, } ROCHESTER, N. Y.
No. 7 EXCHANGE PLACE, }

CASH CAPITAL REPRESENTED, \$10,000.

BUELL & BREWSTER,

Agents for a large number of the most reliable Companies in the United States.

Policies issued, and all losses promptly adjusted and paid.

H. P. BREWSTER, E. N. BUELL.
Rochester, Sept., 1865.-6m.

THE OLD & RESPONSIBLE

D. LEARY'S

Steam Fancy Dyeing

AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT,

Two hundred yards North of the New York
Central R. R. Depot,

On Mill St., corner of Platt,

Brown's Race, Rochester, N. Y.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors; also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Scoured or Colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Silks, Woolen or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed in all colors, and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

Goods dyed black every Thursday.

All goods returned in one week.

Goods received and returned by Express.

Bills collected by Express Co.

Address D. LEARY, Cor. Mill & Platt sts.,
Jan. 1865. Rochester, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. III

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1867.

No. 6.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. Dr. MATHEWS, Corresponding Secretary, 28 Spring Street.

Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.
Over 21 Buffalo Street, opposite the Arcade.

For the Hospital Review.

Faith.

Lord, I may never know

Why all my blessed light is turned to deepest night,

That, thick and dark, engulphs me in its gloom;

Why all the fair sweet blooms that from the near hedge-row

Looked up and smiled at me, so little time ago,

Now faded, dead—to cruel thorns give room;

Enough that I may know,

Thou, Lord, hast willed it so.

Lord, I may never know

Why, in Thy clearer sight, it seemeth just and right,

To turn my hopes to heavy, haunting fears;

Why all my life's sweet wine, just sparkling at my lip,

Is changed to bitterest gall, that sickens as I sip;

Yet to the lees I drain, with many tears;

Enough for me to know,

Thou, Lord, hast willed it so.

Lord, I may never know,

Why *all* that made my way seem bright and glad and gay,

Thy hand hath stricken out, and left no trace:

But, in their stead, I feel that Thy compassion sweet

Will give me something else to make my life complete:

And, bye and bye, will call me to a place

Where I may *hope* to know

Why Thou hast willed it so.

MRS. JAMES H. WILLIAMS.

Rochester, Jan. 6th, 1867.

For the Hospital Review.

Comfort in God's Word.

"My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of Him; for whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth."—*Heb. xii. 5, 6.*

What comfort and encouragement for the afflicted, tried child of God—"afflictions spring not of the dust," they are appointed by our Father, who knows what we need.

"Each drop that fills our daily cup, His hand Prescribes for ills none else can understand."

Oh! why should we faint and cry to Him to spare the rod; He will be with us, He will strengthen, He will uphold. We have His promise that He will not lay upon us more than He will give us strength to bear. If left to ourselves, are we not in danger of finding our comfort *here*, and forgetting Him? But every trial rightly

borne, increases our faith, our trust, our hope—brings us nearer to God, gives us clearer views of our compassionate High Priest, who feels for, and shares the sufferings of, His body, the church. Oh! for grace to live as members of that body, ever looking to Christ our head.

"I ask Thee not the rod to spare,
While thus thy love I see;
But oh! let every suffering bear
Some message, Lord, from Thee!"

R.

For the Hospital Review.

Song.

BY KATE CAMERON.

The glad New Year, with words of cheer,
Comes with its happy greeting;
And friendly voice bids heart rejoice,
Where loving ones are meeting.
The sunny smile doth care beguile,
And steal the sting from sorrow;
And eyes that weep, find rest in sleep,
Or dream of brighter morrow.

The changing Past—it could not last,
Its record now is ended;
Its smiles and tears, its hopes and fears,
In one fair rainbow blended.
The present hour is in our power
To fill with grief or gladness;
If wisely spent, a sweet content
Will banish all our sadness.

When skies are blue, and hearts are true,
We find no cause for weeping;
But storms may rise and tearful eyes
Their lonely watch be keeping.
Then, from afar, may Faith's bright star
Shine out, our frail barque, guiding,
Till o'er the deep, we calmly sweep,
The wind and wave out-riding.

Dilatory people are always behind time. Some one said to a person of this class, "I see that you belong to the three-handed people." "Three-handed!" said he, "that's rather uncommon." "Oh, no; common enough," said the other; "two hands like other people—and a little behind-hand!"

Advice is like snow, the softer it falls the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

The Costly Vase; or Robbing the Poor.

BY EDITH RIVARS.

It is a double tenement house, on a quiet cross street in the city. Mrs. Elmer, an intelligent looking matron, has just put the finishing touches to a hasty, though neat toilet, and now seats herself in a favorite sewing chair, close by the window.

Mrs. Elmer wears the honor of being the wife of a poor man, and it must be acknowledged that she supports the oft-questioned dignity with befitting meekness. She is also the mother of four beautiful children, whom she loves better than herself, or the opinions of her neighbors.

There comes a gentle rap at the door.—Mrs. Elmer rises to receive her visitor. A fair young face flashes into the room, like a ray of sunlight. A sweet girlish voice rings forth in earnest exclamations, "Dear Mrs. Elmer, just look at these lovely vases! I can buy them without opening my purse! You know my all-wool delaine, it is hopelessly ruined by an odious rent in the sleeve, and then there is that heavy broad-cloth cape, I shall never wear it again. Alfred thinks it is so clumsy! Would you not gladly give them both, considering their present uselessness, for these dear sweet little loves?"

A sudden cloud dropped its folds over the countenance of Mrs. Elmer, shutting out all the brightness of expectancy, and producing a singular contrast to the radiant picture framed in the open door.

"Excuse me, Mariette, it seems cruel to throw a chill upon your enthusiasm, but a consciousness within compels me to say that, beautiful as I admit these ornaments to be, I should count them too dear, purchased with a single article from my store of cast off clothing. God forbid that I should ever again be guilty of robbing the poor!"

The happy bride of a year, housekeeper of a month, gazed with amazement into the depths of the eloquent eyes fixed upon her. Her heart was thrilled by the solemn fervor of the words, the sentiment breathing a soul-full pity for earth's suffering children, dropping from the lips of one from whom she had learned countless lessons in domestic economy, and many of the beautiful little arts that tend to make home the sweetest spot in all the earth.

"If I knew of any real deserving poor

girl who actually needed a dress and cloak, I am sure that she should be quite welcome to mine, and I would give up the vases but I think I *must* have them. They are so beautiful! Do you blame me, Mrs. Elmer?"

The last interrogatory was uttered deprecatingly, while a winning plea for self affixed its seal to the dimpled face.

"Blame you, child? I cannot! You have had no such bitter experience as mine, rising up to taunt me with selfishness and forgetfulness of the claims of God in behalf of his blessed humanity; no remorseful memory underlying all the joys of this old year, just now pluming his wings for an eternal flight!"

"Mrs. Elmer, you alarm me. I have distressed you. Forgive me, I shall not trade with the old clothes' dealer this morning, I do not feel like it now."

A sunny gleam kindled up the sombre countenance of Mrs. Elmer as she responded fervently, "The blessing of those ready to perish, be upon you, my dear friend. You have decided to *think* before you *act*; I know you too well to doubt the result. Come to me when your errand is accomplished, and I will do myself the pleasure of presenting you with a single vase, twice as delicate in material and chaste in design, and a thousand times more valuable, if, as we women are too apt to estimate our ornaments, the value of the article may be computed by its cost.

Light footsteps were heard upon the stairs, a few low, decisive words, a rude, angry rejoinder, the quick slamming of the street door, and the next instant the not unwilling pupil in life's great school was sitting at the feet of one of her most valued teachers.

Mrs. Elmer held in her hand a large vase cut from the purest Parian marble, embellished on either side with a massive cluster of grapes. Placing it in the lap of her young friend, she watched her sparkling face with a gratified smile.

"This is perfectly elegant!" was the exclamation of the impulsive little woman, as she bowed her head, oppressed by a strange mixture of gratitude and humility.

"Does it please you more than those that so nearly tempted you into an unconscionable wrong?"

"O yea, indeed!"

"A correct taste will not suffer you to overlook its delicacy and beauty, but lest

you may undervalue my gift, I shall reveal its great cost."

The bright face on which time nor care had traced a line, was raised with expectancy, as Mrs. Elmer proceeded in a remorseful strain; "I know my duty to those poorer than myself. I was taught it in infancy in the best possible way, by a living example. The solitary reminiscence of a mother who went to heaven, ere I attained my third year, was an act of charity. The sympathy shining on her noble countenance while she listened to the tale of poverty; the wrinkled brow of the aged woman, murmuring her thanks for the timely relief, the emaciated figure passing out of the house, and toiling up the broken slope leading to her desolated home, all was stamped on my childish heart. I remembered and practised upon the lesson as I ascended the flowery path of youth. I learned to feel with the poor as suffering with them: I knew how to do good with the little of this world's possessions entrusted to my care; in a moment of selfishness and forgetfulness I neglected to do it, and it was accounted unto me sin; in the bitter self-accusation of after moments, I sometimes pronounced it *crime*!"

"It was New Year's Day—just such a bright one gilded our sky on the first day of this year. Dinner was almost ready.—I was momentarily expecting my husband. The bell rang. I flew to the door, hoping to meet the face I best loved to see. It was a foreigner, with a basket of glittering wares. I shook my head, and was about closing the door, when this vase, with its perfectly chiselled fruit, delicate leaves and exquisite tracery of tendrils and vine, caught my eye. Instantly, as if Satan had presented the illusion, I seemed to see, shooting up from the fluted mouth, a bunch of fresh, blooming flowers, Elmer's favorite gift to me on New Year's day, partly because they were a rare luxury in the season of snow and storm, and partly because he fancied his country-bred wife pined for the fragrant odors of her mountain home. I pictured it standing on my table within the glow of his smile, and I almost heard the children's voices shouting a welcome to the gorgeous flowers. With eagerness, I asked the price of the coveted treasure, and looked my surprise on hearing the reply: "Never mind the price, lady; just pick up your old clothes, any kind of cast-off garments; I will give you the vase for them."

"Astonishment that a gem so perfect should be offered for the trifling value of a few defaced garments, kept me silent for a moment. There was another thought that sent a sharp little pang through my tempted heart. I had been accustomed from childhood to give my rejected clothing to some family whom I knew to be in want; but now I found myself unable to decide with usual promptitude.

"The Holy Spirit does not always strive with the human will, and after a few moments of pleading and resisting, I was left to combat the forces of evil alone! In my blindness of heart, I hurriedly gathered up every article that could be spared from our family wardrobe, and tossed them together into the hands of the old pedler, in exchange for the elegant vase, and thought it cheaply purchased. I forgot the principle of humanity, implanted in my soul for a divine purpose, that I had recklessly bartered away. The superb vase, supporting its burthen of beauty and fragrance, was admired to my complete satisfaction.

"The skeleton did not sit down with us at the feast on that joyful New Year's Day, but it appeared afterwards. I will tell you in what form: A pale, anxious looking woman came weekly to do my washing. She had been recommended by a friend, who also gave her employment. She was an American, and very nice and expeditious about her work. I could not help thinking, sometimes, that her energy and despatch was but the effect of some secret spur, goading her on toward desperation. I knew her to be hard pressed in the race of life—her vocation, for which her delicate hands and slender frame was peculiarly unfitted, her scanty attire, both assured me of that; and as the winter grew colder and fiercer, she grew thinner and paler, and her large blue eyes took on an expression of mute appeal that went straight to my heart! Occasionally I gave her a few pieces of silver from my meagre purse above the pay for her services, and I compelled her invariably to stay to dinner; but I did not inquire into her situation. I had not the means to be charitable, and I could not profane the sacredness of her sufferings for nought! Imagine, if you can, the feelings with which on each passing week I marked her entrance into my kitchen, shivering with cold, and harassed by an obstinate cough; watched

her as she hurriedly laid aside her flimsy shawl, that would scarcely defend her from an autumn breeze, fold up the sleeves of the same calico gown, and rub, rub, rub, for dear life and dearer bread, with that appealing expression written all over her anguished face! Think you I could fail to remember the woolen dress, warm and durable, though much soiled, the large old-fashioned sacque of thick, yet faded material, heedlessly thrown in among the old clothes I had freely given for this cheating prize? O, I know you can realize what a bliss it would have been to have folded those comfortable garments about her shrinking form, and earned the privilege of knowing her sorrows, and helping her bear her weary life-burdens.

"It was under the influence of regrets like these that I fully comprehended the issue of the battle fought in my soul on that New Year's morn. There was no more doubt on which side the victory had turned. I had awakened rejoicings in the enemy's kingdom, and he who notes each sparrow's fluttering fall, could not mark with indifference the false step of an immortal soul. I shall not linger upon the mortification I suffered at one time during the winter, when my husband came in hastily, and requested me to get his old coat for a poor man who was sawing wood at our door in his shirt-sleeves. Ah, that too had been sacrificed to my selfish taste.

"There came yet another scene, more painful still, when my boy, who has a heart open and free as the day, begged me to give his last year's boots to a little lad selling shavings in the street, barefoot, and I was forced to tell him with a shame-burdened bosom, that the mother he so much loved, had defrauded the poor for an idle pleasure!

"Mariette, you can no longer wonder that this elegant toy gives me no delight when its possession cost me an ennobling principle, the blessedness of giving, the undoubting confidence of a tender husband, the perfect faith of my darling boy, a whole year of frequent recurring remorse!"

Mrs. Elmer paused and glanced inquiringly into her friend's eyes. She did not seem inclined to break the silence, and Mrs. Elmer drew her towards the pleasant window, and again raised the cover of her work-basket, adding, "Look," and she unfolded in quick succession, garments of various sizes and hues, sufficient to fur-

nish entire suits for a whole family, provided, of course, that the family was no larger than her own. "These are all for a poor sister-toiler, my washerwoman. I do not know that she is needy as formerly. She does not wear that pleading face now; it is stronger, colder, and more self-reliant. I don't like it as well, terribly as the other used to torture me. But she comes to wash regularly, and her clothes are little better. By a casual inquiry, I learned that she had a husband, a family of small children, and lives in— Place. There will be a surprise party at her house to-morrow afternoon, composed of Elmer, who has contributed to my enterprise the price of a ton of coal and a barrel of flour; you know his business has increased somewhat the past year; my children, who have saved all their Christmas presents for the little ones, and myself, least deserving the expected treat of them all."

The pretty enthusiast's eyes began to glisten, and she clapped her hands in delight, repeating, in rapid tones, "Oh, Mrs. Elmer, what a charming plan! it is really romantic. Now do let me go with you; I will mend my delaine if you will just show me the best way, and carry the poor woman the clumsy cape. I'll warrant her never to freeze with that on her shoulders."

"Thank you, my kind Mariette, I hoped it would end thus. Your donation will prove particularly acceptable to my stock, for my poor friend has five children, while I have only four, and we can spare but one suit apiece."

On the following day, our happy party found their way through a gloomy court, into a brick block, up two flights of stairs. Mr. Elmer knocked at the door, which was opened by a little flaxen-haired girl, wrapped up in an old shawl.

"Is Mrs. Lane at home?"

"Yes, sir. Mother, here's a gentleman."

Mrs. Elmer's well-known washerwoman came forward at this call, and stood in motionless surprise as she discovered one after another of the smiling faces besieging her door for admittance. Presently overcoming her confusion, she invited her guests into the room, and gave them seats near the stove. There was but little fire, and the air seemed quite chilly. The floor was neatly carpeted, and several articles of furniture were arranged tastefully about the apartment. A bed occupied one cor-

ner, in which a man and a little child were lying. A table, on which were scattered some open books and maps, stood on the side of the stove, opposite our party. Two girls and one boy, between the ages of six and ten, seemed to be studying, though their serious faces were now lifted in wondering amazement. The little one, who had opened the door, had stolen to her mother's side, and was now sitting in her lap. Every thing in the dress and appearance of the family indicated poverty, combined with a determined effort to ward off abject want.

"Your husband is sick," remarked Mrs. Elmer, in a sympathetic voice.

"Yes, ma'am, it is the second winter that he has been laid up with neuralgia."

"Is he obliged to be in bed all of the time?"

"Mostly," was the hesitating reply.

During this conversation, Mr. Elmer had been studying the physiognomy of the family group, and now spoke.

"Mrs. Lane, you have a promising family of children; do they attend school?"

"No, sir," with greater hesitancy.

Mrs. Elmer pitied the poor woman's embarrassment, and hastened to relieve her by disclosing the errand that brought them unannounced in her presence. The basket was opened, and with the air of a person soliciting a favor, the modest donor proceeded to transfer its hoarded treasures to the possession of the amazed family. The generous children, excited by their mother's example, flitted about the room dispensing on every side with the brightest of smiles, their little store of playthings and trinkets. The money was laid silently upon the table, beside the box in which was closely packed the collation that usually accompanies surprise and donation parties. There were plenty of tears and smiles, but a marvellous dearth of words. The visit was brief and crowned with the double blessing that ever attends the ministrations of mercy.

Mrs. Lane followed her guests out upon the landing. Grasping the hand of her benefactress, in a voice shivered by an excess of emotion, she exclaimed in broken sentences, "I cannot speak what I feel; God knows that my heart is grateful. I ought to tell it to you. Your gifts of warm clothing will enable my sick, broken-spirited husband to sit up most of the time; my children, who dearly love

their books, to go to school constantly. I am so encouraged I shall now get along. Last winter it was harder; I was not used to roughing it then. I am stronger now, and know better how to take advantage of my work. O, Mrs. Elmer, what a happy New Year's Day you have made for me and mine. God bless you!"

Sobs precluded further utterance. Mrs. Elmer wrung the hand of the grateful woman in a like passion of tears, and returned to her plain, unadorned home, a million-fold happier than if every room was crowded with the rarest gems of art and beauty, and her memory still poisoned with the cankering thought that she knew her duty to Christ's chosen ones, and did it not.—*Zion's Herald*.

For the Hospital Review.

One Summer,

Underneath the apple-boughs, many years ago,
Knelt a knight, and whispered, very sweet and
low,

"Listen, little maiden, do not bid me go."
Softly stirred the robin, in her downy nest,
Swiftly leaped the heart-beat, in my woman's
breast,
As my little brown hand in his hand was prest.

Rosy apple-blossoms drifted over me,
When the summer south-wind came across the
lea,

Bearing up the murmur of the distant sea.
Apple-blossoms faded, harvest-time had come,
Slowly went the reapers, weary, toiling home,
And we followed after, when the day is done.

Wreaths of scarlet poppies twining in my hair,
Low he bent to whisper, words as false, as fair;
O, my knight was gallant, lordly, *debonair*.

All the corn was gathered. By the curtning
vine,
Trailing on the lattice, at the day's decline,
Lingered we so gaily, in the pale sunshine.

Yellow sun-shine faded. Loud the beating rain
Moaned and sobbed the night through, at my win-
dow-pane,

And my heart cried hopelessly, "Will he come
again?"

Waiting, ohilled, still trustful, will my memory
go,

Back thro' all these lost years, to the long ago,
When I listened, and believed that he loved me
so.

MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 15, 1867.

The Winter and the Poor.

The holidays have come and gone since our last issue. Happy days may they have proved to our readers; and may the rose-light tinging the dawn of the New Year, spread yet more brightly over its close. The gay season is at its height. Rumors of parties and sleigh-rides, and festivities of various kinds, reach us from every side. However dim the auguries for 1867, the shadow has not fallen yet. The long continued snow and fine sleighing add much to the cheerfulness of the city. The avenues are alive and crowded with sleighs and with gay parties, eager upon making the most of the snow. The winter is, and has been severe, but keen, clear and bracing. It is winter in earnest—but winter as we all like it—winter as we dream of it—landscapes, hooded in ermine—streets, merry with sleigh-bells—winter as of the olden time, and of New England memories.

But we must not forget that these keen, cold winters are hard upon the poor; and Rochester and its adjacent towns have not forgotten, and will not forget it. Sitting by our cozy fire, while the storm beats wildly and fiercely without—it is gratifying to know that the poor have not been forgotten, and to think of the various efforts and organizations in our city for their relief, and of all that has this winter been done for them. The Industrial School has been aided in its good work of gathering in the little outcasts of our streets, and giving them food and warmth, and raiment and timely instruction. The Home has been cheered in its labors, and stands with hospitable doors ever ready to open to welcome in the homeless and the friendless. The Charitable Society has been encouraged in its arduous task of visiting the needy sick wherever they may find them

—in whatever condition of want or woe—that they may give relief. Soon, as we trust, the Orphan Asylum will receive its due share of public sympathy and generosity—and of our Hospital it is unnecessary to speak—so recent—so generous, and munificent have been our favors and the help extended to us. These various Institutions—each doing its separate work—yet each having its spring in the same source—bound by one aim—and forming, together, one harmonious whole—are the pride and ornament of our city. What suffering there would be in our midst at this time, but for these Institutions!

How impossible it would be for any of us to enjoy the glow and warmth of our own firesides, this bitter night, while the moan of one from without, suffering with cold and want, should reach our ears. But there would be many such a moan—many a wail in our city to-night—even if it did not reach our ears—but for these blessed Institutions. Let us thank God for them—and that they are so many, and that He has placed it in our power to contribute something at least to their support. Let us also, as Institutions, put away all petty strifes and jealousies, and be ready to truly sympathize with and help each other—regarding ourselves—and our work—our hopes—our aims, as one. If the love of Christ is indeed in our hearts, how can we but rejoice at the work which each Institution is accomplishing—and rejoice at its success? Such a winter as this impresses upon us the fact, that too much cannot be done for the destitute around us—and let us search into their cases, and see that provision is made for all. Let us not, tempted by the gaities of the hour, give ourselves up to selfish ease and enjoyment, and be careless and indifferent to the woe and want which may be in our midst. Let us be on the alert to discover individual cases of suffering, and let us be ready, with heart and purse, to

aid each of these Institutions, organized to administer relief.

Our Hospital is doing its part nobly now at this time, when its work is so much needed. It is its aim to embrace all, and to extend to all, aid and relief, to its utmost ability. We ask you, kind reader, to continue to aid us in this work—aid us with your means—aid us with your prayers!

A word to the Wise.

Complaints reach us from those who have the financial management of the *Review*, that there are those, (we sincerely hope they are but few,) who send back their papers, with the request to have them discontinued, without first paying arrearages. Now, we will not ask is this *generous*—(although considering our little sheet is an advocate of a charity, we might do so,) but we will ask more—is it *honest*? Is it honest to receive a paper a year or over, and then simply refuse it—send it back without a word? We do not think so. If any of our readers or subscribers have really made up their minds that they do not want our paper any longer, although we are very sorry to believe there can be any such, all that we have to say is this: the only right, proper thing to do before stopping the paper, is to pay up *all* your indebtedness for it. Now are we unreasonable in this? Who will say so? A better way than all is, never once to think of discontinuing it. Why should you? Is not the *Review* a nice little paper—fully worth all you pay for it? We have been flattered into thinking so; and then have you realized what an aid it is to our Hospital? Much better renew your subscription at once, than to discontinue it—but of all things, don't discontinue it without paying up arrearages!

A GOOD TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.—Now is an excellent time to subscribe for the *Review*, or to get us a new subscriber. Begin with the new year!

A Muff Exchanged.

We are requested to repeat the notice given last month, of the exchange of a muff, by some one, at our Thanksgiving Party. Any lady present upon that occasion, who finds upon examination, that she has a muff not belonging to her, is requested to leave it at the City Hospital, where she will find her own awaiting her. The muff taken was a mink, not sable, as we stated last month.

WANTED, A HOME!—Wanted, a good home and Christian parents, for a baby in our Hospital—a bright, healthy, active, beautiful boy, of eleven months. Who will take him?

MARY DEANE will please accept our thanks for a spicy sketch, received too late for this issue, but which will appear in our next.

Donation for the Orphan.

We desire at this time, to call the attention of our readers to a Donation, to be given, as we understand, on the fourteenth of February, (St. Valentine Day,) at the Orphan Asylum. It is, we believe, the first public effort of the kind by its managers, and they have our warmest wishes for their deserved success. An appeal for the orphan is, or should be, unnecessary. That one word—with all the loss—and the life-want and woe which it implies, makes its own appeal to every heart. We have had our own generous remembrances at our Thanksgiving Party—and the Industrial School—the Home—and the Charitable Society, have each had their donations, and have each shared liberally from the hands of a benevolent public; but shall we grow weary in well doing? Whatever, or however numerous have been the claims upon us, let us not, with the dear faces of our own children lifted to ours, and with the uncertainty of their future before us, dare

to shut our hearts to the claims of the orphan.

The Orphan Asylum is one of the oldest of our city charities, and for years has been carrying on its truly blessed work of shielding those hapless little ones, deprived of their natural protectors. Reader, do not forget the fourteenth of February!

A CORRECTION.—In the list of Cash Donations for the Thanksgiving Party at the Hospital, Five Dollars were erroneously credited to S. M. Spencer. It should have been Alderman L. C. Spencer, who also donated two or more gallons of nice oysters. It is not surprising, in so large a list, that there should have been some errors; but we are very glad to know when mistakes occur, that we may correct them.

The following letter is from an old gentleman, an inmate of the Hospital:

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL, }
January 1, 1867. }

MRS. DR. MATHEWS:

Time rolls on! Another year has dawned upon us, pregnant with hopes and expectations of coming events; and whilst we should rejoice at being allowed the great privilege of witnessing the January of 1867, should we not ponder well on the uncertainty of being permitted to see its close? But whilst we are vainly endeavoring to explore the unfathomable depths of futurity, and also speculating on the fluctuating changes which time, ever and anon, unfolds to our view, let us pause for a moment and take a retrospective glance at the crowded events which have transpired with the close of the old year.

War, cruel and unrelenting, devastated our land no more; the terrible struggle in which it convulsed the nation, has not, it is true, entirely subsided, and the lingering vibrations of the death-throes of the monster are still feebly felt: but, under the benign influence of peace, smiling, hap-

py peace, the nation again will soon resume its wonted composure.

Other nations were not favored with the same degree of happiness and peace as our fair land, during the last year. Prussia and Austria appealed to the stern arbitrator, and the sword has decided what diplomacy failed to accomplish. War has made sad havoc in those countries, and death has gathered in a large harvest. Even now, in Greece, ancient Greece, Christianity is nobly battling against the blighting influence of Mohamidism and its blind followers. Right will surely triumph in the end. But, to turn to other matters, the Atlantic Cable has been successfully laid, and the old world and new are cemented in bonds of friendship.

Now for our own little affairs. The benevolent Ladies who have the management of this Hospital, have not been dilatory; their holy work has been unceasingly carried on, despite of many difficulties which they had to encounter, and success is every day crowning their noble efforts. But a more glorious reward awaits them; it is promised by Him whose mission they are fulfilling in kindly remembering the poor; in ministering to the sick and soothing their last moments with hope and consolation. They are laying up their treasure in heaven where it shall never corrupt. Kindness and comfort, so desirable for the sick, prevail in this Hospital; and every thing that medical aid and skill can do to alleviate pain and suffering, is being done for the patients. The medical gentlemen who so nobly and humanely give their services to the suffering at this institution, are entitled to the thanks of the community in which they live. The exhibition that was gotten up by the Ladies, realized a handsome sum to the Hospital fund, and the whole affair was a grand success. Many thanks for their worthy efforts!

The Soldiers who are stopping in the Hospital, feel at home, and they conduct

themselves in good order. There is one I shall mention—John Brennan—who deserves praise for his willing services. When I was sick he attended, day and night, to the duties allotted me, and since I recovered, he continues to assist me, and makes himself generally useful.

Wishing you every success,

I remain, &c.

W. S.

For the Hospital Review.

An Appeal.

Let's give to the poor, come—what do you say,
Shall we do something noble and worthy to-day?
Shall we open our doors to the weary and worn,
And gladden some hearts that in poverty mourn?
Shall we make the old spectra, so grim and gaunt,
Laugh and grow merry, forgetting his want?
(Pray, why not, I ask—rich misery laughs,
Nor thinks of the poor in the pleasures he quaffs.)

Won't it be jolly to see the old boy,
Yesterday starving, now dancing for joy?
To see the wan cheek on which Famine has fed,
Filled out with charity, pity and bread?
To see that worn frame, bent 'neath Poverty's rod,
Once more stand erect? for 'twas made so by God.
To see those dull eyes, where despair dwelt for
years, [tears?

Grow bright, and o'erflow with deep Gratitude's
Come, open the vault with its iron-barred door,
Let Charity's face smile in it once more:
Give us bonds, give us notes, give us checks, give
us gold,

For they are not *here*, out of reach of the mould,
Nor will they be, till you have sanctified all,
By bending your ear unto Poverty's call;
Unless you have tried it, you could not have
guessed,

How giving a *little* will brighten the *rest*.
Come give—or the spectre will stalk through the
street,

And going or coming, his form you will meet.
When the board or the banquet with loved ones
you share,

His rags and his wretchedness, too, will be there.
He will sit at your fireside, dance in your hall,
Sleep in your chamber, and haunt you in all.
Would you keep from your presence this spectre,
always?

Then grant us the smile of your bounty to-day,
And 'twill fall on his cold heart, like dew on the
flower,

And bless *both alike*, in the same happy hour.

Hornellsville, N. Y.

E. H. D.

Correspondence.

A Little Agent in Lockport.

We are gratified to find from the following extract from a note, that we have another volunteer to our ranks. Success to little Georgie!

"Georgie Shuler, learning from the 'Hospital Review,' that even little people could help in your good work, became ambitious to add his name to your list of Little Agents.

"On a holiday, he visited some friends, and has succeeded in getting three subscribers. Enclosed, I send \$1.50."

SAGANAW CITY, MICH., Dec. 1, 1866.

Dear Mrs. Mathews:

Your papers were duly received, and my little grand-daughter was so well pleased with the "Hospital Review," that she wishes to subscribe for it, and has succeeded in getting one subscriber and thinks another year she can do better, when the little girls see what a nice paper they have—addressed to their own names!

As ever yours, A. M. R.

Married.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 5, 1866, by Rev. Mr. Chandler, WILLIAM H. DAVIS, of Westminster, London, England, and ELIZABETH A. TOWNSEND, of Port Hope, C. W.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 21 1866, of Paralysis, Mrs. SARAH MULLIGAN, of Penfield, aged 36 years.

Her remains were taken to Webster.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Wednesday, Dec. 26, 1866, of Consumption, JOHANNA BHEIN, aged 19 years.

Her remains were taken to Fairport.

List of Donations to the Hospital,

FROM DEC. 15th TO JAN. 15th, 1867.

- Mrs. Homer Sackett, Avon—4 cans Fruit, 2 bowls Jelly, 1 Pie.
- Mrs. Geo. H. Mumford—1 Dressing Gown, Pants and Vest, Wrappers and Drawers.
- Mr. Peart—1 Turkey.
- Mrs. Oriel—1 Goose.
- Mrs. Burns—1 loaf of Cake.
- Mrs. Warren—1 loaf Indian Bread, 2 Pies.
- Mrs. Nathaniel Faxon—1 Dressing Gown, Books for the Library.
- A Manager—1 jar Pears, 1 glass Jelly.
- Mrs. W. W. Carr—A quantity of Cheese.

Cash Receipts and Donations for December, 1866.

Received from Patients,	\$32 00
Additional Donations for Thanksgiving Party:	
S. Rosenblatt, Esq.,	5 00
Tho's Paterson, Esq., by Mrs. Dr. Strong	3 00
A Friend, by Mrs. Dr. Mathews,	1 00
A Friend, by Mr. Van Zandt,	1 00
A Friend, Washington, D. C., by Mrs. Perkins,	1 50
Mrs. Wm. Curtis, by Mrs. H. L. Fish,	2 50

Receipts for the Hospital Review, FROM DEC. 15 TO JAN. 15, 1867.

Mrs. J. B. Parmalee, Spencerport; James E. Fitch, Washington; Miss Mary J. Watson, Mrs. Renouf, Mrs. Lydia Fish, Newark; Miss Ida Leach, W. Bloomfield—By Mrs. Perkins,	\$ 3 00
Mrs. J. B. Sweeting, Mrs. Tuthill—By Mrs. J. S. Hall,	1 00
Mrs. O. L. Wilcox, Gasport; Mrs. J. D. Shuler, Mrs. J. K. McDonald, Lockport, —By Georgie Shuler,	1 50
Mrs. R. T. Field, Mr. John Campbell—By Mrs. Dr. Strong,	1 00
Mrs. A. C. Bishop, Mrs. J. M. Atwater, New Haven; Mrs. Mohreke, Mrs. L. A. Ward, Mrs. Richard Baker—By Mrs. Dr. Mathews,	2 50
Mary Slack, Groveland—By Miss Culbertson,	50

Superintendent's Report for December.

1866. Dec. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, ..	56
Received during the month, 20—76	
Discharged,	12
Deaths,	4—16
Jan. 1. Remaining in Hospital,	60

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the *Hospital Review*:

- Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland,
- " L. A. BUTLER, Perry Centre.
- " E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.
- " MARY W. DAVIS, "
- Mrs. C. F. SPENCER, "
- " PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.
- Miss MARY BROWN, Perinton.
- Miss ADA MILLER, "
- " JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.
- " LILLIAN J. RENNEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.
- Miss PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.
- Miss LOTTIE J. WRIGHT, Lewiston.

Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made at the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. W. Ely, South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. Little, Plymouth Avenue; Dr. Montgomery, Spring Street; Dr. Langworthy & Dr. Whitbeck.

Children's Department.

Dressing the Doll.

A RHYME FOR LITTLE GIRLS,

I.—THE DOLL.

This is the beautiful Dolladine—
The beautifullest doll that ever was seen!
Oh, what nose-gays! Oh, what sashes!
Oh, what beautiful eyes and lashes!

Oh, what a precious, perfect pet!
On each instep a pink rosette;
Little blue shoes for her little blue tots;
Elegant ribbons in bows and knots.

Her hair is powdered; her arms are straight;
Only feel, she is quite a weight!
Her legs are limp, though;—stand up, miss!
What a beautiful buttoned-up mouth to kiss!

II.—DRESSING THE DOLL.

This is the way we dress the doll:
You may make her a shepherdess, the doll,
If you give her a crook with a pastoral hook;
But this is the way we dress the doll.

Chorus.—Bless the doll, you may press the doll,
But do not crumple and mess the doll!
This is the way we dress the doll.

First, you observe her little chemise,
As white as milk, with ruches of silk;
And the little drawers that cover her knees,
As she sits or stands, with golden bands,
And lace in beautiful flagrees.

Chorus.—Bless the doll, &c.

Now these are the bodices: she has two,
One of pink, with ruches of blue,
And sweet white lace; be careful, do!
And one of green, with buttons of shewn,
Buttons and bands of gold, I mean,
With lace on the border in lovely order,
The most expensive we can afford her.

Chorus.—Bless the doll, &c.

Then, with black at the border, jacket,
And this—and this—she will not lack it;
Skirts? Why, there are skirts, of course,
And shoes and stockings we shall enforce,
With the proper bodice, in the proper place
(Stays that lace have had their days
And made their martyrs); likewise garters,
All entire. But our desire
Is to show to you her night attire,
At least a part of it. Pray admire
This sweet white thing that she goes to bed in!
It's not the one that's made for her wedding;

That is special, a new design,
Made with a charm and a countersign,
Three times three and nine times nine;
These are only her usual clothes;
Look, there's a wardrobe! gracious knows
Its pretty enough, as far as it goes!

Good Words.

The Fir Tree.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

Out in the forest there stood such a pretty little fir tree; it had a good place, for there was sun, plenty of air, and around grew many larger comrades, spruce as well as larch, but the little tree thought of nothing but growing. It did not trouble itself about the sun or the fresh air, nor about the children who came into the forest to gather strawberries and raspberries. Often they seated themselves close to the little fir tree; and then they would say, "How charmingly little that tree is!" which it did not at all like to hear.

The next year it was a long joint bigger, and the year following another; for with fir trees one can always tell, by the number of joints, how many years they have been growing.

"Oh, were I but a large tree like the others!" the little thing said, plaintively; "for then I could stretch out my branches far around, and look out into the world. The birds would build nests in my branches, and when the wind blew I could nod as proudly as the others."

It took no pleasure in the sunshine, in the birds, and in the red clouds which sailed over it night and morning.

In winter, when the snow was lying all around so glitteringly white, a hare would frequently come running that way, and without troubling itself to turn to the right or to the left, would jump over the little tree. Oh, how annoying that was! But two winters passed, and the third the tree was so tall that the hare had to run round it. Oh, to grow, to grow, to become big and old, was the only thing worth living for! the tree thought.

In autumn, the wood-cutters always came and cut down some of the largest trees. This happened every year, and the young tree, which had considerably sprung up, shuddered at the sight, for the great, magnificent trees fell with a crash to the ground, when their branches were cut off, and the trees looked so long and thin, that they

could scarcely be recognized; but they were then laid upon carts, and horses dragged them away out of the forest.

Where were they going to? What awaited them?

In spring, when the swallows and storks came, the tree asked them, "Do you not know where they are carried to? Have you not met them?"

The swallows knew nothing, but the stork looked thoughtful, nodded his head, and said, "Yes, I should think so; for we met many new ships when we left Egypt, and the ships had magnificent masts. We may suppose those were they, for they had a smell of turpentine, and they looked so fine, that I must congratulate you."

"Oh, were I big enough to cross the sea, too! But what is the sea, really, and what does it look like?"

"That would take rather long to explain," the Stork said, and went its way.

"Rejoice in your youth!" the Sunbeams said, "rejoice in your power of growing, and in your young life."

And the Wind kissed the Tree, and the Dew shed tears over it, but the Fir Tree did not understand them.

Towards Christmas some quite young trees were cut down, many that were not even as big or old as this Fir Tree, that had neither peace nor rest, but was constantly longing to get away. These young trees—and they were just the most beautiful—always retained their branches, and thus put upon wagons, were drawn out of the forest.

"Where are they going to?" the Fir Tree asked. "They are no bigger than I; indeed, there was one considerably smaller; and why do they keep all their branches? Where can they be going to?"

"We know all about that," the Sparrows twittered. "Down there in the town we were looking through the windows of the houses, and we know where the young trees are carried to. Oh, the greatest splendor that can be imagined awaits them! When we looked through the windows we saw that they were stood up in the middle warm room, and adorned with the most beautiful things—gingerbread, gilt apples, playthings of all sorts, and hundreds of wax tapers!"

"And then?" the Fir Tree asked, trembling all over, "and then? What happens then?"

"We did not see more, but that was incomparably beautiful."

"I wonder whether I am destined to enjoy all this splendor?" the Fir Tree thought. "That is still better than crossing the sea. Oh, I am consumed by an inward longing! Were it but Christmas time! for I am now as tall, and stretch out as far as those that were carried away last year. Oh, were I but on the wagon! were I but in the warm room with all the splendor! and then—yes, then something still better and more beautiful must come, or why should they adorn me so? Oh, yes! something by far better must follow. But what? Oh, how unsettled I feel! how I suffer! I do not know what is the matter with me!"

"Rejoice with us!" the Air and Light cried. "Rejoice in your youth, out in the open air!"

But it did not rejoice at all; it grew and grew; winter and summer it stood there, equally green, and all who saw it said, "That is a beautiful tree!" When Christmas came, it was the very first to be cut down; and as the Tree fell with a sigh, it felt a sharp pain—a feeling of faintness. It could not think of any happiness, for it was sad at having to leave the place of its birth, that it would never see its dear old comrades again, nor the little bushes and flowers that grew round about, nor perhaps even the birds. The start was anything but cheerful.

The Tree did not recover itself till it was being unpacked with others, and it heard a man say, "This is a magnificent one! we shall not want any other."

