

# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

DEVOTED TO THE  
INTERESTS OF THE SICK & SUFFERING,

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

• 309 missing

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. IV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST, 1867.

No. 1.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

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### Rest.

What is rest? Is it the sleeping  
Of our senses, and the creeping  
Of our fingers from the clasp of hands we love?

Is it when our hearts no longer  
Turn to other hearts a hunger,  
Asking for the boon of love?

Is it when our eyes turn sadly

Toward the wall,

And our weary souls cry gladly,

This is all!

Is it when we hear the waters

Breaking on the shores of Time—

When our feeble lips half falter,

"Lord, come quickly—I am Thine?"

Is it when our hands lie folded

Over hearts that faintly beat,

And the path of life no longer

Knows the stumbling of our feet?

Is it when, with robe close clinging,

We have put away our sin,

And await with joy the summons—

"Faithful servant, enter in?"

Yea, the rest is then, my Father,

When the world fades from our grasp,

And the arms that held us loosen,

And we feel Thine closer clasp,—

When we turn from all earth's beauty,

Turn from those who loved us best—

Lose the thrill of warm hands clinging,

Dimly dream of angels singing,

While we wait the day's slow winging

Toward the west—

Knowing gladly, when to-morrow

Shines across the world's wide furrows,

We shall be beyond life's sorrows—

This, is rest.

MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

DEFINITIONS OF WOMAN.—A Parisian journal propounded, as an intellectual exercise for its subscribers, the invention of a suitable definition for "the sex," and received an immense quantity of answers, from which the following are taken:

"Woman in life is like the down placed in boxes of glass; we reckon the down as nothing, yet everything would break to pieces without it."

"A true woman, or lady, is one who knows how to be distinguished with a toilet of two louis, and simple with a toilet of a thousand crowns."

"The true lady is she who is enough so never to be obliged to announce in what circle she moves."

"A true woman is she who feels at home wherever she finds herself."

They're richer who diminish their desires,  
Though their possessions be not amplified,  
Than monarchs who, in owning large empires,  
Have minds that never will be satisfied,  
For he is poor that wants what he would have,  
And rich who, having nought, doth nothing crave.

For the Hospital Review.

**A Story with a Moral.**

BY ELLEN LUCY GUERNSEY.

STRICTLY FOUNDED ON FACT.

Poor Mrs. Speckled-hen was sadly disappointed. She had been sitting for more than four weeks upon duck's eggs, and had hatched only one poor little duckling, which died before evening. Mrs. Speckled-hen had never had any family of her own, and she had looked forward with great pleasure to bringing up a brood of pretty downy ducklings; and now after all her care and pains, here she was as lonely as ever. She wandered about the yard, feeling very disconsolate, and watched with envy young Mrs. Pullette, and her brood of ten young chickens, albeit they were poor puny little things, not half feathered, and always fretting and pecking among themselves.

"Oh don't do that!" she could not help saying, as Mrs. Pullette gave one of them a great peck for tumbling into the dirt. "It did not mean any harm, poor little thing, and it is so weak it can hardly stand."

"Oh, no doubt you know all about it," returned Mrs. Pullette, tossing her head. "Old maids' children are always well governed. Wait till you have a brood of your own: then you'll see. Dear me! if there isn't young Colonel Roostere come home! Come, children, come and take a walk. You need more exercise and air."

"But not in the long wet grass, this cool morning, surely," said Mrs. Speckled-hen, in surprise.

"Oh, it won't hurt them? I believe in hardening, for my part!" and away went Mrs. Pullette, with her brood vainly trying to keep pace with her, and peeping loudly and sadly as they stumbled among the reeds and stalks. Mrs. Speckled-hen sighed and turned away, just as Speck, the tortoise-shell cat, came out of the cellar window with her kittens. Now Speck was

very aristocratic. She was sister to the great General Picayune, who was wounded at the battle of the back yard, and of course she held her head very high. She would not even speak to Trotty, who was a Cuban dog of good family, and only weighed four pounds, and who used to go walking with a string round his neck, for fear he would bite the Mayor and Common Council. Speck seldom associated with the poultry, but she was kind-hearted after all, and felt sorry for Mrs. Speckled-hen. "So I hear you had a sad disappointment, Mrs. Speckled-hen," she said in a sympathizing tone; "how did it happen?"

"I am sure I don't know," replied the latter, with tears in her eyes; "I did the best I knew how."

"I suppose you lacked experience," said Speck, with a self-satisfied air. "When you have raised as many children as I have, you will know better. Experience does it all."

"Not quite all!" said the old black duck, who was a literary character, and could talk Chinese, and was therefore privileged to say what she pleased. "A little sense is wanted, as well as experience. If experience had been all that is required to raise a family, you could hardly have lost three of your kittens, as you did last week."

"It was a mysterious dispensation," said Speck, closing her eyes.

"Mysterious fiddlestick!" returned the black duck. "Add five frisky kittens, an open cistern, and a mother gone to a party, together, and it don't require a 'mysterious dispensation' to make out the result."

"I don't think you should have set on ducks' eggs at all," said Trotty, who was a Southerner, and very conservative. "You went entirely out of your sphere."

"They were given to me to set upon," said Mrs. Speckled-hen, submissively. "I did not choose them myself."

Trotty pretended not to hear, for he could be very deaf, when it suited him.

"Never you mind them, my dear," said the black duck. "You did your duty, however it turned out, and you take your failure in the right spirit; so I have no doubt something else will turn up to occupy you, if you are patient, and willing to see your work when it does come."

So Mrs. Speckled-hen waited, and presently the work did come; for here was little Eileen bringing in a poor forlorn chicken. She had found it in her father's garden, half starved, and with no one to care for it. "It is not mine," said Annie, "but you may leave it here; perhaps some of the hens may take pity on it."

"Here is a chance for me," thought Mrs. Speckled-hen; and she went to work scratching for the little stranger. Presently it nestled under her wing, where its little warm body seemed to draw the forlorn pains out of her heart, like a poppy poultice. The next day she was walking about behind the barn, when she heard a forlorn peeping, and went to discover the cause. So, there were all Mrs. Pullette's brood—all that were left, at least—and very sad and ruffled they looked.

"You poor little dears," said Mrs. Speckled-hen, "where is your mother?"

"Oh, she has gone away with Colonel Roostere," answered one of the chickens, "she has weaned us"

"Weaned you! Why, how old are you?"

"Nearly three weeks. We slept all alone in the yard last night, and oh it was so cold!" said the poor chickens shivering, "and in the morning poor little Totty and Topsey were dead! and we are so cold and hungry you can't think!"

"Come here and get under my wings, this minute!" said Mrs. Speckled-hen, with decision, "It will be close crowding for I have one now, but you will be all the warmer," and she cuddled them up and smoothed their feathers as well as she could, and began to feel quite happy.

"Are you going to be our mother now?" asked one of the chickens presently.

"I was just asking myself that very question, my dear," replied Mrs. Speckled-hen. "If you will be good and mind me, I will do the best I can for you, and, at any rate you will be better off than running about by yourselves. Come now, we will go to the kitchen door and ask Jessie for our breakfast."

"Mrs. Speckled-hen has found her work," observed the black duck to Speck a few days afterward. "She is as busy as if she had a brood of her own."

"She means well no doubt, but I don't believe she will accomplish a great deal," said Speck, "you see she has no experience."

"She is in a fair way to get it."

"And then she is not their own mother after all," continued Speck. "She pecked one of them this morning for creeping through the fence into the street; but of course she can't be expected to understand a mother's feelings."

Mrs. Speckled-hen overheard, but she only smiled. Her claws were too full of work and her heart too full of love and care to mind what people said. And so she went on doing her best with her flock, and if you choose to go to a pretty white house, not a thousand miles from a certain University, you may see her still caring for her nine adopted chickens, which are now almost as big as herself.

"Now for the moral," you say. Well, if my story is well told it carries its own moral and you are as well able to extract it as I am.

I am rich enough, and can afford to give away five hundred dollars a year. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing a little for truth. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give by giving it alive, and seeing another enjoy it. When I die, I should be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, if there was a wanting friend above ground.—*Pope to Swift.*

During a conflagration in a Western city, a house of ill-repute was burned to the ground, and one of the inmates perished in the flames. For a long time the body lay exposed to the public gaze, the houses of worship being closed to the reception of the corpse, till at the intercession of the author of the following lines, permission was given to perform the funeral rites in the church of which he was pastor.

**Burial of the Outcast.**

"Touch her not scornfully,  
Think of her mournfully,  
Gently and humanly."

Bring her not here!

Let not her body come

Beneath this holy dome,

Nor ought so vile come in this holy place.

Daughter of sin and shame,—

Unuttered be her name,

And she an outcast still from God and grace.

Take her away!

Let not the holy Lord's

Blest promises and words

Be sung or spoken o'er her unblest form.

Depraved, unholy thing!

Hurry it off and fling

It to the grave, 'tis fittest for the worm.

Who, then, was she?

Once she must have been fair,

Though now she lieth there,

Her beauty marred, and laid in ashes low.

And surely she could feel,

Her bosom was not steel,

Else fire had never feasted on it so.

What, then, was she?

A sister frail, who loved,

Whose heart by softness moved,

Beat with delicious ecstasy of youth.

On love she did rely,

And found that love a lie,

And lost her faith in man, her trust in truth.

And so she fell!

By Heaven she seemed forgot,

Then sin became her lot,

And heavy on her soul guilt's shadow fell.

Ah! what she struggled through,

Yes, what she conquered, too,

Who but the God of love can ever tell!

Take her away!

Let not her presence vile

The sanctuary defile,

When men pray to the Holy Nazarene.

To-morrow Christians meet

To worship round his feet,

Once washed by tears of guilty Magdalens.

Bring her not here!

To-morrow come the proud,

The fashionable crowd,

The moral high respectability.

Oh! they could never bear

To breathe the poisoned air

Polluted by such vile depravity.

Ay! let them in!

Let in the money'd slave,

The sanctimonious knave,

The whitened sepulchre, all foul within,

The selfish, the unjust,

The bondman of low lust,

Who rose at morning from a bed of sin.

But, no! not her

Who shared those guilty hours;

No sacred roof of ours

Shall stretch itself above her outcast head.

So let her lie aloof,

Beneath God's purer roof,

His saddest dirge be sung above her head.

Take her away!

And let her drop to earth,

A thing of vile unworth,

As drops, and lies, and rots the cankered fruit.

Bury her hastily—

A sister though she be,

Give her the last rites of a dumb, dead brute.

Hypocrisy!

What mean those contrite airs,

Those penitential prayers,

Confessions, misereres, shows of grief?

For sin who truly grieves,

With him of old believes,

"Christ saveth sinners, of whom I am chief."

"Forgive our sins?"

Who prayeth so aright,

He feels how infinite

The way to God and perfect holiness.

And how before the throne

Of the All-Righteous One,

We will alike stand in our guiltiness.

Then who can say

To brother travel-torn,

To sister weary-worn,

"Stand off! for I am holier than thou?"

We children of the fall

Are brothers, sisters, all,

Before the mercy seat we all must bow.

Unhappy friend!

Her life of guilt was brief,

But sin, remorseful grief,

And misery had made it far too long.  
 She did not find it gay,  
 Nor vice a holiday;  
 With bleeding heart she sang her siren song.

God only knows  
 Her weakness and her strength,  
 And if redeemed at length  
 She had not broke that iron bond of shame.  
 He knows how far she could,  
 How much in her was good,  
 He's just to judge, and merciful to blame.

But soon he came!  
 The last who came to woo,  
 The hottest, fiercest, too,  
 With lust a raging rod, and fiery breath.  
 No dal'lance soft was his,  
 No gentle promises,  
 He wooed her not to love, but to her death.

"Be mine!" said he,  
 "I am thy truest friend;  
 With me thy shame shall end;  
 I am not false as those whom thou hast seen.  
 My bride shall never grieve,  
 My arms shall never leave,  
 No tempter false shall come where I have been."

More near he came!  
 Now bolder was his hiss;  
 Now hotter was his kiss;  
 Now God have mercy on that wretched one.  
 She leaped into his arms,  
 He spoiled her of her charms;  
 From his embrace her soul to God has gone.

\* \* \*

Rev. Dr. Guthrie is the author of these beautiful sentiments: "They say I am growing old because my hair is silvered and there are crows' feet upon my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as of yore. But they are mistaken. That is not me. The knees are weak, but the knees are not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. This is the house in which I live. But I am young; younger now than I ever was before."

Prayer doth not always procure for us the thing we pray for; but then it procureth something; nor is the prayer always granted at the time of its being offered up, but then it is sure to be granted at a more expedient time.

No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

From the New York Observer.

### The Young Violinist.

A gentleman was traveling in the cars, and was seated near a young man who had his violin at his feet. Presently the owner of the violin rose and left the car for a moment, when a man with a large and heavy box in his hand, let it fall directly upon the instrument, and it was crushed to atoms. The violinist returned, and stood looking upon his beloved and broken instrument, with a swelling heart. Tears filled his eyes. "It is all I own in the world," said he to the gentleman who was looking on with sympathy, "and I have no other means of obtaining a living."

The gentleman was himself a performer, and a great musical genius. He could appreciate the feelings of the young stranger. "Give me these pieces of your violin," said he, "I will purchase them, and give you a hundred dollars for them; and come with me to my house, till I see what I can do for you."

The young man gratefully accepted the invitation, but declined the money for his apparently worthless instrument. For some weeks he remained a guest in the home of his benefactor, who finally obtained employment for him, and compelled him to accept the proffered purchase-money.

Then the purchaser went to work to repair the instrument; and it would seem as if nothing short of inspiration could have enabled him to do it. He spent three years upon the work—going into forests, obtaining certain kinds of wood, seasoning them, etc., etc., until he had perfected the violin to his own entire satisfaction. The back alone contained seventy pieces.

Some years after, and during the visit of Ole Bull to this country, a musical entertainment was given for a charitable purpose, in the city of Albany. The owner of the repaired violin volunteered his aid, and performed upon it, to the delight of his audience, not knowing that the distinguished Norwegian was present.

Among the pieces was "Remember Me," and also, "The Prayer from the Opera of Zampa." Ole Bull was in ecstasies; and, when the performance was over, he went to the gentleman and asked him for the music he had just performed. The gentleman invited him to his house, and showed him the violin. On examining it, he exclaimed, in his broken English that it was

worth five hundred dollars. So was this noble man rewarded for his noble deed.

"He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord; and, look, what he layeth out, it shall be paid him again."

"Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, even so do to them."

"Give alms of thy goods, and never turn thy face from any poor man; and then the face of the Lord shall not be turned away from thee." E. B. W.

### A Present Saviour.

We may not climb the heavenly steeps,  
To bring the Lord Christ down;  
In vain we search the lowest deeps,  
For Him no depths can drown.

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet,  
A present help is He;  
And faith has still its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;  
We touch Him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said,  
Our lips of childhood frame;  
The last low whispers of our dead  
Are burdened with His name.

O, Lord and Master of us all!  
Whate'er our name or sign;  
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,  
We test our lives by Thine.

—John G. Whittier.

### Very Benevolent.

Mrs. A— was a church member; she thought herself very benevolent. She gave to almost every cause. We will see how benevolent she was:

She gave six dollars for a pocket handkerchief, and having half a dollar left after the purchase, dropped it in the box for "Foreign Missions." She gave forty dollars for a crape shawl, and two dollars the same day for "Domestic Missions"—she gave ten dollars for a pair of ear rings, and a quarter of a dollar to the "Tract Society"—three hundred dollars she expended on a fashionable party, when her daughter Amelia "came out," and fifty dollars went towards repairing the church and paying the pastor. Her elegant cut velvet had cost fifteen dollars—she paid fifty cents about

the same time towards a new Sabbath School Library. She gave three dollars for Eliza Ann's senseless wax doll, and one dollar towards educating a young immortal in Africa. Which weighed the heaviest in her heart, Christ or the fashionable world? Will God be satisfied with the *dribblets* which chance to remain in the Christian's purse, after every elegant taste has been satisfied?

### Not the Gift, but the Motive.

A poor Arab, traveling in the desert, met with a spring of clear, sweet, sparkling water. Accustomed as he was to his brackish wells, to his simple mind it appeared that such water as this was worthy of a monarch; and filling his leathern bottle from the spring, he determined to go and present it to the caliph himself.

The poor man traveled a great distance before he reached his sovereign, and laid his humble offering at his feet. The caliph did not despise the little gift brought to him with so much trouble. He ordered some of the water to be poured into a cup, drank it, and thanking the Arab with a smile, ordered him to be presented with a reward. The courtiers around pressed forward, eager to taste of the wonderful water; but, to the surprise of all, the caliph forbade them to touch a single drop.

After the poor Arab had quitted the royal presence with a light and joyful heart, the caliph turned to his courtiers, and thus explained the motives of his conduct: "During the travels of the Arab," said he, "the water in this leathern bottle had become impure and distasteful. But it was an offering of love, and as such I have received it with pleasure. But I well knew that had I suffered another to partake of it, he would not have concealed his disgust; and therefore I forbade you to touch the draught, lest the heart of the poor man would have been wounded." In such love will our Lord receive our poor gifts.

When we have found God, there is nothing worth looking for in men; we must then give up our best friends, for the good friend is in the heart, the spouse who is jealous, and will have everything else put out.

Good men have the fewest fears. He has but one who fears to do wrong. He has a thousand who have overcome that one.

**My Knowledge.**

Though men confront the living God  
 With wisdom than His Word more wise,  
 And, leaving paths Apostles trod,  
 Their own devise:  
 I would myself forsake and flee,  
 O Christ, the living Way, to Thee!

I know not what the schools may teach,  
 Nor yet how far from truth depart;  
 One lesson is within my reach—  
 The Truth Thou art:  
 And learning this, I learn each day  
 To cast all other lore away.

I cannot solve mysterious things,  
 That fill the schoolmen's thoughts with strife;  
 But oh! what peace this knowledge brings,  
 Thou art the Life;  
 Hid in Thy everlasting deeps,  
 The silent God His secret keeps.

The Way, the Truth, the Life, Thou art!  
 This, this I know; to this I cleave;  
 The sweet new language of my heart—  
 "Lord, I believe;"

I have no doubt to bring to Thee;  
 My doubt has fled, my faith is free!

—Miss Kimball.

**Pleasure.**

Blessed be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child! for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind hearted man, who showed him a kindness in the quiet days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment, as a bare-footed lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village; with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers that were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage—he was a wood cutter by trade—and spent the whole week at his work in the woods. He was come into his garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations—it was streaked with red and white—gave it to him. Neither the giver or receiver spoke a word; and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now, here at a vast distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feelings of gratitude which agitated the

breast of that boy, expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but now it blooms afresh.

—Douglas Jerrold.

**The Hospital Review.**

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST, 1867.

**Our Fourth Volume.**

Once more we enter upon a new year and a new volume. The success of our *Review* has not been fully equal to our hopes. While the warm reception which we have met—while the interest expressed for our paper, and while the efforts put forth by our friends have been very gratifying, we have yet to make the melancholy announcement that our *Review* has never yet been able to pay its publishing expenses. For the first year or more we did not expect this, but now that three years have passed, and we stand upon the threshold of the fourth, we must say that we do not feel quite satisfied with the statement we have been obliged to make. We do not, however, even with this fact staring us in the face, consider the mission of our paper in vain. Very far from it. If it has not paid for itself, as we think it might and ought to have done, it has yet accomplished a noble work for our Hospital. It has created far and wide, wherever it has winged its way, an interest in our work, by making known our aims, our wants—by its regular reports of what we were doing, and by its appeals. We feel that we cannot over-estimate the value of its services to us in this way. It has made friends for us among those who have never seen our Hospital or even our city; and many a kind remembrance of our sick—many contributions of money and of stores have come to us solely through its influence. How much more it might do for us in this way; if it could obtain a wider circulation? This is the special work to which we would now call our friends and agents. Let the work

for the paper—the collecting and renewing of subscriptions and the adding of new names to our list—be the absorbing effort of this month! Once give our little sheet a wide and general circulation, and our Hospital can never want. No pains will be spared in the coming year to render its pages attractive, and to give to those interested in our work a faithful record of our labors. Readers—agents, let us hear from you at once—and let it be good tidings!

### Visit to the Hospital.

While the beautiful summer—a more beautiful one we can never remember—still lingers and glows around us, one weary aching heart has found its rest. We missed, as we entered the Female Ward, the pale sweet face of Anna M., whom we have so often mentioned—and on inquiry, we learned that she was dead. We had known little of her history, but the white, sad weary face, with its hopeless expression, had touched our sympathy—and we looked for it on our repeated visits, with increasing interest. But we shall see it and look for it no more. Underneath the coffin-lid, cold and white, and still, it is shut away. Only twenty—robed in youth and beauty—Anna M. has lain down to her cold slumber. But waken her not. She has found the only balm for a broken heart. Miss H., who accompanied us on our visit, told us more of Anna's history than we had ever known before. She came to our city a stranger and alone—winning her way with all who met her, by her gentleness and faithfulness—yet with a sadness ever about her, from which nothing could arouse her. Thus she lived—quiet and reserved always, refusing to speak of the past—bearing the pain of her wounded heart in silence, until health failed, and she was brought to the Hospital. Her case baffled the skill of physicians.—She seemed to make no effort, and to have no desire, to recover—and so, gently but

gradually, she sank away. Her story was known to but few—happy once, and beloved, as she had reason to believe, by one to whom for years she had been engaged—but betrayed—and deserted at last. We looked at her little couch, now empty, and thought of the long hours, and weeks, and months, she had lain there—bearing so silently the heart-pain, crushing out, day by day, her young life. O! what memories—so sweet, so bitter, must have thronged over her, as she lay there—striving in vain to put them away—striving to forget—striving, despairingly, to lift up her heart and to pray. But the struggle is over now—the sorrow forgotten, the prayer answered.

“Alas! that there should be,  
With so much happiness on earth,  
So much of misery.”

Mrs. H., a consumptive patient mentioned in our last visit, we found amusing herself making paper flowers, and seeming to feel quite bright and comfortable. She says she feels much better to be able to keep busy. We had a smile and a few pleasant words from Mary B., our nice old lady—as usual. Bridget T., we found about the same. E. B., better. Saw Jane W., who is improving in health, but in great sorrow over the death of her baby—the beautiful baby we have often mentioned, which was adopted while she was so ill. The adopted mother seems inconsolable over the loss of the child to which she had become most devotedly attached; and her great comfort since its death, seems to be to come and sit here beside its mother, and talk about “Willie,”—and they weep together. Poor Fannie we missed from her cot, where we left her weeping, a month ago. She was buried the day before our visit.

We found but few changes in the Male Ward. Mr. C., a new comer, is ill with rheumatism. We found the burned man in his old corner, drawn up to the light. He met us with a cheerful smile, as usual; but



but oh, what weary months these must have been for him, at the best. "Little Joe," had quite recovered, and had gone home. We do not think he will try jumping from a window very soon again. The rebel soldier had gone to Syracuse—having obtained a position there, as night watch on the Rail Road. "Blind Jerry," is still here.

#### A Quilt from Miss Wight.

We notice in the List of Donations, a quilt pieced by Miss Wight, which, we think, deserves our special thanks. It is one she commenced while a patient in our Hospital, and which, notwithstanding her feeble health, she has managed to complete for us at the "Home," where she is now an inmate. We are greatly obliged for her kind remembrance, and would extend to her our best wishes.

#### Our New Volume.

Our new volume opens with unusual attraction this month. We congratulate ourselves upon being able to place before our readers the charming little sketch found on the second page, from the pen of Ellen Lucy Guernsey, so well and favorably known as a writer—and the poem from Mrs. Enos, "Rest"—is, in our opinion, one of the sweetest she has ever given us. We hope much for our *Review* for the year to come. The interest felt in our good work has called out for us repeatedly the voluntary offerings of the best talent in our midst, and we hope for a continuance of like favors.

Now is the time to subscribe for the *Review* for the new year which commences with this issue!

"It is more glorious to bear misfortunes with patience, than to desire death to avoid them."

"The pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out."

An inmate interested in the success of our paper and Hospital, sends the following to our readers:

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL,

August 5th, 1867.

The first number of the fourth volume of the *Hospital Review* is now before its readers. We trust it will be found worthy of approval in style and contents, and a fair indication of the value of the eleven succeeding issues of the volume. In sending it forth, we heartily wish all its readers happiness and peace, and especially those who have been its supporters. And we propose to do more than *wish*,—our aim being to instruct and benefit all who may peruse its pages. Difficult as may be this task, it is entered upon in good faith, and with a firm and confident determination to accomplish our object.

Having a corps of editors and contributors who are acquainted with the condition and wants of the Hospital, we hope all our readers will renew their subscription, and if possible each one get a new subscriber, which would realize a handsome sum to the Hospital fund. By persevering in this manner, in a short time we would be able to finish the building, by adding a new Wing on the west end: then the Hospital would be the most splendid edifice in the city. I hope to see it completed. I have not forgotten the promise I made to the Wing this day twenty-five months ago, (July 5th, 1865,) and I would be heartily glad to have it fulfilled.

I have obtained two new subscribers for the *Review*. Hoping that many will do better than I have done, I remain, &c.,

WM. STAFFORD,

Now is the time to renew your subscription for the *Review*!

"The merit of our actions consist not in doing extraordinary actions, but in doing ordinary actions extraordinarily well."

"He who is conspiring against the peace of another, necessarily loses his own."

**Died.**

At the Rochester City Hospital, July 27, 1867, Anna Murray, aged 20 years.  
 At the Rochester City Hospital, August 1st, of convulsions, M. J. Cunningham, aged 2 years.  
 At the Rochester City Hospital, August 14, of paralysis, Fanny Armstrong, aged 24 years.

**Receipts for the Hospital Review,  
 FROM JULY 15 TO AUG. 15, 1867.**

Mrs. E. A. Rose, Pittsford; Mrs. C. Ketchum, Bushnell's Basin—By Mrs. Rose, . . .	\$1 00
C. J. B. Mount, Dr. H. H. Langworthy; Mrs. M. Chase, Fairport—By Mrs. Perkins, . . . . .	1 50
Mrs. J. E. Sheldon, New York; Mrs. E. M. Smith, Mrs. Hiram Smith, Mrs. E. Darwin Smith, Mrs. Dr. Strong, Mrs. Dr. Mathews, Mr. Wooster, Mrs. Henry Brewster—By Mrs. Mathews, . . . . .	4 00
Mr. Stafford, Lizzie Adams, Mrs. Howard, Rochester—By Mr. Stafford, . . . . .	1 50
P. B. Reed, Scottsville—(Advertisement, \$10.00)—By Dr. Jones, . . . . .	10 50
Mrs. R. T. Field, Mrs. F. Whittlesey—By Mrs. Strong, . . . . .	1 00
Mrs. Wm. H. Carter, Bethel, Mich.; Miss Laura A. Butler, Perry Centre—By L. A. Butler, . . . . .	1 00

**List of Donations to the Hospital,  
 FROM JULY 15th TO AUG. 15th, 1867.**

J. J. Perkins, (Union Market)—15 lbs. fresh Salmon Trout.  
 Mrs. H. F. Atkinson—Piece of Calico.  
 Mrs. Hiram Smith—Bundle of clothing—Chicken—5 bowls of Jelly.  
 Mrs. Carr—Jelly.  
 Miss Hattie Hayes—Two cans Cherries.  
 Mrs. Coleman—Barrel of Potatoes.  
 Miss Hayes—Apples.  
 Alonzo Whitcomb—Two gallons Oysters.  
 Miss Witherspoon—Delicacies.  
 Miss Kellogg—Delicacies.  
 Miss Buchan—Delicacies.  
 Miss Wight—Quilt.  
 Mrs. Strong—Pair of Slippers—Berries.  
 Mrs. E. D. Smith—Raspberry Vinegar.

**Superintendent's Report for July.**

1867. July 1. No. Patients in Hospital, . . .	63
Received during the month, . . . . .	26—89
Discharged, . . . . .	28
Deaths, . . . . .	1—29
August 1. Remaining in Hospital, . . .	60

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.

**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.**

**A Boy's Prayer.**

"Hattie! sister! I want a drum—  
 Large and pretty, and round and red;  
 So, if I pray, do you think 'twill come?  
 'Ask, and receive,' the Lord hath said."  
 But the sister, musing, shook her head.

"How should I know, dear brother? Try;  
 You can but fail," was the soft reply;  
 And so to his darkened room he went,  
 Still on his simple thought intent,  
 To ask the Lord for the precious boon;  
 "And please, dear Father send it soon—  
 Large, and pretty, and round and red,  
 Send me a drum, dear Lord," he said.

No answer still, and he came one day,  
 And laid his head on his sister's breast,  
 "Hattie I think I will not pray,  
 'Give me a drum, dear Father,' lest  
 My prayers should wrong him—He knows best."  
 So back to his simple toil and play,  
 Calm and content he went that day.  
 But God, who garners the smallest seed  
 Of faith and patience, to dower with meed  
 Of bud and blossom in his good time,  
 Owned and answered the faith sublime.  
 For other ears than the sister's heard,  
 Unknown to the child, his simple word;  
 And when the glad New Year was come,  
 With its festive mirth and its merry hum  
 Of household greetings, a bran new drum  
 Gladdened the sight of the wondering boy,  
 He could not speak for the sudden joy!  
 At length he lifted his lashes, dim—  
 With happy tears: "It is just like Him—  
 Just like the Lord," he murmured low,  
 "And just the drum I wanted so,  
 Though for a smaller one I prayed;  
 For, sister Hattie, I felt afraid  
 Lest the dear Lord I might ask amiss,  
 To pray for a drum as big as this!"

## Minnie, The Orphan.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

It was a large, light room, with half a dozen maps hanging around the walls, and a few stiff-backed chairs ranged in geometrical precision—a room with no one home association lingering in any of its four corners. You might have told with one glance at its cleanly-swept green carpet and coldly-polished, curtainless-windows, that it was the parlor of a public institution; and so, indeed, it was.

The brisk and spectacled little matron of the orphan asylum sat leaning back in her comfortable rocking chair, while four or five little girls, with closely cut hair and down cast eyes, stood in a row before her, their long blue aprons and flaxen light hair giving them an odd resemblance to a row of blue bells in a flower garden; while Mrs. Philo Parker, in her rustling robe of golden green silk and cherry colored bonnet strings, might have passed for a gaudy and full blown specimen of the tribe peony.

"I think she will answer my purpose very well," said Mrs. Parker. "What did you say was her name—Minnie?"

"Minnie Grove. Step forward, child," said the matron, nodding encouragingly at a slender little creature of about thirteen, whose blue eyes were dilated, and her cheek blanched with a sort of shy terror. And Minnie stepped forward under the full fire of Mrs. Parker's searching gray eyes.

"I hope she hasn't any relations," went on Mrs. Parker. "I never want a girl with forty uncles and aunts and cousins running after her the whole time."

"You will have no trouble in that respect," said the matron, with a gentle sigh. "I don't think Minnie has a soul belonging to her in the wide world. Her mother died in great poverty about three years ago in New York, and Minnie knows nothing whatever about herself, poor child."

"You will be kind to the poor little orphan, ma'am," said the matron, wistfully.

"Of course I shall," said Mrs. Parker, tossing the cherry-colored ribbons. "She'll have the best of homes in my family."

"I should like to have her go to church at least once every Sunday, and—"

"To be sure—to be sure," said Mrs. Parker, rising, as if she did not care to prolong the conversation. "She shall have every opportunity; I hope you don't take

me for a heathen. Is that child crying? I hope she isn't one of the whimpering kind."

The matron's cheek flushed a little as she whispered one or two cheering words to Minnie.

And so Minnie Grove's little parcel was packed and her pink checked sunbonnet tied on, and she meekly followed Mrs. Parker out of the wide gateways that had sheltered her orphanage so long.

"Minnie?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What are you doing this morning? Why haven't you cracked the nuts and polished the apples, and cleared the ashes out of the parlor grate, when you know we're going to have company to dinner."

"I should be late at church, ma'am—I have only just got ready now, and the bells have stopped ringing. I'll see that the work is done after I return."

Mrs. Parker's gray eyes sparkled balefully.

"Take off your things, Miss, and remain at home. I've had quite enough of this running to church and this shall be the last of it."

Minnie's cheek flushed, and then grew pale.

"But, Mrs. Parker, you promised—"

"I don't care what I promised. You are indentured to me until you are eighteen years old, and I intend you shall earn your living. Not another word but obey me."

And Mrs. Parker stalked out of the damp, mouldy kitchen, with the air of a tragedy queen, while Minnie sat down among the pots and pans and cried bitterly. During all her trials and tribulations the sweet sunshine of the Sabbath day had cast its light through all the dreary ensuing week—it had been something to look forward to, to think of and to anticipate. Now its gentle influence was withdrawn roughly and abruptly, and Minnie felt that she was indeed alone.

Minnie was dusting the parlor chairs the next morning, as Miss Angeline Parker sauntered into the parlor in a tumbled silk wrapper.

"Mamma," she drawled languidly, "I left my parasol down at Waters' on Saturday. Can't Minnie go after it?"

"It's raining," said Mrs. Parker, looking doubtfully out of the window, "but—"

"It isn't raining very hard and I'm afraid it will be stolen."

"Minnie," said Mrs. Parker authoritatively, "put on your hat and shawl and go to Waters' lace store at once for Miss Angelle's parasol."

Minnie glanced out at the driving torrent of rain with a sinking heart.

"If I might wait until after the shower, ma'am," she pleaded in a low voice.

"Obey me this instant," ejaculated Mrs. Parker, with an imperative stamp of her foot. So Minnie went.

"Mamma," said Miss Angeline, a day or two afterward, "I didn't sleep two winks last night with Minnie's coughing. I do wish you would put a stop to it."

"Minnie," exclaimed Mrs. Parker, turning round to the pale young girl who was polishing the windows, "what do you mean by disturbing Miss Angelle?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I could not help it," faltered poor Minnie, "but my cough was very bad indeed. I got so drenched with the rain the other day that—"

"Pooh—nonsense! it's all affectation, every bit of it," said Mrs. Parker, petulantly. "The idea of your putting on airs and pretending to be an invalid—but I'll not endure any such trumpery. Don't let us have occasion to complain again."

All that weary night Minnie tossed to and fro, trying to stifle her hectic cough in the scant pillow lest Miss Angeline's pampered slumbers should be disturbed, and wondering if all the world was joyless and dreary as the brief glimpses she had already had of it.

When she rose in the morning, pale and unrested, with dark circles round her eyes, and a dizzy feeling in her brain, the snow was piled high against the attic window panes, and the wind was shrieking in shrill gusts down the street.

"Minnie! Minnie!" echoed Mrs. Parker's sharp discordant voice up the stairway, "get your broom and the snow shovel and clear the snow off the sidewalk. Those loafing men charge a quarter for doing it, and you may as well save the money for me. Come—make haste."

"It's very cold, ma'am," pleaded poor Minnie, "and my head aches terribly."

"Stuff!" exclaimed Mrs. Parker. "I won't have any fine lady airs—the fresh air is all you want. Be quick, now, and you'll finish before its time to set the breakfast table."

Half an hour subsequently Mrs. Parker was startled by a quick peal of her front door bell.

"Well, what's wanting now," she demanded, putting her pink cap-ribbons gingerly out into the snow. "Bless me, what's the matter?"

For a stalwart policeman stood there, his hat and shoulders thickly powdered with snow and a drooping figure supported in his arms.

"Matter? your girl's fainted away or something. It's a shame to send such a white faced thing out into a storm like this."

And Mrs. Parker took poor Minnie in, secretly gnashing her teeth at the idea of a bound girl's having mortal frailty and weakness. Truly, it was a great presumption.

"What a pity that Minnie should take it into her ridiculous head to be sick at such a time as this," groaned Mrs. Parker, as she looked out her silver and cut glass for the decoration of a gala dinner table. "And that rich East Indian client of your father's coming to dinner too."

"Isn't Minnie any better to-day?" asked Angeline, yawning.

"No, I suppose not; any way, she won't get up."

"Fshaw!" said Angeline, spitefully, "she's as well as I am, if she only chose to say so."

"Your father was saying something about sending for a doctor if she didn't get better."

"Fiddlestick?" said Miss Angeline. "A doctor, indeed! it's only that she likes lying in bed better than working. Mamma, what dress shall I wear? It's a great shame that Minnie can't curl my hair for me."

"Put on your blue silk, Angelle, with the white lace trimming; it is so becoming to your fair hair and delicate complexion. These old bachelors are unaccountable creatures, and there's no saying but that he will put the whole of his business into your father's hands if you succeed in making a favorable impression."

Accordingly, Mrs. and Miss Parker were attired in their best that afternoon, as the door opened and the two gentlemen came in—Mr. Parker tall and thin, with green spectacles and a cadaverous countenance, and Mr. Elliott, a portly, brown faced man, with fiery black eyes and a mobile mouth,

but partially concealed by heavy gray moustaches.

"Delighted to see you, I am sure, Mr. Elliott," said Mrs. Parker, sweetly, while Miss Angeline courtesied nearly to the floor. "Pray take the easy chair."

"Yes, yes, I—I dare say," sputtered the East Indian, beginning a nervous trot up and down the room; "but I don't want to sit down. Parker, don't keep me in suspense any longer."

Mrs. Parker looked at her husband in surprise. Mr. Parker polished his spectacles.

"My dear, here's a very singular state of things—very, indeed. Mr. Elliott has been making inquiries, since his return, after an only sister he had somehow managed to lose sight of—married against his wishes, I believe—and he learns that she died in this city about five years ago, in very indigent circumstances—"

"How very sad," sighed Mrs. Parker sympathetically.

"Leaving," went on Mr. Parker, "a daughter who was sent to the Medbrooke Orphan Asylum."

Mrs. Parker opened her eyes very wide.

"And who was named Minnie—or Mary—Grove?"

"Minnie Grove! ejaculated Mrs. Parker, in a sort of scream.

"Our Minnie!" echoed Miss Angeline.

"And now," interrupted the choleric stranger, bringing his foot emphatically down on the velvet tulips and lilies of the hearth rug, "I want my niece, Minnie. Where is she?"

Mrs. Parker stood rooted to the floor in discomfiture and amazement, while Angeline sank back on a sofa, not forgetting to be as picturesque as possible in the midst of her dismay and chagrin.

"I say, where is she?" roared the East Indian. "I want my niece."

"She—she isn't feeling very well to-day," faltered Mrs. Parker, "and she is up in her own room. I advised her to rest awhile."

"Then take me to her."

"Yes—but I'm not exactly sure—that is, I think she ought to be kept perfectly quiet," stammered Mrs. Parker, thinking of poor Minnie's carpetless floor, and rickety cot bed, with a thrill of apprehension.

"Perfectly fiddlestick! I tell you I will see my niece! Parker, show me the way to her room, or I'll find it for myself."

Mrs. Parker looked appealingly at her husband but that gentleman's sharp legal eye saw no outlet of escape.

"My dear, show Mr. Elliott up," he said meekly, and Mrs. Parker had no choice but to obey.

It was a dismal little attic room, with a sloping roof and one dormer window half hidden with high piled snow. And upon a narrow cot bed, entirely alone, lay the only relative that Walter Elliott, the rich East Indian, could claim in all the wide world.

She did not turn her head as they entered. Mrs. Parker approached the bedside with an insinuating voice.

"Minnie, dear—are you asleep?"

Asleep—yes, she was asleep, but it was that deep, dreamless slumber that never knows waking to mortal trials or sorrows.

"Good heavens!" shrieked Mrs. Parker recoiling, "she is dead."

"Dead!" screamed Angeline.

"Dead!" sternly repeated Walter Elliott, growing very pale. "Dead! and in this hole!"

"It can't be possible!" exclaimed Mr. Parker, "it must be a mistake."

But there is no possibility of mistaking the seal of the great destroyer upon that white forehead and around the marble lips.

Walter Elliott's wealth had come too late. Solitary and unfriended, Minnie Grove had passed into the land where God's children shall never more say "I am alone."

She was buried under the most gorgeous mausoleum that gold could purchase, with a chiseled marble angel bending over her dust, as if it mattered how or where she was laid to rest. And Walter Elliott went back to the tropics without placing his business in Mr. Parker's hands.

"You have murdered my niece," he said sternly, when the various reports of Minnie's wretched life reached his ears—reports that would not be suppressed, in spite of Mrs. Parker's endeavors to still the tongue of popular gossip.

Thus ended the brief, sad life of Minnie the orphan. Would to heaven there were not too many such lives in our midst.

Without Jesus, the child who is heir to a kingdom is poor. Having Jesus, the child who is clothed in rags is unspeakably rich.

Miscellaneous.

An Imperial Horseman.

The Pesth correspondent of the *London Times*, in giving an account of the late coronation of Francis Joseph as King of Hungary, relates the following incident:

"His Majesty, who looked rather thin and worn, as well he might from his fastings and his ceremonies and long observances, not to speak of cares of State and other less public troubles, wore the uniform of a Hungarian general. He has unwittingly done what has made him popular to the highest degree among a people who admire good horsemanship. It was observed on the coronation day that the charger on which the king was mounted was very restive at times. His Majesty is said to have reproached Count Grunne for furnishing him with such a very rampant Bucephalus, and no doubt it was trying enough to have to sit on a curvetting steed nearly seventeen hands high, with the crown of St. Stephen, who was a large-headed man, apparently, on his front, and the robe of St. Stephen, which is not exactly a summer day's mantle, on his back for so many hours. When the king dismounted to take the oath in the square before the Rath House of Pesth, the horse was very much excited, and it became necessary for two grooms to lay hold of his head as His Majesty mounted, which he did with difficulty. Before he was well in his seat, the cannon of Blocksberg opened with a salute. At the first report the horse made a furious bound and rose high in the air, dragging the grooms off their feet and lighting in a prodigious leap in the centre of the throng far away. At the sight, when the horse sprung up, a thrill went through the multitude. What a catastrophe if the king were unhorsed! What an omen if the sacred crown were to fall from his brow, just as he had taken the oath! To their surprise and delight, the king, without an apparent struggle, sat firmly and lightly in his saddle, and bore the shock unmoved as the horse came to the ground; then shouting to the struggling grooms, who were dragged along, "Aufpassen!" ("Let go!") he wheeled round in the midst of his affrighted courtiers and ruled his charger in its impetuous bounds, amid applause which contended with the thunder of the guns, and rode away in a

hurricane of popular delight. His skill as a horseman, and the air with which he drew his sword and spurred his horse up the Kronungshugel, and wheeled him round while he thrust his defiant point at the four corners of the world, won him golden opinions on the Franz Joseph Platz; and it was remembered how when Ferdinand was crowned, his Majesty could not induce his horse to descend from the mound, although he had got him up very easily, the reason being that for some time previously the animal had been fed at the top by the groom every morning, and was led down afterwards. A stately bearing serves a monarch in good stead even among the most unpoetical people, and these things have done as much good to the King as a stroke of State policy, combined with his forcible and solemn manner of taking the oaths and making all the declarations in the coronation ceremony."

"Wake up here and pay for your lodgings," said the deacon, as he nudged a sleepy stranger with the contribution box.

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- FANNY and ELLA COLBURN, Rochester
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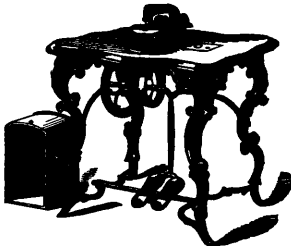
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# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. IV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1867.

No. 2.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

### THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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Over 21 Buffalo Street, opposite the Arcade.

For the Hospital Review.

### September.

O golden fruit-freighted September,

You smile though the summer lies dead,

And hold in your clasping the fruitage of flowers

She tenderly fostered with sunshine and showers;

When the fickle young spring-time had fled.

O bountiful, queenly September—

Trail your scarlet robes over the hill,

The breath of sweet summer must linger here yet,

The odor of roses I cannot forget,

It will cling in my memory still.

O royal, grape-purpled September,

Turn not from the summer I pray;

Your swift-flying feet, O remember,

Bear you on, and snow-mantled December

Shall hide all your glory away.

O prodigal, regal September,

Your robes wear the stain of red wine;

Your banners are flaunting abroad on the breeze,

Your crimson seal burns on the maple's green leaves,

And your brown hand has strangled the vine.

O cruel, wild-hearted September

I turn from your beauty away—

My soul cries aloud for the roses again,

For the velvet-lipped pansies, the white lilies slain

On the altar of Summer, to-day.

MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

### Margaret E. Breckenridge.

The following sketch of one of the band of noble women, whose patriotism and humanity led to the sacrifice of their lives, through their devotion to the sick and wounded in the army of the Union, is taken from a work, entitled, "The Boys in Blue;" by Mrs. A. H. Hoge, of the Northwestern Sanitary Commission, Chicago, to be published during the coming month, by E. B. Treat & Co. Miss Breckenridge, was a daughter of the Rev. John Breckenridge, D. D., and a grand-daughter of Rev. Samuel Miller, D. D., both of Princeton Theological Seminary.

Miss Breckenridge was in Kentucky, September 22, 1862, when Lexington was captured by Kirby Smith and his body-guard, without firing a single gun; our troops not having made a stand there. She facetiously described it in a letter to a friend, at a single stroke, by the remark of a servant of one of the staff of Kirby Smith: "Lor, massa, this is the easiest took town we got yit." She wrote such faithful and humorous accounts of Gen. Kirby Smith's disappointment, at the non-observance of Jeff. Davis' Thanksgiving-day, and of oppressed loyalty in Lexington, that the General considered her dan-

gerous to the peace, and issued an order that she must not leave Lexington, which she did not, during his regime.

She had witnessed the terrific struggles in the border States between loyalty and treason, freedom and slavery, till they had strengthened her already strong nature and determined patriotism, till it excelled that of almost any person whom I met during the war. It permeated her whole being, breathed in every word, lineament and action. She resolved, notwithstanding the protest of many devoted friends, who saw the end from the beginning, to enter the army as a hospital nurse. They knew her intense nature, and her frail body, at all times barely containing the soaring spirit, and they shuddered at the sacrifice. She was wonderfully eloquent and persuasive in conversation, and so influenced them by her arguments and self-consecration, that they yielded their assent, and God set his seal upon her work, by His manifest blessing, and ere long gave her a martyr's crown. Who can murmur or repine at such a destiny!

I can never forget the moral sublimity of her words at Young's Point, when chided for over work, and told she must die, if she did not stop. "What if I do?" she said, with a glowing face and dilated form, till her slight figure grew majestic in my eyes. "Shall men come here and die by tens of thousands for us, and shall no woman be found to die for them?" Silence was her answer, and she went on in her work unimpeded. At the prayer meeting that night, when the story was told to the soldiers, they wept and said, "Shall we not be willing to fight and die, if women feel like that?" Her fragile and youthful appearance, musical voice, and overflowing sympathy, greatly fascinated the soldiers. They seemed to feel, as of Miss Stafford, she was not of the earth, earthy, but an angel visitant, that had alighted on the boat from above, to minister to them. Her transparent purity and dignity awed them. Her light movements, beaming face, and unwearied attention, made her the idol of the sick men.

As I followed her on the City of Alton, said a gray-haired veteran, "Ain't she an angel! She never seems to tire, and is always smiling, and don't seem to walk—she flies, all but. God bless her." Said another, a fair boy of seventeen summers, as she smoothed his hair, and told

him he would soon see his mother and the old homestead, and be won back again to life and health: "Ma'am, where do you come from? How could such a lady as you come down here to take care of such poor, sick, dirty boys?" She replied, "I consider it an honor to wait on you, and wash off the mud you've waded through for me." Another said, "Did you ever hear her sing? Why, it's like a bird singing heavenly tunes." Some folded their hands as she passed, and raised their eyes. Nobody doubted what their hearts were saying.

She wrought for the souls as well as bodies of men, and without cant or pharisaical demeanor, led the wandering sheep "into green pastures and beside still waters," where, I doubt not, she now rests, wearing a martyr's crown, studded with precious souls. She said with a quaint look, peculiarly her own, "When I first entered the army, and the soldiers heard my name, they looked on me suspiciously. I was, however, soon able to disarm their fears, and prove the name had been redeemed by more than one earnest patriot." Her humility in the soldier's work was as touching as her earnestness. Desiring to be thorough in all she undertook, she determined to apply for admission to the Episcopal Hospital of Philadelphia, to receive a thorough training as a surgical nurse, intending to labor in the hospitals of Kentucky. On the 2d of May, 1864, she entered the Institution.

In one short month she was taken with erysipelas, having nursed a severe case of the disease. By the kindness of friends, devoted to the work of that hospital, she was removed to a home of luxury, and nursed most tenderly by the family and her maternal aunt, who immediately went to her from Princeton. Her brother, Judge S. M. Breckenridge, of St. Louis, who sympathized with her in her patriotism and her work, was providentially in the East, and took her on her homeward journey to Niagara. I had the privilege of seeing her at the time, and can convey no idea of the anxiety of her friends at her cheerfulness, which they knew must be so soon clouded by the knowledge of the blow that might overwhelm her, and had been held back till the last moment.

Her brother-in-law, Col. Peter Porter, of Niagara, one of the most accomplished and elegant men in the country, having im-

proved the rarest opportunities for culture at home and abroad, having a residence unrivaled for natural charms, literary and scientific associations with abundant wealth and an interesting family, had laid all these gifts on the altar of his country, and gone forth to battle, and fallen at Cold Harbor, gallantly leading his regiment. From the moment that Miss Breckenridge was made acquainted with this terrible calamity, although she bowed submissively after the first shock of agony, the pious of the tabernacle seemed gradually to be loosening.

With great care she reached Niagara, where the insidious typhoid that had lingered, watching for its prey when reduced to the extremity of weakness, struggled for five weeks for the mastery. With the approach of the grim messenger, came the submissive spirit of his Conqueror, that led all her friends to say, "Oh! death, where is thy sting? Oh! grave, where is thy victory?" She was even willing to be laid aside from her army work, and softly whispered "underneath are the everlasting arms." Not in rapture, but in peace, her spirit passed away, July 27, 1864. Beside her sister and brother-in-law, her precious dust rests at Niagara, whose sublime and endless moan furnishes a fit requiem for one of earth's noblest daughters.

For the Hospital Review.

### Submission.

The Summer gathered all her glories up,  
And went across the hills with lagging feet;  
And ruddy Autumn, crowned with purpling vines  
Hangs out his gaudy banners, while the pines  
Alone stand constant to their absent queen  
And wear, through all, her livery of green.

A little longer, and the year's full cup  
Shall overflow; the bitter and the sweet,  
Each holding its proportion in the draught;  
But by some lips shall all the sweet be quaffed,  
While to my own the bitter drops shall fall,  
And tho' I die I yet must drink them all.