Two servants in grand livery then came out and carried the Fir Tree into a large and beautiful room. The walls all around were hung with pictures, and by the side of the stove stood two large Chinese vases, with lions on the lids. There were rocking chairs, satin sofas, and large tables covered with picture books, besides playthings, which cost large sums of money. The Fir Tree was put into a large tub filled with sand, but no one could see that it was a tub, for it was covered with green cloth, and stood upon a gay carpet. Oh, how the Tree trembled! What is going to happen now? The servants, as well as the young ladies, helped to decorate it. They hung little baskets, cut out of colored paper, upon the branches, and each basket was filled with sweets. Gilt apples and walnuts hung there, as if they had grown on the

Tree; and more than a hundred little red, blue and white, tapers were fixed among the branches. Dolls, exactly like human beings, such as the Tree had never seen before, were swinging in the air, and at the very top of the Tree there was a star of gold tinsel. It was beautiful—truly beautiful.

"Won't it be bright to-night?" all said.

"Oh, were it but night," the Tree thought, "and the tapers lighted! And what will happen then, I wonder? Will the Trees come from the forest to see me, and the Sparrows fly against the panes of glass? I should like to know whether I shall grow here, and remain decorated like this, summer and winter."

It thought and thought, till its bark ached, and that is the same for a tree, and quite as bad as the headache with us.

The tapers were now lighted. What brilliancy and splendor! The branches of the Tree trembled, so that one of the lights set fire to the green leaves, and it burned up. "Good gracious!" the young ladies exclaimed, and hastily extinguished it.

After this the Tree suppressed its emotion, for it was so afraid of losing any of its splendor, but it felt quite giddy with all the glare. The folding doors were now thrown open, and a number of children rushed in, whilst the older people followed more steadily. For a moment the young ones stood still in admiration; but then their joy broke forth again, and they danced round the Tree.

"What are they doing, and what will happen now?" the Tree thought, as one present after the other was torn off. The tapers, too, began to burn down to the branches; and as they did so they were put out, when the children received permission to plunder the Tree. They fell upon it, that all the branches cracked; and if the top with the gold star had not been fastened to the ceiling, the whole Tree would certainly have been thrown over.

The children danced about with their beautiful playthings, and no one looked at the Tree, excepting the nursery maid, who only looked to see whether a fig or an apple had been forgotten.

"A story! a story!" the children cried, and they dragged a little fat man up to the Tree. He seated himself under it, "For now we are in the green," he said, "and what I tell you may be of use to the Tree. But I shall only tell you one story. Which will you have, the one about Ivede-

Avede, or that about Klumpe-Dumpe, who fell down the stairs, but was still exalted, and married the Princess?"

"Ivede-Avede!" some cried; "Klumpe-Dumpe!" cried the others. Then there was a shouting and noise, only, the Fir Tree was quiet, and thought, "Shall I not have anything more to do in the evening's amusement?"

The little man told the story of "Klumpe-Dumpe, who fell down the stairs, but was still exalted, and married the Princess;" and the children clapped their hands, crying, "Go on! go on!" They wanted to have the story of Ivede-Avede as well, but got no more than Klumpe-Dumpe. The Fir Tree stood perfectly quiet and thoughtful. The birds in the forest had never told such stories as that of how Klumpe-Dumpe fell down stairs and yet married the Princess. "That is how things go on in the world," the Fir Tree thought, believing that the story was true, since so decent a man told it. "Who can tell? perhaps I may fall down stairs and marry a Princess!" It rejoiced in the thought that the next night it would be adorned again with lights and playthings, fruits and gold.

"To-morrow I shall not tremble," it thought. "I will enjoy all my splendor thoroughly, and shall hear the story of Klumpe-Dumpe again, and, perhaps, that of Ivede-Avede." The Tree stood in deep thought the whole night.

The next morning the servants came in.

"Now it's going to begin again," the Tree thought; but they carried it out of the room, up stairs to the loft, and there they put it in a dark corner, where the daylight never reached. "What can this mean?" the Tree thought. "What am I to do here, and what shall I hear, I wonder?" It leaned against the wall, and thought and thought, and for that it had plenty of time, for days and nights passed without any one coming up, and when at last some one did come, it was to bring up some large boxes to stand in the corner. The Tree was quite hidden, and it seemed as if it were forgotten as well.

"It is now winter!" the Tree thought. "The ground is hard and covered with snow, so that they cannot plant me; and, therefore, I am to be taken care of here till spring. How good and thoughtful men are! If it were but a little less dark and lonely here. Not even a hare. Oh, how

beautiful it was out in the forest, when the snow lay on the ground, and the hare came running past, even when it jumped over me, though then I did not like it! It is dreadful lonely up here!"

"Squeak! squeak!" a little Mouse said, cautiously coming forward. Then another came, and having sniffed at the Tree, they crept between its branches.

"It is awfully cold here!" the little Mice said, "or else it would be well enough. Is it not true, you old Fir Tree?"

"I am by no means old!" the Fir Tree said. "There are many who are much older than I."

"Where do you come from?" the Mice asked, "and what do you know?" They were so mightily inquisitive. "Tell us all about the most beautiful place in the world. Have you been there? Have you been in the store-room, where the cheeses lie on the shelf and the bacon hangs from the ceiling; where one runs about on candles, and into which one goes in thin and comes out fat?"

"I have not been there," the Tree answered; "but I know the forest, where the sun shines and the birds sing." And then it told them all about its youth; and the little Mice, who had never heard anything of the sort before, listened with all their ears, and said, "What a deal you have seen! how happy you must have been!"

"Why happy?" the Fir Tree said, and thought over all it had been telling. "Yes, after all, those were happy times;" but then it told them about Christmas eve, when it was covered with cakes and tapers.

"Oh!" the little Mice exclaimed: "How happy you have been, you old Fir Tree!"

"I am not at all old," the Tree answered. "It was only this winter I was brought from the forest, and I am just in the prime of life."

"How well you talk!" the little Mice said; and the next night they came again with four others, to listen to it; and the more it talked of the past, the more clearly it remembered all itself, and thought, "Yes, those were happy times, but they may come again—may come again! Klumpe-Dumpe fell down stairs, and yet married the Princess, and so may I marry a Princess." The Tree then remembered a pretty little Birch Tree that grew in the forest, and that seemed a real Princess.

"Who is Klumpe-Dumpe?" the little Mice asked; and the Fir Tree told them

the whole story, every word of which it remembered perfectly well; and the little Mice were so delighted, that they were ready to jump right into the top of the Tree. The following night still more Mice came; and on Sunday even two Rats, who did not think the story pretty, which vexed the little Mice, and they now thought less of it themselves.

"Do you only know that one story?" the Rat asked.

"Only that one," the Tree answered, "and that I heard the happiest night of my life; but then I did not properly feel how happy I was."

"It is a most miserable story," the Rats said. "Do you not know any store-room story about bacon and tallow?"

"No," the Tree answered.

"We are very much obliged to you, then," they said, and went away.

After a time, the little Mice did not come either, and the Tree sighed, "It was quite pretty as they sat around me and listened, and now that is over, too; but I will not forget to enjoy it thoroughly when I am again taken out from here."

But when was that to happen? Well, one morning people came and rummaged about in the loft. The boxes were taken away, and the Tree, too, was dragged out from the corner. It is true they threw it down rather roughly upon the floor; but one of them dragged it to the stairs, where it was light.

"Now life will begin again," the Tree thought. It felt the fresh air and the first rays of the sun, for it was now in the yard. There was so much to see all around, that the Tree quite forgot to look at itself. The yard adjoined a garden, where everything was beautiful and fresh. The roses smelt so delicious, and the lime trees were in blossom, and the Swallows flew about, saying, "Quirre-virre-vit, my husband has come!" but it was not the Fir Tree they meant.

"Now I shall live!" the Tree cried, with delight, and it spread out its branches; but oh, dear! they were quite dry and yellow; and there it lay in the corner, amongst nettles and rubbish. The gold star was still fastened to the top of it, and glittered in the sun.

A couple of the merry children that had danced round the Fir Tree on Christmas eve were playing in the yard, and one of them, seeing the star, ran and tore it off.

"Look here! what was left on the ugly old Fir Tree," he said, and trod upon the branches, so that they cracked under his boots.

The Tree looked on all the splendor of the flowers in the garden, and then, looking at itself, wished it were back again in its dark corner in the loft. It thought of its fresh youth in the forest, of the merry Christmas eve, and of the little Mice listening so attentively to the story of Klumpe-Dumpe.

"All is over now!" the poor Tree said. "Oh, had I but enjoyed myself whilst I could! All is over!"

Then a servant came and chopped the Tree into pieces, which he laid in a heap. Brightly the fire was burning under the large kitchen kettle; and as one piece of wood after another was thrown in, it sighed heavily, and each sigh was as the report of a small pistol. The children came running into the kitchen to listen, and, seating themselves before the fire, they cried, "Puff, puff!" but at each report, which was a sigh, the Wood thought of a bright summer's day in the forest, or of a winter's night, when the stars twinkled; it thought of the Christmas eve and of Klumpe-Dumpe, the only story it had ever heard or could tell—and then the Tree was consumed.

The children played in the garden again, and one of them had the gold star on his breast, which had been on the Tree the happiest night of its life. That was passed; with the Tree all was over, too; and with the story it is over. So it must be with all stories.

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. III

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For the Hospital Review.

No Night There.

And there shall be no Night there. O blest assurance—

Then let me fold my hands above my troubled heart,

And patient, wait a few more weary years
In this dark night, and then my eyes shall be unsealed

In that far land where it is always light.

In that far land where my loved ones are waiting,
Who left me all these many years ago;
Why wonder at my heart's impatient beating,
Or that I long to go.

And shall I know them there, my own beloved?
In dreams I see them walk the shining street
Of that unknown celestial city,
Where the long parted meet.

Sometimes they come to me with white wings
rustling,

And on my lips press kisses as of old;
And on my brow I feel the tender fingers,
So white and cold.

Oh! hungry heart, how every pulse goes leaping,
To feel the clasp of those dear hands once more;

And think that all my woe since they and I were parted,
At last is o'er.

Oh! blessed dreams, sweet glimpses caught of Heaven,

That make my darkness darker when I wake,
'Tis through thy gates I walk the fields Elysian,
While here I wait.

Then, come to me in dreams, my white-robed angels,

My world seems dreary since ye found the light
That shines forever in that realm of beauty,
Where there's no Night.

MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

For the Hospital Review.

Comfort in God's Word.

"Walk in wisdom toward them that are without, redeeming the time." Col. 4 : 5.

Walking pre-supposes a way in which to walk. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness." "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." It is then in the fear of the Lord that we are to walk and act toward them that are without—without wisdom the fold into which all who fear the Lord have entered, and relying upon that strength which is made perfect in weakness, are striving to remain. In another place we are told to "walk circumspectly," that is, with care. Satan, who claims the world and all in it as his, claims our time, our thoughts, our talents; if we

are still of the world; but Christ has redeemed us, and commits to us the important work of redeeming our time; not spending it in the service of the world, the flesh, and the devil, but for Him who would purify unto Himself a "people zealous of good works."

"Let every thought, and work, and word,
To Thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate to Heaven." R.

For the Hospital Review.

The Superior Young Lady.

"You must find Belinda's society very delightful," said my friend to me. "She is so superior. She must be a great deal of company for you."

I said, yes she was, and I regret to say I told a lie. I can't disguise the false statement under the name of a fib—for, reader, it was prodigious. But what could I do? "Tell the truth," says some one. If I had done that, I should have replied, and it would have been a moderate statement of the case, that there was not an hour in the day, that I did not wish my cousin Belinda a thousand miles off. But if we always said exactly what we think about people, this world would soon become a howling wilderness.

So I replied to my friend's question about Belinda in the affirmative, but with a mental reservation—a very emphatic one she was "so superior."

What she is superior to on the earth, or in the waters under it, I have never been able to understand, and never shall. It can't be to an oyster; for that placid creature, at least, takes an interest in the rise and fall of the tide, and Belinda don't. She feels that to such things she is "superior." Moreover, the oyster is at least good to eat, and Belinda isn't even that.

When I heard she was coming for a six weeks visit, "my heart was contracted," as the people say in the Arabian Nights. However, the evil was inevitable, and I did

what I could to fortify myself against the coming trial. I went directly down town and subscribed to the circulating library, for I felt that, under the circumstances, nothing but novels would sustain me. I reflected with pleasure, that a neighbor of mine possessed a full set of Mayne Reid's books, and I even thought of Miss Bradton, as people driven to desperation contemplate suicide as a last resort.

She came, and upon the house fell an invisible wet blanket, which enveloped us all in its folds.

Belinda is a tall, rather handsome woman of twenty-seven or eight, with the features and much of the manners of a statue. She is called, and she considers herself, "very superior." She thinks it beneath her to take an interest in any matter, and those who so far share the weakness of humanity, as to care for anything in particular, or for things in general, she thinks very inferior, and conveys the idea by a smile of mingled compassion and contempt. She talks about nothing, she thinks about nothing, and if she were content to be simply a nonentity, it would all be very well, but she won't. She wants to be talked to, to be entertained, and you might as well try to entertain an Egyptian mummy. Nevertheless, she expects you to do it, and if you don't, she conveys the idea that she is in some way abused, but that she means to bear it with meekness, and forgive you with Christian charity. Now, forgiveness, when you are conscious of no offence, is a very aggravating thing.

There is, as the boys say, no "getting a rise out of her." She cares for nothing, and she is proud of it. You may try her on any subject, it makes no difference, and to keep up a conversation with her is impossible, yet she expects it. Now, I do think, that any one who expects you to entertain them right straight along for six weeks, is unreasonable. You ask her if she has read a new book, a novel, just then famous.

"I never read fiction."

Oh! with what an air of superiority she pronounces the last word! If you are a weak-minded person, you feel inwardly rebuked.

"Then would you like to look at this 'London Pictorially Illustrated.' There is a great deal of odd, out of the way information in it, and the engravings are very pretty."

"Thank you, I don't care much for pictures."

The tone, the smile with which the words are spoken, express a tolerant compassion for the frivolity which does care for pictures.

"I think you would like the book."

"I don't take much interest in history," and she relapses into silence, and expects you to continue the "conversation."

"There are several books of travels in the bookcase, and there is grandfather's theological library up stairs," for I thought it just possible her genius might lie in that direction.

"I don't generally occupy my mind much with such subjects."

"Cousin Belinda," said Johnny, aged ten, "what do you occupy your mind with?"

She replies briefly, and with a patronizing smile, "with other matters."

I don't believe a word of it. I believe her mind is as empty as an egg shell; but some way I can't help feeling a little humiliation and rather looking up to her as if she really were superior on account of her indifference. I know she is not, and am provoked at myself for the feeling, but still the woman gets the better of me, and in her presence I refrain from showing animation about matters of general interest.

Why do I do it? Because I am weak-minded, but I can't help it. I suppose, as an organized being, with a back-bone and a soul, I am rather above carbonic acid gas in the scale of creation; but let a certain

quantity of it diffuse itself in the air, and I shall infallibly be choked if I may not open the window and let it out. I can't let cousin Belinda out of the window. I wish I could. I show her a beautiful piece of fancy work, just finished by a friend. She barely glances at it. She "doesn't take any interest in fancy work," and no branch of the subject in all its varieties of tatting, crochet, embroidery or knitting, makes the least impression on her mind. She listens, unmoved, to my discourse, and her only answer to a direct question is, that "she don't know anything about such matters." For dress even, she cares nothing, and the fashions do not touch her in the least. Politics she ignores, and thinks her native country quite beneath her notice. She has a considerable property, which is managed by her uncle, but the state of the currency, the rise and fall of United States stocks, are to her matters of profound indifference; and when she discovers that I, by the necessity of the case, am obliged to know something about business affairs, she contrives, without saying a word, to convey to me the idea that she thinks me quite unfeminine. She cares nothing for gardening, but she observes that I "spend a great deal of time over it," as if she thought I might be better employed.

You are very busy, but you contrive to show her the lions of the city, exceedingly mild and inoffensive beasts, but nothing interests or excites one single emotion in her soul, if, indeed, she has one. I ask her if she would like to see the Home, the two Hospitals, the Orphan Asylum. No, she has never been accustomed to pay attention to such matters, and she takes no particular interest in them. I take her to the Falls, which she never saw before. She stands for a few moments and looks at them as if she thought them frivolous, and then walks back out of sight of the cataract, and sits down to wait for me with the air of a martyr. I join her and propose to

go home. She calmly assents, remarks that the spray has dampened her ribbon, and lets me know, in her mysterious silent fashion, that she considers me responsible, in a general way, for the Genesee River and the wetness of its waters.

Music, poetry and painting, are to her all equally unprofitable. I take her to a friend's studio, and she looks at the pictures without a ray of animation. In despair, I call her attention to some point, which I think worthy of special admiration. She replies with the same smile of compassion, "that she does not care very much for pictures." I can see my friend, the artist, is immediately impressed with the spell of Belinda's superiority, and feels as if he were rather to blame than otherwise for being a painter at all.

She don't care to talk about the affairs of her neighbors, or anything else. She is superior to any such thing. Finally, after three weeks of silent suffering, I lose patience. She shall say something, even if it be in anger. I find fault with the choir in her church at home; I abuse the organist; I say the alto is cracked, and that the young lady who sings the solos makes noises as if she were in a fit, and that their manner of rendering the anthem is simply atrocious.

What did Belinda do? She said that it might be so, possibly; she was no judge of music, and took no interest in the choir.

I became desperate. I attacked her minister. I knew nothing about the good man, except that I had once heard him preach a very dull sermon, a misfortune to which all clergymen are liable; but if I sinned, I hope it will be considered that I was the victim of circumstances. I said whatever could be said in dispraise of that sermon. "Now," I thought, "the woman will certainly show some spark, and even if she straight grows cold again, it will be an agreeable variety." Not she! She only looked more superior than ever, and said

she had "never particularly noticed" the Rev. Mr. Blank's preaching.

If she were engaged, I would try finding fault with her *fiance*, but she isn't engaged, and I think never will be.

It is my opinion that if a man were to conceive for her the most ardent affection, go down on his knees, and ask her to marry him, she would smile superior, and say calmly, that "she had never given any attention to the subject of marriage, and that she took no interest in gentlemen."

I don't know what I shall do. She has made up her mind to remain with us a month longer. She is worse than the old Man of the Sea was to Sinbad the Sailor. She would never have inquired what was in the calabash of wine, with which Sinbad contrived to intoxicate his oppressor. Had he offered the vessel to her she would have replied, that "she took no interest in the contents of calabashes."

Meanwhile, I am obliged to put aside my usual employments, and devote myself to the hopeless task of entertaining cousin Belinda. To save myself from gradual ossification of the mental faculties, I have written this sketch. There is no fear that she will read it, for when offered the last "Review," she put it calmly aside, and observed that she "never occupied her mind with transient literature, and took no interest in the Hospital." CARYLL DEANE.

The Use of Suffering.

The leaves of the aromatic plant shed but a faint odor as they wave in the air. The gold shines scarcely at all as it lies hid in the ore. The rugged crust of the pebble conceals from the eye its interior beauty. But let the aromatic leaf be crushed; let the ore be submitted to the furnace; let the pebble be cut and polished; and the fragrance, the splendor, the fair colors are then brought out—

"This leaf? This stone? It is thy heart;
It must be crushed by pain and smart;
It must be cleansed by sorrow's art—
Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,
Ere it will shine a jewel meet
To lay before thy dear Lord's feet."

"In Heaven, there Angels do always behold the face of my Father."

Silence fill'd the court of Heaven, hush'd were angel harp and tone,

As a little new-born spirit knelt before th' Eternal throne;

While his small white hands were lifted, clasp'd as if in fervent prayer,

And his voice in low, sweet murmurs rose like music on the air;

Light from the full fount of glory on his robes of whiteness glistened,

And the bright wing'd seraphs round him bowed their radiant heads and listened.

Lord, from thy world of glory here,

My heart turns fondly to another;

Oh Lord, our God, the Comforter,

Comfort, comfort my sweet mother!

Many sorrows hast thou sent her,

Meekly has she drained the cup;

And the jewels thou hast lent her,

Unrepining yielded up—

Comfort, comfort my sweet mother!

Earth is growing lonely round her,

Friend and lover hast thou taken;

Let her not, though clouds surround her,

Feel herself by Thee forsaken.

Let her think, when faint and weary,

We are waiting for her here;

Let each loss which makes earth dreary,

Make the thought of Heaven more dear—

Comfort, comfort my sweet mother!

Saviour, thou, in nature human,

Dwelt on earth a little child;

Pillow'd on the heart of woman—

Blessed Mary, undefiled!

Thou, who from thy cross of suffering,

Marked thy mother's tearful face,

And bequeath'd her to thy loved one,

Bidding him to fill thy place—

Comfort, comfort my sweet mother!

Thou, who from the heavens descending,

Tears and woes and suffering won;

Thou, who nature's laws suspending,

Gave the widow back her son;

Thou, who at the grave of Lazarus,

Wept with those who wept their dead;

Thou, who once in mortal anguish,

Bowed thine own anointed head—

Comfort, comfort my sweet mother!

The dove-like murmur died away upon the radiant air,

But still the little suppliant knelt, with hands still clasp'd in prayer;

Still were his softly, pleading eyes turned to the sapphire Throne,

Till golden harp and angel voice sung out in mingling tone;

And as the silvery numbers swell'd, by seraph voices given,

High, clear and sweet the anthem roll'd through all the courts of Heaven:

"He is the widow's God," it said, "who spared not his own son."

The infant cherub bowed his head, "Thy will, oh Lord, be done!"

Graveyard Philosophy.

They have a gravedigger at Spring Grove Cemetery, Cincinnati, who is a fair match for the gravedigger in Hamlet, if we are to believe the Cincinnati correspondent of the *Macacheek Press*. Here is his account of him:

One gets some grim views of living as well as of dead humanity by visiting a show grave yard such as this. There is a simple-minded good-hearted *attache*, by the name of P——, not very fond of talking. He has given me many lessons not soon to be forgotten.

"It's a little grief and a good deal of pride that makes 'em do it, sir. I don't mean to say it ain't nateral. It is nateral. Nater can be found in a cemetery as well as anywhere. One afflicted family puts up a monument, and another afflicted family wants to outdo it. And they generally does, if it's dore at onct. If it's put off a little, they gets more reasonable."

"Time cures all ills."

"Well it does. I've seen a party put in that vault to stay till a lot could be bought and a monument put up, and the grief was deep. You'd 'spose there was no end to that grief, and no bottom, either. Well, at the end of three months the Company has had trouble to get them to take the party and give it a Christian burial."

"There are exceptions to that."

"In course—any number of 'em. I can show you graves here ten years old, and every summer you'll find fresh flowers strewed on 'em."

"More flowers than monuments."

"Can't say that. Real deep feelin' grief belongs as much to the rich as the poor. Leastwise I find it so. But dying is as nateral as livin', and in course peoples gets over it. Therefore it is that monuments come up with the first burst. Them graves that has flowers over 'em for more than a year, isn't healthy graves."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean that the mourners ain't in their nateral health, or they'd find their feelings directed to care of the livin'."

A Beautiful Song.

The following exquisite love song, is the composition of Joseph Brennan, a young Irishman, one of the exiles of 1848, who died of consumption in New Orleans, in 1867, at the age of twenty-eight:

Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,
Day time and night time, I'm thinking about thee;
Night time and day time, in dreams I behold thee,
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to fold thee.
Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,
Come in thy beauty, to bless and to brighten;
Come in thy womanhood, meekly and lowly,
Come in thy lovingness, queenly and holy.

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,
Telling of spring and its joyous renewing; [ure,
And thoughts of thy love and its manifold treas-
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.
O, Spring of my spirit, O, May of my bosom,
Shine out on my soul, till it bourgeon and blossom;
The waste of my life has a rose root within it,
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figures that move like a song through the even,
Features lit up by a reflex of Heaven;
Eyes like the skies of poor Erin, our mother,
Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other;

Smiles coming seldom, but child-like and simple,
Planting in each rosy cheek a sweet dimple;
Oh, thanks to the Saviour, that even thy seeming
Is left to the exile to brighten his dreaming.

You have been glad when you knew I was glad-
dened;

Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened?
Our hearts ever answer, in tune and in time, love,
As octave to octave, and rhyme unto rhyme, love.
I can not weep but your tears will be flowing,
You cannot smile but my cheeks will be glowing;
I would not die without you at my side, love,
You will not linger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,
Rise on my gloom like the sun of to-morrow;
Strong, swift and fond as the words which I speak,
love, [love;

With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek,
Come, for my heart in your absence is weary—
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and weary—
Come to the arms which alone should care thee,
Come to the heart that is throbbing to press thee.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 16, 1867.

"The Greatest of these is Charity."

Love is the distinguishing feature of the religion taught by Jesus and His disciples. While every other precept which could enoble the heart and character was explicitly enjoined—love is yet made the supreme principle—the root from which all other gifts and graces must spring and receive their flavor, or they are worthless in His sight, whose mission was one of love. We are struck, in reading the life of Christ and the writings of the apostles, with the prominence given to this principle, and how it tinges all their teachings. It is made the law of action, and the test of discipleship. Love to God—love to each other—love even to our enemies—is the spirit—the essence of Christianity. And how lovely are these precepts—lovely even in the eyes of those who can admire the holy ethics of Christ, without being willing to believe on Him and receive Him into their hearts. The trace of their divine origin breathes through them all. What in the high-wrought sentiments, and finely spun theories of the world's renowned philosophers, which can compare, in elevation and beauty, and sublimity, with these single precepts—"Love ye your enemies"—"Do good to them that hate you"—and "Pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." To this point the highest human love, unaided, could never attain, and it is here that the germ of the divine in us expands with power and beauty. Then, how many and explicit are the directions to Christians, that they "bear one another's burthens"—that they show "tenderness to the weak"—that they be "given to hospitality"—that they "comfort the sick and afflicted"—"provide for the fatherless and the widow"—give "without grudging to the necessities of others"—

and, in all circumstances, to exercise that patience—that forbearance—that consideration, which can alone flow from that love which “suffereth long and is kind”—which “seeketh not her own”—which “beareth all things,” and which “never faileth.” But we are not left to mere precept. The life of Christ was the perfect embodiment of the love He taught—and His incarnation and death, a mystery of love and sacrifice at which angels stand mute in wonder and adoration. The aim of all Christ’s real followers is to be like Him—to grow into His likeness—to imitate His perfections, and to follow Him, if need be, even to the cross. The more we are like Him, the fuller will our lives and hearts be of love, and our pathway will be fragrant, as was His on every side, with deeds of mercy. Nor will we shrink to find our way like His also, full of thorns which pierce us—nor from the self-abnegation and sacrifice which He may require of us. To the Christian, oh, what power in Jesus’ name! To what denial, to what effort, will it not nerve him? It is this love—this blessed Name—which has filled our city and our land with its many and varied institutions of benevolence. The history of the world furnishes us, it is true, with noble examples of patriotism, and of individual acts of charity—but it is Christianity alone which has organized benevolence, and made it a living power. It is an established fact, that an institution for benevolence, or an organized effort for the relief of the poor or suffering, never existed outside the blessed radiance of Christianity. It is this fact which should give these institutions and their claims a sacredness in our eyes. They are the legitimate fruits of Christ’s teachings. And it is this love with which He fills the heart—and the desire of His followers to walk in His paths, which renders every Christian woman, in deed, and in truth, a “Sister of Charity.” No need for her to wear the distinguishing garb—or to renounce the

ties which God has ordained and blessed, and whose sweet duties He has laid upon her. But in her station, as daughter, or sister, or wife, or mother, she may yet regard her life, as she is bound to do, consecrated to God and to acts of love. Women, imbued with this spirit, are at work all over the land—not only administering relief privately to cases within their immediate reach, but they are building Hospitals, Orphan Asylums, Homes for the Friendless, and other kindred institutions. Such as these have founded our Hospital, and are now laboring for its welfare. Shall we not all seek to join this sisterhood, if we have not already done so, and to regard their work as ours—and all as Christ’s?

A Word about the Paper.

Reader, we have one word we would like to say to you this month about the paper. Truth is, we now and then get a little discouraged, and we want to ask if there is not something you can do to cheer us up. It is now almost three years since the “Review” was established, and we have to confess that it does not yet meet its expenses. Do you wonder that we want cheering up? True, the mission of our paper has not been in vain—we feel that it has been already richly blessed to our Hospital, in making known its wants and awakening an interest in its behalf—but when we consider the many and generous expressions of sympathy manifested in our work, at the Thanksgiving Party, from so many sources—there seems to us no good reason why our subscription list might not easily be double and triple what it is, and we believe that it only needs effort to make it so. Reader, what will you do for us this month? In the first place, allow us to ask—Have you renewed your subscription for the coming year? This is of the first importance—and then, if you have, will you not engage to send us *just one new name*? If each of our readers would do this—and we believe there is not one but who could with

sufficient energy and perseverance—then our list would be doubled in a month. Only think how easily and speedily this could be done, if only you, reader—each of you—will but send us one new subscriber this month. Will you?

Returns from the Exhibition of Paintings.

At last the returns (which have been somewhat delayed) from the Exhibition of Paintings have been received, and we are gratified to be able to report the handsome sum of \$160 as the net proceeds. Many thanks, we feel, are due not only to the various kind friends who were willing temporarily to part with their treasures, and place them on exhibition for our benefit, but also to Mr. William A. Reynolds and other gentlemen, who entered into the plan for our aid with so much zest, and who managed it with so much perseverance and skill.

The exhibition was a rare feast to all lovers of art and beauty. The visits which from time to time we were permitted to make to that gallery, will not be soon forgotten. The very atmosphere of the place seemed hallowed with the soul-breathing forms, and the life and beauty which had made the halo of artists dreams and the inspiration of genius. How beautiful must be the soul of the true artist, if these creations which are, as he will tell us, but the imperfect embodiment of his ideal, can have such a power to move us! The exhibition was not only a pecuniary success, but proved a source of pure delight, for which we each feel a desire personally to return thanks to all who in any way contributed to it. Long will the pleasant recollections of it dwell in our hearts. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever."

FOUND A HOME.—The baby mentioned in our last number, has found, as we have reason to believe, a good home, where he is already tenderly beloved, and where he will be permanently and kindly cared for.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT.

LADIES:

We submit to-day, for your consideration, the Third Annual Report of the Rochester City Hospital.

We have no new topic to present; but the same record of temptation and sin, sorrow and suffering, though borne by different members of the same great family, must ever be the burden of a Hospital report. For every sorrow soothed, for every comfort administered, and for every pain alleviated, our grateful thanks are due to Him who disposes the hearts of His more favored children, thus to provide so tenderly for the afflicted.

Mr. and Miss VAN ZANDT, who commenced their labors January 1st, 1866, are still with us as superintendent and matron. Their united services have proved very valuable in providing for the wants of the Institution, and attending to the financial matters, thus relieving the Ladies from much care and anxiety.

Miss HIBBARD, also, so untiring, and so faithful in all her duties, still remains to comfort and relieve all who come under her care.

The Medical Department has been increased during the year—Doctors WHEBECK, ELY, LITTLE and LANGWORTHY, having kindly consented to aid Doctors DEAN and MONTGOMERY, in their attendance upon the sick; while Dr. JONES remains in the Hospital at all hours, to attend to any urgent case.

The services of these gentlemen, gratuitously rendered, are highly appreciated, and the comparatively small proportion of deaths gives abundant evidence of the success of their faithful labors.

Number of Patients admitted during the year, 262; number of births, 15; number of deaths, 13. There are now remaining, 69; the largest number at any time since the departure of the Soldiers, in the fall of 1865.

Total number received since the opening, February 1st, 1864, 973. Total number of births, 37. Total number of deaths, 33.

"The Hospital Review," is still published, with a circulation not sufficient to meet its expenses—but it brings before its readers, monthly, the Hospital, with all its wants and workings. It is an acceptable little paper, and only needs the hearty efforts of the Ladies, to enable it to pay for itself in more than dollars and cents.

The gratifying results which attended the efforts of the Ladies at their "Thanksgiving Party," cannot be passed in silence, as we review the year. We would again express our thanks to all who contributed to render it such a success—while to those who remember at other times this, the youngest of all our benevolent institutions, we are truly thankful.

Ladies, the Hospital opens before us a field for Christian labor, which none can appreciate, who do not acquaint themselves with its inmates. Here are the ignorant to instruct, the erring to guide, the weak to strengthen, the desponding to encourage, while the kind word or look of sympathy falls not in vain upon any.

Truly this is missionary work—may we, as Managers, be faithful to the trust assigned us. While we care for the body, so soon to perish, let us not forget to point those, thus brought under our influence, to Him who was sent in tender compassion "to bind up the broken-hearted, to comfort all that mourn." Let us make some provision for the spiritual benefit of those whose life has no bright rays from "the Sun of Righteousness," to cheer them as they journey to its end. "The crown of life," is promised to the faithful. Shall we obtain it?

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

Rochester, Feb. 2, 1867.

RIDICULE.—It is not our criminal actions that we require courage to confess, but those that are ridiculous and foolish.

Our Calendar.

AN ACROSTIC.

Fair weather is desirable, but storms are necessary, and both come from God.
 Embark in no enterprise which you cannot ask and expect God to bless.
 Build your character strong: build it solid, build for time, build for eternity.
 Riches in money are well enough, but riches in mind will outlive them.
 Uncompromising integrity has won for more than one, an enviable reputation.
 Affection is the fruit of love, and cannot be soon or easily displaced.
 Regard and encourage moral worth, wherever you may find it.
 You may well be suspicious of him who loves not children.

BENE-BERAK.

Correspondence.

A friend in Brockport, sends the following renewal of the *Review*:

Please find enclosed, Fifty Cents, to secure another copy of your interesting paper.

H. P. G.

A subscriber in Scottsville, writes:

My subscription for 1867, should have been sent in on the 1st of January, and it would have been had I not expected before this, a call from the Agent. As she has not made her appearance, I now send it, with a prayer for each of the kind Ladies who are making such unceasing efforts for the dear soldiers.

Respectfully yours, Mrs. A. C.

The poem enclosed in the following note from Mrs. B., of Perry Centre, will appear in our next:

DEAR REVIEW:

Though late, I come with my annual mite for the *Review*. Your interesting little periodical often contains some fine poems, written, mayhap, as pastime, but finding an echo in many hearts. Should you deem the enclosed worthy of insertion, they are at your disposal. With kindest wishes for the weal of the Hospital and all its humane supporters,

I am, Yours, truly, L. F. B.

Among the very pleasant remembrances of the past month, is the following from Mr. Ellwanger, which speaks for itself. Mr. E. will please accept our thanks for his generous gift:

Rochester, Jan. 29, 1867.

CITY HOSPITAL:

Please accept of the enclosed \$25, for the City Hospital.

Very respectfully, G. W. ELLWANGER.

Receipts for the Hospital Review,

FROM JAN. 15 TO FEB. 15, 1867.

Miss M. M. Goff, Cameron Mills; Mrs. Gilman Hill, Mrs. S. Curtiss Hill, Middlebury, Conn., 2 years, (1.00) Mrs. J. K. Livingston, Newark, N. J.; Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva; Mrs. H. Ford, Fairport; Mrs. Ambrose Cox, Scottsville; Miss Amelia Hill, Little Falls, (2 years) Mrs. Belden, Lockport; Mrs. L. Couch, West Macedon, (2 years); Mrs. Henry Phelps—By Mrs. Perkins.....	\$7 50
Miss D. Cornes, Master Mason Holmes, Miss F. E. Fletcher, Brockport; Miss A. A. Marks, Lockport—By Miss Holmes, Mrs. J. K. Chappell—By Mrs. Dr. Strong, Mrs. M. Oriel—By Mr. Van Zandt.....	2 00 0 50 0 50
Mrs. Jesse C. Smith, Brooklyn—By Miss Griffen.....	0 50
Mrs. J. C. Nash, Mrs. Dr. J. Requa, Mrs. M. A. Gibbs, Mrs. C. Waite—By Miss Mary Waite.....	2 00
Mrs. Wm. Brown, Mrs. W. H. Hanford, Jr. George Hor, Romants Miller, Mary Frazier, (donation,) Mr. R. Goodhue, Scottsville—By Mrs. W. H. Hanford, Jr.....	3 00
Wm. Davis, Mr. Stafford, Geo. C. Maurer, Mrs. R. Carter, Mrs. Hoadley, (2 copies) Advertisement—By Mrs. Mathews.....	13 00
Mrs. Alfred Hoyt—By Mrs. J. S. Hall....	0 50

List of Donations to the Hospital,

FROM JAN. 15th TO FEB. 15th, 1867.

William O. Sherman, Newark—A barrel of Vegetables.	
Mrs. Mary Oriel—A quantity of old linen.	
Mrs. E. M. Smith—Magazines and a roll of old Cotton.	
Mrs. Samuel Wilder—A quantity of Infant's Clothing.	
Mrs. Warren—A Pudding for sick.	
Mrs. Murdoff—A loaf of brown Bread and a jar of canned Peaches.	
Children of East Avenue—A Quilt.	
Mrs. Banker—4 lbs. dried Peaches.	
Mrs. Gould—A bushel of Turnips.	
A Manager—2 tumblers Jelly.	

Superintendent's Report for January.

1867. Jan. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, ..	60
Received during the month, 29	
Births,.....	1—90
Discharged,.....	21 —
Feb. 1. Remaining in Hospital,	69

Married.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 5th, 1866, by Rev. Mr. Chandler, WM. H. DAVIS, of Westminster, London, England, and ELIZABETH THOMPSON, of Port Hope, C.W.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Sunday Morning, February 3, 1867, of Pneumonia, MARGARET FOX, aged 20 years.
Her remains were taken to Canada.

Children's Department.

A Quaker Christmas.

BY SOPHIE MAY.

MRS. PROSSER, was one of the "silent poor." Sometimes the wolf stood howling at her door, but she made no complaint, and tried to keep him at bay with the only weapon she owned—her little needle. The needle had scarcely any effect upon Sir Wolf; but alas! it killed Mrs. Prosser.

She might have been glad when God released her; only there was her poor little girl left to shiver all alone in the cold world. The child had a father, it is true, or the remnant of one, for he was little more than a sot. He married a second time, a woman cruel and worthless, but she ran away, and finally Mr. Prosser died; so what was left for little Miriam then, but the poor-house? And very glad was she to go there, for any shelter was better than the street.

The matron felt a pang of unwonted pity as she looked at the little vagrant, so delicate, so dirty, so pinched by an untimely frost. Her uncombed hair surged from the top of her head like a waterspout; but it was as bright as the golden fleece, and care would have made it silky soft. She spread out her stiff fingers fan-like before the cooking stove in the poor house kitchen, and seemed to enjoy the heat with her whole soul.

"Where are your mittens, child?" said the matron.

"Never had any ma'am."

"Your shawl?"

"Haven't anything, ma'am, but the clothes that's on me; the rag-man's got the rest."

"Poor thing! The overseer tells me you have neither father nor mother."

"I had a papa once, but he wasn't much of one. He had fits, my pa did. I knew when he was going to have the fits; I could smell 'em in the bottle."

"Where do you stay at night?"

"O, I sleep 'round. My mother's gone up among the stars. I had two of 'em, and the next one went off, but she didn't die; I wish she had!"

It seemed to little Miriam as if the six frosty springs of her life had suddenly melted into a glorious summer. She thought the poor-house was next door to

heaven; but here she made a mistake. The matron was kind enough in her scolding way; but there were two old women among the paupers who frightened the child almost out of her senses.