I do not murmur, Lord; I know that I  
Am all unworthy even of the lees;  
For like the constant pines, I strove to be  
True to my King with changeless constancy;  
But even the first frost of worldly scorn  
Saw me of all my transient greenness shorn.

When first I felt Thy love's sweet summer night,  
I stood erect amid Thy vineyard trees,

And felt the new life quickening in my breast,  
And saw myself in fresh new garments drest;  
But Autumn saw my neighboring trees arrayed  
In flaunting hues that shamed my graver shade.

Forgetting my allegiance and Thy love,  
I cast aside the robes that marked me Thine,  
And stood confessed the gayest of the gay;  
And not a soul who chanced to pass that way  
Had ever counted me as one who aimed  
To give up all for Thee, nor feel ashamed.

Therefore, O Lord, I will not speak nor move;  
Do with me as Thou wilt; Thy hand divine  
Can make the bitter sweet, or better still,  
Can make me drink submission to Thy will;  
And tho' I am not worthy, nor can be,  
Clothe me once more as one who loves but Thee.

MRS. JAS. H. WILLIAMS.

### A Lost Day.

"Oh, dear?" sighed Mrs. Phillips, as she seated herself just at dark, one cold winter evening, in a rocking-chair before the fire, "Oh dear, there is no use in my trying to accomplish any sewing; this day has been completely lost, and yesterday it was just the same; I do wish"—but before she had time to finish the sentence, merry little voices were heard in the hall shouting, "Papa has come home," and the next instant the door was opened, and Mr. Phillips came in, followed by the children, Charlie pleading, "Please, papa, let me see your knife;" "Please, papa, lend me your pencil," and even baby Willie's voice, "Please, papa, tum tandy." Mr. Phillips noticed that his wife did not come forward to meet him, and looked rather graver than usual, so stopping only to say, "Softly, softly, children," he inquired, anxiously, "What is the matter?" "Oh! nothing," she answered, "only I have lost another day." But he had not time to ask for an explanation, for just then, Bridget brought in the tea, and it was not until the door had closed upon baby Willie, who had come back for just "one more tiss," that Mr. Phillips had an opportunity to ask his wife what she meant by "another day lost." The cloud which had been driven away while witnessing the children's happiness, settled again upon Mrs. Phillips' face, as she answered, "There are so many claims upon my time, that it is impossible for me to accomplish any sewing; all last week I was trying to make a dress for Anna, but it is not finished yet. I will just give you

a history of one day, and then you can better understand how my patience is tried. This morning, after I had given Bridget the orders for the day, and the children had gone to school, I sat down to my sewing, but the baby was fretful, and so I had to amuse him till it was time for him to take his nap. Scarcely had I laid him in his cradle, when Miss Payne called. She was in deep affliction to-day, having just received the sad news that her only brother had been lost at sea, as he was returning home for a visit. She came to tell me of her sorrow, as she knew I would sympathize with her. I sat down beside her, and did all I could to comfort her. Before she left, however, the baby awoke, and I had to attend to his wants, and then the children came from school. Johnnie had hurt his foot, so I kept him at home this afternoon, and I had both him and the baby to take care of, so you see how much sewing I have done; the day has been completely lost."

"Rather say, redeemed," answered her husband.

Mrs. Phillips looked up in some surprise, but Mr. Phillips repeated, "Rather say redeemed. Who would have supplied a mother's place to Willie, if you had neglected him? Who, but yourself, could have quieted and controlled Johnnie's impatience at being kept in the house? What would the other children have done without mother to come to? How much more keenly would Miss Payne have felt her affliction, almost friendless as she is, if she had not you to confide her sorrows to? 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' 'Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.' How can you call this a lost day? You have accomplished more, much more, than if you had finished Anna's dress."

"I never looked at it in that light before," said Mrs. Phillips, as her husband concluded, "but I see now where my great error has been. I have attached too much importance to things that are really of little value, and have thought too little of those which are really of great consequence. I have not been willing to do cheerfully all of life's work, but in my selfishness have wished to select those things

only which in my blindness I have considered my duty to regard."

In after years, Mrs. Phillips looked back upon many such days, but she no longer grieved over them as lost. Not that she was less conscientious than she had been, but, keeping the end steadily in view, she turned aside upon the journey of life to render those wayside civilities that cost so little, and yet are of so much value to those upon whom they are bestowed. A few minutes spent with Willie at the gate before he leaves for school, a kind word to the old man who saws the wood, an appreciation of Bridget's endeavors, to "please the mistress," a piece of bread and an apple to the little boy who stands shivering at the door. True, it was often very wearisome, when engaged in some pleasant occupation, to hear, "Ma'am, won't you step in the kitchen, and see this poor old woman," or, "Mother, please untie this knot in my kite-string." But she was amply repaid, when she heard the fervent "God bless you," from the poor people whose wants she relieved, and saw how much confidence the children had in her, and how their patience and forbearance was daily cultivated by smoothing all their little difficulties for them, instead of exclaiming, as she had hitherto done, "Oh, dear! I have not time now, go to some one else."

Mrs. Phillips had no more lost days; though the work-basket was almost as full Saturday night as it had been on Monday morning; still work had been done that would last when those garments were worn out and forgotten; aye, even through eternity. As Mrs. Phillips more fully comprehended what a fearful thing it is to live, what a heavy responsibility rests upon all those who have an immortal soul, how earnest she should be to save and encourage all those who came under her influence, she prayed Heaven to spare her the agony of looking back upon a lost day.—*Home Monthly*.

The deeds we do, the words we say,  
 Into the still air they seem to fleet,  
 We count them ever past;  
 But they shall last;  
 In the dread judgment they  
 And we shall meet!

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.

## To the Loved Ones at Home.

FROM THE INDIAN OCEAN.

[The following touching lines were written by the late Capt. ROBERT TOWNSEND, U. S. Navy, during his last voyage, and were originally published in the Army and Navy Journal:]

My own dear wife—dear boy—dear girls—  
The wealth of love ye bear for me  
Is richer than the fairest pearls  
That glisten 'neath this Indian Sea;  
And gathered round our simple hearth,  
Breathing that atmosphere of love,  
Y'd ask no purer Heaven on earth,  
Nor dream a happier Heaven above.

Yet far away my treasure lies,  
Whilst storm-swept oceans roll between;  
The Pole star reigning o'er those skies,  
Ne'er gazes on this alien scene.  
But as I pace the midnight deck,  
The Southern cross is blazing high;  
Ah! heart-estranged, I little reck  
The splendors of this Austral sky.

Only the glorious sun may shine  
At once upon my home and me;  
And watching him at day's decline,  
Sinking beneath the tranquil sea,  
My orisons instinctive break  
Upon the hallowed evening air—  
I know his blessed beams awake  
My darlings to their morning prayer.

Vicerent of the God of Light—  
I cannot wonder, that of old  
The Magi worshiped, as the night  
Fled, vanquished by the orb of gold.  
Our purer faith—our hopes God-given,  
Feel thy benignant influence still,  
Raising the earth-bound soul toward Heaven,  
Scattering each brooding fear of ill.

Thus upward borne, my troubled heart  
Reposes on the Love Divine—  
Far as the several poles apart  
From those dear lives so linked with mine;  
Long months away—for months no word  
To break the chaos absence brings;  
My soul beyond endurance stirred,  
Flies suppliant to the King of kings.

The good and gracious God will keep  
My loved ones in his holy care,  
This yearning, anxious heart may sleep  
Calm on the wings of trustful prayer,  
And, strengthened, turn its wistful gaze  
To that sweet time of halcyon rest

When, bathed in love's unstinted rays,  
'Twill be amid its treasures blest.

Up-springing from the Tropic sea,  
Again the glorious sunbeams shine;  
Bringing your Vesper Hymn to me,  
Mingling your loving prayer with mine.  
Dear wife—dear children—Orient Sun  
And sapphire sea, and pearly skies  
Beam with God's smile:—the loving One  
Biddeth our downcast hearts arise.

[U. S. Steamer Wachusset, Lat. 12 deg. 44 min. Lon. 90 deg. 59 min. E., January 1, 1866.]

## Keeping Engagements.

Some people, calling themselves Christians, or even Christian ministers, have no scruples in violating engagements for their own personal convenience. It is a bad habit, *wicked* we should say, for every one ought to hold his word sacred. The following incident is instructive:

Sir Wm. Napier, was one day taking a long walk near Freshford, when he met a little girl about five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl. She had dropped and broken it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return for having broken it; then, with a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked into his face and said,

"But ye can mend it, can't ye?"

Sir William explained that he could not mend the bowl; but the troubles he could mend, by the gift of a sixpence to buy another. However, on opening his purse, it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot, at the same hour next day, and to bring the sixpence with him, bidding her, meanwhile, tell her mother she had seen a gentleman who would bring her the money for the bowl next day. The child, entirely trusting him, went on her way comforted. On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he especially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to calculate the possibility of giving the meeting to his little friend of the broken bowl, and of still being in time for the dinner-party in Bath; but, finding that this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation, on the plea of a "pre-engagement," saying to one of his family, as he did so, "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so implicitly."

**The Gentleman.**

He is above a mean thing. He cannot stoop to a mean fraud. He invades no secret in the keeping of another. He betrays no secrets confided to his own keeping. He never struts in borrowed plumage. He never takes selfish advantage of our mistakes. He uses no ignoble weapons in controversy. He never stabs in the dark. He is ashamed of inuendoes. He is not one thing to a man's face and another behind his back. If by accident, he comes in possession of his neighbor's counsels, he passes upon them an act of instant oblivion. He bears sealed packages without tampering with the wax. Papers not meant for his eye, whether they flutter at his window or lie open before him in unguarded exposure, are sacred to him. He invades no privacy of others, however the sentry sleeps. Bolts and bars, locks and keys, hedges and pickets, bonds and securities, notice to trespassers, are none of them for him. He may be trusted himself out of sight—near the thinnest partition—anywhere. He buys no offices, he sells none, he intrigues for none. He would rather fail of his rights, than win them through dishonor. He will eat honest bread. He tramples on no sensitive feeling. He insults no man. If he have rebuke for another, he is straightforward, open, manly. In short, whatever he judges honorable, he practices toward every man.

**Beautiful Idea.**

In the mountains of Tyrol, it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bed-time and sing their national songs until they hear their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come about sunset and sing a melody. After singing the first stanza, they listen a while for an answering melody from off the water; and continue to sing and listen till the well-known voice comes borne on the waters, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fishermen, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home, that sing to cheer him; and how they must strengthen and tighten the links that bind together those humble dwellers by the sea!

**Jesus, Take My Sins Away.**

Holy One! whose heavenly splendor,  
Faint doth shadow forth in visions,  
Through the homage angels render.  
Hearken to my poor petitions!  
Night and day,  
Hear me crying, hear me crying.  
"Jesus, take my sins away!"

All the story Love hath written  
In Thy blood, for earth to ponder,  
I have read, and read till smitten  
With belief too rapt for wonder,  
Night and day,  
Hear me crying, hear me crying,  
"Jesus, take my sins away!"

Bruised and bleeding 'neath the burden  
Of my manifold transgressions;  
Clinging to Thy cross for pardon  
While I stammer my confessions;  
Night and day,  
Hear me crying, hear me crying,  
"Jesus take my sins away!"

STANDARD OF CHARITY.—Men measure their charities by a peculiar standard. A man who had but one dollar in his pocket would give a penny for almost any purpose. If he had a hundred dollars, he might give one. Carry it higher and there comes a falling off. One hundred would be considered too large a sum for him who has ten thousand, while a present of one thousand would be deemed miraculous for a man worth one hundred thousand—yet the proportion is the same throughout, and the poor man's penny, the widow's mite, is more than the rich man's high-sounding and widely-trumpeted benefaction.

GETTING OVER SORROW.—Strangely do people talk of getting over a great sorrow—overleaping it, passing it by, thrusting it into oblivion. Not so! No one ever does that—at least no nature which can be touched by the feeling of grief at all. The only way is to pass through the ocean of affliction, solemnly, slowly, with humility and faith—as the Israelites passed through the sea. Then its very waves of misery will divide and become to us a wall on the right side and on the left, until the gulf shortens and shortens before our eyes, and we land safe on the opposite shore.—*Miss Muhlock.*

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER, 1867.

### Our Paper.

We continue to receive most encouraging returns from our agents and friends. Our list of new subscribers is beyond what we had dared to hope, while the equally good work of collecting arrearages and renewing of subscriptions is going on vigorously, we understand, in various quarters. Many thanks to all who have come up so promptly and nobly to our aid, and to those who have been detained from sending in returns, allow us to remind them that we are hoping daily to hear from them—and that we trust they will no longer delay. We are anxious to enter upon our new year strong in numbers—strong in the full assurance of success. Do not, therefore, put off the work for the paper.—Do not—friends and agents—delay collecting subscriptions, and completing your lists—and do not fail to solicit everywhere and at all times, new subscribers. No other time can be quite so sure, so good as *now*.

### Our List of Donations.

Look at it, reader! With our streets overflowing with the beautiful fruits of the golden, bountiful September—with the vines clambering over our walls and lattices, drooping with purple clusters—with gardens and orchards laden with luscious stores—our tables groaning with the luxuries of this famous fruit-growing region—at this season of all others—consider this, and then look at our List of Donations! With an increasing number of sick and of invalids, shut up within our Hospital walls—away from home and friends, and the joys of life, to whom the days and weeks drag slowly—full, as they are, of weariness and of pain—shall we, surrounded with blessings, have no thought or care for them? Shall we eat and drink, and be merry, and never seek to share the good

gifts of Providence with those in sickness and in sorrow? Shall the Hospital, standing in our midst—surrounded with plenty and abundance, receive no more indications of our sympathy and interest, than appear in this month's List of Donations? How cooling, how refreshing to feverish lips—would be some of these nice grapes and pears and peaches, now flooding the markets! Vegetables, too, are always so craved by our invalids—and how abundant—and how nice they are! Look, reader, once more, at the list of donations for this month, and tell us frankly, is it not a reproach to Rochester and to us all?

### Visit to the Hospital.

Death, we found, had again entered the Hospital since our last visit. We missed, in the Male Ward, the pale, patient face of Mr. C——s, who we learned had found rest at last. Mr. C——k, the nice looking old gentleman with rheumatism, we found much better. Other inmates were about, as usual. Among the new-comers, we noticed Mr. McC——, a fire engineer, who was severely injured at the fire in Washington Hall. He is doing well. The "burned man" seemed to us as far from recovery as when we first saw him; but his hope, and that of his physicians, is much more sanguine. Here, however, he lies, almost as helpless as when he was brought here nine months ago. He suffers very little pain, which he rightly feels, is much to be thankful for, and his general health is good—but it must be a long time yet before these frightful burns can be entirely healed. While talking with him, we could hear, now and then, the moans of a colored boy, ill in an adjoining room, with typhus fever.

We found few changes in the Female Ward. Mrs. H——, the consumptive patient, often mentioned, was looking and feeling brighter than we have ever seen her, and was busy in making pretty fancy flower-baskets of paper, for which she is glad

to find purchasers. Our "nice old lady" had just narrowed off the last stitch to a stocking she had been knitting. Bridget T., was still better. E. B., getting on nicely. Mary McC., a worthy woman in whom much interest is felt, is here, with some difficulty of the lungs. Her face was flushed with fever, and she seemed quite ill. A servant girl, just recovering from fever, attracted us, with her good, honest face. A bouquet of choice cut-flowers was upon her stand, which had been brought to her that morning by a lady, in whose family she had lived five years. Jane W., in whom we always feel an interest, we did not find as much stronger as we had hoped. She wept bitterly at the mention of her dead baby—lost from her loving arms—for a little—but not, as we trust, forever. How could any of us bear life's losses, but for this comfort? She was sitting by the crib of a little Jewish girl of four years, who had entirely lost the use of her limbs and of her sight, by paralysis. We could not believe at first that she was blind.—Her pretty, dark eyes looked so clear, so lustrous, and the little creature seemed so happy—but it was, alas, too true. She smiled, and turned her face toward us at the sound of our voices when we spoke—and she had a bunch of keys in her hand, which she shook merrily. It was some comfort to see one, so unfortunate—so unconscious and happy. Lying in the cot where we last saw poor Fanny—we found Josephine—quite ill, but not seriously so, as we trust.

In the Lying-in Ward we saw such a pretty baby—"little Willie," for whom a good home is very much desired. Who will adopt him?

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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.

### Doing Nobly.

The following from two of our little agents, speaks for itself. About a year since, Maggie H. removed to New York City, but has not, as we are gratified to find, forgotten us in her new home. On a visit to Penn' Yan, during the Summer, with the assistance of her friend Ida, she solicited eighteen new names, and collected the subscriptions for two more. This is what we call doing nobly. Will not each of our little friends read this note, and resolve to go and do likewise? Maggie and Ida may be assured of our hearty thanks and appreciation, and may the blessing which never fails to spring from a good action, cling to them and follow them all their lives.

PENN YAN, Sept. 13th 1867.

MY DEAR MRS. PERKINS: Enclosed please find draft for ten dollars, (\$10) to pay for twenty numbers of the Hospital Review, to be sent to the accompanying addresses. Although a little removed from your midst, we feel interested in your paper, and will do all we can to obtain subscribers.

Your young friends,  
MAGGIE HAMILTON,  
IDA RAPLEE.

### Putting up Fruit.

Pickling, canning, and preserving, is now the absorbing theme with our house-keeping friends—and while so busy, do not forget that "extra can" for the Hospital. Those "extra cans," which so many kindly put up for us a year ago, proved so acceptable—so invaluable to our sick and invalids—we cannot think what we could ever have done without them, in the long winter months which followed. In putting up your supplies, you will hardly feel the trouble or expense of one extra can, or bowl of jelly, and yet it will be so grateful to our sick. Don't, we repeat, forget it.

---

ILL that God blesses is most good,  
And unblest good is ill;  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be His dear will.



**Our Little Agents.**

Our little agents are doing bravely, as they always have. Aside from the splendid returns from Maggie H. and Ida R., Jennie and Mary, and Mary W., and others of this city, have sent in their lists, promptly and complete, and with the addition of new names. Thank you, children—and let us hear this month from every name upon our little list.

**Two Quilts.**

Our little friends are interested, we find, not only in collecting for the *Review*—but we notice in the List of Donations, two quilts, for which we are indebted to the same Jennie H., who was among the first to send in her list for the paper; and also to Carrie N. and Jennie G., from whom we have had repeatedly kind remembrances. Little hands—little hearts—for work, we find!

“The praises of others may be of use in teaching us, not what we are, but what we ought to be.”

**Died.**

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 18th, George Hall, aged 24 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 19th, L. P. Watts, aged 60 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, August 21st, John Charles, aged 62 years.

**List of Donations to the Hospital,**

FROM AUG. 15th TO SEPT. 15th, 1867.

- Carrie Neff, Jennie Hurd, and Jennie Gould—2 Quilts.
- A Manager—Bottle of Catsup and a Bonnet.
- Mrs. Stilwell—Rice Pudding and Crackers.
- Mrs. Fox—Vegetables.
- Mrs. Travies—Watermelon and Crackers.
- Miss Witherspoon, Miss Buchan & Miss Kellogg—Delicacies.
- Mrs. Parsons—Tomatoes.
- Mrs. Beach—Fruit and Vegetables.

**Superintendent's Report for August.**

1867. Aug. 1. No. Patients in Hospital, . . .	60
Received during the month, 27—87	
Discharged, . . . . .	34
Deaths, . . . . .	5—39
	—
Sept. 1. Remaining in Hospital, . . .	48

**Receipts for the Hospital Review,**

FROM AUG. 15 TO SEPT. 15, 1867.

Mrs. C. H. Stillwell, Mrs. Thos Wilson, Mrs. Geo. Darling, Miss Lutie Young, Mrs. A. S. Lane, Mr. A. G. Mudge, Mrs. D. Leary, Mrs. S. P. Robins, Mrs. J. Houghtailing, Mrs. J. I. Robins, Mrs. R. L. Bowman, Mrs. I. H. Hurd, Miss A. J. Johnson, Miss P. Andrews, (2 yrs.) Miss M. J. Clark, Mrs. D. A. Woodbury, Mrs. T. Kensey, Mrs. E. F. Hyde—By Mary Lane and Jennie Hurd, . . . . .	\$9 50
Mrs. John Craig—By Mrs. Dr. Strong, . . .	0 50
Mrs. M. B. King, Miss Belle M. Smith, Miss Frank H. Wood, Miss Emma Hayee, George W. Parsons, O. D. Grosvenor, Hubbard & Northrop—By Miss E. A. C. Hayes, . . . . .	3 50
Mrs. A. Ketchum, Victor, for Mrs. Winslow Bond, Honeoye Falls—By Mrs. Dr. Dean, . . . . .	0 50
Mrs. Edward Ray—By Mrs. Enos, . . . . .	0 50
Mrs. Wm. Pitkin, Mrs. McNerry, Mrs. Sproat, Mrs. Geo. Ellwanger, Mrs. H. Barry—By Mary Watson, . . . . .	2 60
Mrs. C. T. Pierson, Ramapo, (subscription and city postage)—By Mrs. N.T. Rochester, . . . . .	0 75
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney (2 years,) Mrs. C. Dewey, Mrs. W. H. Perkins, Mrs. L. F. Hyne (2 years,) Mr. W. D. Purdy, Chili Centre; Chas. H. Perkins, Grand Rapids; Miss H. McKnight, Elizabeth, N. J.; Mrs. W. D. Sexton, Mrs. Samuel E. Dawley and H. M. Dawley, Taberg; Mrs. W. Richardson (\$1.) Miss Minnie Hill, Little Falls; Miss H. Janes (2 years,) F. W. Bradford. Mrs. Quimby (2 years,) Mrs. H. E. Hooker (3 years,) Mrs. W. H. Havens, N. Sparta, (2 years,) Mrs. Dr. Armstrong, Miss Amanda Green—By Mrs. W. H. Perkins, . . . . .	13 00
Miss Sarah Allen, Miss Phebe Whitman, Charles E. Swick, Scottsburgh—By Miss P. Whitman, . . . . .	1 50
Mrs. Paul Goddard (2 years,) Miss A. Goddard, York; Master G. P. Rogers, Suspension Bridge; Master Frank Dodge, Moscow; Master Harry R. Robinson, Roxbury; Mrs. J. S. Orton, Mrs. H. G. Baker, Mrs. E. N. Bacon, Mrs. H. McBride Mrs. J. B. Adams, Geneseo; Mrs. A. Hamilton, Livonia Station—By Mrs. J. B. Adams, . . . . .	6 00
Miss Mary Brockway, Ripon, Wis.; Maggie W. Hamilton, New York; Mrs. Henry Welles, Mrs. Geo. McAllaster, Mrs. Oliver Stark, Chas. Bush, Jr., J. T. Raplee, E. W. Ross, Ida C. Raplee, John L. Lewis, jr. S. H. Welles, John B. Gilbert, Mrs. D. B. Prosser, Frank Cramer, D. A. Ogden, jr. H. B. Bennett, Geo. B. Kinney, Charles R. King, Frank Durry, A. Stone—By Maggie W. Hamilton and Ida C. Raplee, Henry E. Hoyt, Kalamazoo, Michigan—By Mrs. Hoyt, . . . . .	10 00 0 50

**Cash Receipts for August.**

Donation Box, . . . . .	\$ 0 51
Private Patients, . . . . .	109 00

## Children's Department.

### What the Minutes Say.

"We are but minutes, little things,  
Each one furnished with sixty wings,  
With which we fly on our unseen track,  
And not a minute ever comes back.

"We are but minutes; each one bears  
A little burden of joys and cares;  
Take patiently the minutes of pain,  
The worst of minutes cannot remain.

"We are but minutes; when we bring  
A few of the drops from Pleasure's spring,  
Taste their sweetness while yet we stay,  
It takes but a minute to fly away.

"We are but minutes; use us well,  
For how we are used we must one day tell;  
Who uses minutes has hours to use,  
Who loses minutes whole years must lose."

The beautiful song, "A Light in the Window for Thee," was suggested by the following sketch:

### The Widow and her Son.

"Mother, I will be everything to you that I can be; I promise you that.

The boy lifted his head. A look of high resolve made the young brow manlike in expression. Not yet had ten summers deepened the gold on those fair locks. The earnest blue eyes looked fondly in the faded face that bent over him. There was a world of love in that soul—a love that was not only lip deep, but was proved by acts of self denial.

The words are beautiful enough to be repeated. Henry Locke smiled, because as he spoke there came tears to his mother's eyes. He had that morning been promised a place in a country store, five miles from the cot, or rather cabin, where they lived. It was of but a small pittance, but of late the mother had grown so feeble that she could earn nothing—could scarcely do the little that order and neatness called for at her hands.

One dollar a week! It was a very little sum, but better, much better than nothing. Besides, Henry was to have his meals with his employer, and could, if he chose, sleep there. But he did not choose. For a glad smile from mother; for the

pressure of that feeble hand; for the tender Christian words that came from those pale lips, he was bravely willing, after the day's hard work, to walk the five miles, dark and tedious though the way was. Often he came bringing some little delicacy that he had earned, and which was sweet to the invalid because he brought it.

One night the sky was curtained with clouds. The widow looked from her little window facing the hilly road, along which the hay wagons went on their way to the city, and said as the twilight deepening earlier than its wont: "He will not come to-night."

No; he would not come that night. The wind blew fiercely and sent the branches off the old apple-tree rattling against the clap-boards, and threw the rain as with a spite over the little windows, sheeting them and making dreary music. So the widow quite confident that Henry would not venture out in that storm, read her Bible till her heart kindled with the holy words, and putting out her little light, went to her rest.