One of these, Mrs. Dresser, always sat within two inches of the stove-pipe, on account of chronic rheumatism; and if Miriam did but open the door, the sufferer poured forth a torrent of abuse which seemed actually to make the dishes rattle, and to shake dust from the bags of herbs hanging overhead.

The other one, Miss Felicia Pepper, with a solitary eye, a red nose, and a pair of crutches, was a greater terror than even Mrs. Dresser. It was her task to teach little Miriam to knit; and, as the child's fingers wandered aimlessly about among the stitches, they were pelted—rat, tat, tat—with a brass thimble. Occasionally Miss Pepper amused herself by lifting little Miriam from the floor by the hair of her head.

The child swung hither and thither between the Dresser and the Pepper, like a discontented little pendulum. The two wretched old women visited on her innocent head all the spite they felt against the world in general; and it is no exaggeration to say, as I said before, that they nearly frightened the child out of her senses. Her constant thought from morning till night was how to avoid being beaten black and blue; and in her unnatural efforts to remember what was told her, she fell in danger of forgetting her own name.

At the age of nine, she was a shadowy little creature, who looked as if a sharp wind might divide her in twain. When the matron despatched her to the grocer's for soda, cloves and ginger, it was the safest to send her three separate times, lest her mind should become confused. If told to go to the butcher's for beef and lamb, six pounds each, she was quite likely to bring back a spring chicken. On such occasions, instead of trembling at the wreck which cruelty was making of poor little Miriam, the matron only shook the child, as if she had been a breadth of very dusty rag-carpeting.

But all the shakings in the world will not settle confused ideas. The orphan's wits had never been as swift as Atalanta's heels, and now they traveled more and more slowly, and were apt to get lost by the way. But she was a pretty child, and Mrs. Fontleroy, the doctor's wife, who made a

gracious visit at the poor-house, was quite impressed, and fancied she would like such a gentle little girl for her children's nurse.

Miriam clapped her hands, and thought she was going next door to Paradise this time certainly; but she was mistaken again. Mrs. Fontleroy was a strong-minded woman; "she had a hardness in her eye, she had a hardness in her cheek;" and as for overlooking a child's faults; that was something which never entered into her philosophy. She was a conscientious woman, and meant to be a kind one; but she shut the orphan out of her sympathies as soon as she found her an unprofitable servant.

Heart-sick and discouraged, Miriam's first thought in the early morning, as she rubbed open her sleepy eyes, was,—

"O, dear, another awful day coming!"

And at night, tired and foot-sore, she sobbed out in her sleep,—

"I wish I was dead!"

Mrs. Fontleroy did not like the child's low-spirited appearance. Miriam was patient, like her mother, and did not complain; but the dumb cry of a desolate little heart—what wail is like it? Mrs. Fontleroy's sensibilities might have been touched if they had not been rolled up and packed down in cotton-wool.

"Well, well," said she, one day after Miriam had been with her a month or so, "there's a limit to the longest patience, and I've come to the end of mine. I'll not keep that ungainly child another day."

"Ahem!" said Dr. Fontleroy; adding, very unnecessarily, "have your own way, my dear!"

"I know of a woman," continued Mrs. Fontleroy, "who is just transcendental enough to keep the half-witted child, and take an interest in her. It's Mrs. Bryant; and may she have patience given her!"

"Ahem!" said the doctor, mentally, behind his newspaper.

Next morning, when Miriam forced open her swollen eyelids, she greeted herself, as usual, with a groan. But this time her heart was like a barometer, which sinks before the approach of fair weather; something delightful was coming, though she did not know it yet.

"Miriam," said her mistress, frigidly, "after you have wiped the breakfast dishes you may go up stairs and put your things together. I have found another place for you."

"Yes, ma'am," was the demure reply. The girl was not so crest-fallen as had been anticipated.

"Miriam," said Mrs. Fontleroy, with severity, "you know I have labored faithfully to make something of you; but you've worn me all out."

"Yes, ma'am," responded the child, surveying her finger-nails.

"And Miriam," added Mrs. Fontleroy, with a wintry smile, "I do trust you'll try to behave yourself at Mrs. Bryant's, and not drive the poor woman crazy! If we have but a thimbleful of brains, child, it's our duty to do the best we can with that thimbleful."

"I know it ma'am," responded the automaton.

But Miriam's indifference gave way when it came to parting with the children.

"I s'pose I'm a natural fool," she thought, "and never'll come to my senses; but the babies do love me for all that."

So, in an agony of grief, she tore herself away from the little arms which tried to hold her, and began the world again at Mrs. Bryant's.

Mrs. Bryant was a gentle Quaker lady, who had been purified by trials. Four little children had she laid away in the graveyard, and now her house was desolate.

"Lyddy," said friend Bryant, leading Miriam up to his wife, "here's the child thee bargained for. Will thee take off thy bonnet, Miriam?"

The hearty pressure of the good man's hand had cheered the orphan like an open fire; and when she looked up to meet the gaze of "friend Lyddy," it was with a heart dancing for joy. The face which bent down to hers "was not fair nor beautiful." The eyes, originally blue, had been often washed in tears, and were not of a "fast color;" the hair along the temples was gray; but ah! such a face as it was for love and kindness! The warm human soul looking out of those faded eyes tempted Miriam to hope for the third time that she had got near Paradise; and for once she was not mistaken. Her very wretchedness and simplicity won a place for her by the Quaker hearthstone.

"Poor little creature!" said Mrs. Bryant to her husband; does thee observe how she winces when the door opens, or a chair falls down? Thee may depend upon it the dear lamb has been unkindly treated,"

"Her wits are a little scattered, that's a

fact," replied friend Bryant; "and she ought to be petted for a while to see if love will bring them back. I'm glad the Lord sent her to thee, Lyddy; she couldn't be in better hands."

It was Monday when Miriam went to friend Bryant's, and it happened that Christmas occurred during the same week. Now the Quakers do not regard it as a special holiday, but this year it fell on Thursday, which is their "meeting day;" and so the whole family—Mr. and Mrs. Bryant, Miriam, and Patience Swan, the kitchen girl—all went to church together.

It was quite new to Miriam,—the plain building, the high seats, the solemn silence. She shivered with cold, for the green wood in the stove refused to burn. It seemed to her that hours passed before any one spoke; and then the person who arose was friend Bryant.

"My friends," said he, in a low, impressive voice, "since I've been sitting here, a text of Scripture has been borne in upon my mind—'While I mused the fire burned.'"

"He must have been asleep," thought Miriam; "It doesn't burn; the stove's as cold as ice."

"The fire burnt, my friends, the fire of love! And then I thought, 'Can we love God if we love not also his children?'"

"And, friends, suppose there should come to my house a little one of the Lord's, a little one despised of the world, a child of tender years and many sorrows. Shall I turn her away again to walk over thorns and briars? If the fire burns in my heart, shall I not keep her, and say, 'The Lord sent her; let him deal by me as I deal by her!'"

The good man had finished, and no one spoke after him. Miriam's pale cheeks glowed. She had understood every word, and knew that she was the stray little one whom friend Bryant had decided to keep as his own child. No more Miss Pepper and Mrs. Dresser, no more strong-minded doctor's wives; nothing now but comfort and joy for ever and ever!

After all her trials, this certainty of a happy home was too delightful. She burst into tears, and was only recalled to herself by the words of friend Lyddy.

"Come, little daughter; thy father is waiting."

The congregation had all shaken hands, and it was time to go home.

"I have two presents to-day," sobbed

the happy child, walking between friend Bryant and wife—"a father and a mother! Two presents, and only one Christmas!"

There was no attempt at a grand dinner; but the stuffed chicken and plum pudding were celebration enough. A happier child than Miriam never broke a wish-bone. It was a merry, merry Christmas, and all without Santa Claus, the stocking-saint, without Kris Kringle, or even a Christmas tree.

I would like to go on and tell you how Miriam's scattered wis, returned to her fourfold, and how she became the comfort and stay of her adopted parents, with only one defect which they could ever see—her natural curls.

But I have no space here to follow the orphan's happy fortunes. We must leave her eating chicken and enjoying the sweetest thing she has thus far known in life—a Quaker Christmas.

Jack Frost.

A mischievous, but merry wight,
Came from the north one winter night,
And pranks perform'd so very queer,
You'll scarce believe them when you hear.

As o'er the fields he deftly sped,
The grass grew crisp beneath his tread;
The dew-drops, as they met his eye,
Shrunk into globules white and dry;
And to the air, where'er he went,
His breath a piercing keenness lent.

A waterfall stood in his way,
Busy with noise, and bright with spray;
"Ho! brawler," said he, "is it right
To work and roar at dead of night?
You must no longer clamor so
When all besides a-slumbering go."
He said, and the obedient linn*
Stood still, and hush'd its clamorous din;
And what was water, in a trice,
Stiffen'd into a sheet of ice.

A dairy-farm he reached, and strange
It was to mark the instant change;
The milk, the butter and the cream,
Grew solid, like the frozen stream;
And from the milk-maid's cheek the rose
Fled with its blushes to her nose.

Next to the town he took his way,
Which sleeping in the moonlight lay;
And though he came and went unseen,
His feats soon told where he had been.

* A waterfall.

The watchmen, lounging on their beat,
Took to "quick march," to give them heat;
The streets, begrimed with mud before,
Grew hard and sheen as marble floor;
No pump, or water-pipe, or well,
But felt the mastery of his spell:
The very houses he swept through—
The roofs he powdered with hoar-dew,
And every window pictured o'er
With forestry grotesque and hoar.
"Ho! ho!" he said, "I'll let them see
None of them all can paint like me."

At last he sought, presumptuous elf!
To vent his mischief on myself;
So, feeling certain of his game,
Into my quiet room he came.
But, let me tell you, Jacky Frost
Reckon'd for once without his host;
I sat me there in warm attire,
With shutters closed, and blazing fire;
And when he rush'd at me in spite,
Intent to freeze me and frostbite,
I thaw'd his beard, and with a kick
Despatch'd him up the chimney quick.

Calling Nicknames.

One of the worst of the bad habits which bad boys indulge, is calling their companions or other people nicknames. This, when done on purpose, is very wrong and often very cruel, for they mostly indulge their wicked wit on those who have some bodily infirmity which they cannot help.

I wish to caution the boys who read this against such conduct; for many boys who do not wish to be unkind or cruel, may be tempted to do so before they are aware, just because there is some fun in it.

"I shall never forget," says one, "an incident of my boyhood, by which I was taught to be careful not to wound the feelings of the unfortunate. A number of us school boys were playing by the road side one Saturday afternoon, when the stage coach drove up to a neighboring inn, and the passengers alighted. As usual, we gathered around to observe them. Among the number was an elderly man, who got out with much difficulty, and when on the ground he walked with his feet turned one way, and his knees another, in a very awkward manner. I thoughtlessly shouted, "Look at old rattlebones!" The poor man turned his head with an expression of pain which I can never forget.

Just then, to my surprise and horror, my

father came round the corner, and immediately stepping up to the stranger, shook his hand warmly, and assisted him to walk to our house, which was but a little way off. I could enjoy no more play that afternoon, and when tea-time came I would gladly have hid myself, but I knew it would be in vain, and so tremblingly went into the sitting room. To my great joy and relief, the stranger did not seem to know me again, but remarked pleasantly to my father as he introduced me,

"Such a fine boy was surely worth saving."

How the words cut me to the heart! My father had often told me of a friend who had plunged into the river to save me from drowning when a child, and who, in consequence of a cold then taken, had been made a cripple by rheumatism; and this was the man I made a laughing stock of for my companions!

I tell you, boys and girls, I would give a great deal to have the memory of that event taken away. If ever you are tempted as I was, remember that while no good can come of sport, whereby the feelings of others are wounded, you may be laying up for yourselves painful recollections that will not leave you for a lifetime.

Miscellaneous.

To Folks who Quarrel.

"The chest of drawers will stand beautifully under the window," said Tom Lavery. "Under the window!" repeated his wife—as pretty a little woman as you'd see in a day's walk, with a cruel tongue that would give nineteen to the dozen any day, and not think it a trouble—"under the window!" she said again, with a scornful curl of the lip; it shall never go under the window while I have breath in my body; it shall stand forment the window, where it will be seen and admired. Under the window indeed! I wonder you don't say the chimney!" "It shall go under the window, Moyna. Lavery; it's too asy going I have been with you intirely. You are never satisfied, full or fasting, and think all the world must curtsy to you; it shall go under the window, and you better not dare hinder it." "It never shall," said Moyna. "I'll pitch the chest into the street first." "And I'll pitch you after it for company,"

said Tom. On this Moyna raised a "wir-ri-thruen," that you'd hear from this to Bantry, and Tom's loud voice had more noise than sense in it; and Tom took the stick to his wife, and she screamed murder, and at the lucky minute the door opened—there, sure enough, stood Father Barry, and, as became a holy and good man, he asked them what they were at and what they were after; and as Moyna had the nimblest tongue, she said "her husband was that Omathawn that he would have the chest of drawers under the window, which she would never give in to, never! she'd lay her bones in the green churchyard first!" "But where's the chest of drawers?" said Father Barry—and may be the fool's look didn't come over both their faces! "The chest of drawers?" said one. "Is it the chest of drawers?" said the other. "Oh, sorra a chest of drawers we have at all—yet!"

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

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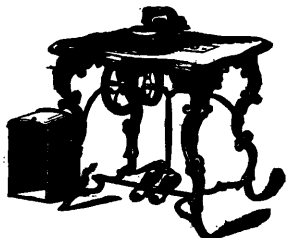
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

Vol. III.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1867.

No. 8.

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Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE;

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N. T. ROCHESTER, | Dr. MATHEWS.

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For the Hospital Review.

How Long?

So tired it is, this foolish heart of mine—
When will it cease to flutter, throb and bound?
It lies so heavy in my aching breast,
And seems so much to feel the need of rest,
Yet still beats on with dull and muffled sound.

Long years ago, when life was young and fair,
I told my heart, one bright and happy day,
"If love should fail us, and the world grow cold,
And pleasure turn to pain, ere we grow plain and
old,
We'll fold our hands and haply pass away."

Alas, love failed us many years ago!
The world has frowned *so long*, we scarce can tell
How smiles would seem to us—poor friendless
pair!

And none that live can think when we were fair;
But still we walk our weary round—ah, well!

Each night that drops its pall of darkness down,
Sees me with folded hands lie down to rest;
And hears me say—"at last, my heart, at last!

Ere morning breaks our labors *must* be past;"
Yet morning hears its throbbing in my breast.

How long, oh, weary heart! how long?
When shall these fluttering pulses cease their play,
And, sleeping sweetly after all our woe,
Heed not, though bright birds sing and violets
blow,
And sweet airs breathe through all the summer
day?

So sweet 'twill be to sleep, and never wake
To know the world's neglect or bitter scorn;
We shall not heed e'en when the winter snows
Lie cold above us, and its rude wind blows;
Enough that to our night there breaks no morn.

MRS. JAMES H. WILLIAMS.

Rochester, March 7, 1867.

For the Hospital Review.

God, our Teacher.

What a delightful thought, that God is
never weary of teaching us; that the daily
duties and cares, the daily joys and sor-
rows, are so many lessons set by our Heav-
enly Father to bring us, step by step, in the
paths of wisdom and peace. Strange that
we are so slow to learn, so ready to forget.
The same loving Father, who orders all for
us, never designs that one of His appoint-
ments should leave us where it finds us.
By these lessons we are to grow in knowl-
edge, in grace, in meekness for our Heav-
enly home.

"Every hour that fleets so swiftly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,

If thou set each gem with care." A.

Cheerful People.

"God bless the cheerful person, man, woman or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely! Over and above every other social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to-day, and what the stars are to-night, are cheerful persons in the house and by the way-side. They go unobtrusively, unconsciously about their silent mission—brightening up every scene with the happiness beaming from their faces. We love to sit near them—we love the glance of their eye, the tone of their voices; the little children find them out, oh, so quickly! amidst the densest crowd, and passing by the knotted brow and compressed lip, glide near and lay a confiding little hand on them and lift clear young eyes to their loving faces."

For the Hospital Review.

A Song.**THE MOUNTAINEER'S LONGING FOR HOME.**

Why tell me of your flowery dales,
Or of your lowland streams?
Why sing me songs of Southern climes,
As soft as maiden dreams?
They charm me not, for I'm content
Mid yonder rocks to stray;
To hear the songs the tempests sing
While sweeping on their way.
Then take me to the mountain,
I am lonely while away,
A voice afar is calling,
I cannot—cannot stay.

I was not born in climes like these,
I cannot bear them now;
They add a poison to my veins,
And wrinkles to my brow—
I would be with the torrents,
That dance in wilder glee;
That burst their rocky fetters;
Like me, they will be free.
Then take, &c.

I would not wear Fame's gaudy wreath,
Nor Fortune's gilded chain;
They'd bind me here in slavery,
While monarch there I reign.
My palace is the mountain peak,
Built by the God above;
My dog, my gun, and mountain maid,
Are enough for me to love.
Then take, &c.

Hornellsville, Feb. 14, 1867.

E. H. D.

"I was a Hungered."

It was sleeting fast. Evening was falling. The streets were almost deserted.

Suddenly a voice at my elbow said, "I am not fit for work, and have eaten nothing to-day."

I looked at the speaker. He was an able-bodied man, but had lost both arms by amputation; he was evidently a discharged soldier. He was pale, too, as if from recent sickness, or from scanty food. He had on an old threadbare coat.

My first impulse was to give him something. But my coat was buttoned tight; I could not easily unbutton it and continue to hold my umbrella and book; and to crown all, the street car, for which I had been waiting, at that moment came up.

"I have nothing to-day," I said, turning from the man and beckoning to the driver.

I heard a sigh, as I turned, and was on the point of reconsidering my decision, but I reflected that if I missed this car I should have to wait ten minutes in the road. "Besides," I said to myself, "somebody else will be sure to give him something."

But my heart smote me, when, on looking after the man, I saw him go sadly down the street with bent head. Once I thought of stopping the car, overtaking the man, and giving him half a dollar. But while I hesitated, the car passed the corner, and he was out of sight. It was too late.

I did not eat my dinner that day with the usual appetite. I could not get that wan face out of my mind. At times the victuals seemed to choke me. What if he really was starving, and no one would help him!

All through the evening the man's look haunted me. In vain my little daughter, seeing me abstracted, sang her sweetest ballads. In vain my wife sought to "cheer me up," as she said. I even dreamed of the man. If I had known where to find him, I would have gone the next day, to satisfy myself that he had received assistance.

But the impression gradually wore off. There is so much suffering now in great cities, that almost every one becomes hardened to it. I persuaded myself finally that the man had been helped by others. "There are so many societies to aid soldiers," I said. It was uncomfortable to think otherwise.

One morning, about four days after the interview, my wife was reading the paper, when she suddenly laid it down, and cried, "How shocking!"

I do not know how it was, but I felt a sudden chill. I thought instantly of that man's wan face. But I said carelessly, as I broke my egg,

"What is it, my dear?"

"Oh! such a horrible story. A discharged soldier, his wife and two children, dying of starvation. At least the wife is dead, and one of the children not expected to live. None have had anything to eat for four days. They were found in an old out-house. The husband is said to have lost both arms at Gettysburg."

My hand trembled so much that, long before my wife finished, I had been compelled to lay down my egg unopened. She was looking at the paper, and did not see me.

I had no appetite after that. I rose immediately, and hastened down town, for I was sure this was the man whose petition I had rejected.

I went straight to see him. I had the paper in my pocket, and it directed me to the miserable out-house, where the sufferers had been found.

Quite a crowd had been collected outside; but a policeman at the door permitted no one to go in. He knew me, however, and on my expressing my wish, allowed me to enter.

A sheet, furnished by some poor neighbour, was spread over a still waxen face in the corner; a little girl was sobbing beside it; and a man bowed with grief sat at the foot. At the sound of my footsteps he looked up. It was the same wan face I had repelled at the corner of the street.

Since that day I have never turned away from old or young who has asked alms. Better give to a thousand who are unworthy, than refuse one that is really in need.

If a man take a tenth or a fifth part from his stock, to give to the poor, the remainder will be weightier seed for producing an increase than if the whole had been untouched. But this is a delicate affair. To give chiefly with the expectation of the increase, is *traffic*, and not charity.

Never carry a sword in your tongue to wound any one's reputation.

For the Hospital Review.

My Sheaves.

Father, when I shall come to Thee some day

Bringing my sheaves,

Wilt Thou look down on me and say,

"Nothing but leaves?"

I know they are not much, my soul despairs

And silent grieves,

To find among the wheat so many tares

Bound in my sheaves.

But, when the harvests came in golden bloom,

I always said,

"I will not work to-day, there is not room—

I'll rest instead;"

So, from a shady nook I watched the reapers go

Laden with sheaves,

While gleaners followed on, with weary feet,
and lo!

Took even leaves.

So I had nought. The fields were white and still

When evening came,

And I went home across the waste, awe-struck
and chill,

With not a grain.

Thus many a harvest time has come, and gone—

While withered leaves,

Dry flowers, and straw, and barren stalks, I own,

Make half my sheaves.

If, some day soon, a hurried summons home

I should receive,

O Father—God—how should I dare to come

Bearing such sheaves!

MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

From the New York Observer.

The Gift of Suffering.

"I love my sufferings, for they come from God; I love everything that comes from Him," says the gifted Hannah More.

Who ever planned a life of passive suffering? Self-sacrifice is the ideal of every exalted soul, but our restless natures choose to gain it through some noble plan of extended usefulness. We mingle our ambition and our aspirations, and in strong beseechings and earnest toil we strive to follow those upon whom God has left the impress of His divinity, in their shining deeds and magnanimity of soul.

God needs all the suffering ones just as much as He needs the toiling ones to accomplish His work. In loving kindness, He oftentimes gives us our mission far different from our plans, in sacrifices of feeling

and cherished aspirations and precious hopes.

To-day on many a couch of suffering lie weary ones, panting, oh, so eagerly for the privilege of giving the cup of cold water to the least of His disciples. Stricken, bleeding, yet unsubdued, may they listen to the sweet accents of Him who trod the wine-press alone; listen to the voice that breaks from the cherubic glory upon that spell of agony, "It is well it is in thine heart."

The soul finds its bliss in action, the soul upon whom has fallen the mantle of lofty endeavor or a spotless righteousness. To suffer God's will requires greater energy of spirit, greater love than to do His will. To stand with a full heart and feeble hands and yearn over a world lying in wickedness—to yearn in weakness and in heart-throbs and in tears—this is the mission of suffering, as sacred and divine as the delightful one to cheer and purify and bless.

Said Henry Kirke White, "I shall soon die and be forgotten, but the world will be just the same as though I had never lived! But, oh, how I have loved! how I have longed! how I have aspired!" This is the sigh in the depths of many souls; but their mission ends not with their lives. The tender blossoms wither, but the perfume of their lives makes fragrant the gardens of earth.

Ann Hasseltine Judson, prays, "O Lord, here I am; do with me what pleaseth Thee; make me useful or not, as seemeth good in Thy sight; but, oh, let my soul live before Thee." She had sown in tears. Instead of toil and the rich harvest of a redeemed people, she bore the hardships of her missionary life, and cheered the spirit of him who trod the burning sands with his bleeding feet seven long years in vain. The precious gift of suffering was hers. Others caught its heavenly fire, and will shine in the stars; others who have turned many to righteousness.

Let us not murmur. We can have the spirit that glorifies the saints and martyrs and patriots and philanthropists, if we will. Nothing can take from us that quiet, steady influence, that unseen current, that warms and energizes the life of hundreds, if our spirits are warmed and energized by sufferings meekly borne for His sake, the Man of Sorrows, who consecrated all suffering, all sorrow, and made it divine.

For the Hospital Review.

My Guiding Star.

I had, but I have not a guiding Star!
And my bark is fiercely driven
By the pitiless storm on the voyage of life,
Like a wish to the wild winds given.
I had, but I have not a guiding star!
Nor pilot, nor compass, nor chart;
While the high-crested wave, foaming white in
his wrath,
Strikes a chill through my mariner heart.

I had, but I have not a guiding Star!
For the cloud is lowering and dark;
Its light is withdrawn—not a glimmering ray
Throws itself round my billow-bound bark.
Alone and adrift, and enshrouded in night—
Let the storm and the elements war!
I must cling to my bark, and wait for a light
That could rival my Guiding Star.
January 10th, 1867. RECLUSE.

IN REPLY.

Had then thy "Guiding Star" a birth,
Where all is false and frail?
Unstable all that's born of earth!
As leaf tossed 'on the gale.
The eye that's brightest in the throng,
In solitude oft weeps—
The heart o'er its own-bitterness,
Its lonely vigil keeps.

The noble tree, the clinging vine,
Death'd by one lightning shaft;
In one embrace, the sea entombs
The seaman and his craft.
Fade, droop, and wither—dust to dust!
Our loved ones pass away—
"Of the earth, earthy!" moth and rust—
Earth treasures are, decay.

"Alone, adrift!" on life's rough sea?
Of chart or pilot riven?
Deluded soul! God pity thee,
And lead thee to the haven.
Alone? Ah, no! The Comforter
Hovering, or near, or far,
In silent whisper, ever pleads,
Make me thy "Guiding Star."

February 4th, 1867.

L.

The evening before a battle, an officer asked Marshal Toiras for permission to go and see his father, who was at the point of death. "Go," said the marshal, who saw through the pretext; "honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

Powers—the Sculptor.

Ireneus, correspondent of the New York Observer, in a recent visit to American sculptors in Florence, says :

POWERS, our glorious old master, Hiram Powers, is still young, though now in the sixty-second year of his age. In this land, where Art is still worshiped, he does more than any other man to illustrate and ennoble the genius of the New World. And it gratifies the pride of an American traveler to find that his countryman has the admiration of great and good men of other countries, and that his works are among the chief attractions of the galleries of distinguished patrons of Art in England as well as in America.

Mr. Powers has just finished an ideal head of the Saviour, in which he has embodied a conception of character rarely, if ever before, attempted in marble. Jesus, as a man, was bold, brave, heroic, as well as wise, gentle, loving and good. There was firmness of purpose, and resolution under circumstances of great trial, as well as patient resignation to voluntary suffering. These ideas are wonderfully pronounced in the face of this marble Christ. "MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned." This work has been executed for William H. Aspinwall, Esq., of New York, whose liberality to the lovers of Art makes his elegant and costly gallery almost a public treasure. It would be well if the generous spirit of Mr. Aspinwall had more imitators among New York citizens whose wealth has enabled them to become possessors of such priceless works.

The studio of Mr. Powers has become a vast workshop and gallery. He has twelve or fifteen men constantly employed in carrying out his designs, and a throng of visitors, foreigners of every land, are daily walking among his new creations. He is now engaged upon "Paradise Lost," or EVE after the Fall, aware of the consequences of her sin, pointing to the serpent, but turning her eyes away, as if her sorrow was not without hope. His model of a statue of Mr. Everett is as nearly perfect as the hand of man can render the image of another. Mr. Everett was a warm personal friend of Mr. Powers, and this statue is purely a labor of love on the part of the artist. It has not been ordered by any one; but it ought to be secured for the Mercantile Library, or some other in-

stitution in New York. Mr. Powers is now composing three busts, into which he is infusing his highest conceptions of truth, beauty and feeling. They are Faith, Hope and Charity. What they will be when finished it is impossible to say, but, without doubt, they will enhance the reputation of the artist, and the country that is proud of his career.

The Alpine Shepherd.

When on my ear your loss was knelled.

And tender sympathy up burst,

A little rill from memory swelled,

Which once had soothed my bitter thirst.

And I was fain to bear to you

Some portion of the mild relief,

That it might be as healing dew,

To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath

Up to the Father took its way,

And on our home the shade of death

Like a long twilight haunting lay ;

And friends came round with us to weep

Her little spirit's swift remove,

This story of the Alpine sheep

Was told to us by one we love :

"They in the valley's sheltering care

Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,

And when the sod grows brown and bare,

The shepherd strives to make them climb

"To airy shelves of pasture green,

That hang along the mountain side,

Where grass and flowers together lean,

And down through mist the sunbeams slide

"But naught can tempt the timid things

The steep and rugged path to try,

Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,

And seared below the pastures lie,

"Till in his arms the lambs he takes,

Along the dizzy verge to go,

Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,

They follow on o'er rock and snow.

"And in those pastures lifted fair,

More dewy soft than woodland mead,

The shepherd drops his tender care,

And sheep and lambs together feed."

This parable by nature breathed,

Blew on me as the south wind free

1 O'er frozen brooks that float unsheathed

From icy thralldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
 Would all my happy senses sway
 Of the Good Shepherd on the height,
 Or climbing up the starry way.

Holding our little lamb asleep,
 And like the burden of the sea
 Sounded that voice along the deep,
 Saying, "Arise and follow me!"

MRS. LOWELL.

The Methods and Results of Christian Finance.

We find in an English paper a tabular statement of the yearly charitable collections in a well-managed parish church, where the congregation numbered about two hundred persons, with not a wealthy man among them. It shows not only the yearly amount, but the various coins in which the contributions were made, as follows :

	1864.			1865.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Sovereigns,	10	0	0	9	0	0
Half-sovereigns,	30	0	0	41	0	0
Crowns,	1	0	0	4	10	0
Half-crowns,	31	0	0	33	12	6
Florins,	14	18	0	17	0	0
Shillings,	99	19	0	104	7	0
Sixpences,	80	18	6	110	2	0
Fourpences,	16	16	8	25	16	8
Threepences,	37	15	9	62	12	0
Pence,	23	18	11	21	4	3
Half-pence,	8	17	1½	6	7	7½
Total,	£355	14	11½	440	12	0½

The efficiency of the apostolic system of finance is clearly illustrated. "On the first day of the week, let every one lay by in store, as God hath prospered him." Carried out with a good conscience by all societies, the lack of money for religious purposes would rarely be felt.

Little Things.

"Despise not little sins; they have ruined many a soul. Despise not little duties; they have been to many a saved man an excellent discipline of humility. Despise not little temptations; rightly met they have often nerved the character for some fiery trial. And despise not little crosses; for when taken up and lovingly accepted at the Lord's hand, they have made men meet for a great crown, even the crown of righteousness and life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 15, 1867.

"She that Liveth in Pleasure, is Dead while She Liveth."

At this season of the Lenten Fast, and while the influence of its holy and blessed services are felt upon all religious denominations—resting like a hallowed spell upon the entire community—it is well for us each to turn away from the gaieties which may surround us, and from "every weight of care which does so easily beset us," and to seek to hold communion with Him whose Spirit seems especially at this time pervading the city, and to look earnestly into the record of our hearts and lives. What is the life that we are living? The question is not what we are dreaming—what we may flatter ourselves are our purposes—but what is the *proven* aim, the real work, the real life that we live day by day? Is it a "living sacrifice, holy and acceptable," to Him to whom it is consecrated, or are we "living in pleasure"—"dead while we live?" As we look back over the gay, busy months so swiftly passed, what is their record? What have we done for our Master? Has our time, our talents, our energies, been spent in His service—in doing His bidding—or in serving and pleasing ourselves? Let us not shrink away from these questions. As stewards of God, we must one day render up our account to Him, and have we been faithful? We shall be accepted in His sight, not from the lifeless creed we hold, however orthodox—not the dead faith to which we may now cling complacently, but a *living* faith, proven and inseparable from *good works*. Unworthy and insufficient as are our works and our best efforts in themselves, yet as the fruit of the faith and the love which God has implanted in the heart, we know that He will not despise them, but more than this, He *demand*s them of us. He

regards them as the test of the genuineness of our faith, and declares imperatively that "faith without works is dead"—and "by their fruits ye shall know them." What are our works? What our fruits? What our life? The fruits of faith may not, it is true, be all evident to the world. There are the daily inner struggles with self, and sin, and temptation—battles fought and won unseen by any eye but God's—there is, too, that daily but almost imperceptible growth into His image—the gradual moulding and changing of all our tempers, tastes and affections, into that perfect Type, that pure and lovely Model. But this is not all. With our hearts full of His love, and imbued with an earnest desire to imitate His example, there will be, likewise, an external growth and development. There will be fruits by which our Christianity will be known to the world, just as a tree is known by its fruits. In the midst of a world of sin and suffering and death, it will be impossible for us to be idle or listless. With the cries from every side for help—with *Christ's* image engraven upon our hearts, and His cross our standard, how can we turn deaf away or lose ourselves in the maze of pleasure or our own selfish pursuits? *Definite* work stands ready and waiting for all—work in our own quiet homes—work in the Church—work in the Sabbath School—work in the Mission School—work among the sick—the stranger—the needy and suffering. It is no excuse that we may not know of any cases who need our ministrations—a part of our work is to search them out. Then there is work always ready for willing hands in our benevolent institutions. Two of our young friends went out the past month through the chilling, uninviting blasts of this ungenial season, collecting for our "Review," and the gratifying result will be seen in our List. If more of our young ladies, unincumbered with domestic cares, and with so much precious time hanging idly on their hands, would

but imitate this example! The city has never been canvassed for the "Review." If two of our young friends in any part of the city should plan to go over a certain ward, or even street together—going faithfully into every house and soliciting names, how much in this way could be accomplished! Then, if other two in some other portion should set out on the same errand—how easily our city could be canvassed—and should a similar plan be undertaken by our friends in the country—visiting every house and neighborhood—how wonderful would be the results! But we confess that we have little faith that it will be done. There is time for visiting—time for pleasure—time for parties—time for the minutest details of dress and the toilet—time for every selfish, worldly pursuit, but no time for our benevolent institutions—none for gathering into the Mission school, where they might be rescued, precious little souls going daily down to eternal death—no time to lift a cup of cold water to one even of the thousands perishing around us—no time for the least part of that work which engrossed *all His* time, and which made the entire mission of Him whose footsteps we profess to follow. Oh, as we look at the record of our selfish lives, and contrast it with the zeal—the fervor—the self-devotion of St. Paul and of the early Christians, have we not reason to fear that our hopes are a delusion, and that we shall be counted with those who having "a name to live are yet dead," and with her who "living in pleasure is dead while she liveth."

RELIGIOUS SERVICES AT THE HOSPITAL.—We are gratified to be able to state that religious services will henceforth be held regularly at the Hospital, on every Sunday, at four o'clock, P. M. The services will be conducted by the Rev. Mr. Dillon, Assistant at St. Luke's.

Those who live to benefit others, are the happiest of mortals.

Tidings from our Soldiers at Augusta, Maine.

During the past month, as some of our readers are aware, nine of our soldiers were transferred to an Asylum for Soldiers provided by Government at Augusta, Maine. A letter has recently been received at the Hospital from one of the boys, giving a very gratifying account of the Asylum, and of the care and comforts which they have received. Every soldier is there taught some useful employment adapted to his maimed, or crippled, or enfeebled condition, by which he may hope in time to earn his livelihood. Three of these Asylums have been established in the country—one, here mentioned, at Augusta, Maine—one in Dayton, Ohio—and one near Milwaukee, Wisconsin. They are, we understand, built and supported by the unclaimed bounty money and pay of the soldiers of the late war. A more worthy or appropriate use of these uncalled for sums—amounting in all to about three millions of dollars—could not be made.

A few soldiers still remain in our Hospital—one, a blind man, whose family residing here rendered it desirable for him to be near them.

Mrs. Gifford, of Fishers, will please accept our thanks for a new subscriber this month, and also for the renewal of her own subscription.

Hospital Notices.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made at the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. W. Ely, South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. Little, Plymouth Avenue; Dr. Montgomery, Spring Street; Dr. Langworthy & Dr. Whitbeck.

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

Correspondence.

Mrs. F., of Clifton Springs, will please accept our thanks for the following:

Please find enclosed \$5, in pay for the "Review," and for the sick ones. I enclose a choice poem, "The Child of James Melville, &c.," thinking you may like it for your paper. If satisfactory to you, I should be pleased to see it in print. I have only a manuscript copy—it may be familiar to you. Truly yours,

Mrs. W. F.

The poem enclosed in the above, will appear in our next issue, as we find we have not room for it in this.

Tribute to Mr. and Miss Van Zandt.

AVON, March 1st, 1867.

Enclosed please find Fifty Cents as payment for "Hospital Review" for this year, as I would not like to miss its monthly visit. As a friend of Mr. and Miss Van Zandt, I was gratified with the acceptance they have met with from "the Ladies;" having, from the commencement of their labors, felt entire confidence in their success.

Respectfully yours,

C. E. W.

The following letter is from the widow of one of our soldiers, who died at the Hospital in July, 1865—an obituary notice of whose death appeared at the time in the "Review." He suffered many hardships in the army, and worn and feeble he was brought to our Hospital, where he died of typhoid fever:

EAST PEMBROKE, March 12, 1867.

DEAR MRS. M.—Another call for the "Review,"—one copy—and I hope soon to be able to send for more. I wish to do all that I can for the Hospital, although it be but a "drop in the bucket," for when I think of the kindness and friendly care that my dying husband received there from the hands of Christian friends, it makes my heart feel that I can never do too much for such a good cause. Good-bye.

Cash Donations and Receipts,

FOR FEBRUARY, 1867.

Mrs. William Foster, Clifton Springs,	\$ 3 00
Donation Box,	1 53
From Private Patients,	59 50

Superintendent's Report for February.

1867. Feb. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, . . .	69
Received during the month, 14	
Births,	1—34
Discharged,	16
Deaths,	1—17
Mar. 1. Remaining in Hospital,	67

Receipts for the Hospital Review,

FROM FEB. 15 TO MARCH 15, 1867.

Mrs. Kalfleisch, Mrs. E. Terry, Milwaukee—By Mr. Van Zandt,	\$1 00
Mrs. P. Hoag, Lake Road—By Miss E. Hall, Mrs. S. G. Beach, Miss E. A. Taylor, Mrs. Butler, Perry-Centre; Mrs. C. C. Holton, (2 years); Mrs. Wm. Foster, Clifton Springs, (\$2.00); Mrs. Winans, Avon; Mrs. Cyrus Bentley, Chicago, (\$2.00); Mrs. Chesebrough, Copake, (75 cents); Miss McKelvey, Groveland, (30 cents); Mrs. W. S. Storms, Fairport, (60 cents); Miss Bartlett, Boston—By Mrs. Perkins,	9 15
Mrs. J. Gifford, Fishers; Miss Helen Wilder, Brockport—By Mrs. Gifford,	1 00
Mrs. Porter, Niagara Falls—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester,	50
Mrs. W. W. Carr; Mrs. L. H. Strang, Scottsville; Miss C. York—By Mrs. Mathews,	1 50
Mrs. J. H. Brewster, Mrs. William Alling, Mrs. L. R. Satterlee, Mrs. N. Sage, Mrs. H. C. Fenn, Mrs. G. H. Roberts, Mrs. Thos. Graham, Mrs. W. D. Oviatt, Mrs. Henry Churchill, Mrs. O. M. Benedict, Mrs. E. M. Adams, each 2 years; Mrs. E. T. Huntington, Mrs. F. S. Dewitt, Mrs. M. B. Breck, Mrs. Thomas Oliver, Mrs. B. M. Baker—By Miss C. A. Brackett and Miss E. G. Mathews,	13 50
Mrs. J. J. Booth, Mrs. C. R. Davis—By Miss Julia Davis,	1 00
Mrs. J. Watson—By Minnie Montgomery, Mrs. Roderick, East Rush—By Mrs. Roderick, Pembroke,	50
Mrs. Isaac Pray, Mrs. Frank Culbertson, Mt. Morris; Mrs. H. E. Warner, Nunda—By Mrs. Culbertson,	1 50
A. S. Mann & Co., \$15.00; Buell & Brewster, \$5.00; S. F. & W. Witherspoon, \$5.00; Monroe County, \$13.50; advertisements—By Mrs. Perkins,	38 50
E. & A. Wayte, advertisement—By Mr. Van Zandt,	5 00
Curran & Goler, advertisement—By Mrs. Mathews,	5 00
J. Schleier, Advertisement—By Mr. Falls,	5 00

List of Donations to the Hospital,

FROM FEB. 15th TO MARCH 15th, 1867.