She knew not how long she had slept, when a voice awakened her. The sweet voice so dear to her was crying "Mother! Mother!" At first she thought it a dream; but, listening intently she heard, blending with the wail of the wind, that cry, and a sound against the latch greeted her. Instantly rising, she groped for a light, unfastened the door, and behold there stood Henry, a piteous sight indeed, covered with mire, literally from head to foot. His face was wet; but the honest, happy smile was in no way abated.

"My boy, how could you come on such a night?" exclaimed the widow.

"Why, mother, storm couldn't keep me from you," was his hearty response. "I've had the greatest time, though, you ever did see—lost my way, got into the creek, and it must be midnight; but I meant to come, for S. gave me a trifle over to-night, and I knew you needed it.

"My dear boy!" sprung from the mother's full heart, with a tear or two that trickled down her pale cheeks.

"I wonder I haven't thought of it before," she said musingly. After this, I'll put a light in the window. To be sure, it won't show far; but, when you get to the top of the hill, it will be pleasant to see it, and know that I am watching for you."

For three years the lamp was placed in

the little window every night. People often remarked that "as bright as Mother Locke's little window," and it became a favorite saying with the neighborhood.

At the end of that time, young Henry was offered a good chance on board a whaling vessel, and he resolved to accept it. It cost him no one knew what a struggle, to part from the being he loved with an almost worshiped affection. But he knew the time had come when he must go forth into the world to do battle for himself and for her; and a sailor's life was his coveted calling.

"It seems to me, Henry," said the mother, when with a trembling lip, she parted from him, "As if I must still put a light in the little window. I shall think sometimes that I hear the sound of your footsteps, the click of the latch, and your pleasant voice. O Henry, Henry, if I could but light you over the stormy waters!"

The long voyage was ended; but another voyage was to end before that. The widow Locke was taken ill. Yet with un-failing regularity, with feeble step and trembling hand, nightly, the dear woman trimmed the little lamp and placed it in the window. Still, when the bended form could no longer totter about the cottage, when she lay helpless upon the bed, and the neighbors came in to take care of her, she would say. "Put the little lamp in the window—my Henry will be thinking of it."

Night after night, and ever until her eyes grew dim, she would watch the radiance of the flickering light, only saying sometimes, "Shall I live to hear his footsteps? Will that feeble flame still burn when my life's light has gone out?"

"I have longed to see him, she said; "I have prayed earnestly, but I have given it all up now. I shall not meet him in this world."

"Have you put the light in the window?" she asked suddenly, a few moments after. "It is growing dark."

Alas! It was not the light that was growing dark.

Her hands grew cold. Over her countenance came that mysterious shadow that falls but once on any mortal face.

"Oh! my boy," she whispered; "tell him"—they bent lower to catch her failing words—"tell him I will put a light in

the window of heaven, to guide his footsteps there."

The thrilling sentence was hardly spoken, when the shadow dropped from the sufferer's face, and it smiled in the calm majesty of death.

A funeral followed; humble hearts attended the body of one who was loved for her sincere goodness all through the hamlet; and on the hill side, in a little graveyard, she was buried.

Not many days after, a great ship came into the port of a busy city. Among all those who stepped from the decks, none were more hopeful, more joyous than young Henry Locke. He had passed through the ordeal of life at sea so far unscathed. No blight of immorality had fallen upon him. He had kept himself as spotless as if at every nightfall his feet had been turned towards the door of his mother's cottage. How his heart bounded as he thought of her! Strangely enough, he never dreamed she might be dead. It did not occur to him that perhaps her silver locks were lying under the lid of the coffin. Oh, no; he only thought of the pleasant light of the window, that her hands had trimmed for him. So he journeyed to his native town.

Yonder comes one who trudges on laggingly—a farmer in heavy boots, and frock, his whip in his hand. He cheers his lazy oxen, but suddenly stops amazed.

"I see you know me," said the young sailor, smiling. "Well, Farmer Brown, how is—?"

"Know you?" why, how tall you have grown! So—"his eyes drop, his mouth trembles—"So you have got home?"

"Yes, and glad to get back again. How is mother?"

"Your mother," he says, in a low, hesitating way, that telegraphs ill tidings before they are told in words.

"Yes, yes—is she well? Is she expecting me? Of course she is; we're late by a month, full."

"Your mother Henry. Well—the old lady"—he plays with his whip, or rather strikes it hard on the dusty road. How can he crush that happy heart!

"There—you need not speak?" cried the young man, in a voice of sudden anguish; and he recoiled, almost staggering, from the farmer's side, and buried his face in his hands.

"Henry, my poor lad, your mother's—"

"Don't, don't!" cried the other, showing now a face from which all color had fled. "Oh! my mother! my dearest mother!—she is gone, gone,—and I am coming home so happy!"

For some moments he sobbed in agony. How dreary the world had grown. The flowers had lost their fragrance, the sun its warmth, his heart seemed dead.

"Henry, she left a message for you," said the old farmer, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his frock.

"A message for me?" It seemed as if the white lips could hardly speak.

"Yes; says she—so my dame told me, and so the minister, said—"Tell Henry I will put a light in the window of heaven to guide his footsteps there."

"Did she—oh did she say that?—God bless you for telling me! All my long voyage I have thought of the light in her little window. I have seemed to see it streaming along, along down to the foot of the hill, till it grew brighter and brighter as I drew nearer. A light in the window of heaven? Yes, mother, I will think you are still waiting for me. I could not see you in these long years, but I knew the light was burning. I cannot see you now, but I know that the light is burning."

Slowly and reverently he went to the hill side grave-yard, and there he knelt and wept upon the lowly grave. But not there he sought her. A sweet vision was vouchsafed him. All robed in heavenly garments, he saw the beautiful soul he called mother, and, streaming from the brightness of her glorious home, a slender beam seemed to come trembling to his very feet.—Then he knew that the light was placed in the window of heaven.

Once more he knelt in the little room where he had left her. Nothing was moved; but oh! how much was wanting! There on the window still stood the little lamp—that brought the tears afresh. But he took his mother's well-worn Bible; and kneeling by her bed-side, as if she could hear him, he consecrated himself to a life and work of righteousness.

From that cottage he went out into the world, carrying his grief as a sacred memorial, but seeing always, wherever his work led him, his waiting mother, and the lamp in the window of heaven.

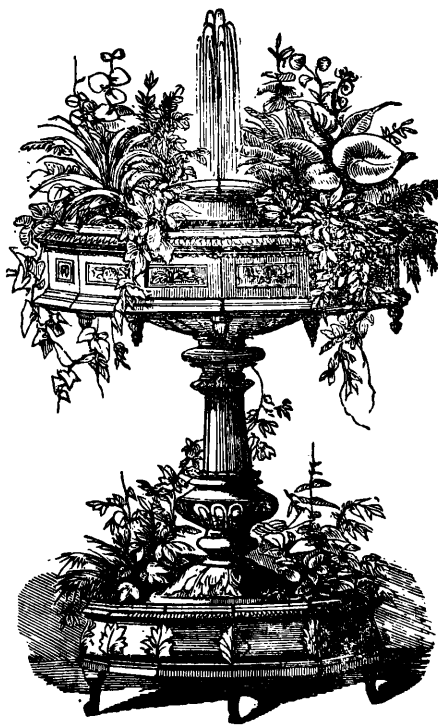
## Miscellaneous.

### Cultivation of Parlor Plants.

EXTRACT FROM LECTURES DELIVERED TO THE LADIES AT THE TRACY FEMALE INSTITUTE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BY WILLIAM WEBSTER.

This Flower Stand and Fountain to which I now direct your attention, is as you see, a most beautiful parlor ornament. It was invented in Germany a few years since, by a Mr. Schickler, of Stuttgart, and introduced into this country by Messrs. Bleuel & Meyer, the enterprising designers and wood carvers, of this city, who have incorporated the manufacture of them into their business, and by whom this one was made. They call it in their circular, the "Parlor Fountain Table," I suppose from the fact



that being on castors it can be rolled with facility from one part of the room to another, like a table. The principle upon which it works is compressed air, which I will explain. The water apparatus consists

of two reservoirs—this one on the upper side of the table, and one concealed below; these are connected by two pipes. To charge the fountain the water must be poured through a funnel into the upper reservoir. You observe that there are two orifices, one larger than the other; this upper portion is not a reservoir, properly speaking, but merely a basin which sets on a reservoir; it is in this orifice in the lower part of the basin that the funnel is inserted. When this upper reservoir is filled, the top is screwed on and water is poured into the basin. This connects through a pipe with the lower reservoir, and as the water accumulates in this the air is driven through the other pipe, which is shorter, into the upper reservoir, where it is compressed and attains a force equal to the weight of the column of water contained in the pipe I first mentioned as connecting with the lower reservoir, and it is this pressure of air which forces the water through the jet to the height which you now see—about two feet.

The length of time the fountain will continue to play depends entirely upon the capacity of the reservoirs and the size of the jet, as the greater the size of the reservoirs, and the smaller the jet—in the same proportion can the play of the fountain be regulated. As the compressed air is forced from above, the water falls into the reservoir below, and when this is filled the fountain ceases to play, but can be charged again by drawing all the water from the lower reservoir. This can be easily done in a few minutes, (as you see it is fitted for this purpose,) by pouring it back again into the upper one.

I scarcely know of any floral ornament on which a lady may exercise her skill to better advantage than on this. Even of itself, without any floral decorations, you see it is an object of beauty, but when these are added, its interest is increased tenfold. Perhaps but few of you are aware how much water adds to the attraction of flowers. I remember attending a horticultural exhibition in Buffalo last year, and one of the most attractive objects there, was a tank filled with the leaves and flowers of our native Water Lily, *Nymphæa odorata*, which shed a most delightful fragrance around.

What plants, do you ask, are best suited to decorate this stand? Why, they are so numerous that it would take me too long

to describe them; the most I can do will be to mention only a few of them. In France and Germany, where great attention is paid to the cultivation of flowers, especially among the refined and educated classes, the taste runs mainly in the direction of variegated leaved plants, or those which are highly colored, like this which I now show you. This is the *Coleus Verschaffeltii*. There is also another, the *Iresine Herbstii*, named in honor of Mr. Herbst, who introduced it from Brazil. You observe that the leaves of both these plants are highly colored, and to fully realize the perfection of color in them, they should be placed at a short distance from the eye, and held between it and the sun, when the latter named plant especially, will present a most brilliant carmine, and such a color as any painter would delight to copy.

This class of plants which I now show you, are also great favorites for decorating stands, or for glass-cases. These are *Begonias*, of which there are a number of varieties. This is the *Begonia Rex*. You observe that the leaves are large and very conspicuous, but the marking is not quite as distinct as in some others, although it is very beautiful, and certainly a regal-looking plant.

To elaborate on all the plants now before me, would occupy a great deal more time than I can now devote to the subject, and shall therefore conclude my remarks by saying that nearly all the *Nymphææ*, or *Water Lily* tribe, either flowers, leaves, or plants, would be appropriate decorations, especially our native ones. Also, *Ferns*—which include the *Osmundas*, *Adiantums*, *Aspidiums*, &c.—the *Selaginellas*, *Lycopodiums*, or *Club Mosses*, would also be very effective. *Fuchsias*, *Zonale Geraniums*, or any plants of a trailing habit, such for instance as *Tropæolums*, *Petunias*, *Maurandyas*, *German Ivy*, or in fact any plant that can be made to assume an easy, graceful, pendant habit. It is really astonishing how much a lady of taste can really accomplish in the way of floral decorations, by using a little judgment in the selection of plants, and even these need not be costly. Take, for instance, a small wire basket and fill it with such common things as *Moneywort* or *Sedums*, with a *Petunia* or *Scarlet Geranium* in the center; and when properly attended to, what an interest it will create! Despise not any plant because it is com-

mon, but use judgment in its adoption, and if directed by the hand of taste, it will rarely fail to please.

**Going to Law.**

Two Dutchmen who built and used in common a small bridge over a stream which ran through their farms, had a dispute concerning some repairs which it required, and one of them positively refused to bear any portion of the expense necessary to the purchase of a few planks. Finally the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and, placing two five dollar notes in his hands, said:

"I'll give you all dish monish if you'll make Hans do justice mit de pridge."

"How much will it cost to repair it?" asked the honest lawyer.

"Not more ash five tollar," said the Dutchman.

"Very well," said the lawyer, pocketing one of the notes and giving him the other; "take this and go and get the bridge repaired; 'tis the best course you can take."

"Yaas," said the Dutchman, slowly, "yaas, dat ish more better ash to quarrel mit Hans;" but as he went along home he shook his head frequently, as if unable, after all, to see quite clearly how he had gained anything by going to law.

A well known lawyer in Boston had a horse that always stopped and refused to cross the mill-dam bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging, would carry him over without stopping. So he advertised him "To be sold for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."

The man who "couldn't stand it any longer" has taken a seat, and now feels quite comfortable.

**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, "

**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 "	15 00
One Year, . . . . .	5 00	One Column, 1 Year, 26 00	26 00

A Column contains eight Squares.

**Election Notice.**

**SHERIFF'S NOTICE—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, (5th) 1867,** at which Election the officers named in the annexed Notice will be elected.

Dated Rochester, September 20th, 1867.

**STATE OF NEW YORK.**

**OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF STATE, }**  
 Albany, July 27th, 1867. }

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 Secretary of State in the place of Francis C. Barlow.

A Comptroller in the place of Thomas Hillhouse.

A Treasurer in the place of Joseph Howland.

An Attorney-General in the place of John H. Martindale.

A State Engineer and Surveyor in the place of J. Platt Goodsell.

A Canal Commissioner in the place of Franklin A. Alberger.

An Inspector of State Prisons in the place of David P. Forrest.

A Judge of the Court of Appeals in the place of Henry E. Davies.

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

Also, a Justice of the Supreme Court for the Seventh Judicial District in the place of James C. Smith, whose term of office will expire on the last day of December next.

Also a Senator for the twenty-eighth Senate District, comprising the County of Monroe.

**COUNTY OFFICERS TO BE ELECTED.**

Three Members of Assembly.

A Sheriff in the place of Alonzo Chapman.

A County Clerk in the place of George H. Barry.

A County Judge in the place of John C. Chum- asero.

A Surrogate in the place of William P. Chase.

A Special Judge in the place of George W. Rawson.

A Superintendent of the Poor in the place of Addison N. Whiting.

Two Justices of Sessions in the place of Daniel Fuller and John Borst.

Two Coroners in the place of Joseph E. Robb and Horace Clark.

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

**FRANCIS P. BARLOW,**  
 Secretary of State.

Sept.

AWAY WITH SPECTACLES.

**OLD EYES MADE NEW EASILY,**

WITHOUT DOCTOR OR MEDICINES.

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents.

Dr. E. B. FOOTE.

Jan. 15, 1867—1 yr.

1130 Broadway, N. Y.

AWAY WITH UNCOMFORTABLE TRUSSES.

**Comfort & Cure for the Ruptured.**

Sent, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents.

Address Dr. E. B. FOOTE,

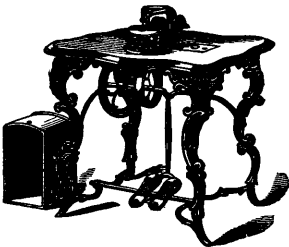
Author of Medical Common Sense,

Jan. 15, 1867—1 yr.

1130 Broadway, N. Y.

**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.

Best 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.

**A. S. MANN & CO.**

ARE now offering their usual complete assortment of Goods adapted to

**Spring and Early Summer Trade,** to which, and the low scale of prices now ruling, they call the attention of their customers. Every thing in the line of

*House-keeping Linens and Cottons,  
Shirtings, Dress Goods, Silks,  
Shawls, Flannels, White Goods,  
Laces and Embroideries,  
Woolen Cloths and Cassimeres,*

and all other Goods in fullest assortment, such as their stock and extensive business demands. Prices will be found low enough to satisfy all at

**37 and 39 State Street,**

March 15, 1867.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**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.

**CURRAN & COLER,**

SUCCESSORS TO B. KING & CO.

**Druggists & Apothecaries,**

No. 96 BUFFALO STREET,

Opposite the Court House.

**Rochester, N. Y.**

RICHARD CURRAN.

April, '66-pd. to '68.

G. W. GOLEE.

**SMITH & PERKINS,  
WHOLESALE GROCERS,**

Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH.

GILMAN H. PARKINS.

[Established in 1826.]

Jan. 1866.

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**S. F. & W. WITHERSPOON,**

DEALERS IN

**Choice Groceries and Provisions,**

OF ALL KINDS,

Nos. 37 & 39 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. inch, 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 "  
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.

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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, 1867. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

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

**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,**

DEALER IN

**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. IV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1867.

No. 4.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED 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 Time of Trouble.

O Father, how free are thy children  
When storms are abroad,  
And our ships lie adrift on the breakers;  
To cry to Thee, "Lord,  
Have mercy, and if Thou carest for me,  
Bring my ship safe through the pitiless sea."

Then when the night goes, and morning  
Shines bright o'er the hill,  
We say, "I need not have troubled,  
It has wrought me no ill:"  
Instead of "O Father, Thy provident hand  
Keeps watch on the water, as guard on the land."

When the mildew lies dark on the harvest,  
Or the gold of the grain  
Grows red with the rust, or stands drooping,  
Athirst for the rain,  
We call to Thee humbly, in terror and dread,  
"O Father, forsake us not, give us our bread."

Then when the garner are flooded,  
And the rich harvest done,  
We complaisantly say, "by my efforts  
What reward I have won."  
But never a thought of whose care kept the cold  
From the heart of the little dry seed in the mould.

When the pestilence stands at our gateways,  
We shiver and cry—  
"At whose door shall the 'black camel' kneel, and  
who call,  
O Lord, is it I?"

So we prostrate ourselves, and pray fervent and  
loud,  
While life's sunny side is obscured by a cloud.

Then we straightway arise, while the footsteps  
That fell at our side,  
Go echoing away down time's corridors,  
Chilly and wide;  
And we keep our lips free from the naming  
Of those who have died. [be,  
Thus we live our lives, Father, as though it should  
Our joys for ourselves, and our sorrows for Thee.

MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

It is not what people eat, but what they  
digest, that makes them strong. It is not  
what they gain, but what they save, that  
makes them rich. It is not what they  
read, but what they remember, that makes  
them learned. It is not what they profess,  
but what they practice, that makes them  
good.

There is nothing like a calm look into  
the eternal world, to teach us the empti-  
ness of human praise, the sinfulness of  
self-seeking and vain glory, and to teach us  
the preciousness of Christ, who is called  
"The Tried Stone."

For the Hospital Review.

**Principles and Practice.**

BY AUNT ELLEN.

"Nothing should ever induce me to adopt a kitten!" said Mrs. Pope's cat, decidedly. "Nothing!"

"Well, I don't know about that!" began Mrs. Wilkinson's cat, soberly; but she was interrupted.

"Oh, my dear friend, don't say so!" exclaimed Mrs. Higginson's cat, with enthusiasm. "Think what a charming, what a delightful work, to train the mind and heart of a harmless little stranger, to watch the budding intelligence unfold, and observe the thousand graceful freaks and pranks of kittenhood—Dear me! How very unpleasant! Pray don't do that again!" And Mrs. Higginson's cat darted a furious glance at Mrs. Wilkinson's cat's kitten, who, encouraged by her sweet tone and charming sentiments, had ventured to play with the end of her tail.

"Dear me!" thought the poor kitten, shrinking behind its mother, "who would have thought she would make her eyes so big and so green, all in a minute?"

"I don't think one would adopt a kitten so much for one's own sake as for the sake of the kitten itself!" observed Mrs. Wilkinson's cat, mildly.

"Oh, but think of the delightful employment which it would afford one!" exclaimed Mrs. Higginson's cat, enthusiastically. "What a charming object for one's life! There is nothing, believe me, like having a great soul-filling object always before one, to elevate one's aspirations, and exalt one's sensibilities!"

"I never felt the want of an object in life!" said Mrs. Pope's cat. When one has nothing else to do, one can always lick one's paws! A kitten does put things so out of order, and they are always getting into the dirt, and wanting to be washed. And after all is done, they no sooner grow

up to be good for something, than off they go, and set up for themselves."

"I quite agree with you, so far!" said Mrs. Wilkinson's cat. "Kittens are troublesome comforts; but after all, I should be sorry to part with my little plague," she added, giving a gentle little tap to her kitten, which was amusing itself by trying to climb on her back.

"Oh, of course, if they come in the way of nature, one must just put up with it, and make the best of them?" said Mrs. Pope's cat. "That is a very different matter from taking up the burden of one's own accord."

"It must be confessed, my dear friend, that you have not much greatness of soul!" said Mrs. Higginson's cat, sighing, and rolling up her eyes. "For my part, I think the action would be its own reward, as all noble and exalted actions are. The pure and true soul will always find it so!" It must be confessed that Mrs. Higginson's cat was rather given to the gushing and high-flying style in conversation. But then her master and mistress were in the same style, and had a great many visitors from the east, and as the cat was accustomed to sit under the table at meal-time, she heard a good deal of that sort of thing.

"I don't know about that!" said Mrs. Wilkinson's cat. "I have had a good deal to do with kittens, and I know just how much trouble they make. One is often obliged to give up one's own pursuits, and sacrifice one's own views and comfort for their sake. They are sometimes sick, and often naughty and idle, and tease one with their play at inconvenient times. I think if any one were to take a kitten to bring up, for the pleasure of it, she would most likely be very much disappointed; but if she were to do it from a sense of duty, and because the poor creature needed a home—why that would be very different!" concluded Mrs. Wilkinson's cat. It must be allowed that she was not eloquent, but she

had had few advantages. She lived in the family of a hard working city missionary, where meat was often scarce, and she had to provide both for herself and her kittens, so she had no time to cultivate eloquence. "Well, I dare say you may be both right!" returned Mrs. Pope's cat, rising and stretching herself, "but for all that, I shall never adopt a kitten."

"Oh, mother, what do you think!" exclaimed Mrs. Wilkinson's cat's kitten, rushing into the pantry, where her mother was watching a mouse-hole; though perhaps it would be hard to see what should tempt a mouse into Mrs. Wilkinson's pantry.—"What do think! Mrs. Pope has got a kitten—a real black kitten."

"Nonsense, my dear!"

"She has, mother! I saw it. It is almost as big as I am, but oh, so thin and scrawny, and weak. It could not get up the steps alone, and she had to take it in her mouth and carry it. Do let us go and see it, mother!"

"Are you going to Mrs. Pope's?" asked Mrs. Higginson's cat. "Do you know what she has done? Actually taken in a kitten, and oh, such a miserable little dirty thing!"

"What kitten was it?" asked Mrs. Wilkinson's cat.

"Oh, I don't know. It was hanging around the neighborhood, squalling and crying, for two or three days. Our cook had rather a notion of taking it in, but of course I could not have that, as I let her know, pretty soon. Cook is a good creature, but she must be made to know her place, now and then."

The kitten opened her round eyes very wide. "But I thought you thought it would be so nice to adopt a kitten," said she, innocently. "I am sure you said so the other day, when Mrs. Pope's cat"—

"You are very pert, Miss. Your mamma should teach you better manners," said Mrs. Higginson's cat, severely. "When I

talked of adopting a kitten, I was not thinking of such a little wretch as that, all dirt, and with such habits—my! I was thinking of some dear innocent artless creature, full of gentleness, and possessing that lovely purity, and those sweet aspirations which raise one's soul to higher things!"

"I don't know much about all these matters!" said Mrs. Wilkinson's cat. "I never found many of these wonderful things in kittens, myself. They have strong aspirations after milk and mice, and they are generally out of one piece of mischief into another, from morning till night. But, if a kitten is starving, it wants to be fed; and if it is dirty, it needs to be washed, whether it is full of gentleness or not."

"Oh, you are so practical! But here comes our friend with her protegee? Did you ever see such a little scarecrow?"

"Poor little dear!" said her companion. "It does look as if it needed a home, don't it?"

"Well, I suppose you have come to laugh at me?" said Mrs. Pope's cat, blushing a little.

"I don't see any thing to laugh at!" replied Mrs. Wilkinson's cat, gravely. "It was very good in you, I am sure."

"Oh, I don't know. I hated to do it, that is a fact; for I never have been fond of kittens; but I could not see the poor wretch starve, and it seemed to have no one to care for it. Its mother is dead, and its father is no good—in fact." And Mrs. Pope's cat glanced at the two kittens, and whispered mysteriously.

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Higginson's cat. "How can you think of undertaking it?"

"Some one must do it!" said Mrs. Pope's cat. "It might as well be me as any body, and, after all, when the poor thing gets a little smoothed and fatted up, I think she will look very well. Besides, she is cunning and clever. She watched a mouse yesterday of her own accord, and this

morning she played with my tail, quite a good while, very prettily. And just hear how nicely she purrs."

"You must let her come and see my little one!" said Mrs. Wilkinson's cat, kindly. "They can play nicely in the back kitchen."

"Well, you are very good-natured, I must say!" said Mrs. Higginson's cat, as they walked homewards: "but I wonder at you, to let that creature play with your kitten. For myself, I don't think I shall have much to do with her. My soul revolts, and my tranquility is disturbed by the sight of such an object."

"Mother!" said the kitten, thoughtfully, after they were at home again: "isn't it odd that Mrs. Higginson's cat should have turned away that poor little thing, after all she said, and that Mrs. Pope should have taken it in, after what *she* said? I wonder why it was."

"The matter is easily explained, my dear!" replied her mother. "It is not at all an uncommon case. Mrs. Higginson's cat's principles are better than her practice, and Mrs. Pope's cat's practice is better than her principles."

A HARD GRACE.—It is not difficult to "weep with those who weep," for the sight of sorrow naturally begets pity; but to "rejoice with those who rejoice," to relish the prosperity, to be glad in the advancement, to sympathize with the happiness of others, cuts our selfishness, and proves often the hardest Christian grace to exercise.

They that deserve *nothing* should be content with *anything*. Bless God for what you have and trust God for what you want. If we cannot bring our condition to our mind, we must bring our mind to our condition. If a man is not content in the state he is in, he will not be content in the state he would be in.

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths:

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives,  
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

### Rain in the Heart.

The following lines were found by a soldier, in a deserted house on the Peninsula, Virginia, and appeared in one of the Southern papers:

If this were all—oh, if this were all,  
That into each life some rain must fall,  
There were fainter sobs in the poet's rhyme,  
There were fewer wrecks on the shores of time.

But tempests of woe pass over the soul,  
Since winds of anguish we cannot control;  
And shock after shock, we are called on to bear,  
Till the lips are white with the heart's despair.

The shores of time with wrecks are strewn;  
Unto the ear comes ever a moan;  
Wrecks of hopes that set sail with glee,  
Wrecks of love, sinking silently.

Many are hidden from the human eye;  
Only God knoweth how deep they lie;  
Only God heard when arose the cry—  
Help me to bear—oh, help me to bear.

Into each life some rain must fall;  
If this were all, oh! if this were all!  
Yet there's a refuge from storm and blast;  
Gloria Patri—we'll reach it at last.

Be strong, be strong, to my heart I cry,  
The pearl in the wounded shell doth lie;  
Days of sunshine are given to all,  
Tho' into each life some rain must fall.

### Old Age.

An English Magazine writer observes:

Old age is but a mask; let us not call the mask the face. Is the acorn old because its cup dries and drops it from its hold—because its skin has grown brown and cracks in the earth? Then only is a man growing old when he ceases to have sympathy with the young. That is a sign that his heart has begun to wither. And that is a dreadful kind of old age. The heart never need be old. Indeed, it should always be growing younger. Some of us feel younger, do we not, than when we were nine or ten? It is not necessary to be able to play at leap-frog to enjoy the game. There are young creatures whose turn it is, and perhaps whose duty it would be, to play at leap-frog if there was any necessity for putting the matter in that light; and for us, we have the privilege, or if we will not accept the privilege, then I say we have the duty, of enjoying their leap-frog. But if we must withdraw in a

measure from sociable relations with our fellows, let it be as the wise creatures that creep aside and wrap themselves up and lay themselves by that their wings may grow and put on the lovely hues of their coming resurrection. Such a withdrawing is the name of youth. And while it is pleasant—no one knows how pleasant except him who experiences it—to sit apart and see the drama of life going on around him, while his feelings are calm and free, his vision clear, and his judgment righteous, the old man must ever be ready, should the sweep of action catch him in its skirts, to get on his tottering old legs, and go with brave heart to do the work of a true man, none the less true that his hands tremble, and that he would gladly return to his chimney corner.

For the Hospital Review.

### My Buried Friends.

My buried friends, can I forget?  
Or must the grave eternal sever?  
They linger in my memory yet;  
And in my heart they live forever.  
They loved me with a love sincere,  
And never did their love deceive me;  
But often in my conflict here,  
They rallied quickly to relieve me.

I heard them bid the world adieu;  
I saw them in the raging billow:  
Their far-off home appeared in view,  
While yet they pressed a dying pillow.  
I heard the parting pilgrim tell,  
While crossing Jordan's stormy river,  
"Adieu to earth, for all is well,  
Now all is well with me forever."

O, how I long like them to wing  
And range the fields of blooming flowers;  
Come, holy watcher—come and bring  
A mourner to your blissful bowers.  
I'd speed with rapture on my way,  
Nor would I pause at Jordan's river;  
With songs I'd enter endless day,  
And live with my loved friends forever.  
East Pembroke, August, 1867. F. R.

It was a beautiful idea of the infant astronomer, who said that the stars were "holes in the sky for the glory of God to shine through!" Another admirable answer, also of a child, was, when asked if there was any place in the universe where God is not, "Yes, God is not in the thoughts of the wicked!"

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1867.

### Invitations all Out!

Here they are—to come everybody to our Thanksgiving Party, which will take place at the Hospital, the Friday after Thanksgiving. It will be, as we hope, just such another large, merry, happy gathering as it was one year ago. We wish, first of all, to see our friends from every side—from country and from city—from near and from far—and all whom they can persuade to come with them. Engaged in the same good work—the tie that binds us together, is a sacred and endearing one. Once a year, is surely not too often for us to meet together, to talk over our mutual plans, and hopes, and fears.

Secondly—we want aid. It is the season when we most need help, and when help is most easily bestowed. The harvests have been most abundant—with barns and store-houses full—with plenty and comfort within our doors, and the tokens of God's goodness so manifest around our lives, it is a peculiarly fitting time to consider those less favored, and whom He asks us tenderly for His sake, to remember. We come from the olden and time-honored National Festival, which we have just been celebrating in our own happy homes. Let us come with hearts softened with gratitude, for all the joys bestowed upon us—and with hearts tender with sympathy, for those to whom so much that we hold dear is denied. The sick—the suffering of our Hospital—many of them far from kindred and home, have a special claim upon us at this time. Come one—come all. Should the weather prove inclement, remember the cars pass directly by our Hospital many times during the day—and the occasion is surely worthy a little special effort. Come with a thank-offering, for the many mercies crowning your lives! Come, and

bring according to the olden rule—each one as God has prospered you—be it much or little.

### The First Thing to Do.

Having found yourself fairly inside our Hospital doors—the very first thing to do is, to find the Table devoted to the *Review*, pay your most devout respects to the ladies in attendance—and put down your name, at once, as a subscriber, if you are not already one. If you are, have you not some friend—or little niece—or cousin—to whom you would like to send it for a year? Then—the very best of opportunities will be offered, for you to pay up arrearages, if you are one of the *many* on our books who owe them—and renew your subscription for the year. We attach a first importance to the *Review* table. We would rather you would slight every other table than this—and if you have only fifty cents to spare, this is the very best place to put it down. It will go frather for us here—and do us more good. One more copy of the *Review* in circulation—spreading abroad our needs—our aims—and making its appeals, who can estimate what its value may be to us!

### Our Wants.

We do not believe it is necessary to reiterate to our friends, *our wants*. Let no one be at a moment's loss what to bring. Everything to eat—to drink—to wear—everything ever useful for the sick—and everything ever of use in any house, cannot come amiss. Shall we enumerate? We might—but we spare you.

### A Gift for the Fancy Table.

Among the gifts for the Fancy Table, already received, is a pair of baby stockings—very pretty and unique—beautifully knit, by Mrs. Walls, of Prescott, Wisconsin. A special interest attaches to them, from the fact that Mrs. Walls is perfectly blind.

### Enlargement of our Sheet.

Our paper this month, as our readers will observe, is eight pages larger than usual. We have found this addition necessary, in order to make room for extra Hospital matter and advertisements. Once in three months, it is now proposed to issue this extra size, hoping the additional reports and statistics it contains, may prove of value to our readers. We also issue a large number of extra copies this month, which will be sent out gratuitously, with the earnest hope that all who shall receive our little Messenger will give it a hearty welcome—and through its pages, become interested in our Hospital. To know what it is accomplishing—and hoping to accomplish—will prove sufficient. Help and sympathy will follow naturally. The *Hospital Review* is our messenger to you, dear reader, to-day. Do not fling it coldly or indignantly aside—read what we have to say—receive it kindly, for the sake of the cause we plead, and give us an abiding place in your homes and in your hearts.

### The Fancy Table.

Much interest is felt in the Fancy Table. From those who have charge of it—and from those engaged in working for it—we expect a great number and variety of pretty and useful articles. Those, beginning to look forward to Christmas, and to provide presents for that happy time, will find here very much that is attractive. Come, prepared to buy! Donations to the Table are requested to be sent in as early as possible!

### Another Visit to Brockport.

Our two young friends who made so pleasant and so successful a visit to Brockport about a year since, have recently returned from another equally satisfactory trip to that town, bringing with them several new names for the *Review*, as well as renewals of subscriptions, and having had a nice time generally.

### Subscribe for the Review.

Reader, if you have never seen this little sheet before, it is time you had an introduction, which, with your permission, we now give you. And don't let your acquaintance stop there—subscribe! That is what we want!

### Our Entertainment.

Just what our Entertainment will be, and all that it will comprise, we are not yet able to tell, and perhaps we should not if we could. We should enjoy giving you a pleasant surprise—and then it would be such a temptation to put your curiosity and expectation on the *qui vive*. One thing, however, we can and will tell you—and that is, that you may safely anticipate some *very excellent charades*. From what we know of the taste and talent of those who have the management of them, they cannot fail to be more than ordinarily attractive. Then—we expect good music—possibly an Old Folks' Concert—possibly a Side Show—possibly something else. Wait—and come and see!

### About our Wings.

The cut of the Hospital, given to-day, is not a true picture of our building as it is, but more as it will be when completed, and we have the additional Wing. We have but one Wing at present, which gives us a decidedly awkward and crippled appearance. We receive, now and then, a donation towards the building of the new Wing—and contributions for this purpose would not be at all amiss at our Thanksgiving Party. In the language of the poet, we can truly say—we feel “a longing for *Wings*.” O, give us *Wings*!

### Lint, Bandages and Old Cloths.

The Nurse at the Hospital, complains of a great want of lint, bandages and old cloths. In all kinds of sickness, pieces of old cotton or linen are useful, and in some cases indispensable; and this want in our Institution is never quite fully supplied. Remember us, do.

### Visit to the Hospital.

There was very little of special interest in our visit this month. The building was looking less attractive than usual, as they were taking in coal, and at general house-keeping, &c.—getting ready for winter and getting ready for the grand forthcoming Thanksgiving Party.

We were surprised upon entering the Male Ward to find the “burned man,” who had been removed from his corner at last. He is still confined to his cot, but the change must be a relief to him—and then, it was gratifying to be able to see that he is improving. W. S., a sufferer with a nervous affection, moved our sympathy. His head shakes continually—except when he is asleep. He injured himself by lifting, in the army. He was engaged at one time, as night-watch, in Gen. Grant's stables. Mr. S., the blind man, mentioned last month, is comfortable, and makes himself, we understand, very useful in the Hospital. Several new patients are here, to be treated for their eyes. J. K., is an inmate, whose ribs were crushed at the Water-works Reservoir. Colored boy, we spoke of last month, recovered and gone. In an adjoining room, we found G. A., an engineer. He sprained his knee one dark night, by stepping off the train, and has suffered much with it since, owing to bad treatment, and finally was obliged to come here and have a new operation performed.


Mrs. Hoyt did not meet us with her usually bright face. She has been failing rapidly since we saw her. Mrs. H., the nice looking Scotch woman, has gone to her old home in Scotland, to be cared for, kindly, as we trust, to the end of her days. Josephine, recovered and gone. M. McD., attracting our notice, we learned was a new patient—suffering with enlargement of the heart. We saw little C., the motherless child spoken of last month. She has not received so many additions to her wardrobe as we had hoped—but Thanksgiving

is at hand, when she may fare better. In the adjoining room we found three young and interesting looking girls, convalescing from typhoid fever.

In the Lying-in-Ward, were an unusual number of young mothers, with their babies. For nearly all of these children, adopted homes and parental care are earnestly solicited. O, are there none to heed the pathetic appeal which their innocence and helplessness now makes to every mother's heart! Among the number, are two fine little boys. Who will take them? Who will save them from the sad future which seems inevitably to open before them?

#### A Can of Pears.

A can of pears was brought in to us this month, in connection with which, the following little incident was related to us, and which may prove of some interest to our readers. The can, with others, was put up by a brother and sister, and an agreement was made that this can should be set aside and kept until they could share it together. The brother rejoined his regiment and never returned. The family had no heart to touch the can, so associated with him, and it remained until a friend visiting in the family, without knowing anything of the circumstance, had a dream, which she related one morning. She thought she saw a can of pears, with the strange label, in large letters, "Put me where I will be useful." The dream was doubtless, a mere coincidence, occurring as it did, at the season for putting up fruit, but the family at once thought of that untouched can, and lead, by the suggestion of the dream, brought it to the Hospital. Although put up so long ago, the fruit proved fresh and nice.

 We shall look for those "extra cans of fruit," at our Party!

"The heart with all its blunders tells truths more easily than the head."

#### Third Annual Report from the Ladies' Hospital Committee, to the Female Charitable Society.

##### LADIES:

Gratitude and humility become us today, as we gather to sum up the labors, and garner the sheaves of the year just passed. Gratitude, for what we have been permitted to do; humility, that we have done so little. But, if one heart has been lightened of its load of sorrow—one soul, pointed to God—one penitent, looking to Jesus, bid "to go and sin no more—" "Not unto us, not unto us," but to Him be the glory.

There have been admitted to the Hospital for the year ending November 1st, 1867, 294 patients. There have been 16 births and 27 deaths. Of this number, 183 belonged to the United States; 49 from Ireland; while the remainder, were from England, Canada, Germany, Prussia, Scotland, Wales and Hungary. There are now remaining 52.

Dr. Jones has been chosen to fill the place made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Van Zandt, as Superintendent; and Miss Hibbard, as Matron—both giving satisfaction, though their duties are varied and arduous.

The medical department continues the same as the previous year, with the addition of Dr. W. S. Ely, and should receive the thanks of all interested.

Rev. Mr. Dillon, who accepted the office of Chaplain, in March last, having relinquished his labors here, has resigned his position. He was faithful in his work, service having been held every Sunday since his appointment.

"The Hospital Review" is still continued, with a small addition to its list of subscribers, and has awakened an interest in the Hospital, which would not exist but for its issue.

That such an Institution has been reared in our midst—a monument of Christian love—none but would rejoice, could they



witness the care and nursing bestowed upon all. Many strangers from their native land, in their hours of sickness and suffering, find here a home.

We call to mind one, stricken with paralysis. Her sufferings and care, we cannot describe. We only know God alone can repay those, who thus minister to others, while through the discipline of *such* suffering, she must have been made meet for an inheritance in that world "where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

The funeral rites of one, far from home and kindred, none could have witnessed unmoved; though every word which fell from her pastor's lips, was in a *foreign* tongue, the touching eloquence left an impression, not soon to be forgotten. Another; aye, more than one, tempted and fallen, have here laid down their sorrows, drinking to its full, the bitter cup of unrequited love.

"And so they fell!

By Heaven they seemed forgot;

Then *sua* became their lot,

And heavy on their souls guilt's shadows fell.

Ah! what they struggled through;

Yes, what they conquered, too,

Who but the God of love, can tell!"

The majority of the patients are unable to compensate fully for their care at the Hospital, consequently there being but two free beds, belonging to the "Ladies' Charitable Society" and the "Fireman's Benevolent Association," the deficiency must be met, for time to come, as it has been, by the gifts of those on whom God has bestowed a greater share of earthly treasure. And we look forward with hope, to our Annual Thanksgiving Party, for such an offering from grateful hearts, as may replenish our exhausted Treasury.

Sad memories come afresh to-day of the loss, which we, in connection with our whole city, have sustained in the death of

one, whose life was a close imitation of her Saviour's, in that she "*went about doing good.*" God hath called her.\* Who can fill her place? One year ago, she was with us here. Who can tell how many now present will have finished their life work ere another year shall have run its course!

In the words of another, "One by one, we must resign our tabernacle to its kindred dust, and may it be like her, whose ready spirit has so recently relinquished earth, and soared upon the wings of Jesus' love to worship in that temple. Kind, good and noble, was the spirit which has fled—unselfish benevolence, the habit of her life. Faith, hope and love, moulded her character, and her prayers and alms have gone up with her memorial to God. Her's is, indeed, the inspired blessing of 'the dead who die in the Lord.' "She rests from her labors."

"The rest appointed thee of God,

The rest that naught shall break or move,

That ere this earth by man was trod,

Was set apart for thee, by love:

Thy Saviour gave his life to win

This rest for thee—oh, enter in."

Nov. 1, 1867.

C. E. MATHEWS,

Cor. Sec'y.

\* Mrs. General John Williams.

#### Forty-fifth Annual Report of the Rochester Female Charitable Society.

LADIES OF THE ASSOCIATION:

The winds are taking rude pastime—rattling bare boughs, and heaping dry leaves,—but, Autumn gave us first her soft and dreamy days, when, listening to her lighter sounds, we heard the tree murmuring, I have yielded rosy fruit; and the vine, I the purple clusters; and the stalk rustled, I bore the golden corn. Then a hundred voices from field and orchard, asked in chorus, What have ye done for the good of man and the glory of the Father!

For *one*, we reckon up not the labor of a year, but of a lifetime. The stern old Reaper has borne her from the hearthstone, and left hearts more bare than nature's sym-

bol; but a "Well done, good and faithful servant," is echoed back to earth to soothe the desolate. On the decease of Mrs. Whitney, in 1843, filial affection took up the work the mother's folded hands had dropped, and, for 24 consecutive years, Mrs. John Williams was a faithful and efficient visitor. On whom shall her mantle of earnest persistence in well-doing fall!

Mrs. Lewis, another old and valued member, left the city a few months since. Now the tidings, reach us, that she, too, has, joined the Spirit band. We missed two of our members, one year ago. To-day we record the departure of other two. Suggestively, our thought leaps forward a twelvemonth.

The Directresses have met every month and deliberated upon the cases presented. There has been an average attendance of 23 members. Twice every month, *faithful* Visitors have canvassed their districts, and, with care and pains-taking, have distributed the charity provided. 300 individuals have been assisted.— Men, women and children, with various degrees and forms of sickness. Let me quote a few representative cases.

Last Dec. a stranger in New York sought in vain for employment. After parting with his last silver thaler, prized memorial of his fatherland, and submitting to the seizure of clothing by the avaricious master of a boarding house, he, with his wife and two little girls, came to our city to find work and a home. They procured a roof to shelter them, an old stove with one kettle, a broken chair, two or three cracked dishes, and a blanket. Then came sickness. No bed, no bedstead—no food, no fuel. Unable to rise from the *floor*, his family knowing scarce a word of our language and suffering from hunger; he only able to utter the few English words at his command at long intervals and between asthmatic gaspings, they gaze each at the other,

not knowing how or where to seek for aid.— But, at this moment of their utter wretchedness, a visitor is on her rounds, and a gentle, "Any one sick here?" is heard at the door. She enters quietly, and taking in the whole situation at a glance, assures them, by word and gesture, that she will be their friend. She supplies nourishment, sends for a physician, and, with hasty feet, carries the tidings to the nearest German neighbors, who cheerfully unite their efforts and place their countryman upon a comfortable bed. The Overseer of the Poor is solicited, and consents to make these strangers an exception, to the general rule, and supply the wants of the family. In a few weeks the sufferer passed beyond the need of our sympathy, but his worthy widow was placed where she still earns a support for herself and her children.

To you, Ladies, it is needless to present more than the bare facts. You are all familiar with the details of poverty, and know how suffering may be intensified by want of care and need of the necessaries of life.

Two years since, Mr. A. had partly paid for his house, when he was prostrated by disease of the heart. Before his death, thinking to aid his wife, he taught her to sole shoes, enjoining upon her to teach the eldest of the four children, as soon as he was old enough to assist her. Carrying heavy baskets of shoes, brought on illness from which she has not yet recovered.

The B. family came from Montreal expecting higher wages, but failed to get employment. Accustomed to a comfortable home and surroundings, pride kept them from making their wants known. The mother sold various articles of her own work, and for a time "kept the wolf from the door." They were found in a very destitute condition, the oldest daughter sick, the mother enduring a painful illness, induced by want of proper food, and the

baby almost starving for want of nourishment. In acknowledgement of charities bestowed, they could not say enough, and, over and over again, requested the visitor to thank the Society.

A widow has four children. The oldest is just recovering from three months illness from typhoid fever. The baby is sick, and the mother trying to earn their bread by sewing, at night, while the children sleep.

Mrs. C. is sick, and also her young babe. Her husband, a blacksmith by trade, can earn but little, because of a shoulder wounded while in the army. His mother, wife, babe and himself, live in a room ten feet square. He is hoping to soon get a pension.

The D. family are without the means of subsistence, and almost sick from hunger. The oldest of six children has a fever, and the baby has just been badly scalded. The father is out of employment, and the mother begs for sewing.

Mr. E. has asthma; his wife inflammation of lungs. Their young son, whose small wages has been a help, was run over by the street cars, and taken to the City Hospital.

Mr. F. became insane, and died at Utica—soon after, the health of the wife failed—destitution followed. For the sake of her children, she strove to keep up her spirits, and clung to life;—but before her departure she was enabled to commit her dear ones to the care of the "God of the fatherless", and fell asleep, relying on the hope of a happy immortality.

B. G. has an abscess caused by hardships endured while a prisoner at Salisbury. He has been sick a year, and has expended all his bounty.

Mrs. H., and her twin babes, were so neglected by the nurse her husband provided, that the visitor caused them to be removed, from the foul atmosphere of their own home, to the City Hospital.

There, through the assiduous care and patience of the nurse, her life was saved.

A gentleman, over eighty years of age, a lawyer by profession, while watching by the bedside of a sick daughter, was informed that his son, in a distant city, had failed in business, and must cease his usual remittance. Aid for a few weeks was received with the greatest thankfulness.

In mid-winter, an aged couple were found living without fire, or any place for making one. The wife was sick, and the husband begged food from door to door, and prepared it by a neighbor's stove.

Almost all these persons have expressed their thankfulness in most touching terms. We know that pain, and sorrow have been mitigated, and that sometimes, by the blessing of God, life has been prolonged, and health restored.

Last January, our treasury being almost exhausted, it became necessary to appeal to the public. The ladies of the Society, in behalf of the sufferers relieved, thank those who so generously responded. They also acknowledge the courtesy and liberality of the Daily Press of the City; and are grateful to all who have in any way aided them in their labors.

Respectfully submitted,

MARY E. MORSE,  
*Secretary.*

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### Died.

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At the Rochester City Hospital, September 27th, 1867, of Typhoid Fever, Charles R. Crews, aged 24 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 29th, 1867, of fracture of the skull, Charles Mason, of Ogden, aged 66 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, October 29th, 1867, of softening of the brain, A. B. Lockwood, aged 49 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, November 5th, 1867, Archibald McKillip, aged 66 years.

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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.

**Receipts for the Hospital Review,**

FROM OCT. 15, TO NOV. 15.

Mrs. Phebe Weeks, Miss Jennie Haws, Scottsville—By Mrs. C. M. Shadbolt. . . . .	\$1 00
Miss Lillie Pitkin, Buffalo—By Miss Lottie Wright, of Lewiston. . . . .	0 50
Mrs. G. H. Perkins, Mrs. E. T. Smith, with postage—By Miss Mary Perkins. . . . .	1 25
Mrs. E. M. Price, Avon; Mrs. Homer Sackett, 2 years—By Mr. Van Zandt. . . . .	1 50
Mrs. C. P. Andrus, Perry—By Mrs. Carlos Dutton. . . . .	0 50
Mrs. Ross, Niagara Falls; Miss Annie Cummings, Hayward, California, 2 copies—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester. . . . .	1 50
Miss Van Everie, Monte Rochester, Cincinnati—By Miss Van Everie. . . . .	1 00
Mrs. Renouf, Mrs. Edward Wright, Washington, D.C., 2 years; Mrs. J. B. Parmelee, Spencerport—By Mrs. Perkins. . . . .	2 00
Mrs. Collinson—By Mrs. J. S. Hall. . . . .	0 50
Mr. Smith—By Mr. Wooster. . . . .	0 50
Mrs. Moricha, Miss Catharine York, Miss Mather, Sodus—By Mrs. Mathews. . . . .	1 50
E. B. Pond, Atlanta, Ga.—By Mrs. Kellogg, . . . . .	0 50
Mrs. D. S. Morgan; Georgie Decker, Fred. Palmer, Mrs. L. Silliman, Mrs. N. P. Pond, Mrs. J. Harrison, Mrs. G. B. Whiteside, Mrs. W. H. Seymour, Mrs. W. B. Mann, Mrs. McGee, Mrs. T. Cornes, Mrs. M. J. Holmes, Mrs. S. M. Ashley, Mrs. J. W. Adams, Mrs. A. W. Carey, Mrs. J. R. Randolph, Miss Fanny King, Mrs. M. Levi, Mrs. Henry Rice, John Welch, Freddy S. Benedict, Morton Minot, John Owens, E. Harrison, Carrie Van Eps, Spencer Ewer, George P. Allen, Ada H. Kent, Mr. Carey, Mr. Randall, Brockport; A Friend, New York; Joseph T. Telfaire, Clarkson; Master Mason Holmes—By Miss C. A. Brackett and Miss E. G. Mathews. . . . .	16 50
Advertisements—By Dr. Rider, . . . . .	10 00

**List of Donations to the Hospital,**

FROM OCT. 1st, TO NOV. 1st, 1867.