E. A. Haswell, York—Two cans of Grapes.
Miss Mary B. Allen—A quantity of Dried Apples.
Mrs. Edward W. Williams—Six tumblers of Jelly.
A Manager—One tumbler of Jelly.
Mrs. Homer Sackett, Avon—One can Peaches.
Mrs. Warren—One dozen Eggs.
Miss M. H. Wells—A Feather Fan.
Mrs. W. W. Carr—A roll of Cotton.

Married.

In East Pembroke, Feb. 21st, 1867, by the Rev. Mr. Keeler, SAMUEL RODERICK, of Rush, and MARIET E. RODERICK, of the above town.

Children's Department.

Willie's Signal for Jesus.

The following touching incident is related by a lady in the East, in a letter to her brother, who is an esteemed minister in Illinois, and to whose kindness *The Little Corporal* is indebted for the use of it. It is copied word for word from her letter.

"I heard such a beautiful story, the other day, about a little child, that I must tell it to you. He was sick in St. Luke's Hospital, in New York, and the lady who told me the story was there.

"One day this child, about seven years old, was brought into the children's ward; he had been picked up in the street, where he had fallen from some building. His little leg was broken in two places, his head cut dreadfully, and his backbone so broken that it came through the flesh. He lay about a week between life and death, a fearful sufferer; but at the end of that time he began to mend, so that in a few days more his physicians concluded he could recover, but that if he lived they would have to cut off the splinters from his backbone.

"Well, they performed the operation, and the child lived and grew better. About a week afterwards, the doctors found there would have to be another operation. So they told the nurse that she must tell little Willie that the next morning they would have to do it. The nurse was a noble Christian woman, and she talked to the little fellow, sitting by his bedside. She said: 'Willie, I have told you what the doctors think, and I want you to try and be a little man, and bear it as well as you can. It is hard for you, I know, and it is hard for me to see you suffer so much, and it makes my heart ache day after day to see all you dear little children suffer so, but it is God's will, my child,' she said, 'and he and his dear Son Jesus will help you through.'

"This was in the evening, and she left him till the morning, going from one little sufferer to another till her time was up. After she had gone, the little boy pulled the sheet over his head, and began to cry as if his heart would break. In the little bed next to his was a little girl, and as she saw and heard him cry, she said:

"'Willie, what makes you cry so? Don't

you know that Jesus can help you? This is his ward, they say, and he loves us all very much; don't cry any more, but let's pray to Jesus to take your pain away.'

"He then said: 'I have been praying, Susie, and I have been asking Christ to take me, for don't you know they say that every night Jesus walks through our ward and takes one or two of us little children away with him—those that love him and want to go with him; and I have been telling him how much I want to go with him, and that I can't bear to think of all the pain I will have to-morrow if he don't take me. And I will tell you, Susie, what I am going to do, for fear I should be asleep when Jesus comes. I am going to hold my hand up so, (and he held one hand by the wrist, just above the bed-clothes,) so that when Jesus walks through our room to-night he will see it, and know I want him to take me, and he will see my hand and know I am the one that wants so much to go with him. I have told him I would, and he will look for me,' and the children went to sleep. And early in the morning, when the nurse went to look at all the children, there she saw little Willie stiff and cold in death, with his hand just above the bed-clothes, held up by the other, as he had told Jesus he would find him."

TWO EARS, TWO EYES, TWO HANDS.—
You have two ears, and only one mouth.
Learn from this to listen much, and to speak little.

You have two eyes, and only one mouth.
Learn to observe more than you talk.

You have two hands to work with, and only one mouth to eat. Learn to work more than you eat.

Think much, and use hands, ears and eyes;
But little speak, if you be wise

JESUS WENT ABOUT DOING GOOD.—He was not content with sending his disciples to do it, or doing it at a distance. No: He would walk to the spot Himself. He delighted to do good. He would sacrifice needful rest or food to do it. He would go out of his road to do it. He would spend a whole day in doing it. He would do it for the worst. All of us might imitate Him more in this. None are too young to help in comforting the poor and he sick.

Mrs. Grammar's Ball.

Mrs. Grammar, she gave a fine ball
To the nine different parts of our speech!
To the big and the small,
To the short and the tall,
There were pies, plums, and puddings for each.

And first little Articles came,
In hurry to make themselves known—
Fat A, An, and The;
But none of the three
Could stand for a minute alone.

The Adjectives came to announce
That their dear friends, the Nouns, were at hand,
Rough, Rougher, and Roughest,
Tough, Tougher, and Toughest,
Fat, Merry, Good-natured and Grand.

The Nouns were indeed on their way—
Tens of thousands, and more, I should think,
For each name that we utter,
Shop, Shoulder or Shutter,—
Is a noun; Lady, Lyon and Link.

The Pronouns were following fast
To push the Nouns out of their places—
I, Thou, You and Me,
We, They, He and She,
With their merry, good-humored old faces.

Some cried out, "Make way for the Verbs!"
A great crowd is coming in view—
To *bite* and to *smite*,
And to *light* and to *fight*,
To *be*, and to *have*, and to *do*.

The Adverbs attend on the Verbs,
Behind them as footmen they run;
As thus, to fight *badly*,
Then run away *gladly*,
Shows how fighting and running were done.

Prepositions came—In, By and Near,
With Conjunctions a poor little band,
As "either you or me,
But neither them nor he"—
They held their great friends by the hand.

Then in with a Hip, hip, hurrah!
Rushed in Interjections uproarious,—
"Oh, dear! Well-a-day!"
When they saw the display,
"Ha! ha!" they all shouted out, "Glorious!"

"Remember now they Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them."

God's Protecting Care.

BY JEAN INGELOW.

Who is this? A little midshipman, in a great city, with his pockets full of money. He is waiting for a coach. It comes up presently, and he gets on the top of it, and begins to look about him.

The passengers are delighted with his simplicity and child-like glee, and they encourage him to talk to them about the sea and ships. The coach stops; the little midshipman, with his hands in his pockets, sits rattling his money, and singing. There is a poor woman standing by the door of the village inn; she looks care-worn, and well she may, for in the spring, her husband went up to London to seek for work. He got work, and she was expecting soon to join him there, when, alas! a fellow workman wrote her word that he had met with an accident, and wanted his wife to come and nurse him. But she has two young children, and is destitute; she must walk up all the way, and she is sick at heart when she thinks perhaps he may die among strangers before she can reach him. She does not think of begging, but seeing the boy's eyes attracted to her, she makes him a curtesey, and he withdraws his hand, and throws her down a sovereign. She looks at it with incredulous joy, and then she looks at him.

"It's all right," he says, and the coach starts again, while, full of gratitude, she hires a cart to take her across the country to the railway, that the next night she may sit by the bedside of her sick husband. The midshipman knows nothing about that; and he never will know.

The passengers go on talking,—the little midshipman has told them who he is, and where he is going. But there is one man who has never joined in the conversation; he is dark-looking and restless; he sits apart; he has seen the glitter of the falling coin, and now he watches the boy more narrowly than before. He is a strong man, resolute and determined; the boy with the pockets full of money will be no match for him. He has told the other passengers that his father's house is the parsonage at Y—, the coach goes within five miles of it, and he means to get down at the nearest point, and walk, or rather run over to his home, through the great wood.

The man decides to get down, too, and

go through the wood; he will rob the little midshipman; perhaps, if he cries out, or struggles, he will do worse. The boy, he thinks, will have no chance against him; it is quite impossible that he can escape; the way is lonely, and the sun will be down. And now they reach the village where the boy is to alight. He wishes the other passengers "Good evening!" and runs lightly down between the scattered houses. The man has got down, also, and is following.

The path lies through the village churchyard; there is evening service, and the door is wide open, for it is warm. The little midshipman steals up to the porch, looks in, and listens. The clergyman is giving out his text. Thirteen months have passed since the boy was in the house of prayer; and a feeling of pleasure and awe induces him to stand still and listen.

"Are not two sparrows," he hears, "sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall to the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

He hears the opening sentences of the sermon; and then he remembers his home, and comes softly out of the porch, full of calm and serious pleasure. The clergyman has reminded him of his father, and his heart is now filled with the echoes of his voice and of his prayers. He thinks on what the clergyman said, of the care of our heavenly Father for us; he remembers how, when he left home, his father prayed that he might be preserved through every danger; he does not remember any particular danger that he has been exposed to, excepting in the great storm; but he is grateful that he has come home in safety, and he hopes that whenever he shall be in danger, the providence of God will watch over him and protect him. And so he presses onward to the entrance of the wood.

The man is there before him. He has pushed himself into the thicket, and cut a heavy stick; he suffered the boy to go on before, and then he comes out, falls into the path, and followed him. It is too light at present, for the deed of darkness, and too near the entrance of the wood; but he knows that shortly the path will branch off into two, and the right one for the boy to take will be dark and lonely.

But what prompts the little midshipman,

when not fifty yards from the branching of the path, to break into a sudden run; It is not fear—he never dreams of danger. Some wild rush for home makes him dash off suddenly after his saunter, with a whoop and a bound. On he goes, as if running a race; the path bends, and the man loses sight of him. "But I shall have him yet," he thinks; "he cannot keep this pace up long."

The boy has nearly reached the place where the path divides, when he puts up a young, white owl, that can scarcely fly, and it goes whirring along, close to the ground, before him. He gains upon it; another moment, and it will be his. Now it gets the start again; they come to the branching of the path, and the bird goes down the wrong one. The temptation to follow is too strong to be resisted; he knows that somewhere there is a cross-track, by which he can get into the path he has left; it is only to run a little faster, and he shall be at home almost as soon.

On he rushes; the path takes a bend, and he is hardly out of sight, when his pursuer comes where the path divides. The boy has turned to the right; the man takes the left, and the faster they both run, the farther they are asunder.

The white owl still leads him on; the path gets darker and narrower; at last he finds that he has missed it altogether, and his feet are on the soft ground. He flounders about among the trees and stumps, vexed with himself, and panting after his race. At last he hits upon another track, and pushes on as fast as he can. The ground begins sensibly to descend—he has lost his way—but he keeps bearing to the left; and, though it is now dark, he thinks that he must reach the main path sooner or later.

He does not know this part of the wood, but he runs on. The moon is under a thick canopy of clouds; and there is not a star to glitter on the water and make it visible. The fern is soft under his feet as he runs and slips down the sloping hill. At last he strikes his foot against a stone, stumbles, and falls. Two minutes more, and he will roll into the black water.

"Hey-day!" cries the boy, "what's this! Oh, how it tears my hands! Oh, this thorn bush! Oh, my arms! I can't get free!" He struggles and pants. With a good deal of patience, and a great many scratches, he gets free of the thorn, which

has arrested his progress when his feet were within a yard of the water, manages to scramble up the bank, and make the best of his way through the wood.

All this time the dark passenger follows the main track, and believes that his prey is before him. At last he hears a crushing of dead boughs, and presently, the little midshipman's voice, not fifty yards before him. Yes, it is too true; the boy is in the cross-track. He will pass the cottage in the wood, directly, and after that his pursuer will come upon him.

The boy bounds into the path; but as he passes the cottage, he is so thirsty, and so hot, that he thinks he must ask the inhabitants if they can sell him a glass of ale. He enters without ceremony. "Ale!" says the woodman, who is sitting at his supper. "No, we have no ale; but perhaps my wife can give thee a drink of milk. Come in." So he comes in and shuts the door; and while he sits waiting for the milk, footsteps pass. They are the footsteps of his pursuer, who goes on with the stake in his hand, and is angry and impatient that he has not yet come up with him.

The woman goes to her little dairy for the milk, and the boy thinks she is a long time. He drinks it, thanks her, and takes his leave.

Faster and faster the man runs on, and, as fast as he can, the boy runs after him. Fast the boy follows, and fast the man runs on, with his weapon in his hand. Suddenly he hears the joyous whoop—not before, but behind him. He stops and listens breathlessly. Yes, it is so. He pushes himself into the thicket, and raises his stake to strike when the boy shall pass. On he comes, running lightly, with his hands in his pockets. A sound strikes at the same instant on the ears of both; and the boy turns back from the very jaws of death to listen. It is the sound of wheels, and it draws rapidly near. A man comes up, driving a little gig:

"Halloa!" he says, in a loud cheerful voice. "What, benighted youngster?"

"Oh, is this you, Mr. Davis?" said the boy; no, I am not benighted; or at any rate, I know my way out of the woods."

The man draws further back among the shrubs. "Why, bless the boy," he hears the farmer say, "to think of our meeting in this way! The parson told me he was in hopes of seeing thee some day this week.

I'll give thee a lift. This is a lone place to be in, this time o' night."

"Lone!" said the boy, laughing. "I don't mind that; and if you know the way it's as safe as the quarter-deck."

So he gets into the farmer's gig, and is once more out of reach of the pursuer. But the man knows that the farmer's home is a quarter of a mile nearer than the parsonage, and in that quarter of a mile there is still a chance of committing the robbery. He determines still to make the attempt, and he cuts across the wood with such rapid strides, that he reaches the farmer's gate, just as the gig drives up to it.

"Well, thank you farmer," says the midshipman, as he prepares to get down.

"I wish you good night, gentleman," says the man, when he passes.

"Good night, friend," the farmer replied. "I say, boy, it's a dark night enough; but I have a mind to drive you on to the parsonage, and hear the rest of this long tale of yours about the sea-serpent." The little wheels go on again. They pass the man; and he stands still in the road to listen, till the sound dies away. Then he flings his stake into the hedge, and goes back again. His evil purposes have all been frustrated—the boy has baffled him at every turn.

And now the little midshipman is at home; the joyful meeting has taken place; and when they have all admired his growth, and decided whom he is like, and seen him eat his supper, they begin to question him about all his adventures, more for the pleasure of hearing him talk than from any curiosity.

"Adventures?" says the boy, seated between his father and mother on a sofa, "why, mother, I did write you an account of the voyage, and there's nothing else to tell. Nothing happened to-day—at least nothing particular."

"You came by the coach we told you of?" asks his father.

"Oh, yes, papa; and when we got about twenty miles, there came up a beggar, while we changed horses, and I threw down, as I thought, a shilling, but as it fell, I saw it was a sovereign. She was very honest, and showed me what it was, but I didn't take it back, for you know, mother, it's a long time since I gave anything to anybody."

"I suppose you got down at the cross roads?" says his elder brother.

"Yes, and went through the wood. I should have been here sooner if I hadn't lost my way there."

"Lost your way there?" says his mother, somewhat alarmed. "My dear boy, you should not have left the path at dusk."

"Oh, mother," says the little midshipman, with a smile, "you are always thinking we're in danger. If you could see me sometimes sitting at the jib-boom end, or across the main-topmast cross-trees, you would have been frightened. But what danger can there be in a wood?"

"Well, my boy," she answered, "I don't want to be over-anxious, and to make my children uncomfortable by my fears. What did you stray from the path for?"

"Only to chase a little owl, mother; but I didn't catch it after all. I got a roll down a bank, and caught my jacket against a thorn bush, which was rather unlucky. Ah! three large holes, I see, in my sleeve. And so I scrambled up again, and got into the path, and asked at the cottage for some beer. What a time the woman kept me, to be sure! I thought it would never come. But very soon after, Mr. Davis drove up in his gig, and he brought me to the gate."

"And so this account of your adventures being brought to a close," his father says, "we discover that there is no adventure to tell."

"No, papa, nothing happened; nothing particular, I mean."

Nothing particular! If they could have known, they would have thought lightly in comparison of the dangers of the "jib-boom end, and the main-top-mast cross-trees." But they did not know, any more than we do, of the dangers that hourly beset us. Some few dangers we are aware of, and we do what we can to provide against them; but for the greater portion, "our eyes are held that we cannot see." We walk securely under His guidance without whom "not a sparrow falls to the ground;" and when we have had escapes that the angels have admired at, we come home and say, perhaps, that "nothing has happened—at least, nothing particular."

It is not well that our minds should be much exercised about these hidden dangers, since they are so many, and so great, that no human art or foresight can prevent them. But it is very well that we should reflect constantly on that loving Providence which watches every footstep of a track,

always balancing between time and eternity; and that such reflections should make us both happy and afraid—afraid of trusting our souls and bodies too much to an earthly guide, or earthly security—happy from the knowledge that there is One with whom we may trust them wholly, and with whom the hairs of our heads are all numbered. Without such trust, how can we rest, or be at peace? but with it, we may say, with the Psalmist, "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep, for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

Miscellaneous.

A light city—Cork. The way for beaux—Gal-way. Jackasses paradise—Bray-zil. For farmers—Barn-stable. For sculptors—Marble-head. For deer-hunters—Hartford. A river for the rats—the Rhine. A pleasant trip—Going to Have-Anna. A merciful trip—Going to Save-Anna. A bootless trip—Going to Lose-Anna. A dangerous place—Bombay. An indignant isle—Ireland. An un-feline country—Kamschatka. A place for Fenians—Pat-agonia. The artist's State—Pencil-vania. Good place for pic nics—Sandwich Islands. Warm and cold—Hot-tentots and Chilians. A race of sculptors—the Chip-a-way Indians. A land productive of real pain—Champagne. Civilized Africans—those living in A-shantee. Very expensive breaches—Breaches of promise.

A DUTCHMAN'S TEMPERANCE LECTURE.
—"I shall tell you how it vas. I put mine hand on mine head, and there was von pig bain. Then I put mine hand on mine pody, and there was anoder. There vas very much bains in all mine pody. Then I put mine hand in mine pocket, and there vas noting. So I jined mit de temperance. Now there vas no more bain in mine head. The bains in mine pody vas all gone away. I put mine hand in mine pocket, and there vas twenty dollars. So I shall shtay mit the temperance."

Why are railroad companies like laundresses? Because they have ironed the whole country, and sometimes do a little mangling.

"I'll be round this way in a minute," as the second hand said to the pendulum.

The Rights of Women.

"A gentleman's right arm, the right hand side of a carriage, and always the right side of an argument. To these may be added the rites of hospitality and the rites of hymen—though, to speak impartially, the wrongs of hymen (as witness our police reports) fall to woman's share almost as frequently as the rites."

An Irishman who had left his native country, and sought an asylum in America because it was a land of liberty, was attacked on his first arrival, in December, by a furious mastiff. He stopped to pick up a stone to defend himself, but the stone was frozen fast. "By my soul," says Pat, "what a swate country, where the dogs are all let loose and the stones tied fast."

The right man in the right place, is a husband at home in the evening.

Better bow your head than break your neck.

No matter how long you have been married, never forget to court your wife.

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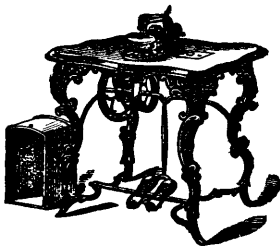
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OF ALL KINDS,

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AT THE
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"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

Vol. III

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1867.

No. 9.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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For the Hospital Review.

Unuttered Song.

There's a song in my heart that my lips cannot sing,

There are words that can never be said—
There's a glance of an eye, the clasp of a hand,
That carries me out toward a beautiful land,
Where the roses are never all dead.

The world may be darkened with frowns and with [tears,
My sunshine can never be less;

The light that is born of a joy in the soul,
Will never grow faded, will never grow old,
This side the bright "Land of the Blest."

Drift over me winds that are bitter and cold,
O, winter, be wild and severe;
You cannot make chilly this beautiful day,
The June in my heart must sing its sweet lay,
Its smiles will outnumber its tears.

O, waters that creep to the clasp of the shore,
And whisper your ripple of song—
Sing not of the lillies that sleep on your breast,
Sing not where the wild-bird is hiding her nest,
As ye dimple and quiver along—

And heart that hides down in its fathomless deep,

A song that's too sweet to be told—

Just list its own singing by night and by day,

'Tis June in its beauty—it cannot decay,

'Tis a summer that lives in the soul.

MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

"The Omnipotence of Loving-kindness."

The following notice of this work, we take from "Brotherly Words,"—a little sheet published for the benefit of St. Luke's Hospital:

Being a Narrative of the Results of a Lady's Seven Months' Work among the Fallen in Glasgow, Scotland. CARTER BROTHERS, New York, 1866.

"We heartily welcome an American edition of this little work, and earnestly commend its thoughtful perusal to all who are interested in the pressing subject of which it treats.

The words "omnipotence of loving-kindness," are an expression of Dr. Chalmers, and they are the fitting title of the volume which illustrates, in a very forcible and affecting manner, the power of the love of Christ in constraining to, and devising the right means for, the rescue of the lost.

As a literary production, the work has no merit, and claims none. Mrs. R——, the Christian woman whose successful labors it records, had no thought of any thing connected with her mission appearing in print, until a gentleman deeply interested in the work, in the hope of obtaining funds for it, conceived the idea of publication.

He obtained the materials for his book, by jotting down from time to time, what fell from Mrs. R——'s lips in their earnest

conversations, and then sent what he wrote, piece-meal to the press, producing necessarily, a somewhat disjointed narrative. Besides this, there is an occasional redundancy of reflections and other peculiarities on the part of the writer, which somewhat impair the readableness of the book. Nevertheless it is deeply interesting and especially valuable at the present time, in view of the recent inauguration of a "midnight mission" in our city, and in connection with the difficult questions which some of those most deeply and actively engaged in it are so earnestly propounding.

Mrs. R——'s experience solves very emphatically some of those questions. She was herself the leader of a midnight mission in the Lyceum Rooms at Glasgow, the striking results of which tell powerfully for the excellence of the peculiar system she pursued. That to appreciate we must read the story of her labors—how she at once assumed towards her *protegees* the responsibility of a parent—placing them in comfortable Christian homes, where she was sure of their receiving kind and courteous treatment—stimulating them to an honorable independence by suitable employment—and above all, urging upon them by prayers and exhortations, to seek Jesus Christ as their only certain deliverance and reformation.

Her heart filled with a lively sense of the "great kindness" of the Lord in her own redemption, Mrs. R—— knew how to depend, under God, upon "the omnipotence of loving-kindness" in dealing with her fallen sisters. Each one could not but feel that she was brought into contact with no "cold, stand aloof, 'holier than thou' religion, but that the most genuine, approachable, self-forgetting love, had got her in its warm embrace."

The introductory chapter thus speaks of Mrs. R——'s system: "The girls are provided with comfortable and respectable lodgings; work is found for them, such as they can do; and they are made to feel that their return to society as respectable members of it, from that period depends upon themselves. They are subjected to no curious examination as to the cause of their fall, their previous habits and history, and they are exempted from what those girls are beyond all else anxious to avoid, the prying curiosity of visiting committees. They are not put in wards, and forced

into morality under lock and key; the only restraints laid upon them are those inspired by the love and gratitude which they feel they owe to one who has done so much for them. These, and the goodly instructions which they daily receive, along with the family influences brought to bear upon them in the houses where they are placed, have been most effectual in attaining the desired end; and it will be acknowledged that girls so treated are more likely, when removed from any *surveillance*, to remain steadfast in their resolutions to lead a new and purer life, than those who have been confined where immorality was impossible, and where the thought that they are not free is apt to take possession of the mind to the exclusion almost entirely of other and higher matters."

The results of Mrs. R——'s method, so far as figures may indicate them, are stated as follows: "During the twelve months over which this lady's exertions have extended no fewer than 250 girls have been reclaimed; of these, so far as is known, only 20 have relapsed, and of this number, several have returned in bitter penitence, and are now doing well. Eighty-five of them have been restored to their parents; upwards of 40 are engaged as domestic servants in different capacities, and the remainder are engaged in miscellaneous employments, of whom about 60 are still under the care and supervision of this lady."

The Lord alone knows what is best for us in the present life. And if every Christian would cheerfully consider his own capacity, he would find cause to acknowledge that his Heavenly Father deals most liberally with him. He who possesses a contented spirit, will always find that there is enough within his reach to cheer and gladden his path through life. The true secret of human happiness is known only by him whom divine grace has taught "to be content with such things as he has."

How beautiful the reply of a devoted servant of God, when his daughter, alarmed because he was speaking to her of his death, exclaimed, "surely you do not think there is danger," calmly and beautifully he replied, "Danger, my darling! Oh, do not use that word. There can be no danger to the Christian, whatever may happen! All is right! All is well! God is love!"

The Child of James Melville and the two Doves.

One time my soul was pierced, as with a sword,
Contending still with men untaught and wild;
When He, who to the prophet lent his gourd,
Gave me the solace of a little child.

A summer gift, my precious flower was given,
A very summer fragrance was its life;
Its dear eyes soothed me as the breath of Heaven,
When home I turned, a weary man of strife.

With unformed laughter, musically sweet,
How soon the wakening babe would meet my
kiss;

With outstretched arms its care-worn father greet.
Oh! in the desert what a spring was this!

A few short months it blossomed near my heart,
A few short months, else tedious all and sad!
But that home-solace nerved me for my part,
And of the babe I was exceeding glad!

Alas! my pretty bud, scarce formed, was dying—
The prophet's gourd, it withered in a night;
And He who gave me all, my heart's pulse trying,
Took gently home the child of my delight.

Not rudely called, not suddenly it perished,
But gradual faded from our love away;
As if still, secret dews, its life that cherished,
Were drop by drop withheld, and day by day!

My gracious Master saved me from repining,
So tenderly he sued me for His own;
So beautiful He made my babe's declining,
Its dying blessed me as its birth had done.

And daily at my board, at noon and even,
Our fading flower I bade its mother bring,
That we might commune of our rest in Heaven,
Gazing the while on death without its sting—

And of the ransom for that baby paid,
So very sweet, at times, our converse seemed,
That the sure truth of grief a gladness made,
Our little lamb, by God's own Lamb redeemed.

There were two milk-white doves my wife had
cherished,
And I, too, loved even while at times to stand
Marking how each the other fondly cherished,
And fed them from my baby's dimpled hand.

So tame they grew, that to his cradle flying,
Full oft they cooed him to his noontide rest;
And to the murmurs of his sleep replying,
Crept gently in and nestled in his breast.

'Twas a fair sight—the snow-pale infant sleeping,
So fondly guarded by those creatures mild:
Watch o'er his closed eyes their bright eyes
keeping;

Wondrous the love betwixt the bird and child!

Still, as he sickened, seemed the birds too dwining,
Forsook their food, and loathed their pretty play;
And on the day he died, with sad note pining,
One gentle bird would not be frayed away.

His mother found it, when she rose, sad-hearted,
At early dawn, with sense of nearing ill;
And when at last the little spirit parted,
The dove died too, as if of its heart-chill!

The other flew to meet my sad home-riding,
As with a human sorrow in its coo;
To my dead child, and its dead mate, then guiding,
Most pitifully plained—and parted too!

'Twas my first hanel and propine to Heaven!
And as I laid my darling 'neath the sod,
Precious His comforts—once an infant given,
And offered with two turtle-doves to God!

MRS. A. S. MONTEITH.

TRUST IN GOD.—The desponding Christian sadly mistakes when he allows that sense of his unworthiness, which justly hinders him from trusting in himself, to deprive him also of confidence in God. The strongest conviction which we may entertain of our own unworthiness, can never equal that knowledge of it which is possessed by God. When, therefore, in Christ Jesus He calls upon us to exercise confidence toward Him, why should we make our own more limited sense of that unworthiness, the ground of our distrust?

Two things alone in the universe, the believer should regard as strictly and unavoidably evil. These are, *sin* and separation from God. The former is the cause of the latter, yet they are so closely allied as to be almost identical. Sin against God is an act of separation; and separation from God is a state of *sin*. Pains and sufferings of body, the loss of friends and property, of health and comfort, are denominated evils by the children of the world. These are trials, but they are not evils, and may indeed be blessings.

While other men are recounting their miseries, the humble believer is rehearsing his mercies."

The Farmer who Would Not Sell.

Mr. Coffin, in his *Four Years of Fighting*, tells the following incident, which occurred as our troops were moving to Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

When the Fifth Corps passed through the town of Liberty, a farmer rode into the village, mounted on his farm-wagon. His load was covered by white table-cloths.

"What have you got to sell, old fellow? Bread, eh?" said a soldier, raising a corner of the cloth, revealing loaves of sweet, soft, plain bread, of the finest wheat, with several bushels of ginger-cakes.

"What do you ask for a loaf?"

"I haven't any to sell," said the farmer.

"Haven't any to sell? What are ye here for?"

The farmer made no reply.

"See here, old fellow, won't ye sell me a hunk of your ginger bread?" said the soldier, producing an old wallet.

"No!"

"Well, you are a mean old cuss. It would be serving you right to tip you out of your old bread-cart. Here we are marching all night and all day, to protect your property and fight the rebs. We haven't had any breakfast, and may not have any dinner. You are a set of mean cusses, round here, I reckon," said the soldier.

A crowd of soldiers had gathered, and others expressed their indignation. The old farmer stood up on his wagon seat, took off the table-cloths, and replied—

"I didn't bring my bread here to sell. My wife and daughters sat up all night to bake it for you, and you are welcome to all I have got, and I wish I had ten times as much. Help yourselves, boys."

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!" "Bully for you!" "You're a brick!" "Three cheers for the old man!" "Three more for the old woman!" "Three more for the girls!"

They threw up their caps, and fairly danced with joy. The bread and cakes were gone in a twinkling.

"See here, my friend, I take back all the hard words I said about you," said the soldier, shaking hands with the farmer, who sat on his wagon, overcome with emotion.

If you wouldn't have affliction make you a second visit, listen to its teachings at the first.

Quarreling.

If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man ever fails to think less of himself after it than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and, what is worse, blunts his sensibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more peaceably and quietly we get on, the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten, the better course is, if a man cheats you, cease to deal with him; if he is abusive, quit his company; and if he slanders you, take care to live so that nobody will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

"The degree of sorrow that is occasioned by affliction, depends a great deal more on the state of mind in which it finds the sufferer, than on the amount of the calamity itself. The same trial which overwhelms one, may be sustained with composure and comfort by another; and that, too, although both are equally sensitive in their feelings. This difference depends on the preparation which they have respectively made for the event. Prayer before affliction, fits the mind for suffering; prayer under affliction relieves the mind of its sorrow. And the event, however calamitous in itself, will be less overwhelming in proportion as one is better prepared to meet it, and more accustomed to regard it, in connection with the will of Him who is at once the God of Providence, and the hearer of prayer."

Every age has its own beauty. White hairs are as beautiful at seventy as golden locks at twenty. It is only by trying to prolong the beauty of one stage into another that the beauty of both is lost.—*Kitty Trevelyhan*.

Who is wise? He that is teachable,
Who is mighty? He that conquers himself.
Who is rich? He that is contented.
Who is honored? He that honoreth others.

Sublimity in Humility—The soul goes highest when the body kneels lowest.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1867.

A Good Work in Lent.

Our drooping hopes have been revived—and our hearts made glad, the past month, by the glorious work accomplished for our *Review*, by Miss A. K. Falls, of our city, who, by her own unsolicited efforts, has brought us the names of seventy-eight new subscribers. The work was entirely voluntary on her part, arising from the wish, as she modestly expressed it, to “do a little for her Master, during the holy Lenten season.” It occurred to her, that she might do something in this way, by obtaining subscribers to the *Review*—and of the result it is not necessary for us to speak. Her long walks during the unusually disagreeable and chilly days of March and April, must have cost her much self-sacrifice, and have well proved the strength of her resolution and perseverance in well-doing.

It is not easy to estimate the good which a work like that of Miss Falls may accomplish. It is by no means simply the names and subscription-sums of even seventy-eight—but the interest, who can estimate it, which in this way will be awakened in our Hospital, and go on widening and widening like the circle which spreads from a drop of water falling into the sea. We have an instance of this in the letter given this month from Brockport, where, through the simple reading of our little paper, one was moved to send us five dollars. Seventy-eight more will read our paper this month, as we trust; and if they do not all send us five dollars, as we cannot expect they will—they may send us still another new name—or at least a kind wish, or lift up a prayer for us. This effort of Miss Falls has inspired us with new life and courage. We feel that she deserves our fullest thanks and praise, but her sweetest reward will be, we

know, from Him for whose dear sake the service was rendered.

Visit to the Hospital.

Our walk seemed long and rather dreary on that chilly afternoon, of which we have had so many, and the dampness and gloominess outside, had fallen perceptibly on our spirits—but within we found all cheerful and busy as ever. The rooms, as we entered, never looked brighter, and the warmth everywhere was inviting. Strange it sometimes seems to us, with our early conception of a Hospital clinging to us, to find here so much that is attractive. The apartments never fail to impress us with their beauty—their airiness and pleasantness—but alas, we cannot forget that here always are sorrow and suffering. Our first visit was to the Malé Ward, which is now full, every bed being taken. Our attention was especially drawn towards a pale slender youth, sitting upon his cot, writing a letter. Upon inquiry, we found he was a soldier, recently sent here from Buffalo, who had received an incurable injury of the hip—and he was here waiting to be sent on to the Asylum for soldiers, we mentioned last month, at Augusta, Maine. Farther along, was another soldier, still suffering from his wounds, but gradually, as it is hoped, recovering. Other soldiers were here also we learned, but nearly all of the class of incurables, awaiting to be sent to Augusta. In an adjoining apartment, a group was collected to listen to the evening paper, which was being read to them by a patient who was just recovering from the almost fatal effects of the explosion of a kerosene lamp. His wounds were still a ghastly sight. In the same apartment, on a cot drawn up by the window, a man was lying, seeming very ill with a disease of the lungs. He had a manly and more than ordinarily intellectual face, and with that worn, weary, emaciated look, which appealed strongly to our sympathies. We knew that he had all the care and comfort which

a Hospital could give, and yet we could not help asking mentally—where was this man's mother or wife, or sisters, if he had any? Of his history we knew nothing, but it seemed so hard to see one lying so pale and ill, away from home and loved ones. Our next visit was to the Female Ward, where the old, and young, and middle-aged were gathered promiscuously. Here all looked comfortable—and even cheery. Some young girls were making tating in one corner—one or two old ladies were knitting—others chatting together, and others lying down, dosing or resting. All aroused up, however, to the summons for tea, which was served at this hour. The little trays brought to each bed-side of those unable to go down stairs, and the aroma from so many well-filled cups, filling the atmosphere, added to the general cheeriness. But the lying-in apartment, into which we next passed, had very little of cheer about it. There we found—lying dangerously ill, a poor woman with fever-flushed cheeks—whose husband had left her to join the Fenian raid, and of whom she had never since heard. Her baby, a bright, beautiful boy of two months, awakened especial admiration. He looked up into our faces and laughed, and cooed, and talked to us in his baby fashion—springing upon his feet more like a baby of six months than of two. We do not fall in love with every baby we see, but we confess we did with this one. But alas, while the little thing was laughing all unconscious, in our faces, the bitter tears were streaming down the poor mother's cheeks, as she watched it—all uncertain of its fate and of her own.

There was much that was very painful and revolting, too, in this and the other lying-in rooms of the Hospital. Here were those "unfortunate" ones, as we term them—young mothers of sixteen or seventeen—some of them appealing touchingly, with their tender youth and beauty, for some palliation of their sin and shame—others, with that coarse, brazen look, from

which we involuntarily turned shuddering away. One young girl, whom we remember to have noticed, as she sat sewing by a window—we were since greatly shocked to learn, had died, in less than two days after our visit—leaving the child of her sorrow and guilt—another helpless waif to be cast upon the cold charities of the world. O, what a lesson—what a warning to the tempted in this case—cut off so suddenly—the sin which had resulted in her death, perhaps, yet unrepented of. This most painful part of our Hospital work—the cases of these unfortunate girls—affords, perhaps, the highest opportunity for Christian effort. With the fearful increase of this, and of every crime in our land—how blessed to be able to rescue and to save those who are thus brought within our reach. Let the women of Rochester bear this class tenderly in mind. Let no one shrink from the task—and, folded in robes of pride, say to such, "Stand back; I am holier than thou." Who has made us to differ? Remember who came "to seek and to save the lost." If anything is done to save these young girls at our Hospital from a future career of infamy, it must be done now. As they recover, and go back into the world, what ray of hope—what path, unaided, opens to their young lives, stained and disgraced as they must feel forevermore? Can no kind and encouraging words be spoken to them—no judicious counsels given, to warn and direct them—no wise influences thrown around them, to choose and to love the better life? Objections have been raised to the reception of so many of this class in our Hospital—but it is our strong hope, by so doing, to be able, by kindness and Christian love and influence, to reach their hearts, and to save them.

"What is the use of God sending us affliction unless it takes the bitterness out of us?"

More Blessed Work.

"It never rains," it is said, "but it pours"—and so, while Miss Falls has been showering us with new subscribers, three of our young friends have been doing something almost, if not quite, as good, in collecting arrearages and subscriptions for us. A handsome sum has been brought in by them, in this way, as will be seen from the paper report, of this, and of the previous month. We should like to say a word in praise of these young ladies, whose example, in so many respects, we should be glad to see imitated. They are earnest workers, not only for our Hospital, but in every good cause. They live for a purpose—but, alas! of how few can as much be said. They have already fixed plans of usefulness, which they carry out with a steadiness of purpose and perseverance, tinged with enthusiasm, which is refreshing to behold in these days—when the sole aim and thought of so many women seems to be—dress and vanity. They have already accomplished much, in various ways—and should they live on, as we trust they may, in the course they have commenced, to a good old age, what a blessing will their lives prove to this sad world of sin and sorrow! What a record will be written in heaven, of the tears they have wiped away—of the hearts they have soothed and strengthened—of the souls, perhaps, they have saved, and which will shine like stars in their future crowns. O, what incentives there are to all our young Christian friends, to begin thus early a life of usefulness! What earthly pleasure can compare with the luxury, once tasted, of doing good!

GIFT OF A CABINET ORGAN.—The Managers desire to express their grateful acknowledgments to the Ladies of the Third Ward Aid Society, for the donation, the past month, of a Cabinet Organ. The instrument is a fine one, and brings with it

the promise of a great deal of sweet and sacred pleasure. Its assistance in the religious services at the Hospital, was very much needed, and will prove invaluable.—Many thanks to the donors!

A Word of Parting.

Deepest regret is expressed by all associated in the Hospital, at being called this month to part with our Secretary, Mrs. M. Rochester. Her place in the Board of Managers, it will be difficult to fill—so earnest—so efficient—so ready for every good word and work, have we ever found her. We recall, especially, her untiring devotion to our Soldiers, who learned to watch for, and to welcome so eagerly, her daily visits, which always brought with them so much sunshine—so much cheer. But not alone in the Hospital will Mrs. Rochester be missed. In all our benevolent Institutions—and especially, perhaps, in her own Church, she was known as an earnest worker—while her versatility of talents—her sprightly humor—and her quick and ready sympathy made her an universal favorite. Many blessings will go with her, to her new home in Cincinnati, for which she now bids us adieu.

Change of Superintendent.

Many will hear with regret this month, of the resignation of Mr. Van Zandt, from his position of Superintendent of our Hospital. His kindness to the sick—his faithfulness to the many trying duties of his office—have won for him merited esteem. Dr. Jones, who has been for some time connected with the Hospital, and whose medical services have proved very acceptable, has been appointed to fill the vacancy—left by Mr. Van Zandt. Applications for the reception of patients may be made to Dr. Jones, or to any of the attending physicians.

The martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and in number.

A Card.

The Ladies of the Third Ward Aid Society, desire to express through our columns—their *special* thanks to little Montie, for \$2, contributed by him towards the cabinet organ, recently donated by them to the Hospital—also for \$2, for the same purpose, sent to them anonymously, from Geneva—and for \$5, donated by Cook & Martin, from whom the instrument was purchased, and who, in addition to this sum—gave them the instrument at the wholesale price.