Mrs. Daniel Clark—Plums.
Mrs. E. L. Pottle—2 cans Pears, 1 jar Currant Jam, basket of Grapes, basket of Apples, and Bouquet.
Mrs. M. N. Kelly—Grapes.
Mrs. Badger—Pickles.
Mrs. Brewster—Grapes.
Mrs. Peckham—Potatoes, ripe and green Tomatoes, and Quinces.
Mr. Parsons—Pears.
Mrs. Wm. Davis—Cucumbers.
Lady Manager—Grape Jam.
Mrs. Gorsline—Apples and Wine.
Mrs. Howard—3 cans Pears.
Mrs. Eliza C. Dwinelle—Grapes.
Mrs. Booth—Dressing-gown.
Mrs. Orvis—Fruit and Pickles.
Mrs. McAlpine—Clothing and Bed-pan.

Mrs. Hunter—Clothing.
Mrs. Parsons—Apples.
Mrs. Smith—Jelly.
Mrs. Wilder—A package of Clothing.
Delicacies—By Miss Kellogg, Miss Buchan and Miss Witherspoon.
Mrs. Starr—Tomatoes and Grapes.
Mrs. E. D. Smith—Clothing.
Mrs. Loop—Pickles and a jar of Pears.

**Superintendent's Report for November.**

1867. Oct. 1. No. Patients in Hospital, . . . . .	49
Received during the month, 23—	72
Discharged, . . . . .	19
Deaths, . . . . .	1—20
Nov. 1. Remaining in Hospital, . . . . .	52

**Proclamation**

BY REUBEN E. FENTON, Governor of the State of New York.

Renewed evidence of the mercy of Almighty God has been given us in the beneficent providence which has marked another year. Within our borders no pestilence has filled our cities with lamentation, nor visited our homes with bereavement. Abundant harvests have rewarded the toil of the husbandman, and the hum of industry and the activity of trade have alike borne testimony to the peace of our State and the prosperity of our people. Our social institutions have continued to minister to intelligence, security and philanthropy. Our educational interests have been fostered and extended. Art, science and literature have prospered. The ends of justice, through order and law, have been secured to our people, and the numerous charitable agencies organized to reclaim the wandering, relieve the suffering, and shelter the helpless, through the care of the State and the generosity of our people, have dispensed their blessings through the year. Fresh proof has been afforded of the stability and value of those political institutions and ideas we have inherited from the fathers. No convulsions have followed the return of our great armies of citizen soldiers to the walks of civil life. Through the constancy and patriotism of our people, the grave problems of political reconstruction, are approaching an early and safe solution. It is matter of special congratulation that those principles of our government which make certain and secure the liberties of our entire people, are with each advancing year, more deeply cherished and more widely diffused. And crowning all these are moral and spiritual blessings above price or measure.

In appropriate recognition, then, of these divine benefactions, and in consonance with honored custom, I designate and appoint Thursday, the 28th day of November, as a day of General Thanksgiving and Praise. And recommend that, laying aside all ordinary business pursuits, the people do assemble in their respective places of worship, and humbly, before the Supreme Dispenser of all these gifts, with grateful hearts learn the lessons of dependence, obligation and gratitude. Let us gladly enter His gates with Thanksgiving, and into His courts with Praise.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto signed my name and affixed the privy seal of the State, at the city of Albany, on this twenty-ninth day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-seven.

REUBEN E. FENTON,

By the Governor,  
GROVER S. HASTINGS, Private Secretary.

## Children's Department.

### Brave Boys in Blue.

In a book by Mrs. Hoge, in which she describes what she saw of the war, we find the following in a sketch of her experience in hospital, after the battle of Donelson :

Our solemn round was stopped, and the current of our feelings changed, by the sunny smile of a Saxon-faced boy, with eyes as blue and hair as fair as though he had never heard the din of battle, nor mingled in its scenes of blood and carnage. He looked as I fancy David did, when he went out to tend his father's flocks, for he was "fair of countenance," and had a smile such as makes a mother's heart leap with joy and pride. He had seen scarce nineteen summers : yet there he lay as a mummy, legs and arms bandaged. And there he had lain five weeks, as the sister told us, and had been that day turned on his side the first time. "My boy," I said, as I passed my fingers through the damp curls that clustered round his brow, "do you suffer much?" "Not as much as I did," he replied. The nurse said, "we call this boy our miracle, for through all his long weeks of suffering he has never uttered a murmur, and is always as you see him now—smiling, happy, and grateful."

"Why shouldn't I be?" said he; "I've the best of care, and I'm suffering for the old flag."

"Tell me," I said, "when and where you were wounded? But first tell me, have you a mother?"

The bright blue eyes moistened as he said, softly: "Yes, I hear from her often; but she hasn't the money to come to me, and I send her word never to mind, for I have almost a mother here. We," looking at the boy in an adjoining cot, "are farmers' sons from Illinois. We lived neighbors, went to school together, and enlisted at the same time in the same company. We were wounded about the same hour, in the attack on Donelson. We fell near together, and lay from Saturday morning till Sunday afternoon before we were picked up."

"How did that happen?" I asked quickly.

"Why, you see," said he, "they were so busy taking the fort they had no time to bother with us."

"But did you not think it monstrous to be left so long without help?"

"Of course not," said he, with a look of astonishment; "how could they help it? They had to take the fort," and his eye kindled as he said, "and when she was taken and we heard the cheering of the boys in front, I tell you, not a man of us that could speak but cheered; and even the men with only stumps tried to raise them and huzza."

"Did you suffer much?"

He bit his lip. "I don't like to think about that," he said. "We had to be chopped out, we were frozen so fast in the mud; and then the rebels, the devils, had stripped us almost naked, but we were thankful they did not serve us as they served some we saw. Jim," said he, as his sunny face was clouded with wrath, "didn't we see them pin some poor fellows to the earth with their bayonets because they tried to hold on to their watches and their pocketbooks?"

"Aye, aye," said Jim; "I want to get up and make them sweat for it, I do."

"Well, boys, you've had a hard time, and got more than you bargained for. Do you rue it?"

"Not a bit of it; we came in for better or worse, and if we got the worse we oughtn't to complain."

Thus talked this boy, nine months only from his mother's wing.

### The Little Maiden's Prayer.

The following beautiful lines will be appreciated by those who were taught in the golden age of life to repeat, "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," which Christian mothers were wont to teach their children.

She knelt her down so meekly,  
Believing none were nigh;  
Clasped her little hands so sweetly,  
And then with upturned eye—

Said, "Father I please to bless me  
Through the long, long day,  
And keep me all so safely  
Till I come again to pray."

She simply asked forgiveness  
For evil she had done,  
Then said, "Now I'm forgiven,  
Through Christ, God's own dear Son."

She prayed for loved ones near her  
For friends both far and wide,  
Said, "I want thee, God, to bless them,  
And all the world beside."

## Pet's Adventure.

Pet was a merry, laughing, careless little rogue, entirely independent, as one would suppose who might have watched her as she performed droll antics in the nursery, or imitated grown-up ladies in the parlor. Her real name was Fannie, but she was seldom called by it. One of her favorite amusements, was to "make calls." She would dress up in any garment she could find which belonged to an older person, get a parasol or a fan, if she could find one, and then go about the house making calls in the kitchen, parlor, dining-room, or nursery, any where she could find any one; she would inquire after the health of all their real or imaginary relations, and ask the oddest questions and make the drollest answers. She would hold long conversations with the rocking-chair or the bureau, and then rise and bid them "good morning," or "good evening," and take her departure with the air of an experienced member of society.

It so happened one day, that when Fannie was in one of her "calling" entertainments, a company of soldiers passed the head of the street with a band of music; and her brother, who was playing with his top in the same room, dropped his toys, and ran off after them, leaving the street door open. This was in a large city, where people kept their doors locked all the time, except when people go out and in. Fannie ran after her brother, and for the first time in her life found herself alone at the open door.

"Now I'll make some calls," said the little rogue to herself; and she took a large red silk handkerchief of her father's, which she had been playing with, and spread it out all over her little white shoulders; then getting a cane, she contrived to knock down a bonnet of her older sister's from the high place where it hung, and put it on her head, and taking an old fan from among her playthings, she started off. She scampered down the street as fast as she could, lest somebody should see her, and come after her. When she got to the corner, she hesitated a little which way to go, but finally followed the soldiers, though they were now some distance off. After walking a long way, looking into various shops, and gratifying her curiosity for the first time in looking as long as she pleased at whatever she saw,

she thought she would make a "call." So she went up the first pair of steps she came to, and stood on tip-toe to pull the bell. Her tiny little fingers could not pull the handle much, but she waited and waited, and as nobody came, she at last said to herself:

"I guess they're all gone out of town to-day;" and she started off with a run and jump, and wandered on, and at last tried another door-bell. This one was lower, and pulled easier; she made it ring, and presently the girl came to the door.

"Is Mrs. Brown at home?" asked Fannie.

"Mrs. Brown? Indade, she doesn't live here," answered the girl.

"Is Mrs. Howard at home, then?"

"There's no such lady here; and what for do ye want to find her?" said the girl, who saw that the child was some little runaway, from her uncouth bonnet and great red handkerchief.

"O! I'm only out making calls," said Pet; and off she ran, straight into the street, directly before an omnibus, which was coming rapidly down the street.

A lady sprang from the sidewalk, and caught her in her arms, just in time to save her.

"Where are you going, little one?" she asked.

"Don't catch me up so! I'm going out making calls," said Fannie, as she landed on the sidewalk.

A glance at the enormous bonnet which swung, and jostled, and twisted round on the little curly head, and the great handkerchief, all awry, convinced the lady that she had caught a nursery runaway, and ought to take care of her.

"What is your name?" asked the young lady.

"My name is Pet," she replied.

"But your *other* name, dear," said the lady; "can you tell me your real name?"

"I've only got one other real, truly name," said Pet.

"Well, what is that?"

"It's Darling." That's what mamma calls me."

The lady laughed heartily.

"Well won't you come home with me? Come, and make a call at my house," she said; "I love little girls."

"Where is your house?" said Pet.

"O, it isn't far," said the lady; and her sister, who was with her, very much amus-

ed, was delighted at the prospect of taking the sweet little creature home with them, finding out where she belonged, and taking her home to her parents.

They were soon at the lady's house, and there Pet made herself quite at home, seeming not in the least shy of strangers. The mother of the young ladies, learning that she had been saved from being run over, was full of interest to find out whom she belonged to.

"She must be three years old at least," said the elder lady, when they told her she would tell no name but "Pet and Darling." So she undertook to question her.

"What is your mamma's name?" asked the lady.

"It's my darling mamma, nothing else."

"Well where does your darling mamma live?" said the lady.

"O, up in the front chamber, most always."

"But can't you tell me what street it is?"

"O yes, it's the street where Minnie Bell lives, and Carrie Gray."

"Does your papa keep a store?"

"My papa's gone to his office."

"Where is it, Pet? Don't you know what street Papa's office is in?" asked the younger lady.

"It's down town. He goes down there every day," said the little witch, who knew perfectly well the street, and number of both house and office; but she was out in search of adventure, and did not want to be taken home.

Just then one of the young ladies noticed a mark on the corner of the red handkerchief and discovered her father's initials, G. W. C., in white sewing silk.

"Now I'll get the Directory, and find this all out," said the young lady.

So she looked over all the names of people who had offices—lawyers, doctors, railroad agents, editors, &c.—till she found a name which had those initials; in fact, she found three or four; then she looked for the place of residence, and having found it, she proceeded to find out whether any Bells or Grays lived in the same street, and having found both, she clapped her hands and exclaimed—

"Eureka! Now I think, little Pet, that you and I will take another walk together;" and the sisters prepared for a walk of *two miles*, to take the little *estray* home to her frightened mother.

They did not miss her for some time after she was gone, for the family down stairs supposed she was up in the nursery, and her mother, who sat sewing in "the front chamber," thought she was safe down stairs with her brother; but when the street-door was found open, and Pet was missing, the whole house was in alarm.

The mother hastily ran to her neighbors, Mrs. Grey and Mrs. Bell, to see if Fannie was there; she sent the nurserymaid to hunt in the streets, and her eldest daughter to inform her father at his office; and he hastened at once to the chief of police, and soon it was telegraphed all over the city that a child was lost. The mother was in an agony of grief and terror, and the careless little brother, who left the door open, cried as if his heart would break.

The father, after she had been three hours missing, was hurrying in a half-distracted manner once more to the police-station, to see if he could get any tidings of his lost child, fearing she might be found trampled by the feet of horses, when what could he see coming toward him but his lost one, led between the two young ladies!

She made one bound forward, and he caught her in his arms.

"O! my child, my precious Pet—where have you been?" he exclaimed, as he trembled with joy, holding her to his bosom.

"Only out to make a few calls, papa," said the little rogue, "and they had all gone out of town."—*Independent.*

### Wishing.

Ring-ting! I wish I were a primrose,  
A bright yellow primrose, blowing in the spring!  
The stooping boughs above me,  
The wandering bee to love me,  
The fern and moss to creep across,  
And the elm tree for our king.

Nay—stay! I wish I were an elm tree,  
A great lofty elm tree, with green leaves gay!  
The winds would set them dancing,  
The sun and moonshine glance in,  
The birds would house among the boughs,  
And sweetly sing.

Oh—no! I wish I were a robin,  
A robin or a little wren, every where to go;  
Through forest, field, or garden,  
And ask no leave or pardon,

Till winter comes, with icy thumbs,  
To ruffle up our wing.

Well—tell! Where should I fly to,  
Where go to sleep in the dark wood or dell?  
Before the day was over,  
Home comes the rover,  
For *mother's kiss*—sweeter this  
Than any other thing.

Miscellaneous.

Queries.

The members of the "Mind Your-own-business Society," propose for consideration the following queries:

If a person feel a person treading on his toes,  
*Need a person ask a person how a person knows?*

Is it anybody's business,  
If a gentleman should choose  
To wait upon a lady,

Or, if the lady don't refuse?  
Or, to speak a little plainer,

That the meaning all may know,  
Is it any body's business,  
*If a lady has a beau?*

Is it anybody's business  
*When the gentleman does call,*  
Or when he *leaves* the lady,  
*Or if he leaves at all?*

Or is it necessary  
That the curtain should be drawn,  
To save from further trouble  
*The outside lookers on?*

Is it anybody's business  
But the *lady's*, if her beau  
Rides out with *other ladies*,  
And doesn't let her know?

Is it anybody's business  
But the *gentleman's*, if she  
Should accept another escort,  
Where *he* doesn't chance to be?

Is a person on the sidewalk,  
Whether great or whether small:

Is it anybody's business  
*Where* that person means to call?  
Or if you see a person,  
And he's *calling* anywhere,

Is it any of *YOUR* business  
*What his business may be there?*

The substance of our query,  
Simply stated would be *this*:

Is it ANYBODY'S BUSINESS  
*What ANOTHER'S BUSINESS IS?*

If it is, or if it isn't,  
We would really like to *know*,  
For we're certain if it isn't,  
There are SOME WHO MAKE IT SO.

If it *is*, we'll join the rabble,  
And act the noble part,  
Of the TATTLERS and *defamers*,  
Who 'throng the public mart;  
But if not, we'll act the teacher,  
Until the *meddler learns*  
It were better in the future  
To mind his own concerns.

CAN'T LEAVE THE STORE.—The *Dayton Journal* publishes the following suggestive incident, as having occurred in that city.

Little Mary was discussing the great hereafter with her mamma, when this dialogue ensued:

Little Mary—"Mamma, will you go to Heaven when you die?"

Mamma—"Yes, I hope so, my child."

Mary—"Well, mamma, I hope I'll go to, or you'll be lonesome."

Mamma—"Oh, I hope your papa will go too."

Mary—"Oh, no, papa can't go; he can't leave the store."

Mamma thought she had a good rebuke for papa, as, very often, when asked to accompany her to prayer-meetings, his reply is:

"*Can't leave the store.*"

A Quaker gentleman, riding in a carriage with a fashionable lady decked with a profusion of jewelry, heard her complain of the cold. Shivering in her lace bonnet and shawl as light as a cobweb, she exclaimed: "What shall I do to get warm?" "I really don't know," replied the Quaker solemnly, "unless thee should put on *another breast-pin.*"

At a school at Wallsend, near Newcastle, the master asked a class of boys, the meaning of the word "appetite." After a short pause, one little boy said, "I know, sir; when I'm eating I'm 'appy, and when I'm done I'm tight."

"Katy, have you laid the table cloth and plates yet?" "An' sure, I have, mern—everything but the eggs; and isn't that Biddy's work?"

"I love thee still," as the quiet husband said to the chattering wife.



# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. IV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1867.

No. 5.

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

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For the Hospital Review.

### In Memoriam—Dr. Chester Dewey.

Bend lightly, snowy blossoms,  
Above the honored bier!  
One who hath loved your beauty  
Is calmly sleeping here;  
The voice that never faltered—  
The eye that grew not dim;  
With tender hearts, and loving,  
We come to bury him.

And with a deep thanksgiving  
His finished work we view,  
With naught to mar the record  
So beautiful and true.  
His life was in its winter,  
As human seasons roll;  
Yet snows of age chilled never  
The spring-time of his soul!

The words of truth and wisdom  
Fell sweetly from his tongue;  
And thro' earth's weary changes  
His heart was always young.

The winding paths of science  
With eager feet he trod;  
Yet ever up from Nature  
He looked to Nature's God!

We may not mourn the passing  
Of life so pure and bright;  
We know beyond death's shadows  
He walks in cloudless light.  
Higher than this world's honors,  
Better than earth's renown,  
To-day he wears in Heaven  
A saint's immortal crown!

KATE CAMERON.

Dec. 18, 1867.

### From an Absent Citizen.

The following extracts from the pen of an absent citizen, were intended only for his own family circle, but, by request, are given to us for publication:

STEAMER RISING STAR, Sept. 27, '67.

Yesterday, we were sailing in sight of Cuba for several hours, and passed Cape Maisi, the extreme eastern point of the Island, near enough to see the cocoa nut trees through the glass. We could but just distinguish Hayti. The surface of Cuba is rolling and mountainous, and we enjoyed a green landscape extremely after having seen nothing but blue water for so many days. About 10 A. M., we met the N. Y. steamer, exchanged letters, &c., fired a salute, and were soon on our course again.

This morning we find ourselves in the Caribbean sea. The trade winds are blow-

ing very fresh, and the ship rolls so much that the lady passengers are sick. I think you would prefer playing croquet on the lawn at home, to being here, on board, rolled around as we are, especially in this hot climate where it seems, most of the time, like being in a steam-bath.

Is it not strange that the trade winds should blow just in the same direction year in and year out, sometimes very hard, and sometimes lightly? And would it not seem odd to you, to have the evening star nearly over head, no Dipper to be seen, and the North Star only just in sight, and that but for one or two evenings more? There are beautiful groups not seen by you, however, which make up in part for the loss of the familiar ones.

The water this morning (28th.) was so smooth that it looked like beautiful blue-black Morocco leather, except when it was disturbed by the school of porpoises I saw—great black fellows—they seemed ten feet long. With half their length out of water, and all headed the same way, they looked like an army marching. This evening we are enjoying a beautiful sunset; not entirely clear, but charming. The clouds are of various forms, some shaped like forest trees, and one looks like a tower rising out of the water, and one, in the east, is making merry, sending forth brilliant flashes of lightning.

This sheet must be mailed now, and tomorrow while I shall be speeding by rail across the Isthmus, it will be on its way North.

#### PACIFIC OCEAN, STEAMER GOLDEN CITY.

We reached Aspinwall on the 29th, at daybreak, and after breakfast went ashore and looked around till 12 M., when the cars left for the other side of the Isthmus. It is not much of a place, and has a mixed population of almost all colors, languages and nationalities. The huts of the natives are made by putting up posts with grids around, about 6 or 7 feet from the ground,

with gable ends and a steep roof covered with the leaves of the coca-nut and other trees. All below this point is open. Some of the better class have sticks or cane driven into the ground close enough together to keep out animals the size of cats. We saw growing wild, the orange, lemon, lime, pine-apple, cocoonut and many other kinds of nuts and fruits. At some places on the route we saw natives, especially boys from 12 to 18 years old, destitute of clothing, standing, like bronze statues, to see the cars pass, but in all the villages they were clothed. In the principle places we saw soldiers in good uniforms, and they presented quite a contrast to those above referred to. Panama is quite a little town. Had no time to look it over. As it was low tide we were taken out, in a lighter, five miles to the steamer.

We know not what God designs to do with this most wonderful country where almost everything needed to sustain life grows spontaneously and continuously. Ripe fruit, green fruit and blossoms on the same tree and plant, at all seasons of the year. I have no doubt but that in His own good time He will people it with an industrious, civilized, christian people; for it seems to me that nothing is lacking to make this a healthful climate, but to clear up and drain the lands as civilized communities do.

Oct. 2d. We were off the coast of Guatemala in sight of the three water volcanos, beautiful shaped mountains, and they looked like sugar loaves, only not quite so steep on the sides. At one point two of them appeared like Siamese twins, but on sailing nearer we found them a long distance apart. Two days later and we had run half way across the gulf of Tehuantepec where they encounter high winds if any where on this coast. On the 5th, we were near the Mexican coast all day. Had a view of the fine mountains, and of the beautiful level tablelands, apparently under good cultivation. The semi-barbarous race who occupy it are holding it, no doubt, for

some wise purpose to be revealed in the future.

About midnight we stopped at Acapulco to coal, and were off again before daylight. The steamer bound for Panama passed us in the night, so we missed that opportunity of sending letters home. The next day we passed alongside the Margueretta island upon which not one living thing can be found, either animal or vegetable. All rock, rock—not very rough looking, but perfectly desolate. This is the character of a large portion of Lower California. The shore of these Islands is bold, and the water so deep that we sail close up to the rocks. Not one sailing vessel has been in sight since leaving Panama except in the harbor of Acapulco. But later in the season many whaling vessels visit them, to take the whales that come down from the Northern Seas to winter.

We had a good view of a whale. He came to the surface to blow about every 10 rods, and we saw him come up four or five times. We are out of the exceedingly hot region, much to my delight. In the tropic; everything seemed to be penetrated with heat. No matter where you endeavored to escape from it, you were met by the same all-pervading sense of unendurable heat, and it seemed quite as hot in the night as in the day.

11th. We are off Santiago the dividing line between Mexico and the U. S. This Mexican coast, including Lower California, is a long line affording a delightful run for these steamers. One will pass tonight, but not in sight, as her course is farther out to sea than those bound into port.

12th. We expect to land to-morrow. For a wonder, I saw the sun rise "out of the water." The captain tells me the distance from Panama to San Francisco is 3257 miles. It is most astonishing what it costs this ship to make a trip to Panama and back to San Francisco. It is only

\$65,000. It takes from 500 to 600 tons of coal, which is at a large price here.

We left New York, Sept. 21st, crossed the Isthmus the 29th, and have reached San Francisco, Oct. 13th. The city is built on at least seven hills and perhaps at no distant day you may find it as large as Rome in her palmiest days.

For the Hospital Review.

### Faithless.

The cloudless morning of my life just wearing  
To perfect noon ;

The glorious summer of my love just bearing  
Its radiant June ;

The blossoms in my pathway nowhere hiding  
A lurking sting,

Why do I seem to be forever biding  
Some evil thing ?

Since all my days thus far have broken brightly  
And set in peace,

Why can I never wear my blessings lightly  
And take mine ease ?

Why do I clasp my treasures closer ever,  
While haunting fear

Besets me, whispering in my ear forever  
Of danger near ?

The tiny nest of home wherein are singing  
My nestlings four,

Has never known the woe of one bird winging  
To distant shore ;

The great dark pall of sorrow never hovered  
Above the nest,

And swooping down in one dread moment covered  
My dearest—best.

Since I have held them all so long, so surely,  
Untouched by harm,

Might I not then lie down and sleep securely  
Without alarm ?

If storms arise and I not here to ward them,  
What then? Ah me!

Tho' I were here what could I do to guard them?  
What shelter be ?

It cannot be my feeble strength that shields them  
From lurking ill,

And He whose love it is that guards and leads  
Will keep them still,

Tho' this weak heart that holds them now in terror,

Should leave them soon,  
And, passing on, should wake to know its error,  
Its tasks undone.

I would that I might take the good God gives me  
With thankful heart,  
Content to enjoy, content, too, when He leaves  
me

The bitter part  
I would the blissful *present* might content me ;  
The *future* hour  
Be left with Him who has so kindly lent me  
My precious dower.

Weak human loves, forever hoping, striving,  
How fierce ye burn !  
Forgetting, in the gifts, Him who so freely giving  
Asks no return.

Frail human hearts, that clasp your treasures  
tightly  
From care and woe,  
Be sure, if God must smite, it shall be lightly—  
He loves you so.

MRS. JAS. H. WILLIAMS.

### Puss.

BY C. E. L.

There is a lesser evangel in the sight of the cozy cat asleep in the sunshine, or upon the hearth-rug before the smouldering coals in the grate. Who does not feel more comfortable and cozy himself, as he looks down upon sleek, fat Puss, who has come in from catching small game in the garden or barn, and fallen asleep upon her laurels, with visions, perhaps, of feathers and slender caudal extremities floating in her dreams? Pussy's niche is certainly in the "chimney-corner," as truly as that of Esculapius is in the doctor's study, and Thorwaldsen's in the artist's studio. A well-educated cat is a fine creature—electric, delicate, impres- sible; her sense is nicer than the human. Those velvet pedal members move as if she were walking into realms of silence and mystery divined only by feline intuition. Her very sleep is an enigma. It is not the sound, sensuous sleep of other animals. It is more of the nature of passive incantation, under which spell tiny cat-goblins, black, white, or grey, may be fancied joining in mystic dance around some "cauldron stout," whose savors are the sole media between catdom slumbering and the scenes of mate- rial earth.

Who has not seen the seer in the ab-

stracted gaze of Puss, as her big, emerald eyes seem questioning and divining vac- ancy?

I have read, somewhere, that these ner- vous, sensitive creatures have been known to swoon under the influence of a tender symphony. A friend told me that when she sang a certain mournful refrain, "Top- sita" would dart for the window, if she were in the garden, and springing upon her lap, would manifest, as long as the dirge- like strain continued, an emotion so sym- pathetic and intense, as to deepen her own sentiment of the music. Query—Is this emotional state of "Topsita," merely ner- vous and electrical? Puss does not play a part, and if the vernacular of the Topsitas is ever rendered into plain, mundane Eng- lish, may it not appear that the highly magnetic organisms of these animals, cre- ate spheres of attraction for them, at least, bordering upon the spiritual, and of the more particular nature of which we have hints in those extraordinary cases of ecsta- cy, swooning and catalepsy which curious and observant persons have now and then put upon record?

The organ of destructiveness, as it re- lates to the light wares of our closets, etc., is beautifully depressed in Puss. But, does this fact explain the whole secret of Top- sita's marvellous caution—how she avoids the scattered host of knick-knacks lying in her way, and vaults lightly upon table, mantel, or what-not, perhaps in pursuit of phantom game, or if out of waywardness merely, the fact is the same—she moves like a spirit, and the pet knick-knacks are saved from destruction. Query again—Is this convenient specialty of Puss a nega- tive or a positive quality? If the latter, can we do justice to ideal Puss, in stop- ping here in our investigations?

When the Graces forsook the temples of Greece, I wonder if they did not straight- way affiliate with these humble rivals of the "Topsita" generations. "Daisy" chas- ing a sunbeam this morning, was a little gem of a scene that a true poet and artist, anywhere, would have gone into ecstasies over. A sunbeam was playing bo-peep with Kit upon the green and silver paper upon our sitting-room walls, and with the grace of old Greece all concentrated, Daisy gave spirited chase, as up and down and from side to side the sunbeam darted, evad- ing Kitty's paws, and in saucy defiance of Euclid and mathematical principles gen-

ally, tracing would-be diagrams that were very funny to follow. But the pretty little joust was ended at last by the sudden fall of the window-shade, and Daisy sat five minutes in giddy expectation of the return of her rival combatant.—*Liberal Christian*.

### Happy Women.

Impatient women, as you wait  
In cheerful homes to-night to hear  
The sound of steps that soon or late  
Shall come as music to your ear:

Forget yourselves a little while,  
And think in pity of the pain  
Of women who will never smile  
To hear a coming step again.

Babies that in their cradles sleep,  
Belong to you in perfect trust;  
Think of the mother's left to weep  
Their babies lying in the dust.

And when the step you wait for comes,  
And all your world is full of light  
O women, safe in happy homes,  
Pray for all lonesome souls to-night.

PHEBE CARRY.

### The Old Woman.

ONCE she was "Mother," and then it was "Mother, I'm hungry," "Mother, mend my jacket," "Mother, put up my dinner," and "Mother," with her loving hands, would spread the bread and butter, and stow away the luncheon, and sew on the great patch, her heart brimming with affection for the imperious little curly pate that made her so many steps and nearly distracted her with his boisterous mirth.

Now she is the "old woman;" but she did not think it would ever come to that. She looked on through the future years, and saw her boy to manhood grown; and he stood transfigured in the light of her own beautiful love. Never was there a more noble son than he—honored of the world, and the staff of her declining years.

Aye, he was her support even then, but she did not, know it. She never realized that it was her little boy that gave her strength for daily toil—that his slender form was all that upheld her over the brink of a dark despair. She only knew how she loved the child and felt that amid the mists of age his love would bear her gently through its infirmities to the dark hall leading to the life beyond.

But the son has forgotten the mother's tender ministrations now. Adrift from the moorings of home, he is cold, selfish, heartless, and "Mother" has no sacred meaning to the prodigal. She is the "old woman," wrinkled, gray, lame and blind.

Pity her, O grave, and dry those tears that roll down her furrowed cheeks! Have compassion on her sensitive heart, and offer it thy quiet rest, that it may forget how much it longed to be "dear mother" to the boy it nourished through a careless childhood, but in return for all this wealth of tenderness has only given back reproach.

### George Muller.

George Muller, the renowned founder of the Orphan Establishment, Bristol, England, has received and expended \$2,750,000 every penny of which was sent voluntarily, and without solicitation. He has 1,200 orphan children under his charge, occupying five large stone houses, each distinct from the others. The following personal description is from the *Boston Journal* correspondence:

"He lives in the simplest style, and does not allow himself a lounge or a rocking chair unless he is sick. He was a poor man when he began, and he is a poor man to-day, though he has handled millions of money, and could have spent it as he would. Muller is a Prussian, and was born in 1805. He was in the Prussian army. He was very wicked, and was converted by some signal displays of grace, and he devoted himself from that hour to the cause of the poor. He is a tall, slim man, with the bearing of a soldier—with dark hair and gray whiskers—wears a black frock coat buttoned to the neck, and a white cravat without a collar. He speaks with a brogue. His preaching is very simple, earnest, and full of Christ. He is a man of great executive ability, and is the sole manager of this immense concern. I have been all over his establishment. It would do credit to any government on the face of the earth. I have talked with the people of Bristol about Muller—merchants, tradesmen, draymen, storemen, and all classes, religious and irreligious—and they all express the highest confidence in his piety, and integrity, and honor, and assign him a high place among the model men of the world. His theory is this; that God is a hearer of prayer; that he is the same faith-

ful God, that he ever was; that this he believes and this he trusts, and has never been disappointed.

For the Hospital Review.

### The Beautiful Gate.

Only a little while longer the burden,  
Only a day to wait,  
Only a day, and then comes the guerdon,  
Enter the beautiful gate.  
Out of the dark, into brightness,  
Where all our loved ones await,  
Hand shall clasp hand, while they lead us,  
Up through the beautiful gate.

The cold surging waves of life's river,  
Break on the grey rocks of fate,  
And wrecks strew the shores of "Forever"  
Outside of the beautiful gate,  
Our boats go astray, and drift blindly,  
We pray for the morning to break,  
Forgetting that through the deep waters,  
We must come to the beautiful gate.

O storms of life, dashing thy breakers,  
Let night be abroad on the sea,  
Wild wind's but drive faster toward harbor  
Where all our best treasurers be.  
What do we care for the tempest—  
It cannot chill hearts that await  
The hour when the hand of some darling,  
Shall touch ours at the beautiful gate.  
MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

### Too Late Regrets!

The moment a friend, or even a mere acquaintance, is dead, how surely there starts up before us each instance of unkindness of which we have been guilty towards him. In fact, many and many an act or word which, while he was in life, did not seem to us to be unkind at all, now "bites back" as if it were a serpent, and shows us what it really was. Alas! 'twas thus we caused to suffer, him who now is dust, and yet then we did not pity or reproach ourselves. There is always a bitterness beyond that of death in the dying of a fellow-creature to whom we have been unjust or unkind.

Some writer has said that a fixed idea is a sort of gimlet; every year gives it another turn; to pull it out the first year is like plucking out the hair by the roots; in the second year, like tearing the skin; in the third, like breaking the bones; and in the fourth, like removing the very brain itself.

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1867.

### The Party.

Our recent annual Thanksgiving gathering and grand Party of the season, passed off pleasantly and successfully. Considering the unfavorableness of the day and the heavy shadow which sickness and death in the families of some of our friends most active and interested in our work, had cast upon our Hospital, the final result was beyond our expectations. The day could hardly have been more unfavorable—dark—dreary—threatening—and in the evening terrifically wild and stormy. But notwithstanding all, the Hospital was thronged, and all was bright and warm within doors. The list of donated articles and provisions, is very small in comparison to a year ago, owing, doubtless, to the impossibility of our friends in the country getting in with their loads; but we can assure them that they will be none the less acceptable now, and we beg they will not forget us. The cash receipts sum up fully equal, if not beyond what they were a year ago, and prove much better than we feared on the day of the Party. Handsome sums were realized from the Fancy and Ice-Cream Tables, and much praise is due to the young ladies who had the charge of these departments, for the taste and good management evinced in all the arrangements. Many of the articles were exceedingly pretty, and there was a variety of useful things, always saleable. Flowers were abundant, and found, as they always do, ready purchasers. The evening entertainment proved, as we knew it would, every way delightful. The music alone, much more than paid the price of admission. Prof. Appy very kindly gave us two of his inimitable violin solos: and the singing and quartettes volunteered in behalf of our Hospital, were a rare treat. The Charade,

or rather the acting of the proverb, "Faint heart never won fair lady," was exceedingly well and artistically done. Many thanks to all who contributed of their varied and beautiful gifts for the Entertainment—nor would we forget, in our gratitude, those who served so faithfully all day as well as evening, at the Refreshment Tables—in conducting visitors through the building, and at the Fancy and Ice-Cream Tables. The gathering was, we trust, a happy one to all, and full of blessing in its results, not only to our Institution, but to all who helped to render it such. Our zeal and courage in the good work has, we believe, received a new impetus from this meeting and from the interchange of sympathy we have enjoyed. Once more we would repeat our thanks to all who honored us with their presence and who so generously remembered our needs.

#### The Overhanging Cloud.

Once more the city is alive and gay—the busy throngs come and go—bright eager faces, shining with Christmas light and dreams, and glad with the rest—the home-returns—and the greetings of the Holidays. But all is not gay. Over and above all, is the overhanging cloud, whose shadow has fallen so recently upon our city. Underneath the festivities there is an undertone of sadness—a moan of sorrow. As brightly the sunshine may gleam across the snow—as merrily the bells may ring—and the crowd move on seemingly as before—but all is not the same. Death has been too busy in our midst—and has hung a cloud above us, under which we all must pass. One after another, from the circle of old and honored citizens—names that from childhood have been dear and familiar, have been called hence forever; and the august summons has been so frequent—so sudden—so appalling, as to startle us with its significance.

But over our Hospital, in a special manner—rests the gloom of the overhanging

cloud. Three, to-day, of our Managers—three, we may say, most earnest, most active, most efficient in our work—sit beneath its shadow. One—a childless mother—weeps beside her desolated hearth. O, what sweet, what happy dreams and hopes, were hers, as she

———"bent at night,  
O'er each fair sleeping brow,  
She had each folded flower in sight—  
Where are those dreamers now?"

Within the last few weeks—the last, the only remaining one, of that household band—she has laid to his early, final rest. But a still deeper and more bitter cup—another of our number must drain. While her eyes were yet wet with tears of sympathy for Mrs. Rochester, in her great bereavement, and while in the midst of preparation for our Thanksgiving Party, in which she was deeply interested, a telegram reaches her from her absent husband, that he is badly hurt on the cars at Philadelphia. She hastens to go to him—oh, that dreary journey—who can describe it—and finds, as she reaches him, that the long, long parting had already come, without even the comfort of one parting look or word! O, what desolation to-day, in that once sunny, happy home! Dr. Mathews' loss is one felt by the entire community. At the head of his profession—kind, courteous, as well as skillful in the discharge of his duties, he was unusually beloved by his patients, among whom he delighted to number the poor, and to administer to their needs. Many hearts—many homes—will miss and mourn the "beloved physician," whose pleasant smile and kind and encouraging words, went far towards restoring new life and healing to the sick. But it is in his own home where Dr. Mathews will be most deeply and lastingly missed—and where all his gentle and noble qualities shone brightest. In the midst of happy homes, for which Rochester is perhaps distinguished—his impressed us as peculiarly so—and it was there, in

the warm and genial atmosphere which he diffused around it, where we liked best to meet him. Fondness for pets was a marked trait of his character, and showed the kindness of his nature. Little children loved him—and among our last and most pleasant memories of him—is of his leaving the room to go and hunt up a new pet kitten to bring in to a little friend. O, how hard to miss forever from a home, the sunshine and all the dear light and love of a life like his! May God comfort and heal, as only He can, the breaking hearts in these dreary homes to-day.

In Dr. Dewey's death, again the shadow falls upon our Hospital. He was the father of our Treasurer, Mrs. Perkins—and not only this, but interested as he was in our interests, and as he was in every benevolent enterprise, we feel in him a great loss. But we cannot grieve for him with that bitterness, as for those cut down untimely, as it would seem. He had lived the full measure of his days. His work was all done, and well done; and the close of his life was so peaceful, so lovely, so full of heaven, that it seems wrong to weep. But it is sad to see so much that is good and great—so much that from childhood we have loved and honored, and revered, passing from us. How we all loved him! How much we all feel that we have lost in Dr. Dewey! How much also do we still possess in our recollections of him! To the end of our longest lives, what a privilege shall we who may regard it, to have been one of his pupils—to have known him—to have felt his enthusiasm for all science—for all truth—for all holiness. And what a memory—what an example for us all to cherish, that sweet, pure, beautiful life—without one stain—full of all goodness—as it was crowned with greatness.

While we would weep to-day with those who weep—and while we would feel their sorrow to be our sorrow—let us rejoice, oh friends, that we sorrow not as those without hope—and that to the overhanging cloud there is a silver lining!

### Visit to the Hospital.

The blind man continues a favorite in the Hospital, and makes himself so useful in a variety of ways that they wonder how they ever got along without him. The burned man met us with his usually cheery smile. His patience—his cheerfulness, are wonderful. J. K.—injured at the Reservoir Water Works—is better, and gone. W. S.—with the nervous shaking of the head—seemingly no better. It is very painful to see him. Mr. R. is a consumptive patient, who has been here two weeks. J. R., another patient with consumption, interested us very much. He lost his health from exposure in the army, and has come here, as we fear, to die. He had just come out of his daily chill, and his cheeks were flushed with fever. He seemed very much gratified to see us and to talk to us—but the great drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead from his efforts to talk and to cough. He is very weak, and his hands looked white and delicate as a woman's. As we remarked them, he said, smilingly, "they were hard and brown enough a few weeks ago." Poor fellow, so young—so early doomed! He begged us to come often to see him, and seems not only willing but anxious to have his thoughts directed to Jesus, the only hope for the dying. May he find Him, and rest at last in Him, was our earnest prayer, as we turned to leave him, feeling that it was doubtful if we ever met him again. G. A., the fire engineer, much better.

We found all very much the same in the Female Ward. We missed Mrs. Hoyt, and found she had failed so much, that she had been removed to the adjoining apartment, where she could be more quiet. Met E. F. She has suffered for a long time with rheumatism, and seems very grateful for the benefit she has received here. Another grateful patient, is E. G., from Sweden, who has been ill two years. She came here about two months since,



and is so much better, that she feels greatly encouraged. We were sorry to find our "nice old lady" quite feeble—obliged to keep her bed. Rebekah, with consumption, is much the same. We paid Mrs. Hoyt a visit, and found her sadly changed. Consumption! oh how much of it there is here as everywhere. In the same room with her was Maggie O'D., mentioned last month, with enlargement of the heart. She is not so well.

We would like to repeat the appeal made last month, for our Hospital babies. There are now in the Lying-in Ward, three very nice children—a boy and two girls—for whom we want adopted homes and parents. Who, oh who, will take them?

#### A Word to Donors.

Should our donors discover, as doubtless they will, errors and omissions in our long List of Donations, they are requested to give us prompt notice—and we will endeavor to have them all corrected in our next issue.

#### A Card of Thanks.

We wish to return thanks to the Daily Papers for gratuitous notices of our Party—to the donors, whose names swell our goodly lists to-day—and to all who contributed in any way to the pleasure or the success of our Thanksgiving gathering.

#### List of our Little Agents.

MARY PERKINS, Rochester,  
FLORIE MONTGOMERY, "  
FANNY and ELLA COLBURN, Rochester  
FANNY POMEROY, Pittsfield, Mass.  
S. HALL, Henrietta,  
JENNIE HURD, Rochester,  
MARY LANE, "  
SAMUEL B. WOOD, Rochester.  
LIBBIE RENFREW, "  
ELLA VAN ZANDT, Albany.  
MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.  
BY WATSON, "

## Correspondence.

BROCKPORT, Nov. 30th, 1867.

MY DEAR MRS. P.: Enclosed find five dollars, my thanksgiving offering to the "sick and the suffering" in "The Rochester City Hospital." Hoping that many others have been before me with their gifts,

I am,  
Yours truly,  
MARY J. HOLMES.

CLARENDON, N. Y., Nov. 29, 1867.

LADIES OF THE HOSPITAL: My mother received your card in time; but being unable to meet you, sends her warmest wishes for your success. I would like very much to be able to visit your Hospital, attend to the wants of the needy, and speak words of cheer to the distressed; but being in humble circumstances you will please accept the mite I enclose, knowing you will have my earnest sympathies and prayers for God's blessing to attend you in your labor of love. Permit me to say to you, while you are engaged in caring for the wants of the body, do not be unmindful of the souls of those under your care, but point them to the bleeding Lamb of Cavalry, "who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes, He became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich." Tell them "There is a balm in Gilead, and a physician there"—Blessed Jesus!

My contribution, though small, will assist in purchasing some little thing for the comfort and relief of the afflicted—and with many prayers for your prosperity,

I am,  
Very respectfully yours,  
O. B.

#### 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. SPENNER, "  
" PHEBE D. DAVENPORT, Lockport.  
Miss MARY BROWN, Perinton.  
Miss ADA MILLER, "  
" JULIA M'CHESNEY, Spencerport.  
" LILLIAN J. RENNEX, 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

**Cash Receipts of the Thanksgiving Party  
At the Rochester City Hospital,  
November 29th, 1867.**

Genesee Falls Lodge, by J. W. Vary,.....	\$25.00
Yonondio Lodge, No. 163, by W. S. Coon,.....	25.00
Hamilton Chapter, No. 62, by F. H. Marshall, H. P.,.....	25.00
Monroe Commandery, No. 12, by Watson, Commander.....	25.00
Rochester Lodge, No. 660, by J. H. McElhinney,.....	25.00
Ionic Chapter, by W. F. Holmes,.....	25.00
Cyrene Commandery,.....	25.00
Valley Lodge, No. 109,.....	25.00
Hebrew Benevolent Soc.,.....	10.00
Hiram Sibley,.....	100.00
D. A. Watson,.....	50.00
G. H. Mumford,.....	25.00
Freeman Clarke,.....	25.00
Aaron Erickson,.....	20.00
Amon Bronson,.....	20.00
S. D. Porter,.....	20.00
Mr. & Mrs. J. H. Kelly,.....	20.00
Mrs. Hobart Atkinson,.....	10.00
M. H. Merriam, Richmond, Va.,.....	15.00
Mrs. S. B. Roby,.....	15.00
Mrs. E. Darwin Smith,.....	10.00
Mrs. Freeman Clarke,.....	10.00
Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford,.....	10.00
Mrs. S. Hamilton,.....	10.00
Geo. J. Whitney,.....	10.00
E. M. Parsons,.....	10.00
W. N. Sage,.....	10.00
Mrs. Hiram Smith,.....	10.00
James Peart,.....	10.00
Levi A. Ward,.....	10.00
Mrs. E. O. Sage,.....	10.00
Dr. H. W. Dean,.....	10.00
Geo. E. Jennings,.....	10.00
Mrs. Wm. Burke,.....	10.00
Sherlock Andrews,.....	10.00
Jacob Howe,.....	10.00
Mrs. Edward M. Smith,.....	5.00
Mrs. Edwin Pancost,.....	5.00
Rev. Henry R. Robbins,.....	5.00
Mrs. N. M. Kelly,.....	5.00
William Alling,.....	5.00
Dr. M. B. Anderson,.....	5.00
F. L. Durand,.....	5.00
Mrs. R. Hunter,.....	5.00
Hon. A. C. Wilder,.....	5.00
N. A. Stone,.....	5.00
Frank Kelly,.....	5.00
Miss Hattie Kelly,.....	5.00
Samuel Porter,.....	5.00
W. W. Carr,.....	5.00
H. L. Fish,.....	5.00
W. H. Benjamin,.....	5.00
Mrs. D. Mitchell,.....	5.00
Garran & Golar,.....	5.00
J. Farley,.....	5.00
Mrs. Holmes, Brockport,.....	5.00
W. H. S., Brockport,.....	5.00
Rev. M. Bartlett,.....	5.00
Dr. D. Little,.....	5.00
Mrs. John G. Glen,.....	3.00
J. R. Chamberlain,.....	3.00
M. Willey,.....	2.00
Mrs. M. Galusha,.....	2.00

Rev. D. H. Lovejoy,.....	\$2.00
E. S. Caldwell,.....	2.00
Geo. Mathews,.....	2.00
J. W. McElhinney,.....	2.00
W. F. Holmes,.....	2.00
Cash,.....	2.00
Mrs. Stephen Coleman,.....	2.00
Mrs. J. P. Kelley,.....	1.50
Mrs. U. E. Warner, Nunda,.....	1.50
Cash,.....	1.00
O. A. Chilson,.....	1.00
Mrs. Olivia Blighton,.....	1.00
Miss Anna Cummings, San Francisco,.....	1.00
Mrs. D. E. Sackett,.....	1.00
Mr. Kellogg,.....	1.00
Cash,.....	.50
A. Friend,.....	.50
Monty Rochester, Cincinnati, O.,.....	.35
Wm. S. Falls, "received account,.....	8.75
Cash for Flowers,.....	5.30
Cash paid at Refreshment Tables,.....	8.60
Miss Bronson's Table,.....	74.00
C. C. M. Society,.....	111.00
Mrs. William H. Ward's Table,.....	183.54
Tickets to Entertainment,.....	200.00
Little Girls' receipts,.....	5.46
Pantomime,.....	3.70

**Receipts for the Hospital Review,  
FROM NOV. 15, TO DEC. 15.**

Mrs. Thos. Brace, Victor, 2 years; Mrs. H. E. Warner, Nunda; Mr. Gardiner, Mrs. P. K. Bronson, East Avon; Miss S. E. Phillips, Miss Abbie M. Hills, Canadaigua; C. L. W. Fields, 2 years.—By Mrs. Perkins,.....	\$ 4 50
Mrs. Fanny Roderick, East Pembroke, (53 cts.); Mr. Shumway (15 cts.); Mr. Elliott (12 cts.)—By Mrs. Roderick.....	80
Mrs. Redfield, (with postage)—By Mrs. Woodward,.....	60
Mrs. Walls, Prescott, Wis.—By Miss E. A. C. Hayes,.....	50
H. A. Blauw, advertisement—By Mrs. Dr. Strong,.....	10 00
Mrs. J. E. Edmondson, New Market, Ontario; Mrs. G. H. Mumford, Mrs. Arthur Churchill, Mrs. J. Lutes, with postage, (62 cents); S. D. Porter, Esq.; Mrs. G. F. Danforth, Mrs. M. P. Parker, Spencerport; G. H. Mumford, Esq., (\$5.00); Mrs. D. E. Sackett, (63 cents.); Dr. Anderson, Miss Marion Hills, Mrs. P. J. Birdsall, Mrs. E. S. Gilbert, Mrs. E. M. Parsons, (\$1.13); Rev. Dr. Foote, 4 yrs. J. H. Rochester, R. D. Manwaring, Lafayette, Ind.; Mrs. Joseph Wing, Mrs. W. H. Gosline, W. B. Crandall, (60 cts.) Mrs. L. W. Sly, 2 years, Cameron Mills; Mrs. P. T. Turner, Mrs. T. Weddle, Poughkeepsie; W. C. Gaylord, Mrs. W. Darrow, Sarah Barhydt, Miss R. M. Barhydt 2 years; Mrs. E. S. Caldwell, Mrs. Turpin, J. B. Whitbeck, Fillmore, N. Y., two copies; Sarah L. Caldwell, Mrs. E. C. Baker, 2 years; Mrs. Repas, Mrs. T. S. Forbes, Mrs. T. N. Clark, Mrs. L. Schofield, (70 cents.); J. H. Weddle, Newburgh, N. Y.; Miss S. E. Northrup, —By Mrs. B. F. Enos,.....	28 18

Mrs. Dr. Jewitt, Canandaigua, 2 years;  
Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Wm. Giles.—By Mrs.  
Mathews, ..... \$2 00

**List of Donations to the Hospital,**  
From Nov. 1st, to Dec. 1st, 1867.

Mrs. Church—Biscuits— $\frac{1}{2}$  gall. Oysters.  
" F. Turpin—1 jar Pears—1 jar Currants, 1 jar  
Quinces—2 loaves of cake.  
" Nichols—2 jars Raspberries.  
" A. Vickery—Turkey.  
" J. Nelson, Brighton—Turkey.  
" Levi Ward—Turkey—2 loaves of Cake.  
" F. Dewey—2 Mince Pies—2 Pumpkin Pies—  
1 basket Apples.  
" Lyon & Willis—2 Chickens—1 jar Pears—1  
Pie—bundle of Linen.  
Mr. John Snow, Gates—2 qts. Cream.  
" Frederick Rowe, Gates—1 gall. Cream.  
Mrs. Hiram Sherman—1 qt. Cream.  
" Stephens—2 qts. Cream.  
" Booth—1 Turkey.  
" Jacob Howe—Large bundle Clothing.  
" Franklin Hickey, Gates—1 jug Cream.  
" Woodruff, Gates—1 gall. Cream.  
" Wm. Pitkin—1 doz. can Tomatoes—Clothing  
for Sick.  
A Friend—Grape Jelly—Biscuits.  
Mrs. Geo. Whitney—20 glasses Jelly.  
" Lewis Barhydt—1 bottle Wine—roll old  
Linen.  
Miss Sarah Barhydt—1 can Citron.  
" Margaret Barhydt—1 jar Jelly.  
Willie Barhydt—1 can Pickles.  
Master Berthrong—1 jar Raspberries.  
Mrs. Baker—1 can Peaches.  
" C. J. Hayden—2 loaves Cake.  
Kitty Melvii—1 jar blk. Currant Jelly—1 jar  
Quinces.  
Mrs. A. M. Clute—1 bottle Elderberry Wine—1  
can Strawberries—roll Cloth.  
" Laney—1 jar Cherries.  
" Marsh—3 jars Pickles.  
" Theo. Ives—half gall. keg Oysters.  
Mr. Caldwell—Large basket Crackers.  
Mrs. G. H. Perkins—Butter and Biscuits.  
" Saml. Wilder—1 piece Roastbeef—8 dishes  
scolloped Oysters.  
" J. Morgridge—2 lbs. Tea.  
" C. F. Smith—5 lbs. Goffee.  
" James Sawyer—1 Turkey.  
" Craig—1 Turkey—1 loaf Cake.  
" T. C. Montgomery—1 Ham and bowl of Pick-  
les.  
" Buckland, Brighton—1 pail of Cream—1 jug  
of Milk.  
" E. H. Parsons—2 jars Jelly—1 can Quinces.  
" John T. Fox—10 cans of Fruit.  
" Thomas Rochester—1 Ham and Cheese.  
" Hand—2 jars Preserves.  
" Wick—1 jar Pears.  
" Phelan—1 bbl. Potatoes—2 jars Fruit—2  
bottles Catsup.  
Mr. J. E. Hayden—100 Biscuits—1 Turkey.  
Mrs. S. Scofield—1 can Strawberries—1 can of  
Peaches.  
" Geo. E. Mumford—1 Ham—Oysters—Pie—  
Cake—Plum Pudding and Sauce.