A Good-bye to Little Montie.

We are very sorry this month to have to say good-bye to Little Montie. Before this paper reaches our youthful readers, he will be on his way to his new home in Cincinnati. Many hearts, not only among his play-mates, but here at the Hospital, will sadly miss Little Montie, and will follow him to his Western home with loving wishes. His earnest zeal for our Hospital, our soldiers and our little paper, we shall not soon forget. Many weary eyes in our wards, have learned to brighten at Montie's visits, and the worn sufferer has been gladdened with his little gifts and remembrances. We shall not forget Little Montie, and he must not forget us.

“Pack your cares in as small a space as you can, so that you can carry them yourself, and not let them annoy others.”

Hospital Notices.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made at the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. W. Ely, South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. Little, Plymouth Avenue; Dr. Montgomery, Spring Street; Dr. Langworthy & Dr. Whitbeck.

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to “The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets.” A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

Correspondence.

M. J. H. will please accept our special thanks for the enclosed kind remembrance, and for the gratifying interest expressed in the *Review*:

BROCKPORT, March 28.

Mrs. P.—I have been looking through the last *Hospital Review*, and was prompted to send you something for the sick. Please find enclosed Five Dollars.

I am greatly interested in the Publication, and was especially pleased with Mrs. Enos' Poem, entitled “My Sheave,” which appears in the March number. Also, with the story—“Willie's Signal for Jesus.” Would that we all had more of Willie's child-like faith!

Yours truly,

M. J. H.

A subscriber in Charlotte kindly writes:

Enclosed, please find Fifty Cents, as payment for *Hospital Review*, for this year. I would not like to miss it.

Respectfully yours,

J. T.

A word from a well-wisher in Pittsford:

I enclose one dollar for the *Hospital Review*, which has been sent to me for some time past. I wish every success to your good work.

Very truly yours,

H. L.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Wednesday, March 20th, 1867, of Cancer, Mrs. H. M. Evans, aged 55 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Friday, March 29th, 1867, an infant child of Mrs. Margaret Demara, aged 12 days.

List of Donations to the Hospital,

FROM MARCH 15th to APRIL 15th, 1867.

- Mrs. Warren—3 cans of Peaches.
- Miss Talman—Geneva, 2 dozen Oranges.
- Mrs. Warren—Currant Jam, 1 bottle of Cologne.
- A Friend—2 tumblers Jelly.
- Sundry Donations of Delicacies, from the Misses Buchan, Mrs. and Miss Kellogg, Mrs. Rochester, and other Ladies, given by them to the Patients.
- Mrs. Dr. Bristol—A quantity of old Cotton.
- Ladies of Third Ward Aid Society—A Cabinet Organ.
- N. A. Seymour, Mt. Morris—A basket of Oranges.

Superintendent's Report for March.

1867. Mar. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, .. 69	
Received during the month, 23	
Births,	1—93
Discharged,	23
Deaths,	2—25
April 1. Remaining in Hospital,	68

Receipts for the Hospital Review,
FROM MARCH 15 TO APRIL 15, 1867.

Mrs. B. Pratt—By Miss Pixley.....	\$ 0 50
Mrs. E. E. Sill, Mrs. T. C. Ives, Mrs. S. D. Porter, Miss Jennings, Mrs. McConvill, Mrs. L. H. Alting, Mrs. R. Lester, (2 yrs) Mrs. John Mogridge, Mrs. J. Medbery, Mrs. H. S. Potter, (2 years), Mrs. J. W. Swift, Geneva—By Minnie Montgomery,	6 50
Miss Julia A. Williams, Fairport; Miss Root, Chili, (1½ years); Miss Howell, (2 years,) Miss Root, York; Mrs. C. F. Spencer, (2 years,) Mrs. Gorsline; Mrs. Fry, Charlotte; Rev. H. Lockwood, (\$1) Lane & Paine, Advertisement, (\$5.00.) Smith & Perkins, (\$5)—By Mrs. Perkins,	15 75
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Children's Department.

From the New York Observer.

The Tell-tales.

How strange are dreams sometimes. I'll tell you what Freddy dreamed one night. Do you boys fill your pockets with all kinds of things? And when you go to bed, do you take them all out and examine the precious store? Or do you leave them there to be added to next day.

Well, Fred sometimes did one way, sometimes the other. One night he emptied all his pockets out, all in a little heap, and such a heap as it was! There were two knives; a good one and a bad one—at least, the good one had a little while ago been good. Now, the blades were nicked, and the points off; one blade was quite gone, and the handle badly cracked, and it was a little shaky, if you wanted to cut anything hard: but it was better than the other knife, which had no blades at all—only the rusty stumps were left. Fred used it for a hammer. There was a lead pencil with the point worn off, top strings, buttons and scraps of twine, a whip lash, an old bit of sand paper, some marbles, stray pennies, a piece of colored glass, bits of tin and scraps of paper—oh, there were ever so many things, I cannot think to tell of! all in the little heap together. And just as Fred began to sort them over, he happened to think how sleepy he was, and how much better it would be to wait until the morning.

No sooner thought than done; and in a twinkling, all the treasures were stowed away beneath his pillow. Fred soon followed, and laid his head down on the pillow over them, to keep them safe and sound. In a minute Fred was fast asleep—and in his dreams he thought he heard a great rattling, and moving about, and whispering, just underneath his head. Sure enough! the knives, and marbles, and strings, and all the odds and ends were gossiping, instead of sleeping. 'Such a hubbub they made, and there was scolding too.

"There move out of my way, you ugly marble, and you bit of twine; if I could only once open my blades, I would soon cut you all to pieces. And you, old knife, I can't think why Fred carries you in his pockets; you are not of one bit of use. Not one whole blade to your name. There,

all of you, move away, and give me room; I can't breathe you crowd me so."

"And why should you have so much more room than the rest of us?" asked the poor abused knife. If it hadn't been for Fred's carelessness, I should have been just as good as you are. He's a very careless fellow, this Fred. Why, you don't know how many knives, and pencils, and marbles, and cords he loses from his pockets; or if he don't lose them he breaks them. You don't know, because you are so new; you haven't lived with Fred as long as I have."

"I wouldn't mind Fred's being careless, chimed in the whip-lash; I wouldn't mind that, if he would only be kind and pleasant, and not get out of temper. Many and many a time he has made me strike his play-mates. When it's all in fun, I don't care; but when Fred gets angry, and snaps me hard against some poor fellow's knees, or nearly makes me put their eyes out, and when the little fellows cry, and the bigger fellows get so angry, I wish that I could speak out, or turn about and give Fred some of the strokes he deals so roughly. But what can I do, poor me! poor me! I can only go wherever he chooses to send me. I could have cried to-day, when he made me hit his little sister, 'just in fun,' he said, but she cried, poor little thing. I am to be taken away from Fred the next time he does so; so his mother says. Oh, I have a sad life; it worries me to do so many bad things, but it's not my fault. I am only glad I'm wearing out so fast and getting broken, for then I shall do no more harm or mischief."

"And Fred don't obey his father; he's a bad boy, I think," said the pencil. "Fifty times his father has told him not to write upon the walls, and here my point is all worn off by his scribbling; all over the house you'll find the marks on the walls and wood-work. I wish they would take me away from Fred, I can't bear to help him disobey."

"I'm here," said the sand-paper, "to scratch off the marks, but they'll leave a scar; he can't make the place smooth and even, they'll be always telling of his naughty deeds."

"Naughty deeds! Yes, we can tell some too," cried the marbles. "Fred don't play fairly. He don't cheat much, I don't believe he intends to cheat, but he don't play fair and square. If the other boys

don't see his miss, he lets it pass; and then he takes advantage of the smaller boys. That's such a mean trick! Very often he gets out of patience, and when the other fellows don't play to suit him, Master Fred picks us all up, and puts us in his pockets, saying, 'oh, very well, I won't play at all,' and off he goes, spoiling the other boys' game, and all their pleasure too."

"It is just the same when he uses us," said the top-strings; "and, worst of all, he will play unfair, as they call it, and keep, really keep, for his own, all the tops he wins. There was that poor little boy to-day, with his one solitary top, and no money to buy another with. We helped Fred win it, all against our will; and the little fellow looked so grieved and sad when he had to give it up, and go away without his top."

"Fred's going to make new top-strings of us," cried the buttons and scraps of twine. "Oh, knife, just open one of your sharp blades, and cut us all to bits, then we need not help Fred in his mean, naughty ways."

"What do you think Fred is going to do with us bits of tin? Why, he is going to roll us into a blow-pipe, and then—look out all people who come near him, you'll have your eyes put out, your noses bruised, or you will be tormented in some way or other."

"And we scraps of paper are to be made into balls to do all this mischief. Oh, dear! oh dear! why did we ever get into Fred's pockets?"

Then the piece of glass sighed, and took its turn of telling tales of Fred. "I think mine is the saddest tale of all. I was once in a beautiful church window, and the sun shone upon me, and I cast such a bright, joyous light upon the dark walls within, that I cheered all who saw me, and made them light-hearted. One day the window was broken, and I was carried off to a little sick boy, to try and cheer him with my pleasant light, and he liked me and kept me always by him. He looked through me at the bright sun, and at the fields and flowers; he read with me, and played with me, and liked me better than any of his toys. But Fred saw me, and would have me; he offered money, or something in exchange, and when the sick boy refused to give me up, Fred threw down a six-pence, snatched me up, and has kept me ever since. Oh, this Fred's a naughty boy, a

real bad boy; I wonder his father and mother can love him so well."

"Haven't you one good thing to say for Fred!" then cried the pennies. "Well we'll tell you, Fred isn't all bad; he is sometimes just the best boy in town. Only the other day, when he met that poor little girl with her can of milk all spilled on the ground, and she sitting down beside it crying, and all her money gone; what did he do but take some of us pennies to pay for filling up the can again—and then he used some more of us pennies for flowers for the lame girl. There, too, was that hungry boy who looked so eagerly at the cakes in the baker's window. Fred bought a cake and gave it to him; and now he is saving up the rest of us to buy a Christmas present for his mother. So, Fred's not at all bad; there's a kind corner in his heart, and not such a very little corner either."

"That's true," said the big knife; "and this very morning, Fred was in a great hurry too, but he took me out of his pocket, and cut all the leaves so nicely in his little sister's new book; and another time he whittled her a boat to comfort her when she is troubled and crying.—Often he cuts flowers with me for his mother, and cuts the leaves of his father's magazine. Yes, Fred's very good and thoughtful sometimes. What a pity he will not always be so. I wonder why he likes to do such naughty things, and trouble and torment his friends. But, hush! Fred's waking up; he must not hear us talk."

And Freddie did wake up, and listen too, to hear the voices of his dream. They were all silent now. He put his hand under the pillow, and there were all his treasures safe and sound, just as he left them.

"It is very strange," thought Freddie, "very strange! Well, I do believe I'll try to do these naughty things no more. I did not think I was so bad a fellow. Don't be afraid of me any more, you whisperers there under my pillow. I'll try and use you all better. I'll begin this very morning, when I get up. I really will."

And Fred fell fast asleep again.

Solo.

Be Kind.

To every living thing be kind;
The merciful shall mercy find;
While cruel hearts in evil hour,
Will surely feel that God has power.

Ready for Duty.

Daffy-Down-Dilly came up in the cold;

Through the brown mold;

Although the March breezes blew keen on her face;

Although the white snow lay on many a place.

Daffy-Down-Dilly had heard under ground

The sweet rushing sound

Of the streams, as they burst off their white winter chains—

Of the whistling spring winds, and the pattering

"Now, then," thought Daffy, deep down in her heart,

"It's time I should start!"

So she pushed her soft leaves through the hard frozen ground;

Quite up to the surface, and then looked around.

There was snow all about her—gray clouds overhead,

The trees all looked dead;

Then how do you think Daffy-Down-Dilly felt,
When the sun would not shine, and the ice would not melt.

"Cold weather!" thought Daffy, still working away;

"The earth's hard to-day!"

There's but a half inch of my leaves to be seen,
And two-thirds of that is more yellow than green!

"I can't do much yet—but I'll do what I can,
It's well I began!

For unless I can manage to lift up my head,
The people will think that Spring herself's dead!

So, little by little, she brought her leaves out,
All clustered about;

And then her bright flowers began to unfold,
Till Daffy stood robed in her spring green and gold.

O, Daffy-Down-Dilly! so brave and so true!

I wish all were like you!

So ready for duty in all sorts of weather,
And holding forth courage and beauty together.

—Little American.

A boy from the country was recently taken into a gentleman's family. One evening, after having been called up into the drawing-room, he came down to the kitchen laughing immoderately. "What's the matter," cried the cook. "Why," said he, "there are twelve on 'em up there who couldn't snuff the candle, and they had to sing for I to do it."

From the Presbyterian.

A Redbreast's Adventures,

I am going to tell you about the trials of a little redbreast family I once read of. They were too serious to laugh over at the time; but on the principle that "all is well that ends well," it will answer to smile over them now. All went well enough with the nest and the eggs until a little before the birds were hatched. Then along came the old gardener, snipping here and there with his big shears, and what should he do, but snip away the ivy branches so close that the little nest was sadly damaged. Out rolled the beautiful blue eggs, sliding down, as easy as they could, over the shining leaves; so they were not broken. That was trouble enough, though; for the distracted parents could not pick them up, with all their little skill; so they screamed, and fluttered, and hovered about over them, in such a pitiful manner, that the kind lady of the house went out to inquire into their trouble. They were greatly terrified by her appearance, and redoubled their outcries. But she gently picked up the eggs, and tucked them snugly into the nest, and then walked away.

Down flew the mother-bird, and seeing all was right, she nestled down upon them, warming them with her downy breast. In two days time there were four blind nestlings peeping in the nest, and clamoring with all their might for food. But as they grew larger and stronger, they bustled about so much that two of them fell out through a hole in the floor of their damaged house. This time the robins cried out in greater distress than before; but it gave them a little relief to see the good lady again come into the garden. Her former kindness had won, in a measure, their confidence. The little birds seemed cold and stiff, but she managed to warm them into life by her hand and a good fire. Then I guess you would have laughed at her next performance. She tried to mend the nest with a piece of old flannel cloth. It was rather a poor piece of work, on the whole, though it answered for a while.

But one night a drenching storm nearly drowned them out, and the poor little things, which had lived through so many difficulties, seemed to be dead at last. The robins sat by and looked on very contentedly this time, as the lady investigated their affairs. They were convinced now

that their business would be managed right. You see what love and gentleness can effect; even in changing the natural habits of a bird.

"We will take the poor things to the fire, and give them a chance," said mother, though it seemed like a very poor chance. "But as for that old nest, it is not fit to be trusted any further. Try and find us an old one, if you can, Mary."

A deserted nest was found in the currant bushes, and in this the happy family were once more placed, after the warm fire had thawed them out for the second time. I cannot follow their adventures further, for in a little time they all flew away. But if they were as successful in escaping future dangers, or if they made as good friends in the wild wood, as they did in the garden, I think they must have lived to a good old age.

The Birds.

Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, gives an account of Mr. Fox, of Tregedua, near Falmouth, England who, by *persevering kindness*, has won the affection of a large number of birds—so much so, that they fly to meet him, when he calls them, and hop about him, eating the crumbs, with which his pockets are well filled. When digging in his garden, it is no uncommon sight to see little birds hopping on the handle of the spade or rake used by the gentlemen, thus showing their confidence in him. Sometimes they enter his bed-room early in the morning through the window, and, in *their way*, call out, "It is time to get up."

On Sunday, when Mr. Fox goes to his place of worship, some of the birds are frequently seen to accompany him along the road, chirping and singing all the way!

Mr. Burritt calls Mr. Fox the "Rarey of the bird-world."

Mr. Samuel Gurney, M. P., has given us a very pleasing confirmation of Mr. Burritt's testimony. He states: "When visiting Mr. Fox, I was perfectly astonished, on walking out into the garden, to see, on his sounding a whistle, the birds come fluttering round him. One robin was actually so tame that it picked a piece of bread out of Mr. Fox's mouth!"

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Miscellaneous.

From the Journal of Commerce.

A Life's Loss.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

Do you remember the summer day
 You found me down by the ruined mill?
 The skies were blue, and the waters bright,
 And shadows glanced on the windy hill,
 And the stream moaned on.

You sat by my side on the moss-grown log,
 When on my arm I loved last night had stood—
 I heard his voice like an undertone
 While you talked to me in that solitude,
 And the stream moaned on.

You did not tell me your heart was mine—
 You only said that my face was fair,
 That silks and satins should robe my form,
 And jewels should flash amid my hair,
 And the stream moaned on.

You did not ask me to give you love—
 You did not touch my lips or my brow—
 Contented you were with my plighted troth
 And never a kiss to seal the vow,
 And the stream moaned on.

You went away with your lofty port,
 And smiled as you uttered your light good-bye,
 But the wind stole down from the frowning hill,
 And stood at my side with a gasping sigh,
 And the stream moaned on.

You remember the pomp of our bridal morn—
 The jewels that mocked the bright sunshine—
 The rustling silks—the ringing mirth—
 The flush of roses—the flow of wine—
 While the crowd looked on.

But I saw a sight they did not see—
 A guest they knew not of was there—
 Heart of my heart, he came to mock
 My bridal vows with his pale despair,
 And my soul moaned on.

You got that day, what you bargained for—
 My hair to braid your jewels in,
 My form to deck with your silken robes,
 My face to show to your haughty kin,
 But my soul moaned on.

Talk not of love—you come too late—
 You cannot dispel my heart's eclipse—
 Where your image should be a corpse lies shrouded,
 And no voice comes from the death-cold lips,
 Though my soul moans on.

Some summer day I shall wander down
 Where the waters flow by the ruined mill—
 Where the shadows come, and the shadows go,
 There at the foot of the windy hill,
 And the stream moans on.

You will find me there, 'neath the whispering
 wave,
 Colder and stiller than ever before—
 The dreams I dreamed, and the hopes I hoped,
 Will be hushed to silence for evermore—
 Though the stream moan on.

Queen Victoria's Gift to Mr. Peabody.

The portrait of Queen Victoria, to be presented to Mr. Peabody, has just been finished in London. It is painted in enamel, and is an oval miniature, fourteen inches by ten. The enamel is on a stout gold plate, and represents the Queen seated, half length, the arms and hands thrown out admirably from the black dress. Her Majesty wears the blue ribbon of the Garter and the George; she is represented in a Mary Stuart cap, surmounted by a coronet, and her black dress is relieved by a trimming of ermine. It is a good likeness of the Queen, and very handsomely framed in deep maroon velvet, ornamented with fine ormolu. Above the portrait are the royal arms; at each side, the rose, thistle and shamrock; and beneath, the inscription, which was given by the Queen herself—"Presented by the Queen to George Peabody, Esq., the Benefactor of the Poor of London."

A writer in a San Francisco paper, moved by a vision of journeying by rail-road from New York to that city, 3,219 miles, in five days and nine hours; his least extravagant estimate, exclaims: "Then farewell our isolation; farewell sea-sickness; farewell a seventeen days' basking in the seething tropics; farewell the Isthmus and its fevers and good-for-nothing, impudent population; farewell that jail-like confinement and monotony on ship-board—adieu old acquaintances, but newer friends—we will bid you all a most willing farewell when the rail-road is completed. Then will be literally inaugurated our year of Jubilee. The subject is full of poetry, but can the poetry of words equal the poetry of facts, as seen in the rushing up through these snow-clad, grand old mountains of the iron horse, our literal cloud compelling Jove and poet laureate of science and progress."

An Agricultural editor replies as follows to a lady who wishes to know why a gardener is the most extraordinary man in the world:—

We suppose it is because no man has more business on earth, and he always chooses good ground for what he does. He commands his *thyme*, is master of the *mint*, and he raises his *celery* every year. It is a bad year that will not produce a *plum*. He meets more *boughs* than a member of Congress. He makes *raking* his business, as many fine gentlemen do, but he makes it an advantage, both in his health and fortune which is seldom the case; and gives *heartsease* to whom he pleases, and though he is plain in his own dress with his *batchelor's buttons*, yet he encourages *coxcombs* and greatly admires *prince's feathers* and the *Pride of London*. He with pleasure beholds his *love lies bleeding* under a *weeping willow*. He is a great antiquarian, having in his possession, *Adam's needle*, *Solomon's seal*, *Jacob's Ladder*, the *tree of Life*, the *holy thorn*, and *Venus' looking-glass*.

A few days ago a young school mistress in the country was taking down the names and ages of her scholars, at the commencement of the term. She asked a little white-headed boy, "Bub, how old are you?" He said, "my name ain't Bub, it's John." "Well," said the school mistress, "what is the rest of your name?" "Why, that's all the name I've got—dist John." "Well, what is your father's name?" "You needn't put pap's name down, he ain't cummen to school any; he's too big to go to school." "Well, how old are you?" "I ain't old at all, I'm young."

A lady who was in the habit of spending a large portion of her time in the society of her neighbors, happened one day to be taken suddenly ill, and sent her husband in great haste for a physician. The husband ran a few rods, but soon returned, exclaiming, "My dear, where shall I find you when I get back?"

An old sailor, passing through a graveyard, saw on one of the tombstones, "I still live." It was too much for Jack, and, shifting his quid, he ejaculated, "Well, I've heard say that there are cases in which a man may lie; but if I were dead, I'd own it!"

What day in the year is an injunction to go forward? March 4th.

Why is a sailor never a sailor? Because he is always a-board, or a-shore.

What kind of a ship has two mates and no captain? A courtship.

An Irishman was once asked to define an Irish bull; to which he replied, "Whenever you see two cows lying down in a field, the one that's standing up is a bull."

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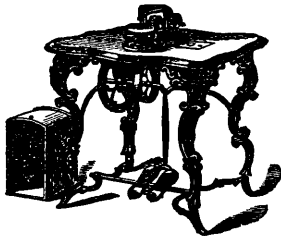
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For medicinal uses.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.

Floral Depot for Frost & Co's Greenhouses.

June 15, 1866.

CURRAN & COLER,

SUCCESSORS TO R. KING & CO.

Druggists & Apothecaries,

Nos. 96 BUFFALO STREET,

Opposite the Court House.

Rochester, N. Y.

RICHARD CURRAN. April, '68—pd.to '68. G. W. GOLER.

**SMITH & PERKINS,
WHOLESALE GROCERS,**

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH. GILMAN H. PARKINS.

[Established in 1826.]

Jan. 1866. tf

S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,

DEALERS IN

Choice Groceries and Provisions,

OF ALL KINDS,

Nos. 37 & 69 Buffalo Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Jan. 1866.

ly

LANE & PAINE,
Dealers in
DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,
TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.
18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.
ALFRED S. LANE. mch, 1866. 1y CYRUS F. PAINE.

THE GREAT AMERICAN
TEA COMPANY
OF NEW YORK,
Have established an Agency for the sale of their
Teas and Coffees,
At 62 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

The following are the Prices:
YOUNG HYSON, ... \$1, \$1.10 and \$1.25 per lb.
OOLONGS, 80c, 90c. and \$1.00 "
MIXED TEAS, ... 80c, 90c. and \$1.00 "
IMPERIAL, \$1 and \$1.25 "
UNCOLORED JAPAN, best, \$1.25 "
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GROUND COFFEE, ... 20c, 30c. and 40c. "

All goods sold by this Company are put up in pound packages, with style, price, and guarantee, as to quality, printed on the wrapper. The prices are precisely the same at which the Company sell them in New York; and every pound of Tea or Coffee sold, is warranted to give entire satisfaction, or they can be returned and the money refunded.

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Family Groceries,

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The goods put up by the Great American Tea Company, are for sale by no other house.

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ICE supplied on reasonable terms, to Private Families, &c. by week, month or year.

Ice Depot, Mount Hope Avenue, Foot of Jefferson Street.

Orders left at J. PALMER'S ICE CREAM SALOON, Fitzhugh Street, opposite the Court House, will be promptly attended to.

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GEORGE MCKAY,
PAINTER & GLAZIER,
CORNER OF STONE & ELY STREETS.
Walls Whitened or Tinted,
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In the most reliable and satisfactory manner.
All orders left as above, or at his residence, on Ely St., receive prompt attention.
Oct. 1866

MEAT MARKET.

E. & A. WAYTT,
Dealers in all kinds of
Fresh Meats, Poultry,
SMOKED MEATS;
SMOKED AND SALT FISH, ETC.
104 Buffalo Street, Rochester, N. Y.
Cash paid for Country Produce. Game of all kinds in its season.

JOHN SCHLEIER,
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FRESH AND SALT MEATS,
LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.
No. 142 Main St., Rochester.
Jan. 15, 1867.

LIFE, FIRE, AND MARINE
INSURANCE OFFICE,
No. 18 ARCADE HALL, } ROCHESTER, N. Y.
No. 7 EXCHANGE PLACE; }
CASH CAPITAL REPRESENTED, \$10,000,000.

BUELL & BREWSTER,
Agents for a large number of the most reliable Companies in the United States.
Policies issued, and all losses promptly adjusted and paid.
H. P. BREWSTER, E. N. BUELL
Rochester, Sept., 1866.

THE OLD & RESPONSIBLE
D. LEARY'S
Steam Fancy Dyeing
AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT,

Two hundred yards North of the New York Central R. R. Depot,
On Mill St., corner of Platt,
Brown's Race, Rochester, N. Y.

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

NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.

Crape, Broche, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls and all bright colored Silks and Merinos, scoured without injury to the colors; also, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Garments Scoured or Colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Silks, Woolen or Cotton Goods, of every description, dyed in all colors, and finished with neatness and dispatch, on very reasonable terms.

Goods dyed black every Thursday.
All goods returned in one week.

Goods received and returned by Express. Bills collected by Express Co.
Address D. LEARY, Cor. Mill & Platt sts.,
Jan. 1867. Rochester, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. III.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1867.

No. 10.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.

Over 21 Buffalo Street, opposite the Arcade.

For the Hospital Review.

May.

Back again, May, with your smiles and your tears?

Beautiful green of the spring;

Back again, May, with your dainty green robes?

Tender and frolicsome thing.

Witching the pulse in the sluggish brown earth,

Setting it wildly aglow,

Waking her up and unfolding her hands,

Out of her mantle of snow.

Telling, in whispers, of roses to be

Born in the bosom of June—

Setting the blossoms aflame on the trees,

Filling the air with perfume—

Calling the lilies up out of their beds,

Into the light of the day;

Tossing the plumes of the lilacs that bend,

To the dip of the humming-bird's play—

Beguiling the honey-bee out of her hive,

To faint in the heart of a flower;

And lie until night, when drunk with the sweets,

She looses the way to her bower.

O, tears of the spring-time, O, fragrance of May—

Bright promise of summer to be,

O, where is the blossom that faded one day,

And made the world darker for me.

O, winds that drift over these billows of bloom,

And the feathery willow-sprays wave;

Last May I held folded a dear little flower,

And now I have only a grave.

MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

From the Advocate and Guardian.

"Their Angels."

A little girl sat by the wayside, eating a crust of bread, that she had picked up somewhere. She had perched herself upon an empty box near the door of a warehouse, that she might not annoy the passers by, as they rushed in careless haste to their business.

What a curious little specimen she was, with the scant blue frock scarcely covering her tiny figure, and the comical bonnet, made for a mature head, overshadowing her. Her legs and arms were brown and bare, but her face peeped out from under the great roof, like a window clear and transparent, with the sunlight upon it. It was a glimpse of this bright face, that attracted Mrs. Snow, and brought her to a stand-still upon the walk, though she was in a hurry to get up town for her day's shopping.

The child had partly finished her crust, and had thrown back her bonnet for a look at the outer world, when her blue eyes met the lady's gaze. She did not hide herself under her shelter again, as many a shy little creature would have done, but she returned the stranger's scrutiny, as if for her also there was a singular fascination. The child's self-possession embarrassed the wo-

man, and putting down her veil, Mrs. Snow walked on for a block, though the little hand was outstretched as if to detain her.

"She is but an impudent beggar," thought the lady; "so early in life these children get the bold stamp, it is better not to encourage them by giving." Still, Mrs. Snow's heart was uneasy—her reasoning did not satisfy it. This was Monday morning, and on Sunday she had listened with tearful eyes, to an eloquent sermon from the words, uttered by that Divine Lover of children, "Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones, for verily I say unto you, that in heaven *their angels* do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." The text occurred to her as a solemn rebuke, while she moved away from this poor child without one word of notice or interest.

The little one's angel seemed to follow and reproach her, and then flashed upon her memory with the quickness of the Holy Spirit's power to impress, all the earnest appeals of her minister in behalf of such tender innocents. "Can we pass carelessly by these young immortals whom God has dignified, by appointing to each its guardian angel? Can we turn aside regardless of such as our Blessed Lord Jesus took in His gracious arms, put His hands upon and blessed?"

"What joy comes to our houses with the advent of one such little one. How do all faces put on smiles to welcome the new-born infant! And during its tender years every eye and every heart is watchful of its interests. Loving arms are opened for its embrace; soft bosoms pillow its little head; gentle lullabys sooth its restlessness; and sweet caresses are lavished upon it all the day. These are the blessings that meet the little children of luxury, and shall we never go out from our beautiful homes—we whose infants have not felt a sorrow or a need—down to the wretched hovels, where little, tender nurslings are born to privation and misery; down to the places where the sun never shines upon the tiny head, and where there are no smiles of greeting, because there is yet another mouth to fill, and no prospect of sufficient food? Oh! that the sight of our own cherished little ones, would make us large-hearted towards the neglected children of poverty, so that they also might come within the circle of our embrace, and so

be taken together with our own, up to the bosom of the great and loving Father of all!"

Mrs. Snow seemed to hear the minister's earnest words, amid the din of the city streets, and they compelled her to turn and seek the child again. The little creature sat still where she had left her, but the sun in her face was overcast, and there were tears in her eyes.

"Will you show me where you live, little one?" said the lady.

The child brightened again, and hopping down from her perch, took the proffered hand, and led the way down the street toward the water-side. Her faded frock brushed against the lady's shining silk, and the forlorn great bonnet was a singular mockery compared with the dainty thing of silk and lace upon the lady's head.

It was a strange contrast—the well-dressed, fashionable figure, and the little uncouth child; and many a contemptuous sneer curled the lip of the hardened people whose notice was attracted. But unseen by mortal eyes, were the woman's angel and the child's, following the two, and rejoicing at the divine aspect things were taking in this fallen world.

On and on, past the merchant stores that were upheaped with the products of many hands, past busy markets, and through crowded thoroughfares, the child led her companion, until presently the street neared the pier, and there, in a cellar, she pointed out her home. They could not go down the steps, for it was the time of spring freshets, and this was the hour of high tide, when the inmates of these dreary, subterranean abodes have to gather up their scanty furniture and bring it out upon the walk, until the ebb shall clear the flood of water.

There was a good-natured woman keeping watch over the few treasures that were all her world. This was the child's mother; so she called her, though she had only taken the little one in to keep her from starving, she said, after she who gave her birth had died, from a low fever, gotten by the damp of her cellar home. She seemed to love the child, though not her own flesh and blood, and the little one clung to her neck and called her "mammy," petting her rough features and making a halo around her head, as she leaned over to kiss her brow, with her own golden hair falling

upon it. The woman held upon her lap her own puny babe, and it was another reproof of Mrs. Snow, to see how this burdened woman had found room for the motherless, in so poor a place, while her rich house was empty, and no orphan had been invited to fill it.

The Spirit was silently, but surely working in her soul, and as she looked from the poor woman to the little girl, her mind was made up. She was a widow, and her own mistress, and could do as she pleased. "Will you give the child to me?" she said, with a sudden impulse.

It took the woman so by surprise, that, for a moment, she did not answer; and then, as the memory of the little clinging ways, before her own baby had come to bless her, recurred to her mind, she burst out into a low wail, sobbing as if her heart would break. Still, she knew it was an opportunity that was not to be slighted, and when the bitterness of the moment was past, she blessed the lady, and sent away the child with her tears and kisses upon the little face.

Years after, when a graceful, beautiful girl was seen, in constant attendance upon an invalid lady, to whose every want she tenderly ministered, and whose every look she watched with a daughter's fondness, people would say, "Mrs. Snow, do tell us where you found this sweet and gentle creature? They say it is a child of your adoption." And the lady would answer, with an expression of deepest gratitude, "The little creature's *angel* led me to her. I should never have seen her else, and so should have lost all these years of comfort and blessing, which a kind Providence has brought to me." —*Fanfan*.

"Sympathy has its home in every holy heart, and in every lowly dwelling; and there is no individual, however straitened by poverty, or veiled by obscurity, or oppressed by trial, or enfeebled by sickness, from the altar of whose heart there may not ascend the sweetest, holiest, most precious and powerful of all human offerings—the offering and the incense of a true and prayerful sympathy."

"We are not the architects of our own destiny, but only the day-laborers, under the Architect; but if we believe in it and we believe in Him, that is enough."

For the Hospital Review.

Thine.

Mine, Lord, this tiny hand,
Soft, clinging hand, that seeks my own to-night;
Pure as the pink-white petal of some blossom rare,

Half folded from the kisses of the sweet pure air!
What must I do to keep it fresh and fair?
How shall I hold it, ever pure and white,
Untouched by sin, and spotless in Thy sight?
Mine to protect, to guard and cherish, mine—
Then, Thine, forever Thine.

Mine, Lord, these baby feet;
These dainty feet, all guiltless of the wrong,
The world's dark stains and all its stinging thorns!
How shall I lead them, that they be not torn,
Soiled with the dust, with guilty wandering worn?
The way is rough, the journey may be long,
And I am weak, how shall I make them strong?
Mine to direct, to guide, to comfort, mine—
Then, Thine, forever Thine.

Mine, Lord, the sinless soul
That questions mutely thro' these clear dark eyes—
Too much, O, Lord! I dare not try to lead
Where I, myself, am lost; how can I feed
A hungry soul with what I, fainting, need?
I see to-night my heart's impurities;
Beneath its outward calm, its inward vanities,
I am not fit to call the treasure mine—
'Tis Thine, and only Thine.

MRS. JAS. H. WILLIAMS.

A TOUCHING EPITAPH.—The following obituary notice appears in the *Winsted Herald*. The subject was once a mechanic in that village, and well to do in the world. But sickness and misfortune used up his little property, and he at last came to the poor house. But through all his misfortunes he maintained a spotless character and a cheerful spirit; and, what cannot be said of many a more distinguished man, his obituary is just:

"Exchanged his poverty for eternal riches, and his rags for a crown which fadeth not away—at Winchester poor-house, Nov. 6, 1864, James C. Smith, aged 67. The pall bearers were few on this side—not so many perhaps as they that waited on the 'shining shore' and went up with the old man to his 'Father's house.'"

There is no situation, however humble, the which to fill to perfection, does not argue superiority of character.

From the New York Observer.

How to be Happy.

Our Lord, in the Sermon on the Mount, calls those "blessed" or happy, that are poor in spirit, that mourn, that are meek, that hunger and thirst after righteousness, that are merciful, pure in heart, peace-makers, and persecuted for righteousness sake. The happiness that is here declared, springs from dispositions of heart carried out into action, from a lowly mind practising humility, from practical resignation, from illustrated meekness, from purity of heart bearing holy fruits in the life, from Christian kindness that not only feels for others, but goes about doing them good, from love that *labors* as well as longs to bless, from the exercise of virtues which are beneficent to mankind, and which in their exercise open springs of pure delight in the hearts where they exist, and are also prophets of a higher and perpetual happiness in another life. In seeking to honor God, and to do good to men, we shall most certainly obtain happiness if we give definiteness to our aims. We should not be content with a general purpose, but should mark out some specific modes and plans of piety and benevolence. The more clear and close our view of what we aim at, is, the more likely we are to attain it; while if we have only general and undefined notions of what we desire or attempt, our success is unlikely. Form some scheme of piety or philanthropy then, let it be never so humble, and pursue it with earnestness and devotion. If it be the reformation of one sinner, the gathering and teaching of a few little children, securing the regular and punctual attendance upon public worship of a single family, seeking out strangers and giving them friendly greeting and Christian acquaintance, caring for the poor and neglected, aiding the young to obtain a fair start in life, teaching the word and will of God to a class of children or adults, endeavoring to secure the sanctification of the Lord's day, providing for the moral and intellectual improvement of the laboring classes of society, or any other form of public or private endeavor to glorify God and bless men, throw heart and soul into it, and the more earnest and self-denying you are in its pursuit, the happier and more useful you will be. Such devotion to doing good will prevent dissatisfaction, ennui, emptiness of mind, weariness, and indolence,

and will ensure peace, contentment, happiness. AUGUSTUS.

Magdalen.

Oh World! Be merciful! Her's is the cost,
Not thine, that she has lost, forever lost,
All that a woman loves! Let it suffice
Thy hardest sentence that her soul such price
Of agony is paying, hour by hour,
As ye can never dream! Oh, for the power
To tell how the sweet and tender eyes
Of little children stab her! How the cries
Of downy, spring-time robins, in their nest;
And cooing of white doves, by doves caressed;
And ruddy firelights streaming out at night
From sacred homes, where life is pure and bright;
And joyous voices falling through the air,
Of happy women—all to her despair
Are maddening, mocking things, and in her soul
The iron deeper plunge! till o'er her roll
Such surging, tideless seas of bitterness,
Of loss, which nothing can retrieve or bless,
That death by any fate, and any shape
Of woe beyond, seem but a glad escape!
And world, hard world, men—and ye women too,
Bethink you how to-day it would fare with you,
If in your midst that voice were lifted up
Which once, of old, when this same cruel cup
Of scorn and shame on a defenceless head
Was poured; rang through all Galilee, and said,
"Let him who is among you without one
Such sin as hers has been, cast the first stone!"
Oh, men and women, not one whit than they
Do ye stand purer! "One by one," away
"Of your own thoughts convicted," ye would
steal;

While nearer Jesus, Magdalen would kneel,
Shedding repentant tears on his pure garment's
hem,

To hear, "Go, sin no more! Neither do I condemn!"

A well known missionary at an anniversary said; "My dear friends, let us avoid sectarian bitterness. The inhabitants of Hindostan, where I have been laboring for many years, have a proverb, that 'though you bathe a dog's tail in oil, and bind it in splints, you cannot get the *crook* out of it.' Now, a man's sectarian bias is simply the crook in the dog's tail, which cannot be eradicated; and I hold that every one should be allowed to *wag his own peculiarity in peace!*"

Beer fills many a bottle, and the bottle
fills many a bier.

The Empty Cradle.

There is a whole volume of poetry in the following little sketch, which we find in the last number of Miss Barber's *Weekly* :

We met John on the stairs. He was carrying an old cradle to be stowed away among what he termed "plunder" in the lumber-room. One rocker was gone, and the wicker-work of the sides broken; it was an old willow affair, but we could not refrain from casting a sad look into its empty depths.

"Gone," we said dreamily, "all gone!" What golden heads were once pillowed here—heads on which the curls grew moist in slumber, and the cheeks and lips flushed to the hue of rose leaves. When sleep broke, the silken-fringed lids opened heavily from the slumbrous eyes; smiles flitted like sunbeams over the face; the white fist was thrust into the mouth, and when mamma lifted the muslin and peeped in to see if baby was awake, what cooing and crowing was heard! The little feet began to kick out of pure delight, and kicked on until both of the tiny red shoes were landed at the foot of the cradle. Where are those heads now? Some that were embrowned by vigorous manhood are sleeping on battle fields; some are bleached with time and cares; and the feet have grown sore and weary on the rough paths of life.

Perhaps some little one, once tenderly rocked here, is sleeping in the coffin. Over it grow heart's-ease, and the vigorous box, and white candy tuft, and the starry jasmine. The blue bird flutters its bright wings through the willow boughs, and the cool summer wind whispers to the green leaves and grass-blades on the grave. What of? Perhaps of its immortality. Sleep on, little dreamless one! "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

GIVE LIBERALLY.—It is a beautiful way of taking the air. You breathe more freely after every such exercise of giving. Don't do it by spasms, but as a regular thing. Your prayers are better. You can't send an arrow that will pierce the skies if your right hand is employed in grasping your purse. "Give without *grudging*." Alas! how little of such giving is there in the world!

It is I.

"It is I! let no repining

In your mournful souls have birth;
Know ye not My kind designing
Is to wean you from the earth?
Not one tear unseen is falling,
None in vain on Me are calling;
For I chasten whom I love,
Sorrows but My mercy prove.

It is I! O, soul! with gladness
Bear thy burdens bravely on—
Life's short hours waste not in sadness,
Squander not so rich a boon;
In My vineyard I have placed thee,
There to labor and to wait
Patiently to bear thy fate.

It is I! and I will never
Send thee grief thou canst not bear;
Thou art mine, and I will ever
O'er thee watch with tender care:
And at last, through my good spirit,
Thou the kingdom shall inherit,
Where the Father dwells above
With the children of His love."

A Medical Prescription.

A hopeful, genial, unselfish Christian lady, ever the light of home in her own dear circle, and yet more or less an invalid, was advised to ask counsel of an eminent physician. After giving the case of the stranger careful attention, he sought very kindly to drive from her mind the harassing thoughts that had been awakened.

"Now, my good lady," said he, "shall I advise you just what to do? Well, take half a dozen homeless children, and train them for the better world; go among the destitute and suffering, and relieve them, or seek any place where you can do or get most good; throw medicines to the winds, use a morning bath if you choose, take plenty of exercise in the open air, and you may maintain a comfortable state of health for many years."

TEMPORAL BLESSINGS.—Wish for them cautiously—ask for them submissively—want them contentedly—obtain them honestly—accept them humbly—manage them prudently—employ them lawfully—impart them liberally—esteem them moderately—increase them virtuously—use them subserviently—forego them easily—resign them willingly.

American Women.

The following growl of an American bachelor contains a kernel of truth in its rough shell:—" 'What do you say, now, to our ladies!' said to me a bluff Yankee, as we sat one night under the veranda, here in the hotel at Saratoga. 'Charming,' of course I answered 'pale, delicate, bewitching; dashing, too, and radiant.' 'Hoo!' cried he, putting up his hands; 'they can't walk, they can't ride. Look at these chits here, dawdling by the fountain. What are they doing now? what have they done all day? Fed and dressed. They have changed their clothes three times, and had their hair washed, combed and curled three times. That is their life. Have they been out for a walk, for a ride? Have they read a book? Have they sewn a seam? Not a bit of it. How do your ladies spend their time? They put on good boots, they tuck up their skirts, and hark away through the country lanes. I was in Hampshire once; my host was a duke; his wife was out before breakfast, with clogs on her feet and roses on her cheeks; she rode to the hunt, she walked to the copse; a ditch would not frighten her; a hedge would not turn her back. Why, our women, poor, pale——.' 'Come,' I said, 'they are very lovely.' 'Ugh!' said the saucy fellow, 'they have no bone, no fibre, no juice; they have only nerves; but what can you expect? They eat pearlash for bread; they drink ice-water for wine; they wear tight stays, thin shoes, and barrel skirts. Such things are nor fit to live, and, thank God, in a hundred years not one of their descendants will be left alive.'"

—*Dixon's New America.*

Consolation.

"There is no grief, even on this sinful earth,
Without its consolation; none which faith
And patient love may not convert to bliss
Or make at least a path to it; and if
Such be our sorrows,—for our joys
Our sweet refreshments, richly interspersed
At intervals through all the narrow road
Which leads to life eternal—for all these
What thanks shall we repay?"

"Art thou consumed with soul-afflicting crosses?
Disturbed with grief? annoyed with worldly
losses?
Hold up thy head; the taper lifted high,
Will hush the wind when lower tapers die."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1867.

Visit to the Hospital.

The first one who met us as we entered the Male Ward, was a colored man. He had a spelling book in his hand, from which he is learning to read—and on a fly-leaf we found the following brief record of his history, which we give to our readers as we copied it, verbatim: "Marshall Johnson—Born the 1st day of March, 1826, at Culpepper Court House, Virginia. At the age of seventeen, he was taken to Alabama and sold for \$1700, and continued a slave to the beginning of the rebellion." Our attention was next drawn to a large, savage-looking mustard paste, which was being spread for a patient very ill with inflammation of the bowels. He was a stranger, we learned, who had been brought here on his way from Albany to Buffalo. The pale, slender-looking soldier youth, who interested us last month, we found still here, not having yet been sent, as he expected, to Augusta, and looking, we thought, even paler and thinner than on our last visit. Farther along, we found a patient suffering intensely with a foot which had been crushed by a railroad accident. He too had, it seems, been a soldier—had been a prisoner at Libby and afterwards at Andersonville; and having escaped alive the horrors of Southern prisons and the many perils of the army, no wonder that he felt a little impatient over a foot saved from the war, to be crushed ingloriously by a railway accident. But the most touching case we found in this Ward, was that of a mute here to be treated for some disease of the throat. He had never been taught the alphabet for the deaf and dumb, and so every means of communication with those around him was closed. By signs, it is true, he could make known his simple wants and sufferings—but the finer wants of the heart

and soul, never to be able to utter—never to have heard a loved one's voice or name—never to know sympathy—never to have the mysteries of life explained, never to be taught of Jesus and of His blessed mission—how, inexpressibly sorrowful! His face was a very expressive one, and he watched our faces with looks of mingled inquiry and appeal, most touching to witness. On a cot, a man was lying with his head bound up, who had just had a severe operation performed upon his eyes. Here in this ward too, we saw a lad of sixteen, who has been here for twelve months, having had both feet crushed in a fall from a street car. In the adjoining apartment, we found the burned man lying just where we left him a month ago, and looking very much the same, but really better. Here, too, we saw again, the patient then so ill with disease of the lungs, but dressed now and sitting up, very much improved. The change in his appearance was marked and pleasant. In a small room leading from this, we found two more patients—one a Southern soldier, who had served in the Confederate army during the entire war, without having received an injury, but who was now here another victim of a railroad accident, in which a foot had been sadly mangled. Our little friend who accompanied us, was much interested in seeing a "live rebel," but she found him looking very much like other people—with nothing especially ferocious about him, as we could discover, but made up of flesh and blood, and with a human heart like the rest of us. A lady of our party said to him playfully—"Well, here you are. A little while ago you were fighting us at the North with all your might, and now you are here being taken care of by us." "That's so," he replied with a smile, and then added with strong Southern accent, "but I reckon if you had been born and raised at the South as I was, you would have felt as I did." There was much truth in this, and it was gratifying to see, as in this instance, that

however intense the hatred of the North may be for the rebellion—that it does not extend to individuals of the South—even to those of the Confederate army—but to the rebellion itself. In another corner of the same room, was one of our own brave soldiers, the one we mentioned last month as recovering from his wounds, but he had since over exerted himself and was not so well.

As we went into the Female Ward, a little girl of six years came running to meet us, who, we learned, had a broken arm which she had been brought here to have cared for. But it was doing well, and she seemed happy and forgetful of all pain. The woman whom we found so very ill on our last visit, was recovering and sitting up, but looking very shadowy and pale. Her baby, the baby which called out our special admiration at that time, had been adopted while the mother was so extremely ill. She grieves for it very much, but it was impossible for her to take care of it, as she still would be for a long time to come. Good homes have been found for several of our Hospital babies the past month; among them, the child of that unfortunate young woman whose sudden death we mentioned in our last visit. The case of a young mother, only seventeen, whom we saw, is a sad one. She expresses great regret for her past life, and in a recent conversation with one of the Managers, she said,—“O, I have been so wicked! I ran away from my father's house; I was willful and disobedient, and now here I am.” She refused to give the address of her parents, and is not willing to have them written to, but says, “When I recover, I am going home to my mother and will never leave her again.” She listened with interest while Jesus was pointed out to her as the Friend who came to seek and to save, not the righteous, but sinners like her.

“If for any wish thou dar'st not pray,
Then pray to God to take that wish away.”

Miss Falls brings us another list this month, which makes 115 names that she has brought us in all. Who will emulate her good example? *Everybody* who reads our *Review* could not probably if they would, procure us 115 names, but everybody could send us *one*. Is this not so?

Correspondence.

Mrs. F. will please accept our sympathy in this, her hour of sorrow, and our thanks for her successful efforts in behalf of our *Review* :

LIVONIA, April 16, 1867.

DEAR LADIES OF THE "REVIEW" :

I beg pardon for not sending you my subscription for my paper before this, but sickness and death in my family, has been the cause. Yes, dear friends, our Heavenly Father has seen best to lay His afflicting hand upon me, and has taken one of His little precious lambs to His heavenly home. That *dear one was my own darling little babe*; but God, in His infinite wisdom, has seen best to take it, and I hope and pray, that I may say, "Father, Thy will be done." In my loneliness, I asked, what can I do in my Master's service, so that I should not be allowed to murmur at His dealings with us? It was then I thought of you and my unpaid subscription; and partly to atone for my past neglect, I thought I would make a little effort, and the result is, I send you two dollars for four copies of your excellent little paper. It is a treasure in any family, especially where there are children. Wishing you abundant success in your laudable undertaking,

I remain your friend,

MRS. S. B. F.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, on Thursday, April 18th, 1867, of Convulsions, Mary McElroy, aged 16 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, on Saturday, April 17th, an infant of Mrs. J. Kelly, aged 3 weeks.

At the Rochester City Hospital, on Monday, April 29th, an infant of Sarah Armatt, aged 2 days.

Superintendent's Report for March.

1867. April 1. No. Patients in Hospital, ..	68
Received during the month, 36	
Births,	2—106
Discharged,	27
Deaths,	3— 30
May 1. Remaining in Hospital, ...	76

List of Donations to the Hospital,

FROM APRIL 15th TO MAY 15th, 1867.

- Mrs. Dr. Hazeltine, Henrietta—1 crock of Pickles, 2 quarts of Raspberry Vinegar, 2 cans of Raspberries.
 Mrs. Wm. H. Ward—Package of Clothing.
 Industrial School—4 Shirts.
 Mrs. Rochester—Loaf of Bread.
 Mrs. Bristol—Roll of Cotton.
 Mrs. Williams—Package of Lint.
 Mrs. McPherson—Can of Peaches and a Pie.
 Mrs. Parsons—6 Cabbages.
 Mrs. D. W. Marsh—A package of Clothing.
 Mrs. M. Rochester—3 Shirts, 1 pair Slippers.
 Miss Hibbard—Table Spread.
 Miss Kellogg—Infant's Clothes.

Cash Donations for March and April.

Little Monte	\$0 40
Mrs. Cyrus Bentley, Chicago,	3 00
Mrs. M. J. Holmes, Brockport,	5 00
Donation Box, for March,	0 93
A Friend—By Miss A. K. Falls	0 50

Receipts for the Hospital Review,

FROM APRIL 15 TO MAY 15, 1867.

W. Southgate, Ontario Mills—By Mrs. Perkins,	\$ 0 50
Mrs. B. McGuire, Miss M. Stowell, Mrs. D. Lacy, Mrs. N. D. Torrance, Avon—By Miss Emily Winans	2 00
Mrs. B. Barnard, Mrs. S. E. Smith, Mrs. N. H. Fowler, Mrs. S. B. Fowler, Livonia—By Mrs. Fowler	2 00
Mrs. O. B. Jones, Mrs. Phelan, Mr. J. Sprague, (2 copies)—By Mrs. Dr. Strong, Mrs. E. H. Gay, Miss Leffingwell, Mrs. S. W. Richardson, Miss E. M. Hunn, Mrs. F. B. Hutchinson, Miss Libbie Hitchcock, Mrs. Jacob Michaels, Mrs. I. Bunker, Mrs. R. Ashley, Mrs. A. Saxe, Mrs. J. A. Lull, Mrs. A. J. Diamond, Mrs. Robert Johnson, Mrs. D. Lowrey, Mrs. J. Cooper, Mrs. A. S. Janes, Mrs. Wieter, Mrs. H. V. Chitten, Mrs. J. M. Barnes, Mrs. E. G. Billings, Mrs. R. Woodruff, Mrs. A. R. Eastman, Mrs. H. McLean, Miss L. Bradford, Mrs. E. D. Brown, Mrs. Binnard, Miss S. A. Adams, Mrs. George Arnold, Mrs. Mylrea, Mrs. Epstien, Mrs. J. H. Wilson, Mrs. A. Orvis, Mrs. H. N. Peck, Mrs. Chas. H. Briggs, New Hartford; Mrs. M. B. Fassett, Mrs. Wm. N. Emerson—By Miss A. K. Falls	18 00
Robert Cameron—By Dr. Jones	0 50

Hospital Notice.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made at the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. W. Ely, South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. Little, Plymouth Avenue; Dr. Montgomery, Spring Street; Dr. Langworthy & Dr. Whitbeck.

Children's Department.

From "The Nursery" for May.

Spring is Here.

Children, this is May;
Come forth all to play!
Hear the young birds sing!
Hear them hail the Spring!

Sparrow, robin, linnnet, thrush—
How their merry notes outgush!
By their songs they seem to say,
"Thanks, oh thanks, for life to-day!"

Children dear, shall we not be
Grateful as the birds we see?
Come, oh come, from far and near!
Come, and sing, "Spring, Spring is here!"

Come, and pluck the daisies;
Come, and sing their praises.
Pluck the violets blue—
Ah! pluck not a few.

God giveth all: oh, learn it in your childhood!
Worship Him at your tasks with fond endeavor;
Worship Him at your sports; worship Him ever;
Worship Him in the wildwood;
Worship Him amid the flowers;
Worship Him at all hours.

Thank him for duty,
And thank Him for all beauty—
For the music of the birds,
For the grass, and for the herds.
Pluck the buttercups, and raise
Your voices in His praise.

A long time ago; a little boy twelve years old, on his way to Vermont, stopped at a country tavern, and paid for his lodging and breakfast by sawing wood instead of asking it as a gift. Fifty years later the same boy passed the same little inn as George Peabody, the banker, whose name is the synonym of magnificent charities—the honored of two hemispheres.

"What would I give," said Charles Lamb, "to call my mother back to earth for one day, to ask her pardon on my bended knees for all those acts by which I gave her gentle spirit pain."

Remember this, my young friend, whenever you are inclined to disobey your mother, or to do anything which you know will grieve her. When she is dead, such misconduct will awaken bitter recollections,

and you cannot ease your troubled soul by asking her pardon. She who bore you, who fervently loved you, and whose faithful heart you made to ache, will have gone, never to return. The cruel deed will be irreparable!

A Story for the Wet Holiday.

The children had tried every way of spending a wet holiday pleasantly. After a few sorrowful looks at the dull grey clouds and dripping trees, they had wisely concluded that as out-door sports were not to be hoped for, they might as well try to be happy at home. So with the aid of toys and books the morning had passed merrily enough. Dinner was now over, and a puzzling question arose among the little people as they sat around the fire, "what shall we do this evening?" All the usual evening games had been played during the daytime. Who could invent a new amusement?

"Ask father for a story," suggested little Walter, "a real true story, about something he saw in his travels last summer." This happy idea met with loud applause, shown by much stamping and clapping of hands on the part of William and Freddy Norton, and a quiet approval by May and Jessie, who chimed in with a chorus of, "Oh yes! that is the very thing." So a deputation proceeded to the study where father was just folding up a letter he had written, and petitioned him to come to the drawing-room and tell a story. The suit being graciously granted, he was led to an easy chair, while stools and little chairs were gathered closely round, that no word of the real true story might be lost.

"Now, Freddy, before I begin, bring your new map of France, look towards the south-west, and try if you can find Bergerac, a small town in the department of Dordogne. Ah, there it is on the right bank of the river; but we must travel a little further. Let us drive on for three miles among the meadows, corn-fields and vineyards, skirted by beeches and firs, and we shall reach the place I wish to take you all to see, the village of LaForce. It is on the top of a hill; but look at those great buildings, so much larger than ordinary village houses. There are five of them scattered over a distance of two miles. They are all schools, schools for orphan boys and girls; schools for blind and incurable children; for idiots and epileptics,

Try if you can remember the names of these five schools, *La Famille Evangelique, Bethesda, Ebenezer, Siloe and Bethel.*

"Twenty years ago not even one of those school-houses was built. Just then Mr. Bost was chosen by the Protestants of LaForce. They were few in number and poor in purse, but their minister was rich in faith and love. He had long felt the deepest pity for orphan and outcast girls, and now resolved to try to help them. Wishing to provide a home where some of them could be taught about their heavenly Father and the Saviour who came to seek and save the lost, Mr. Bost traveled through France and England and told his story. God opened the hearts of hearers, and the happy minister returned to LaForce with money enough to build one orphan house. He commenced his school with three pupils—they were soon fifty. Some of the people who sent girls to the La Famille Evangelique, as this school was called, payed for them; but many others were far too poor to do so, and as it cost a great deal to feed and clothe so large a family, Mr. Bost was obliged to take several journeys to collect the necessary funds; but he pleaded the cause of the orphans first in prayer to God, and afterwards with his people, and never pleaded in vain.

"It soon occurred to Mr. Bost that poor orphan boys needed training as much as poor girls, and the good pastor began to build another school-house. The way in which he got a teacher for his boys was very remarkable. One cold winter evening, passing along a road near his own house, he found a wretched beggar lying on the grass by the wayside, exhausted from fatigue and hunger. The starved creature clasped a little wax image of the Virgin Mary to his breast: with this he had begged from door to door. Mr. Bost helped him up, took him home, and gave him supper and bed. The next morning poor Bartier, that was the man's name, was quite unable to walk. Cold and damp had brought on disease. The pastor allowed him to stay at the parsonage until he was cured, eighteen months afterwards. These were happy days for poor Bartier; he learned to read and write, he learned to love and obey the living Saviour, and soon threw away the wax image. His health being now restored, he was sent to a school where teachers are trained; and two years and a-half later, when examin-

ed with sixty-five others, Bartier stood at the top of the list, and was appointed teacher of Mr. Bost's newly-built school; and, after thirteen years of labor, he was still the much beloved master of the Protestant boys of LaForce.

"The children in both the boys' and girls' schools are kept busily employed, dividing their time between lessons and such useful occupations as may fit them for being servants and artisans. The girls cook their meals, clean the house, make the clothes, and go out two by two to buy things for the family. Even the boys learn to knit and make mats, that they may not be idle when compelled to stay at home in wet weather; but the principal work is in the fields and gardens. But, besides teaching the hands to work and the mind to think, Mr. Bost and his assistants endeavor to train the hearts of children to love, to love every one, but Him the best who first loved them; and in many cases the Holy Spirit has blessed their labors, and the pupils of these schools have gone forth as Christian men and women to bless the world.

"But I must not forget to tell you about the poor idiots for whom Mr. Bost has built a home. About twelve years ago, a miserable looking little idiot child stood one morning at Mr. Bost's door. He could not put her in the school among the other children, but could not bear to send her away. His pity had a hard struggle with his prudence, but it won the victory: the little girl was taken to live in the pastor's own house, though the doctors told him he had better try to train a monkey or a dog. For some months all Mr. Bost's tender care had no effect, the idiot child seemed unable to learn anything, even to pronounce one word; but one evening during the singing of a hymn at family worship, she made an attempt to join in the tune, and from that moment her kind teacher had found the key of her locked-up mind. Under the softening effects of music, the poor girl learned little by little, to speak, and after two years' patient training, she was not much behind other children of her age, in the knowledge of common things. She learned to speak, sew, and knit well. Music and love had led her out of the dark state of an idiot, into the light of reason.

"There are now two fine asylums at LaForce into which Mr. Bost receives such

children. They are called Bethesda and Siloe. Great gentleness and wonderful patience are needed by the teachers of these poor little creatures; but often before the dull mind is able to learn the difference between two and three, the weary heart of the child seems to understand the simple words, 'God loveth thee,' and little ones who are ignorant of everything else, have been heard crying, 'O my God, take pity on me, take pity on me; I have great need of it.' Mr. Bost remembers that sickness and sorrow came into our world with sin, and therefore he tries to lead all the children to Jesus, the great Physician, who can at the same time forgive their sins and heal their diseases.

"Now, dear boys and girls, I have told you my true story; I want you to learn from it something of the mighty power of patient love. What can you do to help the little ones at LaForce? Can you not pray for them and their teachers? Might you not now and then spare them some money from your well-filled boxes?" Little Walter had already slipped a bright sixpence into his father's hand. That was his practical commentary on the third charity.

Pretty Is that Pretty Does.

The spider wears a plain brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner;
To see her, quiet as any mouse,
Going about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner!

She looks as if no thought of ill
In all her life had stirr'd her,
But while she moves with careful tread,
And while she spins her silken thread,
She is planning, planning, planning still
The way to do some murder!

My child, who reads this simple lay
With eyes down-dropt and tender,
Remember the old proverb says
That pretty is, which pretty does,
And that worth does not go nor stay
For poverty nor splendor.

'Tis not the house and not the dress
That makes the saint or sinner.
To see the spider sit and spin,
Shut with her web of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

—Alice Carey.

Business First, and Pleasure After.

"Put the young horse in plough," said the farmer; and very much pleased he was to be in a team with Dobbin and the grey mare. It was a long field, and gaily he walked across it, his nose upon Dobbin's haunches, having hard work to keep it at so slow a pace.

"Where are we going now!" he said, when he got to the top. "This is very pleasant."

"Back again," said Dobbin.

"What for?" said the young horse, rather surprised; but Dobbin had gone to sleep, for he could plough as well asleep, as awake.

"What are we going back for?" he asked, turning round to the old grey mare.

"Keep on," said the grey mare, "or we shall never get to the bottom, and you'll have the whip at your heels."

"Very odd indeed," said the young horse, who thought he had had enough of it, and was not sorry he was coming to the bottom of the field. Great was his astonishment, when Dobbin, just opening his eyes, again turned, and proceeded at the same pace up the field again.

"How long is this going on?" asked the young horse.

Dobbin just glanced across the field as his eyes closed, and fell asleep again, as he began to calculate how long it would take to plough it.

"How long *will* this go on!" he asked, turning to the grey mare.

"Keep up, I tell you," she said, "or you'll have me on your heels."

When the top came, and another turn, and the bottom, and another turn, the poor young horse was in despair; he grew quite dizzy, and was glad, like Dobbin, to shut his eyes, that he might get rid of the sight of the same grounds so continually.

"Well," he said, when the gears were taken off, "if this is your ploughing, I hope I shall have no more of it." But his hopes were vain; for many days he ploughed, till he got, not reconciled to it, but tired of complaining of the weary, monotonous work.

In the hard winter, when comfortably housed in the warm stable, he cried out to Dobbin as he was eating some delicious oats, "I say, Dobbin, this is better than ploughing: do you remember that field? I hope I shall never have anything to do

with that business again. What in the world could be the use of walking up a field just for the sake of walking down again? It's enough to make one laugh to think of it."

"How do you like your oats?" said Dobbin.

"Delicious!" said the young horse.

"Then, please to remember, if there were no ploughing, there would be no oats."

Like the Flowers.

May I like the violet be,
Growing up in modesty;
May I truly happy be,
In showing forth humility.

May I like the lily grow,
Pure and spotless, white as snow;
May I ever thankful be
For the mercies granted me.

May I like the daisy, show
Content and patience where I go;
Always striving to possess
Some new mark of holiness:

Like the Rose of Sharon grow,
Do God's holy will below,
Gain His smile; then welcome peace
Shall fill my soul, and never cease.

From the Presbyterian.

The Fly's Friends.

A fly that had just got itself out of a dish of preserves, and had still much of the syrup clinging to it, was surprised to find how affectionate all the other flies had grown. Indeed, they caressed it so much that it began to think them rather troublesome. At last, however, they one by one dropped off, and left it to itself, which it at first did not know the cause of; but, upon examining itself, it found that the flies had eaten up all the preserves that had been sticking to it.

"Aha!" said the fly. "So it wasn't me after all, but the preserves, that they liked so much; as soon as that's all gone, they leave me."

They are not your true friends who but stay by you as long as they think there is some chance of making something off you, or of living at your expense; but they are your true friends who love you for yourself, and nothing else, whether you be rich or poor.

"ΠΙΣΤΟΧ."

Miscellaneous.

American Wonders.

The greatest cataract in the world is the Falls of Niagara, where the water from the great upper lakes forms a river of three-quarters of a mile in width; and then, being suddenly contracted, plunges over the rocks in two columns, to the depth of 170 feet each.

The greatest cave in the world is the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky, where any one can make a voyage on the waters of a subterranean river, and catch fish without eyes.

The greatest river in the world is the Mississippi, 4100 miles in length.

The largest valley in the world is the Valley of the Mississippi. It contains 500,000 square miles, and is one of the most fertile and profitable regions of the globe.

The largest lake in the world is Lake Superior, which is truly an inland sea, being 430 miles long and 1000 feet deep.

The greatest natural bridge in the world is the Natural Bridge over Cedar Creek in Virginia. It extends across a chasm 80 feet in width and 250 feet in depth, at the bottom of which the creek flows.

The greatest mass of solid iron in the world is the Iron mountain of Missouri. It is 350 feet high and two miles in circuit.

The largest number of whale-ships in the world is sent out by Nantucket and New Bedford.

The greatest grain port in the world is Chicago.

The largest single volume ever published is Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, an American work—the best of the language—containing as much matter as six family Bibles.

The largest aqueduct in the world is the Croton Aqueduct in New York. Its length is forty miles and a-half, and it cost twelve and a-half millions of dollars.

The largest deposits of anthracite coal in the world are in Pennsylvania, the mines of which supply the market with millions of tons annually, and appear to be inexhaustible.

All these, it may be observed, are American "institutions." In contemplation of them, who will not acknowledge that ours is a "great country."

First Love.

Turning over papers—
 Dead-leaf drift of years—
 In the midst a letter
 Stained with tears.

Face of any dead one
 Scarce had moved me so;
 There my First Love lying,
 Buried long ago.

Darling love of boyhood,
 What glad hours we knew—
 Tears so sweet in shedding,
 Vows that were so true!

Dear face, round and dimpled,
 Voice of chirping bird,
 Hardly then, for heart throbs,
 Any word I heard.

But to know she loved me,
 Know her kind and fair,
 Was in joy to revel,
 Was to walk on air.

Happy, happy love-time,
 Over-budded spring,
 Never came the summer
 With its blossoming.

—*Shilling Magazine.*

GENUINE ELOQUENCE.—There are no people in the world with whom eloquence is so universal as with the Irish. When Leigh Ritchie was traveling in Ireland, he passed a man who was a painful spectacle of pallor, squalor, and raggedness. His heart smote him, and he turned back.

"If you are in want," said Ritchie, "why don't you beg?"

"Surely, it's begging I am, yer honor."

"You didn't say a word."

"Of course not, yer honor, but see how the skin is spakin' through the trowsers! and the bones cryin' out through me skin! Look at me sunken cheeks, and the famine that's starin' in me eyes! Man alive, isn't it beggin' I am with a thousand tongues?"

THE APOLOGY WORSE THAN THE MISTAKE.—A lawyer addressed the court as "gentlemen" instead of "your honors." After he had concluded, a brother of the bar reminded him of his error. He immediately rose to apologize, thus:—"May it please the court—in the heat of the debate, I called your honors, gentlemen. I made a mistake, and beg pardon."

Toads Undressing Themselves.

Mr. John G. Diamond, of Lord's Valley, Pa., gives the following story:

"Some four or five years ago, I was sorely troubled with insects in my garden. A friend recommended the introduction of toads. Accordingly, I secured about a dozen, and among the toad family I had one that was nearly twice as large as any of the others. But now comes a feat more astonishing than anything that I have ever seen or read in animated nature. One remarkable hot day, the large toad, together with a very diminutive one, went through the operation of divesting themselves of their toggery; but either by mistake or design, they stripped themselves; changed and swallowed each other's garments.

The little fellow, I shall always think, was the cause of the mischief, for there was such a comical leer in his eye, and then he gave such a knowing wink. A toad has two stomachs or a crop, like a monkey. Their object in swallowing their clothes is for the purpose of bleaching them. In about an hour afterwards, they vomited them up. The small one was the first to get through, and you may believe me, gentlemen, he was the first to get dressed, as he had but little difficulty in robing himself in such a big suit. However, there was never a worse misfit palmed off in Chatham street. As soon as his big companion discovered the mistake, he set up a woful lamentation, and began to heave and swell with a just indignation, and with a countenance resembling *Jemmy Twitcher*, after picking the drunken auctioneer's pocket, and then exchanging coats, he looked after his little comrade with an expression that seemed to say, "bring back the gentleman's coat."

But the young scape-grace kept at a yard's distance, and seemed to take a roguish delight in tormenting his chum. On the other hand, the old fellow fumed and danced with rage until he was fairly exhausted. Finally, he concluded to make a virtue of necessity by putting on the little chap's clothes; in fact he had but the one alternative, to put them on or go naked. He commenced with the pants, and many were the abortive attempts and failures he had in trying to get them on; for the natural length would not reach but a little above the knee. But I suppose he thought that there must be something done, for

he had now discovered that there were spectators about, and that he was indecently exposing his person. Consequently, he recommenced with redoubled ardor. He tugged and pulled until the lower extremities collapsed, and the toes came through with an audible report. After his toes were through, with a great deal of difficulty he drew up his pants about the hips, leaving his legs and nearly all of his thighs as bare as a Scotch Highlander in his primitive state. He then began to overhaul the coat or upper garment. I thought it would be like fitting Daniel Lambert or the Belgian Giant, with a coat the size of Tom Thumb's.

The old fellow too, was not long in making up his mind that it was one of the moral impossibilities, and from that time he made no further efforts, but simply to move himself off under a grape vine with as dejected a countenance as Jonah sitting under the eastern wall of Nineveh. In a few days he was missing. Whether he died a natural death, committed suicide, or emigrated, I cannot say. But the scamp that swindled him out of his best and only suit, I saw a twelve month after. He had grown considerable, but was easily recognized by his clothes fitting him 'too mooch, too mooch intirely,' as they say in Chatham street."

NATURAL PHENOMENA AND THEIR CAUSES ACCORDING TO THE CHINESE.—The earthquake is ascribed to the convulsive struggles of a huge tortoise, to shift the earth from off his back. The eclipse is said to be caused by a voracious dog, in his attempts to swallow the orb of day. And though some know better, and are aware that it has to do with fixed laws, and occurs at regular periods, yet excitement prevails whenever the phenomena occurs: gongs are beaten, and crackers are fired from every house, to frighten away the hungry beast.—*Pictures of the Chinese.*
By the Rev. R. H. Cobbold, M. A.

What is that which occurs once in a minute, twice in a moment, and not once in a hundred years? The letter M.

It has been asked, when rain falls, does it ever get up again? Of course it does, in dew time.

What kind of plant does a "duck of a man" resemble? Mandrake.

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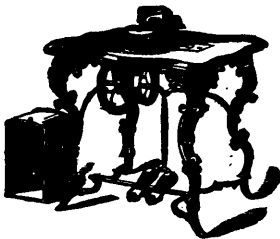
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

Vol. III.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1867.

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For the Hospital Review.

Procrastination.

Ah! little brown bird, in your dainty nest,
You did not heed my warning weeks ago,
Ere leaves had wakened from their winter rest
And not a daisy graced the garden row;
I bade you wait 'till buds began to start,
'Till warm airs stirred the sleeping maple's heart,
And the brave crocus thrust the earth apart,
To push its green spears out above the snow.
You perched just there upon a barren spray,
With head turned sideway for a glance at me,
And poured your heart out in a careless lay
That called your wee mate from some neighbor-
ing tree. [heed,
I saw with vague forebodings that you would not
And vexed with what I called your foolish speed,
I said, "sing on, the time is short indeed,
One swallow makes no summer you shall see."
But day by day you fluttered in and out,
And trilled your love-songs in such merry mood,
I half forgot to nurse my cherished doubt
Of future time, the present seemed so good.

The nest was builded; and no bitter blast
Had tossed the wee thing from its harbor frail;
The leaves crept out and sheltered it at last,
And now you hover over your callow brood.

Ah me! when life was in its early spring,
Love, like a bird, came fluttering to my breast,
And hovering there with poised and quivering
wing

Asked leave to enter, build, and brood and rest:
But fearing adverse winds and beating storms,
I said, "too soon, I'll wait 'till summer comes;"
And Love was chilled, and flew to warmer homes,
And so, alas! I have no sheltered nest.

Lie safely there, wee brown-winged mother-bird!
I see, too late, your instinct told you true;
Sing, happy father, 'till the air is stirred
With sweeter music than the May-time knew!
Had I been wise as you, my nest to-day
Might boast, mayhap, a group as fair and gay,
But spring has flown, and summer speeds away,
While Love returns, ah, nevermore to me.

MRS. JAS. H. WILLIAMS.

Irritability of Illness.

Those who are blessed with health can never know until they are called upon to suffer, what heroic strength of spirit lies hidden under the mask of silent, uncomplaining suffering; how strong the temptations are to be unreasonable, peevish or repining; how difficult it is to be grateful, and still more to be amiable, when the irritated frame loathes the sunshine of a smile, and dreads the tear and the cloud, where all is pain and weariness and bitterness! Let the healthy lay these things ever to their heart, and when they scrupulously perform their duty—while they reverence the fortitude and patience of the

gentle and resigned, let them have pity upon many a poor and querulous sufferer; upon their side, let the sick not forget that the reverence and love thus excited are as the elixir of life to their often wearied and overtaxed attendants; quickening them to exertion by the sweetest of influence, instead of exhausting them with the struggle to perform an ungrateful duty.

"There's Light Beyond."

"How is the Lord dealing with you?" inquired a stranger softly; silently watching for some time the light and shadow flitting over the face of the sick woman, whose dwelling she had that day for the first time entered.

The pale emaciated form that lay extended on the bed, might easily have been mistaken for a corpse, had it not been for the occasional spasmodic contraction of the features, that told of the sufferings within; whether wholly bodily, or mental, was not then evident.

A glad uplifting of the closed eyes, followed by a smile of unutterable peace, responded to the voice of sympathy.

"Do you suffer much?" continued the visitor.

"More than they know," answered the invalid, glancing at the half opened door of an inner chamber, where sat her husband at his work, his sister, and a little child by his side—"More than any one can tell, but God and myself."

"How long have you lain here?"

"Soon it will be three years."

"And in this continuous pain and weakness?"

The same smile—the same rapid glance upward, that seemed to pierce beyond the murky sky, visible through the upper pane of the window. The sick woman passed her hand slowly over her brow, and in a voice of thankfulness, replied,—

"Pain!—yes!—but there are no thorns here, you see, no bruises," and, stretching forth her arms, until they formed a line across her pillow, she continued, "No nails," and she spread forth her open palms, "No spear here!" and she clasped her hands over her fast-beating heart; for "He was wounded for my transgressions, He was bruised for my iniquities, the chastisement of my peace was upon Him, and with His stripes I am healed."

"When did you know this?"

"With my head years ago; with my heart, only since I lay here; yet these were the words with which the Holy Spirit strove with me in girlhood, and I comprehended but little what it meant; it was nothing to me then, it is everything to me now."

The visitor was a stranger no longer, for the words and smile told of one faith, one Father, and one fatherland; and afterwards when she watched the affectionate care of the young husband, and listened to the prattle of the fair four years' child she marveled if these ties, so soon to be severed, had any part in casting the shadow which, from time to time, seemed to gather on the fast closing pilgrimage of the sufferer.

"Your husband—and your little child! Can you look forward resignedly to part with them?" inquired her friend, thinking that now she had a clue to the cause of the depression.

"Oh, yes!" was the cheerful answer. "A fortnight past I was able to give them to Jesus, and now He has *all* of me."

The Good Shepherd had allured her into the wilderness, and she was learning there to trust the God of the valleys, as well as the God of the hills, as the ever faithful One.

Still there was one cloud, and one alone, that disturbed at intervals the otherwise unbroken peace of Letty S—'s quiet confidence. It was the unsubdued terror of the last enemy, lest in the valley of death the brightness of the face of her Saviour should be veiled, and a dread of the final physical struggle; fearing also the anguish of that moment, and that she should then dishonor Him she loved.

The cup was mixed with weariness and pain, but "with strong consolation;" it was the loving cup!—it was worth draining—it was drained at last! The death-angel came, but Letty still shrank from the shadow.

"I want you to pray for me," she said one morning, when more than usually tempted, turning to one watching by her side.

"Pray that the dark valley may be light; that I may see Jesus, and not go down in a cloud. I want you to pray now, and every step of your way home."

They did so.

The dying woman listened, and in a voice of peculiar feeling whispered, as if some sweet assurance dawned, "God hears

—your prayers, God answers!" and the cloud was raised for a moment. Another fearful physical pain shook her frame, and again the enemy came in like a flood, when, after a pause, as if to meet him, by displaying the banner of our faith, she told forth, in broken words, her shield, her refuge, and her everlasting peace. "He was wounded for my transgressions, He was bruised for my iniquities, the chastisement of my peace was upon Him, and with His stripes I am healed;" and then, as she caught the eyes bent on her face, she added, "We shall soon meet again—you know. 'It won't be for long,'—

Her failing breath could not conclude the couplet—and as a voice beside her repeated it for her,—

"And then how triumphant the conqueror's song."

"Yes," she added; "but you will pray every step of the way home, about the cloud?"

And the friend promised; and they parted, to meet no more, until they mingle songs of praise in the dawn of that day where shadows can never more darken the brightness of the King in His beauty.

Yet that afternoon clouds darkened on the soul of Letty S— as never before, just as we saw the heavy canopy of vapor gather round the setting sun, before its last golden beams are shed over the earth. Satan knew he was soon to be bruised beneath her feet, and that his triumph was only in harassing the feeble one upon the threshold of that rest he could never trouble.

She was looking onward to the cloud, and adding a shadow to her path, when the grace given for the present moment is the promise, and for the future there is a light beyond that never failed.

"At eventide it shall be light!"

Midnight came, and the earth-mist which had shrouded the fair land of promise from the eye of faith suddenly dissolved, and the brightness of that dying face, and the broken song of praise bore testimony that the shadows were at her feet, and that joy unutterable and full of glory was breaking upon her soul.

There is no shadow but the sun is near; there is no cloud but there is light beyond; and the faith which presses forward shall feel the shadow worth chasing, if it has obscured one sight of the Beloved, on whom the soul is leaning while coming up from

the wilderness. Oh ye, over whom the clouds are gathering, who have sat beneath the shadow! be not dismayed if they rise before you! Press on—There is light beyond.—*From an English Tract.*

Vertue.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and skie;
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose heart, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Lesson from a Painting.

Irenæus, of the New York Observer, in a letter from the Pitti Palace, says:

The ceiling of the saloon where we begin to study the pictures, in order, has a moral that one may well learn, even from heathen mythology: it is a lesson the young are slow to take; but they never come to much of anything in this world till they do learn it; and for the want of it, thousands go to the bad. The painting is by Pietro da Cartona, and represents Minerva taking a young man from Venus and conducting him to Hercules. There is no need of pausing here to preach a Christian sermon from this pagan text. There are several texts in the Proverbs of Solomon teaching the same idea. Minerva is the goddess of wisdom; Venus of sensual love; and Hercules the god of strength, energy, power. Wisdom takes a young man away from sensual indulgence, and inspires him with force to do and conquer in the battle of life. And it is just this that makes the difference in the success of men. Few are born fools. All have wisdom to know the right, but many yield to indolence, or vice—that is, they follow inclination, instead of the voice of wisdom, and

so fall victims to love, the love of ease, of pleasure, of idleness, or of sin; and waste the vital forces in mere sensual indulgence. They make a failure, totally; they lay the blame on circumstances, and, perhaps, wonder that others, not half so well endowed as they, bear off all the prizes in the games. If they had gone to Hercules; if they had forsaken Venus; had they put on the armor, and fought manfully the good fight, with energy, faith, perseverance and truth, they would have won.

"The Poor ye have always with you."

Near us they pass, with ever downcast eyes,
 Upon their sombre ways;
 Theirs all the shadows, ours the sunny skies,
 And all the happy days.

Near us they pass. We, doubtless, throw a glance
 Of pity at their lot,
 Then turn away and on our paths advance,
 And they are all forgot.

Near us they pass, and as we, busy, go,
 We feel a moment's smart,
 And we look in and see the secret woe,
 The needy, barren heart:

And pitying thoughts may come as thus we view,
 Perchance our tears may flow,
 But to console them we must know them too,
 And little do we know!

Know of the sorrows which their lot betide,
 Their joyless fireside hours,
 Although their sombre way lies side by side
 With our own path of flowers.

We call them brothers oft upon our knees,
 Before the Father's throne,
 O false and cruel word! His pure eye sees
 How cold our hearts have grown.

I fear that God is weary, brethren mine,
 Of this our worship vain,
 And that no image of His love divine,
 Our selfish hearts retain.

Oh! not for us to speak of gospel balms,
 Of God's compassion high,
 When we have for them but the facile alms
 We throw as we pass by:

When never, pressed in ours, their hand has
 stirred
 With throbs we too could feel,
 And we have measured out the icy word,
 Which knows not how to heal:

If never did we of ourselves impart—
 What we have felt and known,
 And if they know not that their wounded heart
 Is sister of our own.

Not such, O Jesus! Thy consoling word,
 Not such thy pitying eye,
 Not such the heavenly tidings which they heard
 When Thou wert passing by.

Thou did'st not look upon them far apart,
 But followed where they stepped,
 They saw Thee suffer, felt the brother's heart,
 And at Thy dear feet wept.

Poor, outcast, blinded, guilty sons of woe,
 They dared Thy face to see.
 Ah! who that untold pity will bestow,
 They ever found in Thee?

Ah! who these lonely, wounded hearts shall reach,
 And give the good they crave?
 nAd who, O Jesus, our cold lips shall teach
 The blest word which shall save?

Who light within our souls that sacred fire,
 Which burns by night and day,
 That love which nothing can repress or tire,
 Of Thine own love a ray?

When shall we know Thee, Thou sole helping
 Friend,
 Love tender, strong and true?
 When shall we love enough to comprehend,
 Enough to suffer too?

When shall we love enough, ye sons of night,
 Who in your darkness fall,
 To fold you in that pity infinite,
 One Father feels for all?

—Hours at Home.

"As we know not from what and how many unseen dangers the intervening Providence of God has delivered us in our progress through life, so we cannot understand from how many sins and crimes, the trials we have experienced may have kept us back."

"Whatever we beg of God, let us also work for it, if it be a matter of duty or consequent to industry; for God loves to bless labor and to reward it, but not to support idleness."

Your honor does not stand in compelling men to observe your will, so much as in inspiring a right will in them, and enabling them to obey that.

Early Marriage.

I am a father, and feel an interest in my children. I am a citizen, and feel solicitous for the virtue and happiness for other men's children. Years of experience and observation, enable me to speak with assurance upon the subject indicated above. The time was when young men sought their companions at an earlier date than now, though perhaps with less anxiety about the means of living in style. The dictates of affection and of sound philosophy were heeded more than the mere conventionalities of society; the result of which was the happiness and success of the married pair. I believe that God intended early marriage as a stimulus to mutual love, industry and economy, as well as a safeguard for individual and social virtue. Multitudes of the young men of the present time lose both moral purity and courage, in a vain, single-handed struggle to become wealthy, before they take to themselves a companion for life. Life's battle should not be fought, nor its achievements enjoyed, alone. "Two are better than one." Adam was but a youth in years, when God said, "It is not good that man should be alone," and gave him a "help-meet for him." Let affection go out and rest upon a worthy object, when in the full strength of vigorous youth, and a man becomes better qualified for every effort to secure the comforts and enjoyments of a united destiny. Besides, what fortunes are expended in *preparing* for supporting a wife! Better expend those fortunes in helping the wife to look after and care for the interests of these young men as husbands. Poverty is not necessarily a crime; nor is wealth necessary to conjugal happiness. One virtuous, industrious, married young man, is worth a dozen who are never going to marry until they have their thousands. For ten to one that both reputation and property will slip through their fingers, and themselves sleep in a premature grave. What has made many a man a hero in life's great fight, has been his duty of affection and providence toward wife and children. Industry, intelligence, moral worth, and a warm reciprocation of affection, whether rich or poor, constitute the chief guarantee that married life will be a rich blessing. Let me say to young men: If you are out for yourself, and there is one in the sunshine of whose pure affection you can trust,

who is true and willing to struggle with you, be not ashamed nor afraid to make your interests one, and look to a kind Providence to second your efforts for success in your calling. K.

The Angels' Mission.

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

"Hark, how the angels, as they fly,
 Sing thro' the region of the sky,
 Bearing an infant in their arms,
 Securely freed from sin's alarms.

"Welcome, dear babe, to Jesus' breast,
 Forever there in joy to rest;
 Welcome to Jesus' court above,
 To sing the great Redeemer's love.

"We left the heavens and flew to earth,
 To watch thee at thy mortal birth;
 Obedient to thy Saviour's will,
 We stand to love and guard thee still.

"We, thy protecting angels, came
 To see thee blessed in Jesus' name,
 When the baptismal seal was given
 To mark thee, child, an heir of heaven.

"When the resistless call of death
 Bade thee resign thy infant breath;
 When parents wept and thou didst smile,
 We were thy guardians all the while."

"Now, with the lightning's speed we bear
 The child committed to our care,
 With anthems, such as angels sing,
 We fly to bear thee to our King.

"Thus sweetly borne, he flies to rest,
 We know 'tis well—nay, more—'tis best,
 When we our pilgrim's path have trod,
 O may we find him with our God."

Trust.

To Him who hears, I whisper all;
 And softer than the dews of heaven
 The tears of Christ's compassion fall:
 I know I am forgiven!

Wrapt in the peace that follows prayer
 I hold my hands in perfect trust,
 Forgetful of the cross I bear
 Through noonday heat and dust.

No more life's mysteries vex my thought;
 No cruel doubts disturb my breast;
 My heavy-laden spirit sought
 And found the promised rest.

MISS KIMBALL.

Good Feelings.

We know a blunt old fellow who sometimes hits the nail on the head more aptly than philosophers. He once heard a man much praised for "*good feelings*." Every body joined and said the man was possessed of excellent feelings.

"What has he done?" asked the old genius.

"He is possessed of the most benevolent feelings," was the reply.

"What has he done?" cried the old fellow again.

By this time the company thought it necessary to show some of his favorite doings. They began to cast about in their minds; but the old man still shouted, "What has he *done*?" They owned they could not name any thing in particular.

"Yes," answered the cynic, "you say that he is a man that has good feelings. Now, gentlemen, let me tell you that there are people in this world who get a good name simply on account of their feelings. You can't tell one generous action they ever performed in their lives, but they can look and talk most benevolently. I know a man in this town that you all would call a surly, rough, and unamiable man, and yet he has done more acts of kindness in this county than all of you put together. You may judge people's actions by their feelings, but I judge people's feelings by their actions."

The Secret.

"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic among a number of others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits."

"No secret, Doctor," he replied. "I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work, she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to any body." What influence, then, has woman

over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the foundation of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently then; greeting after the toils of the day are over, costs nothing, and goes far towards making home happy and peaceful.

A Heroine.

At Pilan, in Prussia, now lives a woman who has for some years consecrated her life to the noble and dangerous task of rescuing persons from drowning. Whenever a tempest comes on, day or night, Catharine Kleinfeldt, who is the widow of a sailor, is ready with a boat, in which she puts out to sea, and frequently goes farther than any other, in order to give help to those who may be shipwrecked. More than three hundred individuals have been saved by her efforts, and, accustomed for twenty years to make voyages with her husband, she possesses a skill and hardihood that renders those efforts unusually successful. Whenever she is seen, the greatest respect is paid to her, and the sailors regard her as their guardian angel; the very children of the fishermen go upon their knees to her, and kiss the skirts of her dress. The Prussian and other governments have decreed her medals, and the Principality of Pilau, has made her an honorary citizen for life. She is about sixty years of age, with an athletic figure and great strength (a Grace Darling enlarged into gigantic proportions); she has a masculine countenance, which, however, is softened by the benevolent expression that it constantly wears.

All's Well.

The day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
My weary spirit seeks repose in Thine;
Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep
This little life of mine.

With loving kindness curtain Thou my bed,
And cool in rest my burning pilgrim feet;
Thy pardon be the pillow for my head—
So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and Thee,
No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
All's well! whichever side the grave for me
The morning light may break.

MISS KIMBALL.

"To follow foolish precedent, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think."

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1867.

Visit to the Hospital.

The grass had been newly cut on the wide lawn in front of the Hospital—the air was heavy laden with the breath of roses, and around us everywhere was the bloom, the sweetness of June. Full of beauty—full of gladness, seems the world at this loveliest season, and yet underneath it all is the wail of human sorrow. We were forcibly reminded of this on our recent monthly visit to the Hospital. How those weary, suffering faces seemed to mock the June roses and the sunshine. But the warm and balmy air had come with “healing on its wings” to many in our Hospital. We found the Wards much thinner than a month ago—several patients had left, and others, convalescing, were out of doors. Presuming that our readers will want to hear from those we mentioned last month, we will begin with Marshall Johnson, the colored man, whom we missed as we entered the ward, and learned that he had recovered, and gone to a place of service in the country, and whither, as we trust, he has carried with him his spelling-book and Testament. The pale young soldier, whom we have repeatedly mentioned, was also gone—not to Augusta as he expected, but had become so much better that he had engaged in business in town. This intelligence was more than we could have hoped for, as he seemed so frail and feeble on our last visit. The mute, we found still here, and that his case was not so comfortless as we supposed last month. He understands the sign-language, and we held quite a conversation with him through our Confederate soldier. In reply to our various questions, we learned that he had been taken to church regularly by his mother, since he was three years of age, and that he had been taught by her of Jesus, whom he loves.

Shut away from communication with the world as he is, it was a great relief to learn this of him—without which, all the best gifts of life would pall, and with which he could afford to be deprived of all else. There are only two in the Hospital with whom he can converse. He is very anxious to learn to read, and the Southern soldier kindly offers to teach him if books for the purpose can be procured. The Southern soldier is the one alluded to last month, who was brought here with a foot which had been crushed by a railroad accident. His foot is doing remarkably well, and he interests us much by the kindness he manifests towards this poor mute, and by his courteous and pleasant manners. J. C., a patient who has been very ill for six months, we found sitting up—looking brighter and more hopeful than we have ever seen him, and enjoying a visit from his daughter and grand-children. We went to pay a visit to the burned man, whose cot had been drawn up to the window in the corner, but confined and helpless still, as he must be for long weeks to come. He seems, however, very patient—very cheerful always—and we can but hope that his severe sufferings may prove richest blessings in disguise. He has learned to love Jesus and to pray, since he has been with us, and gives joyful evidence of that faith—by which he can triumph over sin and pain, and death—and “come out conqueror and more than conqueror.” The little girl with the broken arm, did not come to meet us this time, as we entered the Female Ward. We thought of her however, and learned that she had become quite well and had gone home. We stopped to have a little conversation by the couch of a young woman, whose white, colorless face and lips, and weary expression, interested us. She has been here a sufferer for six months—but is now, as it is hoped, beginning to improve. She is a member of the Methodist Church, and finds comfort in her Saviour during these long months of trial. We were quite struck with

the beaming, sunshiny face of an old lady who came forward to greet us, and learned that her name was Mary B., who is here to be treated for varicose veins. She, too, has the consolation and support of the Christian, in all the various trials and infirmities of old age. Mrs. B. is a patient who has been here for a year, suffering from debility, following a severe course of typhoid fever. The sick woman whose baby was adopted last month, we found still here, and looking even more shadowy than on her last visit. She had recently had a visit from her baby, of which she told us with a bright face—he had found, she said, such a nice home, and was so well, so fat, so happy—and all this had sweetened to her the bitter trial of parting with him. In the same apartment with her, we were sorry to find our Fanny, who has been a faithful assistant in the Hospital for two years, prostrated with paralysis. She was weeping bitterly, and seemed quite discouraged, but became soothed and quieted while the Manager, who accompanied us, talked to her of the Saviour, whom Fanny has learned to love since she has been with us,—and whom she may now, on her bed of suffering, be able to glorify by her submission and patience. She came to us—one of those unfortunate girls of whom we have been called to receive so many, and her case is one to fill us with greatest encouragement in our efforts for this class. Her reformation has been complete. Nellie and Jessie, two interesting children, well known to the Managers, we found among the sick, administering such comfort as they could—and greeted everywhere with welcome. Little Jessie has been called the "Angel of the Hospital." They have no home but with us.

We bade adieu to the various sufferers in whose cases we always find much to interest us, with regret that we can see them, and know them so little. Could we know better the individual histories and struggles of each, we might be able to help them in

some way to bear their life burdens. The work of administering relief is a very blessed one, and wide open to us all. Let us each ask ourselves—are we doing all we can?

A Pressing Want.

We commend the following to the special notice of our friends, the simple statement of which will, we are sure, prove sufficient:

MY DEAR MRS. EDITRESS:

In talking with the Matron at our Hospital, a few days since, I found that there was one "want" which has not, I think, been mentioned in your paper, but which is often *very pressing*—it is dresses and outside garments. Under-clothing and night-dresses are naturally enough remembered by the friends of the sick, but sometimes the orphan and the friendless are brought to the Hospital, destitute of garments suitable to send them out of the Institution when recovered. One case occurs to me now: an orphan girl of eighteen, had been sick of a fever when brought in. Miss H. said, "what we are to do for a dress for the poor child to leave us in, I don't know, for she had only the one she had on, and that was worn out." The nurse said, "she is by far the most destitute, forsaken, friendless person, we have ever had here: there seems to be no one to care for her or interest themselves about her." Now, dear Editress, remembering your happy faculty of presenting "wants" and reminding your readers of the garments so often accumulating in trunks, closets and garrets, where moth and dust will corrupt, I thought I would suggest to you to bring this "want" before your readers.

Very truly yours,

A VISITOR.

"Earth is an island parted round with fears—
The way to Heaven is through a sea of tears;
It is a stormy passage, where is found
The wreck of many a ship, but no man drowned."

We have been much gratified at the receipt of the following:

MY DEAR MRS. ARNER :

I think it will please you to know, that far away in California, your paper is welcomed. In a letter received some time since, mention is made of the *Review*, and the pleasure with which it is received; and one little girl committed to memory a piece from it to recite in her school. A.

From the New York Observer.

The Blessedness of Giving.

This form of the blessedness of doing good is not confined to the rich; it is offered to all; for the question whether those of smaller means can reach it is effectually answered and put at rest by the principle of proportion, which enters into the very essence of liberality. "As God hath prospered." "As every man hath received." "For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not." (2. Cor. 8.) The ratio of ten dollars to a hundred is just as great as the ratio of one thousand dollars to ten thousand dollars, or of twenty thousand to two hundred thousand. Hence the poor man who gives ten dollars a year may in reality practise a princely liberality as much as one of larger means who gives a thousand, or another of still larger means, who gives two hundred thousand dollars. The "poor widow" who put in her two mites exceeding them all, for it was "all her living." (Mark 12.) Depend upon it, our gracious God, who tells us that he "loves a cheerful giver," and has a right to rejoice in the effect of his own grace, as it melts the ice of human selfishness and wakes the heart to something of his own divine benevolence, marks each case and makes the estimate without a mistake. Yet it is true that large contributions are, in some respects, more impressive to us, for they can command greater visible results than smaller sums.

And how sublime and touching, how full of winning power to claim not only our admiration but our imitation, are the marked examples of liberality. Let it rise; let it glow, till it kindle within us shame for our apathy, and a longing to be more

like Jesus, the prince and pattern of self-sacrificing benevolent givers. Take what instance you please; only open your heart and reflect. There are many, few as they are, compared with the bulk of the world, or even, alas, of the Church. There are men and women who, not ignoring the ties of kindred, aid many a good cause by bequests. Better still, there are those who resolve to have the satisfaction of administering their own estate, and are giving and living to see their gifts applied effective, fraught with fruits of joy to thousands and to themselves. They give to spread the gospel through the earth by living preachers and the printing press. They give for the education and enlightenment of mankind, by books and public libraries and literary institutions, and other means. They give for the promotion of temperance, righteousness, order and the right kind of progress. In short, they give to benefit the bodies and souls of their fellow-men at home and abroad, on the land and on the sea, and wherever found.

Who shall describe their calm and legitimate joy! It is not apt to be merely that of a selfish ambition and ostentation. How often even those who have never professed the renewing grace of God, exhibit the modesty, the humility, which inclines them to say with the assured Christian, "But who am I . . . that I should offer so willingly after this sort? For all things come of Thee, and of Thine own have I given Thee. For we are strangers and sojourners before Thee, as all our fathers were: our days on the earth are as a shadow." (1 Chron. 29.) In accordance with the prayer, "God bless you," which breaks forth from the lips of those recipients of their kindness and of so many besides, it does seem as if the grace which has moved them to blessed charity, is a pledge that more grace shall be granted, till they bow and adore at the feet of that Saviour whose gift of himself to redeem sinners is the most melting expression of love.

Listen to the voice which speaks within you; begin to-day, if never before, to imitate their example, and know by experience, their blessedness. WYOMING.

"The poorest man in the world, is he that has nothing but riches. The richest man in the world, is he that has the most practical religion."

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 2d, 1867, an infant of Mr. and Mrs. Havard.
 At the Rochester City Hospital, Tuesday, June 11th, 1867, of inflammation of the bowels, HARVEY HARRIS, aged 41 years.
 At the Rochester City Hospital, Wednesday, June 19th, 1867, of scarletina, SYDNEY POLSTON, aged 8 years.
 At the Rochester City Hospital, Friday, June 21st, 1867, of scarletina, GEORGE McCULLY, aged 8 years.

List of Donations to the Hospital,

FROM MAY 15th TO JUNE 15th, 1867.

Mrs. G. H. Perkins—A crock of Pickles.
 Mrs. H. L. Fish—Six bowls of Jelly.
 Mrs. Ives, Batavia—A roll of old Cotton.
 Mrs. Alling—A roll of old Cotton.
 Mr. Frost—300 Evergreens.
 Mr. William S. Little—6 Elms and 4 Scotch Pines.
 Dr. Little—20 Grape Vines.
 Dr. H. W. Dean—1 Thermometer and 7 Gift Letters for designating the different Wards.

Receipts for the Hospital Review,

FROM MAY 15 TO JUNE 15, 1867.

Miss S. A. Enders, Dansville—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester,	\$ 50
Miss S. Newell, Mrs. C. Dutton, H. A. Blauw, Mrs. Albert Judson—By Miss Falls,	2 00
Mrs. G. H. Smith, Geneva—By Florie Montgomery,	50
Mrs. A. J. Alexander, Auburn, 2 years; Mrs. S. E. Smith, Geneva, 3 years; A Friend, Cleveland; Geo. Breck, Advertisement—By Mrs. Perkins,	8 50
Mrs. Geo. R. Ward, Brockport; Mrs. A. F. Root, Sweden—By Mr. A. Gillett,	1 00
Mrs. Van Kleeck, Lakeville; Mrs. C. A. Kellogg—By Mrs. Woodward,	1 00
W. H. Benjamin, Esq.—By Miss E. G. Mathews,	50
Mrs. Job Whipple, Brockport—By Mrs. H. Lyon,	50
Mrs. Jacob Logan—By Miss Sarah Barhydt	50
Mrs. Joseph Brown, Scottsville—By Mrs. Shadbolt,	50
Mrs. E. Warren, for Warner Van Antwerp, Mattawan, Michigan; Miss C. P. Brooks, Brooksgrove—By Miss Hlbbard,	1 00
George McKay, Advertisement—By Mrs. Dr. Mathews,	5 00
Mrs. S. Gray, Groveland; Mrs. H. Hender-shot—By Miss Culbertson,	1 00

Superintendent's Report for May.

1867. May 1. No. Patients in Hospital, ..	76
Received during the month, 25—101	
Discharged,	38
Deaths,	1—39
<hr/>	
June 1. Remaining in Hospital,	62

Cash Receipts for May.

Private Patients,

\$112 00

Children's Department.

The Daisy's Mistake.

A sunbeam and zephyr were playing about
 One spring, ere a blossom had peeped from the stem,
 When they heard, underground, a faint, fairy-like shout!
 'Twas the voice of a field daisy calling to them.

"Oh, tell me, my friend, has the winter gone by?
 Is it time to come up; is the crocus there yet?
 I know you are sporting above, and I sigh
 To be with you and kiss you—'tis long since we met.

"I've been ready this great while,—all dressed for the show;
 I've a gem on my bosom that's pure as a star;
 And the frill of my robe is as white as the snow,
 And I mean to be brighter than crocuses are."

Now the zephyr and sunbeam were wild with delight,
 It seemed a whole age since they'd played with a flower;
 So they told a great fib to the poor little sprite
 That was languishing down in her underground bower.

"Come out! little darling! as quick as you can!
 The Crocus, the Cowslip and Buttercup too,
 Have been up here this fortnight, we're having grand times,
 And all of them hourly asking for you!

"The Cowslip is crowned with a topaz tiara;
 The Crocus is flaunting in golden attire;
 But you, little pet, are a thousand times fairer;
 To see you but once, is to love and admire!

"The skies smile benignantly all the day long;
 The bee drinks your health in the purest of dew;
 The lark has been waiting to sing you a song,
 Which he practiced in cloudland on purpose for you.

"Come, come! you are either too bashful or lazy!
 Lady Spring made this season an early entree;
 And she wondered what could have become of her Daisy;
 We'll call you coquetish if still you delay!"

Then a still small voice, in the heart of the flower,
 It was instinct, whispered her, "Do not go!
 You had better be quiet and wait your hour;
 It isn't too late even yet for snow!"

But the little field blossom was foolish and vain,
 And she said to herself, "What a belle I shall
 be!"

So she sprang to the light as she broke from her
 chain,
 And gaily she cried, "I am free! I am free!"

A shy little thing is the Daisy, you know,
 And she was half frightened to death when she
 found

Not a blossom had even begun to blow!
 How she wished herself back again under the
 ground.

The tear in her timid and sorrowful eye
 Might well put the zephyr and beam to the
 blush;

But the saucy light laughed, and said, "Pray,
 don't cry!"
 And the gay zephyr sang to her, "Hush, sweet,
 hush."

They kissed her and petted her fondly at first;
 But a storm arose, and the false light fled;
 And the zephyr changed into angry breeze,
 That scolded her till she was almost dead!

The gem on her bosom was stained and dark,
 The snow of her robe had lost its light,
 And tears of sorrow had dimmed the spark
 Of youth and beauty that made her bright!

And so she lay with her fair head low,
 And mournfully sighed in her dying hour,
 "Ah! had I courageously answered No!
 I had now been safe in my native bower!"

A Thrice Blessed Boy.

A crippled beggar was striving to pick up some old clothes that had been thrown from a window, when a crowd of rude boys gathered about him, mimicking his awkward movements, and hooting at his helplessness and rags. Presently a noble little fellow came up, and pushing through the crowd, helped the poor crippled man to pick up his gifts, and place them in a bundle. Then, slipping a piece of silver into his hands, he was running away, when a voice far above him said, "Little boy with a straw hat, look up." A lady, leaning from an upper window, said earnestly, "God bless you, my little fellow; God will bless you for that." As he walked along, he thought how glad he had made his own heart by doing good. He thought of the poor beggar's grateful look; of the lady's smile, and her approval; and last, and bet-

ter than all, he could almost hear his heavenly Father say, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Little reader, when you have an opportunity of doing good, and feel tempted to neglect it, remember the "*little boy with the straw hat.*"

The Fairest Rose.

Alice and Minnie were two little girls who had each a small garden of their own in their father's large one. They were very different in their character: for Alice was reserved and quiet, and took a great deal of pains with everything, while Minnie was restless and lively; she loved a romp, and thought sitting still, one of the trials of life. Their gardens were almost as unlike as the little girls were; they were on opposite sides of the walk which went round the house into the kitchen garden, so that Alice's was a square piece bordered by the walk on one side and on the other by the house wall, against which there was a large apricot tree, her special treasure; while Minnie's was a long piece on the other side of the walk, and had an apple tree in it; *such* an apple tree! No blossoms were ever more lovely and no fruit more rosy and nice than those from her own tree. Then they were laid out quite differently. Alice's had flower-beds and paths between, and she took much trouble to make them look neat and nice. Minnie was always having some fresh fancy with her's; sometimes it was a kitchen garden, sometimes a flower garden, but on the whole, I believe she preferred mustard and cress to any other crop, because it came up before she was tired of waiting.

There was only one thing alike in both gardens, and that was a beautiful moss-rose tree. Even these were not quite the same, for one was pink and the other white. Every season the children had tended these rose trees with great delight, but *this* year they were more than usually anxious they should blossom well, for the 20th of June was their mamma's birthday, and they wanted each to have a rose to give her on that day. Much time was spent in watering, and watching, and picking off the insects which attacked the trees. Many were the talks as to which rose was likely to prove the best. Minnie, who owned the pink one, was sure it would be the largest, and Alice thought the white more uncommon, and therefore would be the more val-

ned gift of the two. How long they watched before the first little streak of the rolled up petals appeared through their mossy covering! Even then no rose ever seemed to unfold so slowly as these did. But days *will* pass on, however lengthy they seem, and roses *do* blossom at last; and the things we have watched and waited for *are* given us in their proper time. On the evening of the 19th of June, the children ran to take a last look before they went to bed; the appearance was decidedly satisfactory, and nothing could have been lovelier than the two roses which lay on their mamma's plate the next morning when she took her seat at the breakfast table. They were quite in the right condition; just in that happy, promising state, when we hardly know whether to call them rose-buds or real grown-up roses; when there seems something more to come, and yet we see into the beauty that is to be; the pink one so bright in its rich soft color; the white, oh! so pearly white, it seemed a wonder how it ever could have grown in a world like this.

Mamma looked at the roses, and then at her children, with eyes of grateful love; but she had no time to say anything, Minnie was so anxious to know which she liked best. "Is not the pink one beautiful, dear mamma?" she exclaimed. "Do not you think it is the finest? I don't want Alice to be disappointed, but still I do want you to like mine best."

"I admire them both, dear Minnie, and as the expression of my children's love, they would be fair to me, even if they had no beauty of their own. But you know, Minnie, comparisons are not polite, so instead of answering your question, I will tell you a little German story I was reading the other day. So make haste and eat your breakfast, and then we will go to the arbor together." Their bread and milk were soon disposed of, and the little girls seated themselves in the arbor at their mother's side. Papa followed, for he said "he did not see why he should not hear the story, too."

"It is hardly a story, either," said their mamma, "but rather a parable or allegory."

"Oh! that's right," cried Alice, "I like allegories; a story with a meaning is always so nice. Please, mamma, begin."

And mamma began, accordingly, "The Fairest Rose."

"There was once a queen, in whose garden grew the most beautiful flowers of all seasons and all climates, but more beautiful than all the rest, were the roses. The queen loved the rose above all, so she gathered together the different kinds, from the fair, but simple wild rose of the hedges, to the most perfect rose of Provence; they grew upon the castle walls, twined round the pillars and the window frames, and hung over the balconies. It was one fairy land of roses. But, alas! these fair forms could not keep away sickness and sorrow; the queen lay upon a bed of pain, and the doctors said she must die. 'No!' said the wisest among them, 'there is hope still; only bring her the fairest rose in the world, the rose which is the expression of the highest and purest love; let her eyes rest but a moment on it, and she shall not die.'"

"And young and old came from far and near with roses, the fairest which ever grew outside Paradise, but they were not the right ones. They were lovely to look upon, but they were not the expression of the highest and purest love. They sent messengers to every land, and answers came, but still the wise man shook his head sorrowfully. 'No, no; you have not yet even found the spot where only it can grow,' he said.

"I know," cried a happy mother, as she led her rosy little ones to the bed-side of the dying queen. 'I know where the fairest rose is to be found; it glows upon the cheeks of my sweet children as they wake from sleep, and smile back my love from their sparkling eyes.'

"'Lovely is this rose,' replied the wise man, 'but there is one yet lovelier.'

"'Yes! much lovelier,' said another woman, coming forward. 'I have seen a purer blossom than this, but it was white and clear as the petals of the tea-scented rose. I saw it once on the cheek of the queen herself, when, laying aside her crown, she watched beside her sick baby's cradle through the long weary night, and prayed as only a mother can pray for the life of her child.'

"'Holy and pure, indeed, was this pale rose,' returned the physician, 'but it is not the one I seek.'

"'No!' said a good old bishop, 'I can tell you a better place in which to find the object of your search. I saw a youthful maiden approach the table of the Lord: she looked up to the Saviour as if her

whole soul was full of love to him, and the color came and went upon her fair cheek; surely that was the expression of the holiest and purest love!

"She is blessed," answered the wise man, "but not one of you has yet named the fairest rose in all the world."

"And the queen's little son stepped into the room; tears stood in his large dark eyes, and in his hand was an open book, bound in velvet and covered all over with silver stars.

"Mother," said the little one, "listen, oh, listen, to what I have been reading;" and he seated himself by the bed-side, and out of the book, he read of One who gave himself to death upon the cross, that mankind might be saved from death. "Greater love hath no man than this," were the words that were written there.

"And in an instant the color rushed back to the pale cheek of the queen; her dim eyes grew bright and clear again, and from the leaves of that holy book she seemed to see as in a picture a rose up-springing; and it was, indeed, the expression of the holiest and purest love.

"Yes! I see it now," she said; "none shall ever die who look upon this rose, the fairest in earth or heaven."

"Thank you, dear mamma," said papa, when she had finished; "I pronounce it very pretty; but do you understand it, my children?"

"I think I do," said Alice thoughtfully, "but I should like you to tell me a little about it, as if I did not, please, papa."

"I think we are to learn, Alice, that the gifts of earth and the things God has given us in this world will never help us when we come to die. They may be fair and very pleasant, but we want something more than these. We have all sinned; our souls are sick, and they must die, unless a remedy can be found. But there is a remedy; even one look at the Rose of Sharon. It is Jesus Christ's own word. 'I am the Rose of Sharon;' and the sin-sick soul that believes in him shall never die. Now, before I go, try and think each of you, of a text suitable to this subject."

Alice thought a minute, and then she said: "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth."—Isaiah xl v. 22.

And Minnie said, "Whosoever liveth and believeth on Me shall never die."—John II. 26.—*Child's Companion.*

Who Taught Them?

Who taught the bird to build her nest
Of wool, and hay, and moss?
Who taught her how to weave it best,
And lay the twigs across?

Who taught the busy bee to fly
Among the sweetest flowers;
And lay her store of honey by,
To eat in winter hours?

Who taught the little ant the way
The narrow hole to bore;
And, through the pleasant summer's day,
To gather up her store?

'Twas God who taught them all the way,
And gave their little skill,
And teaches children if they pray,
To do His holy will.

—Jane Taylor.

Only a Flower to Give.

"Mother," asked little Phebe Cary, "have you nothing I can carry to poor Aunt Molly?"

Phebe's mother was poor, and her chest was very scant that morning.

"Can't you think of anything?" Phebe thought.

"I have only a flower," said the little girl. "I will take her a sweet-pea."

Phebe had a sweet-pea, which she had planted under her window, and as it grew and flowered, both mother and daughter loved and enjoyed it. Phebe picked one, and ran down the lane to poor Aunt Molly's cottage. This was a poor, sick old woman, who for a whole year had lain on her bed, suffering great pain.

In the afternoon, a lady called to see Aunt Molly. She saw the sweet-pea in a cracked tumbler, on a small stand by the poor woman's bed.

"That pretty posy a little girl brought me this morning, who said it was all she had to bring," said Aunt Molly, looking up with a grateful smile. "I am sure it is worth a great deal to know I'm thought of; and as I look at it, it brings up the image of green fields and the posies I used to pick when I was young; yes, and it makes me think what a wonderful God we have. If this little flower is not beneath His kingdom and His care, He won't forget a poor creature like me."

Tears came into the lady's eyes. And what did she think? She thought, "If

you have only a flower to give, give that." It is worth a great deal to the poor, the aged, and the sick, to know that they are thought of.

Miscellaneous.

Pathographic Dispatches.

Office of the Month—at one end of the line.

Office of the Stomach—at the other end of it.

DISPATCH.

Inquiry—Mouth to the Stomach. "Are you ready for breakfast?"

Stomach—"Yes, what are you going to send?"

Mouth—"You will see. Prepare!"

The table-bell rings, Body hurries, drops into a chair, Mouth opens, and down goes as quickly as possible, a cup of coffee, at a temperature of 145 degrees Fahrenheit. It burns the whole œsophageal track as it passes it, and the Stomach contracts, and shrivels, and cringes, and finally screeches, and the

Mouth says, "Hallo! what is the matter?"

Stomach—"Matter? Enough, I should think. Do you know that I cannot endure slush, at 140 to 150 degrees of heat?"

Mouth—"Oh, never mind! Here comes some beef steak, with hot fried potatoes, hot rolls and poor butter, some salad with vinegar, some buckwheat cakes and molasses.—These will heal it."

Stomach—"Stop! What earthly use is there in sending these down here all at one time? They make a hodge podge."

Mouth—"Here comes more coffee."

Stomach—"Hold on! wait! Give me some water!"

Mouth—"Water! when you can get coffee? You must be crazy; water has no nourishment in it. One wants water only when he is dry."

Stomach—"I am thirsty! Give me some water!"

Mouth—"Cannot do it—they haven't any water up here. If they have, it is hot, and I doubt if they have any of that. Persons do not like water; and you, oh Stomach, are eccentric, so stop complaining and get ready to take some food—'take the good the gods provide you' and be content. Are you ready? I am in a hurry. Up here, 'time is money.' I have to furnish you with material out of which

strength is to be gotten for the body's use to-day, and I have ten minutes allowed me for this purpose. Now the after part is your look out, not mine. Take notice! Are you ready? Here comes apple-pie, fried chicken, tripe, tomato catsup, boiled ham, minute pudding, corn bread and cucumbers, pepper, salt, gravy, mince pie, another cup of coffee, so look out!"

Stomach—"Look out! Oh, murder!—What am I to do? Do! I must grind away at it, like a horse in a bark mill, till I am worn out. Under such a condition of things as this, I shall break down in the fourth part of the time, which I might work, and then the Mouth, and for that matter, the heart too, will be still, and I shall be at peace." ["Laws of Life."]

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Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

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Silk, Needles and best Oil, for sale at this Office. Rooms over 29 State street, Rochester, N. Y. A liberal discount made to those who buy to sell again. For particulars address

CHAS SPENCER HALL, General Agt., Rochester, N. Y.

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For medicinal uses.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.

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SUCCESSORS TO B. KING & CO.

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Jan. 1866. tf

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Choice Groceries and Provisions,

OF ALL KINDS,

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Jan. 1866.

ly

LANE & PAINE,

Dealers in

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,
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18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

ALFRED S. LANE. mch, 1866. 1y CYRUS F. PAINE.

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TEA COMPANY

OF NEW YORK,

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At 62 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.

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We have a full assortment of

Family Groceries,

of every description, and offer all articles in our line so low as to make it a special object for people, in City or Country, to deal with us.

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All orders left as above, or at his residence, on Ely St., will receive prompt attention.
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No. 142 Main St., Rochester.

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Rochester, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. III.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY, 1867.

No. 12.

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Is issued on the Fifteenth of every Month, by

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer.

Over 21 Buffalo Street, opposite the Arcade.

For the Hospital Review.

Summer.

O! brightly bloom, ye flowers,
Whisper, ye rustling leaves,
While round our sunny bowers
Her spell fair Summer weaves.
O! sing, ye happy birds,
And hum, ye busy bees,
And gently low, ye herds
Beneath the spreading trees.

And we will call to mind
The summers of the past,
Years long since left behind,
Too fair and bright to last.
Then Hope and Joy were young,
And Love was ever near,
And sweetest songs were sung,
Our thrilling hearts to cheer.

But now, the world grows dim,
And early dreams have fled;
God draws us up to Him
By Sorrow's sable thread.

Yet Summer still hath power
Our sad thoughts to beguile,
And bird, and bee, and flower,
Can tempt e'en Grief to smile.

KATE CAMERON.

From Dassett's "Tales of the Norse."

Well Done and Ill Paid.

Once on a time there was a man who had to drive his sledge to the wood for fuel. So a bear met him.

"Out with your horse," said the Bear, "or I'll strike all your sheep dead by summer."

"Oh! heaven help me then," said the man; "there's not a stick of firewood in the house; you must let me drive home a load of fuel, else we shall be frozen to death. I'll bring the horse to you to-morrow morning."

Yes! on these terms he might drive the wood home, that was a bargain; but Bruin said "If he didn't come back he should lose all his sheep by summer."

So the man he got the wood on the sledge and rattled homewards, but he wasn't over pleased at the bargain you may fancy. So just then a Fox met him.

"Why, what's the matter?" said the Fox; "why are you so down in the mouth?"

"Oh, if you want to know," said the man, "I met a bear up yonder in the wood, and I had to give my word to him to bring Dobbin back to-morrow, at this very hour; for if he didn't get him, he said he would tear all my sheep to death by summer."

"Stuff, nothing worse than that," said the Fox; "if you will give me your fattest wether, I'll soon set you free; see if I don't."

Yes! the man gave his word, and swore he would keep it too.

"Well, when you come with Dobbin to-morrow for the Bear," said the Fox, "I'll make a clatter up in that heap of stones yonder, and so say 'tis Peter the Marksman, who is the best shot in the world; and after that you must help yourself."

Next day off set the man, and when he met the Bear, something began to make a clatter up in the heap of stones.

"Hist, what's that?" said the Bear.

"Oh! that's Peter the Marksman, to be sure," said the man; "he's the best shot in the world. I know him by his voice."

"Have you seen any bears about here, Eric?" shouted out a voice in the wood.

"Say no!" said the Bear.

"No, I haven't seen any," said Eric.

"What's that then, that stands alongside your sledge?" bawled out the voice in the wood.

"Say it's an old fir stump," said the Bear.

"Oh, it's only an old fir stump," said the man.

"Such fir stumps we take in our country and roll them on our sledge," bawled out the voice; "if you can't do it yourself, I'll come and help you."

"Say you can help yourself, and roll me up on the sledge," said the Bear.

"No, thank ye, I can help myself well enough," said the man, and rolled the Bear on to the sledge.

"Such fir stumps we always bind fast on our sledges in our part of the world," bawled out the voice; "shall I come and help you?"

"Say you can help yourself and bind me fast," said the Bear.

"No, thanks, I can help myself well enough," said the man, who set to binding Bruin fast with all the ropes he had, so that at last the Bear could not stir.

"Such fir stumps we always drive our axes into, in our part of the world," bawled out the voice; "for then we guide them better going down the steep hill."

"Pretend to drive your ax into me, do now," said the Bear.

Then the man took up his ax, and at one blow split open the Bear's skull, so that Bruin lay dead in a trice, and so the man and the Fox were the greatest friends and on the best terms. But when they came near the farm, the Fox said:

"I've no mind to go right home with

you, for I can't say I like your tykes; so I'll just wait here, and you can bring the wether to me, but mind and pick out one nice and fat."

Yes! the man would be sure to do that, and thanked the Fox much for his help. So when he had put up Dobbin, he went across to the sheep stall.

"Whither away, now!" asked the old dame.

"Oh!" said the man, "I am only going to the sheep stall to fetch a fat wether for the cunning Fox who set our Dobbin free. I gave him my word I would."

"Wether, indeed," said the old dame; "never a one shall that thief of a Fox get. Haven't we got Dobbin safe, and the Bear into the bargain; and as for the Fox, I'll be bound he's stolen more of our geese than the wether is worth; and even if he hasn't stolen them he will. No, no; take a brace of your swiftest hounds in a sack, and slip them loose after him; and then, perhaps, we shall be rid of this robbing Reynard."

"Well, the man thought that good advice; so he took two fleet red hounds, put them into a sack, and set off with them.

"Have you brought the wether?" asked the Fox.

"Yes, come and take it," said the man as he untied the sack and let slip the hounds.

"HUF," said the Fox, and gave a great spring; "true it is what the old saw says, 'Well done, is often ill-paid;' and now, too, I see the truth of another saying, 'The worst foes, are those of one's own house.'" That was what the Fox said as he ran off, and saw the red fox hounds at his heels.

The older a man grows the fonder he becomes of the dim distances of childhood and of light-hearted pleasure which he has left so far behind him. The words youth and beauty stir in his mind the old associations of the past, and call up within him springs of indistinct fondness.

In heaven all God's servants will be abundantly satisfied with his dealings and dispensations with them; and shall see how all are conducted like so many winds, to bring them to their haven; and how, even the roughest blasts helped to bring them homeward.—*Rev. J. Mason.*

Richter's Prayer in Sickness.

The following is a translation from the German of Richter's "Prayer in Sickness," the original of which was written in the year 1713 :

God ! whom I as Love have known,
Thou hast sickness laid on me,
And these pains are sent of thee,
Under which I burn and moan ;
Let them burn away the sin
That too oft hath checked the love
Wherewith thou my heart wouldst move
When Thy spirit works within !

In my weakness be thou strong,
Be thou sweet where I am sad,
Let me still in thee be glad,
Though my pains be keen and long,
All that plagues my body now,
All that wasteth me away,
Pressing on me night and day,
Love hath sent, for Love art thou !

Suffering is the work now sent ;
Nothing can I do but lie
Suffering as the hours go by ;
All my powers to this are bent,
Suffering is my gain : I bow
To my heavenly Father's will,
And receive it hushed and still ;
Suffering is my worship now.

God ! I take it from thy hand
As a sign of love ; I know
Thou wouldst perfect me through woe,
Fill I pure before thee stand.
All refreshment, all the food
Given me for the body's need,
Comes from thee, who lovest indeed ;
Comes from thee, for thou art good.

Let my soul beneath her lead
Faint not, through the overworn flesh ;
Let her hourly drink afresh
Love and peace from thee, my God ;
Let the body's pain and smart
Hinder not her flight to thee,
Nor the calm thou giv'st to me ;
Keep thou up the sinking heart !

Grant me never to complain,
Make me to thy will resigned
With a quiet, humble mind,
Cheerful on my bed of pain.
In the flesh who suffers thus,
Shall be purified from sin,
And the soul renewed within ;
Therefore pain is sent to us.

I commend to thee my life,
And my body to the cross ;
Never let me think it loss
That I thus am freed from strife ;
Wholly thine, my faith is sure,
Whether life or death be mine ;
I am safe if I am thine,
For 'tis Love that makes me pure.

The Right Sort of Religion.

A writer in the *Congregationalist*, who evidently believes, with the apostle James, that faith without works is dead, thus describes the kind of religion which the times require :

"We want a religion that goes into the family, and keeps the husband from being spiteful when the dinner is late, and keeps the dinner from being late—keeps the wife from fretting when the husband tracks the newly-washed floor with his muddy boots, and makes the husband mindful of the scraper and the door-mat—keeps the mother patient when the baby is cross, and keeps the baby pleasant—amuses the children as well as instructs them—wins as well as governs—projects the honey-moon into the harvest moon, and makes the happy hours like the Eastern fig-tree, bearing in its bosom at once the beauty of the tender blossom and the glory of the ripened fruit. We want a religion that bears heavily not only on the 'exceeding sinfulness of sin,' but on the exceeding rascality of lying and stealing—a religion that banishes small measures from the counters, small baskets from the stalls, pebbles from the cotton bags, clay from paper, chicory from coffee, otter from butter, beet juice from vinegar, alum from bread, strychnine from wine, water from milk-cans, and buttons from the contribution box.

"The religion that is to save the world will not put all the big strawberries at the top, and all the bad ones at the bottom. It will not offer more baskets of foreign wines than the vineyards ever produced bottles, and more barrels of Genesee flour than all the wheat fields of New York grow, and all her mills grind. It will not make one half of a pair of shoes of good leather, and the other of poor leather, so that the first shall redound to the maker's credit, and the second to his cash.

"The religion that is to sanctify the world pays its debts. It does not consider that forty cents returned for one hundred

cents given, is according to gospel, though it may be according to law. It looks upon a man who has failed in trade, and who continues to live in luxury, as a thief. It looks upon a man who promises to pay fifty dollars on demand, with interest, and who neglects to pay it on demand, with or without interest, as a liar."

Ring the Bell Softly.

Some one has gone from this strange world of ours,
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers,
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade,
Where on all beauty Death's fingers are laid;
Weary with mingling Life's bitter and sweet,
Weary with parting, and never to meet;
Some one has gone to the bright golden shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,
Happy where Earth's conflicts enter not in,
Joyous as birds, when the morning is bright,
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us their light;

Weary with sowing and never to reap,
Weary with labor and welcoming sleep;
Some one's departed to Heaven's bright shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

Angels were anxiously longing to meet
One who walks with them in Heaven's bright street;

Loved ones have whispered that some one is blest,
Free from Earth's trials, and taking sweet rest;
Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss,
One less to cherish, and one less to kiss,
One more departed to Heaven's bright shore,
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door.

THE DAYS OF THE WEEK.—The following is a pretty version of a Devonshire superstition, which from its language, appears to be connected with the North:—

Monday's Bairn is fair of face;
Tuesday's Bairn is fu' of grace;
Wednesday's Bairn's the child of woe;
Thursday's Bairn has far to go;
Friday's Bairn is loving and giving;
Saturday's Bairn works hard for his living;
But the Bairn that is born on the Sabbath day,
Is lucky, and bonny, and wise, and gay.

A little boy, seeing a man prostrate before the door of a groggery, opened the door and said to the proprietor, "See here, sir, your sign has fallen down."

"The very Reason Why."

A few years since a gentleman of large means, and larger Christian heart, moved into an inland city to take charge of extensive manufactories.

He was soon waited upon by some brethren of the same denomination as himself, and politely invited to unite himself with their Church, assuring him of the most cordial welcome from pastor and people.

"But is there not another Church in the city?" asked he. "I think I have heard there was."

"O yes," answered one of the number; "but it is a poor, feeble band, just struggling for existence."

"Then, brethren," said the true servant of Christ, "that is the very reason why I wish to join them. They need my labor and my aid. I may be of real service to them, while you are strong, and can well do without my assistance.

"But your family, my dear sir, I fear they will not find congenial society—will not feel at home. I assure you they are almost entirely a laboring class of people, with but little refinement or culture among them."

"That again, is the very reason why I prefer going there. I wish my family to be accustomed to seek the good of others before the gratification of their own tastes. I should love to have them follow the example of their Lord, who 'pleased not himself,' and in that way I am sure they will find their own happiness best secured."

The good man has had the joy of seeing, not only that feeble band become prosperous and strong, and that largely through his prayers and efforts, but also of assisting in planting yet another vigorous branch of the same vine in another part of the city.

Nothing teaches patience like a garden. We may go round and watch the open bud from day to day; but it takes its own time and you cannot urge it on faster than it will. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slowly, regularly progressive.

There is a whole sermon in the saying of the Persian: "In all quarrels leave open the door of reconciliation." We should never forget it.

The Two Villages.

BY ROSE TERRY.

Over the river on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go,
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And the mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of the street.

Over the river under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river's shore;
And in the road no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill,
Never is sound of smithy of mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut;
You may not enter at hall or hut;
All the village lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing longs to go,
Up to that home, from this below;
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall—
"Patience, that village shall hold ye all!"

When an infidel was on his death-bed,
his confidence in his infidelity shaken, and
some of his friends urged him to hold on
to the last, his reply was, "I have no ob-
jections to holding on, but will you tell me
what I am to hold on by?" Ah, there is
the fatal want! Infidelity gives nothing to
hold on by.

Do Right.—If you would convince a
man that he does wrong, do right. But
do not care to convince him. Men will be-
lieve what they see. Let them see.

"Not Worth a Straw."

Perhaps a straw is not as worthless as
you think. Let us see. Straws are the
stems of wheat, rye, oats, and barley. In
order to wave to and fro in the wind, and
yet bear up the heads of grain, they must
be both light and strong. Let us see how
lightness is secured. They are made hol-
low, you see, like quills; and yet not hol-
low through the whole length, for every
now and then we find a knob or joint,
which helps to brace up the sides and make
them strong. The straw outside is hard,
and looks shiny, as if it had been polished.
It is polished, and that keeps the weather
and the insects from damaging it, besides
adding to its strength. Polish! but where
does it get polish? God gave these plants
the power of drawing up through their
roots this gummy sort of varnish from the
earth. It is flint. There is nothing like
it on the stem of the sweet pea or the cur-
rant bush, because they do not need it.
But does it not show God's wisdom and
knowledge in giving this power to one
plant where it is needed, and withholding
it from others where it is not? So you
see that a straw even can show the won-
derful power of our Creator God, and
speak his praise.

A CAR INCIDENT.—A western paper re-
lates the following story: "A gentleman
was trying to still a crying child by carry-
ing it to and fro in the car, which by its
screams finally irritated a man in one of
the berths to such a degree that he could
stand it no longer, and cried out profanely,
'What is the matter with that young
one!' And soon again, 'Where is the
mother of that child, that she is not here
to pacify it?' At this the poor gentleman
in charge of the child stepped up to the
berth and said, 'Sir, the mother of that
child is in her coffin in the baggage car.'
The gruff grumbler immediately arose and
compelled the afflicted father to retire to
his berth, and from that time until morning,
took the little orphan under his own care."

Do GOOD DEEDS.—One pound of gold
may be drawn into a wire that would ex-
tend round the globe, so one good deed
may be felt through all time, and cast its
influence into eternity. Though done in
the first flush of youth, it may gild the
last hours of a long life, and form the
brightest spot in it.

The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY, 1867.

Close of the Year.

With this month closes the third year of our paper's existence. A bright little life—a bright little history—full of hope—full of encouragement, it has had thus far, and with only pleasant memories at this time to recall. Shall it be thus with the new year drawing so close upon us? This question can be best answered by our friends—by our readers. Are you willing—are you ready to work for our little paper as you have done? Does your love, your zeal in our cause, know no change, no waning? Tell us, kind friends, and prove it this month, by word and work. It is full time for our agents, our readers, to be up and doing. Our terms, be it remembered, are fifty cents per year, payable in advance; so send us your money and renew your subscriptions at once. Send us too, the name of a new subscriber to begin the year. There must be some *one* at least of all your list of friends, relatives and acquaintances, whom you can solicit and prevail upon to take the *Review* for one year. Do not put off the good work you mean to do for us—do it now. Life is short, and the grave is very near. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." We have had special encouragement the past year in our work. The long list of Miss Falls and her faithful and indefatigable efforts to increase our circulation, and that of our other agents and friends, have filled us with hearty cheer. To her, and to all who have aided us, we would at this time return our warmest thanks. Shall we doubt, kind friends, the continuance of your interest in us—and your efforts for us? No, we will not.

They declaim most against the world,
who have most sinned against it.

Visit to the Hospital.

Still the beautiful summer smiles upon our Hospital with its breath of beauty and of balm. Even the palest, saddest faces there, seem to gladden at her touch and to feel her charm. The doors and windows were all thrown open to let in the cool, blossom-laden air, and the whole building never looked pleasanter—order, neatness, comfort, reigning everywhere, and the summer gifts of flowers brightening all the rooms:

We found several additions to the Male Ward since our last visit; among these, "Little Joe" attracted our special attention. He was sitting, bolstered up, on his couch, and gave us a welcome so smiling and cordial, that our hearts went out to him at once. Little Joe is here with a broken leg—the result (and here let our little readers take warning,) of jumping from a window to escape a whipping, which he now admits he well deserved, and which he had much better have taken, than to be lying here all these weeks with a broken leg. He is a dear little fellow—so patient, so sunshiny, and a great favorite. His leg has knit together and is doing nicely.

Here, moving himself slowly along in his chair, we met Mr. W., a worthy man, who has been here at different times, whose limbs were paralyzed by a fall. His only way of getting around, is by the help of his chair.

The mute had quite recovered, we learned, and had gone to work at Charlotte. We could discover no visible improvement in the burned man, but he was patient and cheerful as ever. In the room with him we noticed a Scotch boy, and a soldier with ague—both new comers. The rebel soldier has nearly recovered—his limb has done well, but still he has the sad prospect inevitably before him, of being a cripple for life.

In the Female Ward we paid first, a brief visit, to R. H., gradually failing with

consumption. Anna M.—, the young woman we mentioned last month, a member of the Methodist Church, and whom we then hoped was improving, we were very sorry to find not so well. She seems hopeless and depressed, and yet wears an expression of patient suffering upon her white face, touching to see. One day the mystery of all Life's sorrows and disappointments will be explained to her, as to all who love Jesus, and trust Him in the dark, as well as in the light. Mrs. H. is another consumptive patient. Her story is a sad one. She too, like so many others, has had a bitter cup to drink, but not unmixed with blessing. We were glad to find that she also has a sweet hope in Jesus, to which she can cling, and which will never fail her. She has one little boy who comes sometimes to see her. E. B. is a very worthy girl, now here to be treated for scrofula in her eyes. Jane W., the sick woman we have so often mentioned, who was obliged to part with her baby, is still here, and seems much improved. Poor Fanny we found lying where we left her a month ago—no better, and still sorrowful and discouraged. In the same apartment with her, was Bridget T., another paralytic patient. Mary B., the nice sunshiny old lady, spoken of in our last visit, we found knitting and comfortable.

"Blind Jerry" is just now here in one of the private rooms, awaiting an operation upon one of his eyes. "Blind Jerry" is well known to many of our readers for his wonderful musical talent and proficiency.

To our Little Agents.

We have not heard from our little agents so promptly since the soldiers left us. We wish they would visit the Hospital a little oftener, and we are sure they would find something still to interest them. Come and see us, and bring with you some flowers and some of these delicious summer fruits for our invalids. We do not want you to

lose your interest in us or in our paper. We used to think we had such a brave band of workers in the children. Shall it not prove so still? Begin this month and see how much you can do for our paper—how many old subscriptions you can collect, and how many new ones you can get. Will you? Now is the time to work. We want to begin the new year with oh, such a long splendid list of new names. Won't you help us all you can?

Responses to the Appeal for Clothing.

The benefit of our paper to the Hospital is not to be estimated simply by the subscription price, but by the interest it awakens in us, and the ready response it is sure to bring to our appeals. We have an instance of this this month, in the supply of clothing sent us, prompted by the article published last month, stating our needs of this kind. A piece of print, sufficient for two or three dresses, was sent us by one friend, and we had other kind remembrances. To work for the *Review* is to work most effectually for the Hospital. The wants made known through its columns, have but to meet the eye of the benevolent to be supplied.

A Good Suggestion.

DEAR EDITRESS,—I heard a few days since that a subscriber to your acceptable little paper, had discontinued it "because he had no time to read it." Now we all know that this is a very busy season with our country friends, and many of them no doubt find little time during the summer days for reading, and night finds them wearied with their labors. But I would suggest to any that are thus circumstanced, that the long winter evenings are coming and the paper will keep; or, a better use still would be to see if there is not some neighbor whom sickness has laid aside from active life, who would be glad to have a visit every month from the *Review*, and

Learn something of others whom God has afflicted in a similar way—or if no such person is to be found, I am sure there must be some child who would gladly accept the paper and read it too: and you would be encouraged in your work of trying to make the *Review* a welcome visitor to all.

A FRIEND TO THE HOSPITAL.

From the New York Observer.

Systematic Liberality.

THE SCRIPTURAL ARITHMETIC.

The summary Bible principle is—It is both our duty and privilege to give with systematic liberality.

But what is liberality? It is giving freely and largely compared with our ability. It is giving much, if that is possible with all effort and self-denial and economy; and always much in proportion to the means possessed.

The idea of proportion, therefore, enters into the very definition and essence of liberality. The man who gives a dollar may be a churl accursed, if it be but the skimmings of his daily profits; while a dime given by his neighbor may be the offering of a noble, self-sacrificing soul, beloved and honored of Christ. "As every man hath received the gift, even so minister," (1st Psalm 3.) "As God hath prospered him," (1st Cor. 16.) We are familiar with the wondrous principle of Proportion as it stands and moves in its majesty in the field of Mathematics. We are to apply it here. And mark, it is, in more senses than one, "direct," not "inverse" and perverse. The formula is—"if in that instance a very small income is, by an unselfish mind, made to contribute so much, then my larger income must yield proportionally more."

Let us remember another thing. When we thus speak of giving, we mean a habit. It is not a single act of parting with wealth with which to close the life; or which is to mark life's middle or some other point—release being purchased from all further claims from that hour onward. Nor can the individual acts of liberality be years or months apart. It is to be habitual, and of course frequent, and the Apostle names the plan of once every week, besides the appeals to Christian benevolence which are occasional. "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in

store, as God hath prospered him." Referring to this passage, Dr. Paley says, "I understand St. Paul to recommend the very thing wanting with most men, the being charitable upon a plan."

May the spirit of Christ teach us the duty, the privilege and the wisest plan.

WYOMING.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 26, 1867, of scarlet fever, Jane McCauley, aged 3 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 26, 1867, of scarlet fever, John B. Russell, aged 3 years.

List of Donations to the Hospital,

FROM JUNE 15th TO JULY 15th, 1867.

- Miss E. A. C. Hayes—Cherries and Bouquets, half barrel of Soap—by Mrs. Hayes.
- Miss Libbie Witherspoon—Delicacies for the sick.
- Mrs. Kellogg—Delicacies for the sick.
- The Misses Buchan—Clothing and delicacies for the sick.
- Mrs. Hiram Smith—Bread and Onions.
- Mrs. Darling—Peas and Biscuit.

Receipts for the Hospital Review,

FROM JUNE 15 TO JULY 15, 1867.

- Mrs. F. A. Dewey, (3 years,) George L. Mitchell, Wm. Delevan, Mrs. N. A. Stone, By Miss E. A. C. Hayes, \$3 00
- Mrs. D. Dana, San Francisco, Cal.—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester, 0 75
- Mrs. C. M. Shadbolt—By Mrs. Dr. Strong, 0 50
- Mrs. S. Colman—By Miss Hibbard, 0 50
- Rev. Mr. Saukey—By Miss McLean, 0 50

Superintendent's Report for May.

1867. June 1. No. Patients in Hospital, . . .	62
Received during the month, 35—	97
Discharged,	28
Deaths,	6—
	34
July 1. Remaining in Hospital, . . .	63

Agents.

The following Ladies have kindly consented to act as Agents for the *Hospital Review*:

- Miss MAGGIE CULBERTSON, East Groveland.
- " L. A. BUILER, Perry Centre.
- " E. A. C. HAYES, Rochester.
- " MARY W. DAVIS, "
- Mrs. C. F. SPENCER, "
- " PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.
- Miss MARY BROWN, Perinton.
- Miss ADA MILLER, "
- " JULIA M'CHEENEY, Spencerport.
- " LILLIAN J. RENNEX, Phelps, Ont. Co.
- Miss PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.
- Miss LOTTIE J. WRIGHT, Lewiston.

Children's Department.

The Chicken's Mistake.

BY PHOEBE CARY.

A little downy chicken one day,
 Asked leave to go on the water,
 Where she saw a duck with her brood at play,
 Swimming and splashing about her.

Indeed, she began to peep and cry,
 When her mother wouldn't let her;
 "If the ducks can swim there, why can't I?
 Are they any bigger or better?"

Then the old hen answered, "Listen to me,
 And hush your foolish talking;
 Just look at your feet, and you will see
 They were only made for walking."

But chicky wistfully eyed the brook,
 And didn't half believe her,
 For she seemed to say, by a knowing look,
 "Such stories couldn't deceive her."

And as her mother was scratching the ground,
 She muttered lower and lower,
 "I know I can go there and not be drowned,
 And so I think I'll show her."

Then she made a plunge, where the stream was
 deep,
 And saw too late her blunder;
 For she hadn't hardly time to peep
 Till her foolish head went under.

And now I hope her fate will show
 The child, my story reading,
 That those who are older sometimes know
 What you will do well in heeding;

That each content in his place should dwell,
 And envy not his brother;
 And any part that is acted well,
 Is just as good as another.

For we all have our proper sphere below,
 And this is a truth worth knowing;
 You will come to grief if you try to go
 Where you never were made for going!

"I wonder where those clouds are going?" sighed Flora, pensively, as she pointed with her thin, delicate finger to the heavy funeral masses that floated lazily in the sky. "I think they are going to thunder," said her little brother.

The Little Gardeners, or, "Be not Weary in Well-doing."

"Papa, won't you take us now to see our gardens? Please do," said little Alice Melville, as she stood one bright spring morning with her two sisters at the door of her father's study.

"Please, please do, papa," echoed Bessie and Fannie, and their father, unable to resist the combined entreaties, laid aside his book, and before long they had all passed over the green lawn which lay in front of the rectory and reached a little piece of rocky ground, where their father bade them stop. The little field was divided into three portions, upon each of which lay a set of gardening tools, a box of seeds, and a little book.

"Here are to be the gardens I have so long promised you," said Mr. Melville.

Disappointment was written on the faces of Alice and Bessie, while tears stood in the eyes of little Fannie as she exclaimed:

"Oh! papa I did not thing you meant this kind of a garden."

"I knew my little children would be sorry at first," said Mr. Melville, "that I had not given them gardens filled with bright flowers; but listen to me and I will tell you how to work, so that this little piece of rocky ground will be dearer than any flower garden I could have given you. These stones, of course, must be cleared away, the ground raked, the seeds sown and watered with care, and every weed be uprooted. You cannot do it all at once, nor alone; but this book I have written, will tell you how to work, and I shall always be pleased to help you. My little children must not be weary, nor think, because they do not see any fruits of their labor for some time, that they never will reap what was sown. You cannot call upon me too often, and I will show you now how to commence."

"Thank you, papa," said Alice, "but really I do not need any assistance. I know how to plant seeds, and would rather make my garden all myself."

"Just as you please, my daughter," said Mr. Melville; and the children noticed there was sadness in his tone.

"Won't you help me, papa?" said Bessie.

"And me?" said Fannie. "We never can do it alone."

"Certainly," answered Mr. Melville; "I

shall dearly love to assist you;" and he helped them remove the stones and prepare the ground for seed, so that before the sun set, a little space in each garden was sown and watered.

For several days Fannie and Bessie watered their gardens carefully, though as yet not even a blade was seen; but at last Bessie became weary, and one morning exclaimed:

"I do not intend to water my garden any longer. It is of no use. I do not believe the seeds will ever spring up, and I won't try any more."

"Oh! Bessie," said Fannie; "did not papa tell us not to be weary of working, and that the seeds would surely come up by-and-by."

"Well, maybe they will," replied Bessie, "but I am tired, and do not intend troubling myself to water and rake my garden any longer."

Days passed by, and though Alice found that she could not work all alone, she was yet too proud to ask aid. Fannie, however, still toiled on, and though often a weed would be left growing and a stone be found in the bed, still she did not give up, but went to her father and asked him to help her, and read the book he had given her every day. At last, one morning she discovered a tiny green leaf peeping from the ground, and when many days had gone by, a little bed of mignonette shed its sweet perfume over her garden.

When Alice and Bessie saw this, they determined to follow her example—so going to their father they begged him to forgive and help them as they did Fannie. It was very hard work for Alice and Bessie, so many weeds had sprung up among the stones; but they persevered, and before long, little green leaves were seen shooting up in their gardens, so that when the summer time came, bright flowers grew where before were nothing save stones and weeds.

One bright summer morning, Mr. Melville heard a knock at his study door, and upon opening it he found Fannie standing there, her cheeks glowing with excitement as she exclaimed:

"Oh! papa, you never did see such naughty girls as Alice and Bessie. They are quarrelling dreadfully."

Entering the next room, Mr. Melville saw Alice trying to snatch a book from Bessie's hand. When the children saw

their father, they commenced making excuses.

"It is my book," said Alice, "and she has no right to take it."

"She is just as cross as she can be," said Bessie; "I only meant to look it for a minute."

"Oh, my children," said Mr. Melville, "in what a sad condition your gardens are."

"Our gardens, papa!" exclaimed all three. "What has happened to them?"

"I do not mean your flower gardens, but those of your hearts," answered their father. "Nothing in this world would give me more pleasure, than to have you work as diligently in those gardens God has given you as you have done in those I gave you in the spring."

The children sat thoughtful and silent for some time, and then Fannie said gently:

"I think I understand you, dear papa. Our evil passions—are they not the stones which we must try to take out of our hearts?"

"And the book is the Bible!" said Bessie.

"And the seeds—are they not our attempts to be good?" added Alice.

"You are right, my children," said Mr. Melville. "If you would only go to God for assistance as you come to me—only read His book as you do the little one I wrote—only work as diligently to root up your evil passions as you do to uproot the weeds, before long, in the gardens of your hearts, good actions would spring up from the seeds of good intentions, and your hearts would be gardens in which God would love to dwell."

"We will try, papa."

"I am sorry," said Alice and Bessie.

"And so am I," said Fannie, "for I did wrong to tell."

"Forgive us, papa," said the children "and we will work in the gardens of our hearts."

Then remember, my darling ones," said Mr. Melville, "that God has said, Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. Believe Him as you have believed me; go to Him when tempted to despair, and the gardens of your heart will bloom with imperishable flowers."

Will you not work in your heart's garden, little reader?

The Lost Nestlings.

"Have you seen my darling nestlings?"

A mother robin cried:

"I cannot, cannot find them,
Though I've sought them far and wide.

"I left them well this morning
When I went to seek their food;
But I found, upon returning,
I'd a nest without a brood.

"Oh, have you nought to tell me
That will ease my aching breast,
About my tender offspring
That I left within the nest?"

"I've called them in the bushes,
And the rolling stream beside,
Yet they came not to my bidding;
I'm afraid they all have died."

"I can tell you all about them,"
Said a little wanton boy,
For 'twas I that did the mischief
Your nestlings to destroy.

"But I did not think their mother
Her little ones would miss,
Or ever come to hail me
With a wailing sound like this.

"I did not know your bosom
Was formed to suffer woe,
And to mourn your murdered children,
Or I had not grieved you so.

"I'm sorry that I've taken
The lives I can't restore,
And this regret shall teach me
To do the thing no more.

"I ever shall remember
The plaintive sounds I've heard,
Nor kill another nestling
To pain a mother bird."

Worth Better than Show.

A young Oriental prince was visiting at the castle of a duke in one of the finest counties in England. He looked from his window into a beautiful garden, and inhaled the fragrance which was wafted toward him by the gentle breath of June.

"What exquisite perfume!" he cried
"Bring me, I pray you, the flower that so delights my sense. See you yon stately stalk, bearing on its shaft those gorgeous lilies, whose snowy petals are veined with blood-red lines and with violet shade; that is undoubtedly the plant I seek."

They brought him the curious lily of Africa.

"Its odor is nauseating," he said; "but bring me that flower of a hue so much deeper and richer than even the beautiful roses of my own fair land. See how it glows like flame! Surely, a rich odor should distil from that regal plant."

It was the dahlia, and its scent was even less agreeable than that of the lily.

"Can it be, then, the large white blossoms clustered on yonder bush, or the blue-cups on the neighboring shrub?" he asked.

No, the snowball and campanula proved alike scentless. Various plants yielded their odorless buds or broad-spreading petals for his inspection. But he found not what he sought.

"Surely it must be that golden ball," he said, "for so showy a bloom should at least charm the nostril as well as the eye."

"Faugh!" It was a marigold.

At length they placed in his hands a wee brown blossom.

"So unpretending a thing as this cannot surely be that for which I seek," exclaimed the prince, with a vexed air—"this appears to be nothing better than a weed."

He cautiously lifted it to his face.

"Is it possible?" he cried. "Is it really this unobtrusive brown weed which gives so precious an odor? Why, it hangs over the whole garden, and comes fanning in at my window like the breath of health and purity. What is the name of this little darling?"

"Precisely that, your highness," answered his attendant—"this flower is called 'mignonette, the little darling.'"

"Wonderful! wonderful!" repeated the astonished prince, placing it in his bosom.

"Thus your highness perceives," remarked his tutor, gravely, "that the humble and unpretending often exhale the most precious virtues."—*Little Pilgrim*.

From the Presbyterian.

The Fly's Friends.

A fly that had just got itself out of a dish of preserves, and had still much of the syrup clinging to it, was surprised to find how affectionate all the other flies had grown. Indeed, they caressed it so much that it began to think them rather troublesome. At last, however, they one by one dropped off, and left it to itself, which it at first did not know the cause of; but,

upon examining itself, it found that the flies had eaten up all the preserves that had been sticking to it.

"Aha!" said the fly. "So it wasn't me after all, but the preserves that they liked so much; as soon as that's all gone, they leave me."

They are not your true friends, who stay by you as long as they think there is some chance of making something off you, or of living at your expense; but they are your true friends who love you for yourself, and nothing else, whether you be rich or poor.

"PIGEON."

The Boy who Killed a Wolf.

Have you ever been left in charge of your younger brothers and sisters while nurse was busy, or while your mother was gone out? If so, you have felt quite resolved no harm should happen to them while under your care. But no serious harm was likely to come near them; a fall, or perhaps that far worse thing, a quarrel, *might* happen. I will tell you, however, of a boy who fought manfully with a wolf, rather that it should eat up his sisters, of whom he was taking care.

Jean, for that was his name, lived with his mother in a poor cottage at the foot of the Jura Mountains in France. His father was away fighting in the army of the first Emperor Napoleon. Before he went he left in Jean's charge, his mother and two young sisters, and, though he was only twelve years old, right well did he fulfil the trust committed to him. Did his mother want water from the spring? Jean was off in a minute to get it for her. Did she want the goats milked? Jean never needed to be told twice, but, snow or sunshine, would bound over the rocks, though he had neither shoes nor stockings, and up the mountain paths till he found the goats. It was harder work to get back again with the milk on his head, but he was so careful he very seldom spilled any.

The mountain air had made him hardy in body, and perhaps the sight of the wild beauty around him had helped to strengthen his mind, for he was thoughtful and inquiring beyond his years. When evening came, and there was nothing more to be done for his mother, he did not go to sleep beside the wood fire, but would set off and walk three miles to the nearest village, where the minister kindly taught him read-

ing, writing and arithmetic. Ah, I wish we were all as anxious to improve ourselves as Jean the mountain boy. What scholars we should be, how wise we should grow, if, only we made as much of our great advantages as he did of his small ones.

One day Jean's mother was obliged to go out for all the afternoon, but she was quite easy in leaving the two young girls in Jean's charge. "Was he not," she thought, "the kindest of brothers, as well as the most attentive of sons?" He was always happy in being useful, so she was sure he would not go off to his own book or play, but spend the time trying to amuse his sisters. At last it was necessary for him to go and get the fagots wherewith to prepare his mother's supper. He would have left the girls at home, but they pleaded so earnestly to go with him that he consented, and they all set off very happily together.

It was a lovely afternoon in the early spring; the snow was still upon the mountains, but its wintry reign was over, and the bright patches of green were everywhere peeping through to refresh the sight. In little sunny nooks, too, smiled the first sweet spring flowers, the bird's-eye primrose, the dark-blue gentian, and others, which the mountain children hailed with the same shouts of joy as you would do the violets of our English hedge-rows. The streams had burst their icy chains, and the birds were making the sweetest music.

It was two miles to the forest, and when they got there, Jean began chopping wood, while his sisters went on gathering nose-gays, or playing hide-and-seek behind the trees. All at once a frightful scream from both together made Jean look around in alarm, and what he saw was a monstrous wolf in the very act of springing at his sisters! There was no time for thought; to throw himself in front of them was the work of one moment, and to aim a blow at the wolf with his chopper was the act of another. Had it been done by a stronger arm, it would have severed its head from its body, so well directed was it; but, as it was, it only enraged the savage beast, and made it fly at the boy like fury. It was a hard conflict; for wolves are very strong, and this one was a large one, and was maddened by hunger and by pain; while Jean, though fighting for his own and his sisters' lives, had but a boy's

strength after all. But God, who delivered David from the lion and the bear was present to help and succor. The wolf was streaming with blood; Jean had many wounds, but he hardly felt them; yet it seemed as if the fierce beast was getting the better of him, and suddenly loosing his foot he fell to the ground. You would have thought it was all over with him; but he collected his strength and gave a desperate plunge with his chopper as the wolf sprang upon him. It staggered, fell back, and with one terrible howl rolled over and died. Jean and his little sisters were safe. Faint and wounded as he was, he sprang up, and taking one of his sisters on his back hurried back to the cottage. What a tale it was to tell the mother, and how thankful she felt for her boy's bravery, especially when the neighbors who went into the wood said it was the largest wolf ever seen in those parts.

The story soon spread, and at last reached the Emperor's ears. He sent for Jean's father to talk about this brave son of his, and the result was that Jean was placed at the military school at the Emperor's expense. And the poor mountain boy who waited on his mother and killed a wolf in the defence of his infant sisters, ended his days as a general in Napoleon's army. But though he was great and honored, he retained through life the same simplicity, uprightness, and kindness of character which had distinguished him in his youth.

God has promised a blessing to those who honor their father and mother, and God's promises always come true. The boys who honor their mother, as Jean did, I think are among those who are most likely to succeed in life. We do not wish them to be generals, but, in some way suited to their character and circumstances, even in this world they shall have their reward.—*Child's Companion.*

Child, you have two ears and only one mouth. Learn from this to listen much, and to speak little.

You have two eyes and only one mouth. Learn to observe more than you talk.

You have two hands to work with, and only one mouth to eat. Learn to work more than you eat.

Think much, and use hands, ears, and eyes; ..
But little speak, if you be wise.

Miscellaneous.

Easy Lessons in Geography.

The following amusing article is from the *Cincinnati Times*:

THE EARTH.

The earth is an old subject—we don't know how old. Wise men have endeavored to ascertain its age in various ways, and have succeeded very well, only differing in their calculations a few thousand centuries, or so.

We have several reasons for writing upon the earth, the principal one being the imperfect facilities afforded for getting upon any other planet to write. Nothing prevents our writing upon the sun or the moon, except the difficulty in getting there.

The earth is the third planet in order from the sun, and the largest within the belt of the planetoids. We have wondered sometimes, why the earth did not have a belt all to herself, being the Champion of the Universe?

The ancients looked upon the earth as a flat disc, swimming upon the water like a piece of toast in a basin of milk. Once upon a time a lot of adventurous young ancients started out to find the jumping off place, and continuing on a straight line, they were astonished to find themselves on the very spot whence they started. They informed their parents of the circumstance, and they, after about a century of painful and laborious thought upon the subject, came to the conclusion that the earth must be round, "because if it ain't," triumphantly asked a jolly old ancient, "how could the boys ha' got around it?" There was no getting around that, and the earth has been of a spherical form ever since.

It is estimated that about two-thirds of the surface of the globe is covered with water. Although millions of living creatures slake their thirst daily, the quantity of water has not been materially diminished for centuries past, at least not since the introduction of whiskey shops, which prove a great saving of water, and are therefore an immense benefit to navigation.

The greatest distance from the earth to the sun is 96,000,000 miles, and the least distance something over 94,000,000 miles. A saving of 2,000,000 of miles could be effected if a railroad should ever connect the two planets, by taking the least dis-

tance. This would shorten the time consumed in running and reduce the expenses very materially. Any railroad man will tell you that.

The mean distance from the earth to the sun is 95,000,000 miles, which is no mean distance either, when you try to walk it.

The earth moves around the sun from west to east, consuming 365 days and 6 hours in every revolution, traveling nights and Sundays. Joshua, it will be remembered by some of our oldest citizens, once commanded the sun to stand still, and she is standing, still. It ain't every fool of a planet that can get around the sun. The earth does it, however. She would get around most anything.

The earth turns upon its axis, making one revolution every twenty-four hours, except in Mexico—there they have a revolution two or three times a day. The earth and her axis were thick as peas together at one time, but one day the earth got down on her axis and turned on it.

It is the revolution of the earth that make night and day to everybody but printers and editors who work on morning papers—it is all day with them.

After digging a certain depth into the bowels of the earth the temperature becomes warm, and it grows warmer as you warm to your work, so that at the depth of thirty miles, (as we are informed by a gentleman who dug that distance one July morning), everything is like molten iron at a white heat. There is good reason for believing that people who cheat the printer and who try to get into shows without paying for it, are sent thirty miles into the bowels of the earth when they die.

The earth is not such a dismal place to live upon as many try to make out. So far as our knowledge extends—and we probably know as much about it as anybody—it is far preferable to any of her sister planets as a permanent residence. At least we are satisfied with it, and intend to remain here so long as we are "on earth."

A FOUR LEAF CLOVER.—The sanguinary spectacle of war is not altogether devoid of redeeming features. At Koniggratz, while the fight was raging at its fiercest, a soldier's eye was arrested by the sight of a plant of clover having four leaves. No German can suffer a four leaf clover to remain unplucked. There is a mysterious charm about it, bound up with his child-

hood's fancies of luck and images of fairy magic. To the young soldier it certainly was a messenger of good omen. As he bent to pluck it, a cannon ball whizzed over his head. But for the little plant it would have gone through his body. The precious little memento was gratefully sent to his *bienaimée* at Konigsberg, who will forever look upon it as the preserver of the bridegroom's life.

Hospital Notices.

Application for the admission of Patients to the Rochester City Hospital, may be made at the Hospital, West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets, or to any of the attending Physicians, viz: Dr. H. W. Dean, North Fitzhugh Street; Dr. W. W. Ely, South Fitzhugh Street; Dr. Little, Plymouth Avenue; Dr. Montgomery, Spring Street; Dr. Langworthy & Dr. Whitbeck.

Packages, including Provisions, Hospital Stores, &c., should be addressed to "The Rochester City Hospital, on West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets." A list of the articles sent, with the names of the donors, the date of forwarding, and Post Office address, is requested to be sent to the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Dr. Mathews.

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For fertilizing land; also,
WATER LIME, ROSENDALE CEMENT,
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WITHOUT DOCTOR OR MEDICINES.

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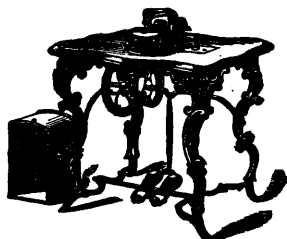
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Warranted never to have "fits." Does its work alike each day.

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