Mrs. Willard Hodges—1 jug cream.  
" A. M. Badger—1 bbl. Apples.  
" Freeman Clarke—2 gall. Oysters—1 Tur-  
key.  
" Wm. Alling—2 gall. Oysters.  
" Dr. Dewey—2 bottles Raspberry Vinegar.  
Hiram Smith—1 bbl. Flour.  
Mrs. S. O. Smith—1 bbl. Apples.  
" Mather—1 pail Cream.  
Moore & Cole—10 lbs. Rice—10 lbs. Hominy—6  
cans Cherries—1 bbl. Apples.  
Mrs. Wm. Curtiss—1 basket Apples.  
Mr. Frank Gorton—3 kegs Oysters.  
Mrs. S. D. Porter—1 dish Charlotte Russe.  
Reynolds Bros.—2 large Coffee Pots.  
Geo Beck—1 box Grapes.  
Mrs. House, Brighton—1 gall. Cream.  
" Salmon, Brighton—1 gall. Cream.  
" Jewett, Brighton—1 gall. Cream.  
" H. P. Starr, Brighton—1 gall. Cream.  
" Howe & Mrs. Starr—4 rolls Butter.  
Manager—1 jar Cherries—1 bowl Jelly—1 bottle  
Raspberry Vinegar.  
" 2 bowls Jelly.  
" 1 jar pickled Tomatoes.  
Mrs. Dr. Montgomery—1 Ham.  
" H. Pomeroy Brewster—2 Turkeys—5 lbs.  
Cranberries, basket Grapes and basket Pears.  
" Hiram Sibley—1 Turkey.  
" Helen Peckham, Brighton—6 Brooms.  
" Bristenstool—White Sugar and blk Tea.  
" Henry F. Smith—10 lbs. granulated Sugar.  
" Dr. Wanzer—10 lbs Hominy.  
" C. A. Kellogg—Pickled Clams—Tongue and  
Sugar Kisses.  
Miss L. Tracy—1 Turkey.  
Jacob Howe—1 bbl. Soda Crackers.  
Joseph Edgell—1 Turkey.  
M. Thomas—2 Jars and quantity of Ice.  
A. Semple—10 lbs. Sugar—5 lbs. Coffee.  
Mrs. Hayes—half bu. Apples.  
" Benjamin—2 qts. Cream.  
A Friend—Butter—Biscuit—Chickens—4 jars  
Jelly.  
1 pair fancy Stockings from a blind lady, Mrs.  
Walls, of Wisconsin.  
2 baby Quilts, knit by a lady 87 years old.  
B. F. Penny—Order for 1 cord Maple Wood—  
\$10.00.  
J. B. Whitbeck—Order for 1 cord of soft Wood.  
Mrs. G. A. Watson—1 Toilet Cushion.  
J. Tolman & Co.—1 box of Soap.  
Mrs. M'Cary—Bread—Cookies—can of Fruit.  
" Wooster—Bottle Catsup.  
" Gorsline—Apples.  
" Fish—Potatoes.  
" Hiram Smith—bbl Apples.  
" Brewster—Celery.  
" Thora—Bundle of Clothing.  
" Day—1 can Fruit.  
" Nancy Gilman—2 Quilts—Night Dress—  
Bundle of Rags and 50 Cents.  
" Parsons—Apples and Cookies.  
" Kalbfleisch—Jelly.  
" Dr. Rider—Jelly.  
" Parsons—Apples and Cabbages.  
" Loop—2 cans Fruit.  
" Dr. Dean—2 Turkeys.  
Reynolds & Bros.—Scales.  
Mrs. Dagge—1 can Raspberries, 1 doz. Eggs.

**Donations to the Fancy Table.**

Mrs. J. M. Whitney—1 pair Infants' Knit Shirts.  
 Miss Fanny Ward—2 Embroidered Toilet Cushions.  
 Mrs. Frazier—11 Fancy Baskets, 2 Fans, and pack-  
 age of Books.  
 Mrs. Joseph B. Ward—3 Dressed Dolls.  
 Miss Mary Whittlesey—2 Dressed Dolls.  
 Mrs. James W. Sawyer—Infants' Shirts.  
 Mrs. John French—1 Fancy Tidy.  
 Mrs. Kellogg—Infants' Bibs, 1 pair Stockings.  
 Mrs. L. D. Ely—2 pairs Mittens, Reins, and  
 Housewife.  
 Miss Alice Ely—Wax Flowers.  
 Mrs. Charles Stilwell—6 Candy Bags and Fan.  
 Miss H. Backus—1 Chinese Box and Carved  
 Brackets.  
 Miss Perkins—Immortelles.  
 Mrs. Wm. Breck—Chinese Watch Case.  
 Miss Eugenia Scofield—Toilet Cushion.  
 Mr. Charles Stilwell—1 pair Toilet Bottles and  
 Watch Stand.  
 Daisy Montgomery—Elephant.  
 Jimmie Montgomery—Boy's Cravata.  
 Mrs. Lyman Churchill—2 Newspaper Baskets and  
 Picture Frames.  
 Miss Nannie Day—2 Pin Cushions.  
 " Fannie Whittlesey—Toilet Box and Leggings.  
 " Marion Hills—Bead Toilet Cushion.  
 " Carrie Whitney—1 Sleigh Veil.  
 " Montgomery Rochester, Cincinnati, O.—Wax  
 Flowers.  
 Mrs. Gilman Perkins—Sofa Cushion.  
 " E. T. Smith—Fancy Basket and Infant's  
 Shoes.  
 " W. H. Ward—Worsted Hood, Fancy Elas-  
 tics and Flowers.  
 Miss Laura Mitchell—Slumber Cushion.  
 Mrs. Newton—Picture.  
 " Geo. J. Whitney—Flowers and Tripod.  
 Miss Kate Mitchell—Night-dress Case.  
 " Julia Griffith—Doll, with Wardrobe and  
 Book Rack.  
 Theodore and Alice Ives—Candy Bags and Lamp  
 Lighters.  
 Little Willie Turpin—Brackets, Book Rest and  
 Pictures.  
 Mrs. Dr. Dewey—2 Worsted Hoods.  
 " Wm. H. Perkins—Nets and Worsted Caps.  
 " E. M. Smith—Rustic Crosses and Napkin  
 Rings.  
 Florence Sill—Fancy Box and Holders.  
 Miss Angie Mumford—Sontag.  
 Mrs. Geo. E. Mumford—Worsted Hood.  
 " George Williams—Tidy and Butterfly.  
 " Edward Williams—Tidy.  
 Miss Nowlan, Avon—1 Fancy Tidy.  
 " Thomas—Air Castle.  
 " Smith—Basket.

ARTICLES FROM THE "HOME."

Miss Hamilton—Toilet Cushion.  
 " Bristol—Collar and Band.  
 Mr. James Terry—Fancy Knives.  
 Miss Mathews—2 pairs Mittens.  
 " Ailing—Spool Cases and Razor Wiper.  
 Mrs. W. H. Bowman—Reins.  
 " F. M. Adams—Worsted Scarf.  
 Miss Minnie Clarke—Tobacco Pouches.  
 Guernsey Mitchell—3 Book Marks.  
 Mrs. H. W. Clarke—3 Transparencies.

Miss Louise Hall—Infant's Leggings.  
 Mr. Hone—Material for Toilet Boxes.  
 Mrs. S. G. Andrews—Candy Baskets.

**Donations to the C. C. M's Table.**

Sanderson & Thorn—3 Moss Pictures.  
 McDowell & Co.—Baby's Sacque, Cap and Socks.  
 Mrs. W. Y. Baker—13 oz. Worsted.  
 Woodward & Rundle—8 Photographs—2 Pic-  
 tures.  
 O'Brien—4 lbs. Candy.  
 Norris—3 lbs. Candy.  
 Culhane—3 lbs. Candy.  
 Palmer—2 lbs. Candy.  
 Hubbard & Northrop—5 oz. Worsted.  
 Mr. Jones—4 oz. Worsted.  
 A. S. Mann—Silk Cross.  
 D. M. Dewey—Picture.  
 Steele & Avery—Toys for Grab Bag.  
 Temple of Fancy—Toys for Grab Bag.  
 Darrow & Kempshall—Toys for Grab Bag.  
 Rosenblatt—Fancy Match Safe.  
 Brackett & Wisner—2 pair of Vases.  
 Mr. Woodworth—\$5.  
 Miss Lottie Dewey—Fancy Articles.  
 Miss Renfreu—Pair Mats.  
 Miss B. Knapp—Cushion.  
 Miss L. Bronson—2 Tides—Cushion and Hand-  
 kerchief-box.  
 Miss E. Paine—Tidy—Brackett—Fancy Cape—  
 Dickies and Mittens.  
 Miss M. Sage—Pair Socks—Baby Sacque—Dick-  
 ies—Leggings and Tidy.  
 Miss M. Watson—Picture—Bookmark and Scarf.  
 Miss L. Emerson—2 Hoods—2 Scarfs and pair of  
 Mittens.  
 Miss A. Pancost—Scarf, Hood, Tidy and Leggings.  
 Mrs. Ed. M'Kay—Book-mark.  
 Jennie Chamberlain—Tidy.  
 Mrs. E. N. Allen—Slippers.  
 Mrs. L. C. Smith—Wax Baskets and Flowers.  
 Mrs. Monty Rochester—Wax Flowers.  
 Mrs. Cutler—Tidy and Mats.  
 Miss Minnie Bellows—Book-mark.  
 Miss Alice Carter—Pin Cushion-Books.  
 Miss Cornie Hoyt—Pin Cushions and Doll Hat.  
 Miss Freddie Brown—2 Port Monies.  
 Mrs. Hartwell—4 oz. Worsted.  
 Miss Backus—Fancy Articles.  
 Mrs. E. Hinely—Stockings and Mittens.  
 Miss Lillie Burbank—half doz. Lemon Pigs.  
 Miss Maggie Parsons—Pair of Mats.  
 Miss Freddie Parsons—Doll's Sacque.  
 Miss Annie Emerson—Baby's Sacque.  
 Miss L. Bronson—Wristlets.  
 Mrs. S. Sherman—2 Paper Weights.  
 Parker Mann—Croquet Picture.  
 Sarah Rossiter—5 Pictures.  
 Mrs. Samuel Gould—1 pair Mittens.  
 Mrs. Mathews—5 Pictures and 4 Baskets.  
 Miss L. Chappell—Tidy.

**Superintendent's Report for December.**

1867. Nov. 1. No. Patients in Hospital, . . . 49  
 Received during the month, 23—72  
 Discharged, . . . . . 19  
 Deaths, . . . . . 1—20  
 Dec. 1. Remaining in Hospital, . . . . . 52

**Died.**

At the Rochester City Hospital, December 5, 1867, Emily, infant daughter of William and Lizzie Davis, aged one month.

**Miscellaneous.**

**"The Grey Mare is the Better Horse."**

The application of this proverb is well known, but not so well as the story on which it is founded. A gentleman, who had seen the world, one day gave his son a span of horses, a chariot, and a basket of eggs.

"Do you," said he to the boy, "travel upon the high road until you come to the first house in which is a married couple. If you find that the husband is master there, give him one of the horses. If, on the contrary, the wife is the ruler, give her an egg. Return at once if you part with a horse, but do not come back as long as you keep both horses and there is an egg remaining."

Away went the boy full of his mission, and, just beyond the border of his father's estate, lo! a modest cottage. He alighted from his chariot and knocked at the door. The good wife opened it for him and courted.

"Is your husband at home?"

"No," but she would call him from the hay-field.

In he came, wiping his brows. The young man told them his errand.

"Why," says the wife, bridling and rolling the corner of her apron, "I always do as John wants me to do; he is my master; ain't you, John?"

"Then," said the boy, "I am to give you a horse; which will you take?"

"I think," said he, "as how that bay gelding seems to be the one as would suit me the best."

"If we have a choice, husband," said the wife, "I think the grey mare will suit us the best."

"No," replied John, "the bay for me; he is the more square in front, and his legs are better."

"Now," said the wife, "I don't think so; the grey mare is the better horse, and I shall never be contented unless I get that one."

"Well," said John, "if your mind is

set on it, I'll give up; we'll take the grey mare."

"Thank you," said the boy, "allow me to give you an egg from this basket; it is a nice fresh one, and you can boil it hard or soft, as your wife will allow."

The rest you can imagine. The young man came home with both horses, but not an egg remaining in the basket.

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Pr. Sq., 1 insertion	\$1 00	Quarter Column, . . . . .	\$10 00
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**A. S. MANN & Co.**

Offer now a very SUPERIOR assortment of

**Woolen Blankets,**

in all qualities,

WOOLEN SHAWLS, WINTER CLOAKINGS AND OVERCOATINGS,

As well as all kinds of

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FANCY SHIRTING FLANNELS, &c.

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**37 & 39 State St., Rochester.**

**A. S. MANN & CO.**

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INCLUDING

**PRINTS, CANTON FLANNELS, &c.**

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**DRUGS & MEDICINES,**  
Chemicals, Perfumery, Leeches,  
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Jan. 1866. 1y

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Jan. 15, 1867.

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

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**Looking Glasses, Picture Frames,**

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**THE OLD & RESPONSIBLE**

**D. LEARY'S**

**Steam Fancy Dyeing**

AND SCOURING ESTABLISHMENT,

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

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The reputation of this Dye House since 1829, 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.

Grape, 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, Wooler 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.

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

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SUCCESSORS TO E. KING & CO.

**Druggists & Apothecaries,**

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Opposite the Court House.

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**WHOLESALE GROCERS,**

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[Established in 1828.]

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Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in

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Cash paid for all kinds of Paper Stock.

WAREHOUSE, 69 STATE STREET,

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ESTABLISHED, 1858.

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

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

March 15, 1867. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

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.

LIFE, FIRE, AND MARINE

**INSURANCE OFFICE,**

No. 18 ARCADE HALL, } ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
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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

**BRECK'S PHARMACY.**

GEORGE BRECK,

**DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,**

61 Buffalo Street,

Smith's Avenue, 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.



# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. IV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY, 1868.

No. 6.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED 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.

From London Society.

### Two Brides.

Under the splendor of Fashion's fane,  
Thronged with the worldly, the wealthy, the vain,  
An ocean of gems in a soft lace mist,  
Archbishop, two bishops, a dean to "assist!"

Flowers and feathers, and jewels, and lace,  
An "ivory" and a "rose-bud" face,  
Gossamer white o'er a forest of gold,  
Beauty (and money) in every fold!

Bound together for good and for ill,  
With a cup of wealth 'twould be hard to fill;  
'Tis already full of the golden store—  
So full that a few of its drops run o'er.

A fearful power for weal or for woe—  
A power that only a few men can know;  
The power to help mankind to good,  
Who use it well, as a Christian should.

Ah! proud young noble and lady fair,  
Life's race beginning—glorious pair!  
Bethink ye well of gold's great might:  
Two paths are open—choose the right!

\* \* \*  
Under a moss-covered ivied dome,  
Within the sight of her childhood's home,  
Scarcely a rustle, scarcely a sound,  
Save the half-breathed sigh of her friends around,

Grey silk, guiltless of frounces and bows,  
White bonnet adorned with a single rose,  
Soft tender dove eyes, looking down  
With a world of trust in their half-veiled brown!

The father rector, godly, wise,  
With faltering voice, with dew-wet eyes,  
Speaking the words in a solemn tone  
That shall give his daughter to one alone.

One! till together the pair shall lie  
'Neath the daisied green of the turf close by;  
One! till the trials of life shall cease,  
And the twin-hearts rest in the sleep of peace!

We commend the following, which we clip from the *New York Journal of Commerce*, to the thoughtful perusal of our readers:

### The Undeserving Poor.

It is time to organize for the work of charity. The winter, now at hand, will bear with unusual severity upon those who have no accumulated stores. In addition to a wider discrepancy between the ordinary earnings and the necessary expenses of the laborer, there will be a greater loss of employment, and a sharper enforcement of cash payments for household supplies. The hands of the liberal, too, have less abundance than in many former seasons. Not a few of those whose bounty has gladdened the homes of poverty, and kept warm from many a fireside, are now restricted even in their charities; while many who gave lav-

ishly, even if fitfully, and without discretion, during the height of the inflation, are themselves bankrupt, or reduced to a scanty supply for their own need. There is the greater reason, therefore, for system and discrimination in the work of almsgiving, that what is given shall be judiciously bestowed.

Up to this point all of the benevolent are agreed; but just here there is a wide divergence of opinion and practice. The great bulk, however, are still united in the sentiment that it is wise to restrict their charities to the "deserving poor," although they differ greatly in their judgment as to the limit of this pet phrase. A helpless invalid stricken by the hand of disease, or disabled by an especial providence having no visible connection with his own misconduct; a desolate widow, pious, cleanly, and industrious, but needing something beyond her scanty earnings to keep the wolf from her door and to feed the little brood dependent on her; the poor orphan, left as a waif to the tender mercies of strangers; the aged and infirm, who have seen better days, but are stranded on the shores of want before they have quite reached the haven of rest; these, and others like them, who are in need through no apparent fault of their own, and who conduct themselves decorously towards their benefactors, are the chosen beneficiaries invited to share the common bounty of all who undertake the mission of charity.

We have had, for several years, some misgivings as to the wisdom of this distinction. From our hearts we cannot help pitying the "undeserving" poor more than those who seem to have so good a claim upon public charity. The invalid whose own folly or crime has rendered him helpless; the widow who has pawned her last visible property for debasing liquor, and wallows in drunkenness and filth amid her repulsive progeny; the orphan bred to vice and crime from its earliest years; the girl with but little of true womanhood left in her mocking face; and in general, the crowd of miserable sufferers whose physical necessity, great as it may be, is only a faint type of their moral destitution; these form the class to which we allude. Shall we draw the line? Those who try to do this are not altogether pitiless of these degraded ones, but they do not regard them as objects of their charity. The State or city they think should care for these

wretches, who need to be governed and disciplined as well as relieved. Almsgiving would only encourage them in idleness, vice, or crime.

But with us the doubt remains; or, to be candid, we have really no doubt, but a positive conviction, that all who are in sore need should be ministered unto by the hand of charity. If either are to be neglected, we believe that is better for the true interest of society (hard as it may seem) that the virtuous poor should be scantily furnished, than that the vicious sufferer should receive no share of the stream of bounty. If there is no such tempter to crime as the grim pressure of want, there are few restraints upon criminal indulgence like the receipt of undeserved kindness. A gleam of charity across a darkened pathway has often arrested the foot pressing on to ruin.

We are not speaking now of simulated distress, or of sturdy, chronic beggary, but of the thousand cases of need in desolate homes all over the city and country. And we contend that it is not wise, much less humane, to withhold the hand of charity because in these instances the vouchers of virtue and respectability are blotted, or wholly wanting. Is it a case of need? And can it be relieved? If so, let the bounty flow in, and measure the current by the necessity, and not by the desert of the sufferer.

Most of the hesitation in this work comes not so much from cold Pharisaism as from a real fear that charity to the undeserving may only minister to what it cannot cure. If we were permitted to give the history of a private mission to this class for only a single year, it would do much to reassure the benevolent and prompt them to fresh efforts in a direction too little explored. A gentleman living in Brooklyn sat in his study one cold winter's night a week before Christmas. It opened into a hall near the street door, and he heard a faint voice ask the servant to take in a little note pleading for charity. He bade the applicant come in, and after much entreaty a young woman with a girlish face, now wan and worn from a cause too visible though the slight thin hands drew the meagre cloak so closely about her, stood revealed in the bright glare of his study lamp. He was not wont to give largely to such applicants, but it was the Christmas time, and there was something that moved him in this case more than

usual; so he gave to the shrinking sufferer a liberal largess. When remonstrated with for his charity, he replied:—"I did not give because of the story she had written down, I could not believe that; but I heard a voice which seemed to say, "You see before you a poor blighted outcast, unworthy to be within a virtuous home, who has been betrayed to her ruin, has violated all the decencies of life, has been punished with untold anguish and sorrow, and is now approaching the hour of woman's greatest need without friends or means of comfort; and when she held out her hand I could not refuse." It was three weeks afterward that a friend, whom he sent to the address she had given, with little expectation of establishing her identity found that her first tale was o'er true, only not half told. She was a young virtuous wife, as she had claimed to be. Her husband was a boyish clerk who took a bride to share with him a small salary, and was soon thrown out of employment. Half distracted with his troubles and nearly starved from actual want, he had become totally helpless; and the brave woman had determined to make one desperate struggle to bridge over the chasm she saw opening before them. She had written a note stating her need, and had gone from house to house on that bitter night through she cannot remember how many streets, seeking help. But for the relief which thus came to her from one who believed her to be an outcast wanderer, the little face which the young mother pressed against hers, as she told this story, would never have glowed with conscious life.

Prompted by this incident, and seeking only to give even to others the benefit of a doubt when he could not positively ascertain their desert, this gentleman found his charity taking an unwonted direction, and was astonished at the result. The vicious and degraded whom he might not have aided had he known their whole history, were often so lifted and cheered, and sometimes even redeemed, by his kindness, that he was encouraged to persevere, not only against his old convictions, but almost in spite of what seemed his better judgment. Those who would know the result may read it, if they will, in illuminated lines as the result of their own experience. There is not in all the world a more promising venture than kindness to the unde-

### The Statue in Clay.

"Make me a Statue," said the King,  
 "Of marble, white as snow.  
 It must be pure enough to stand  
 Before my face at my right hand—  
 The niche is waiting—Go!"  
 The Sculptor heard the King's command,  
 And went upon his way;  
 He had no marble,—but he went,  
 With willing hands and high intent,  
 To mould his thoughts in clay.  
 Day after day, he wrought the clay;  
 But knew not what he wrought.  
 He sought the help of heart and brain:  
 He could not make the vision plain;  
 It lay beyond his thought:  
 To-day, the Statue seemed to grow;  
 To-morrow, it stood still—  
 The third day, all was well again.  
 Thus, year by year, in joy and pain,  
 He wrought his Master's will.  
 At last, his life-long work was done;  
 It was a happy day.  
 He took his Statue to the King,  
 But trembled like a guilty thing,  
 Because it was in clay.  
 "Where is my statue!" asked the King.  
 "Here, Lord," the Sculptor said.  
 "But I commanded marble." "True—  
 But, lacking that, what could I do  
 But mould in clay instead?"  
 "You shall not uprewarded go,  
 Since thou hast done thy best;  
 Thy Statue shall acceptance win;  
 It shall be as it should have been,  
 For I will do the rest."  
 He touched the Statue and it changed;  
 The clay falls off, and lo!  
 A marble shape before him stands—  
 The perfect work of heavenly hands—  
 An Angel, white as snow!

### The Beauty of Old People.

Men and women make their own beauty or their own ugliness. Lord Lytton speaks of a man who "was uglier than he had any business to be;" and if he could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good looking or the reverse, as that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisel of thought and emotion is eternally at work.

Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men, and of white and pink maidens. There is a slow-growing beauty, which only comes to perfection in old age.

Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists. I have seen sweeter smiles on a lip of seventy than upon a lip of seventeen. There is the beauty of youth, and the beauty of holiness—a beauty much more seldom met, and more frequently found in the arm-chair by the fire, with the grandchildren round its knees, than in the ball-room or promenade.

Husband and wife who have fought the world side by side, who have made common stock of joy or sorrow, and grown aged together, are not unfrequently found curiously alike in personal appearance, and in pitch and tone of voice—just as twin pebbles on the beach, exposed to the same tidal influences are each other's second self. He has gained a feminine something which brings his manhood into full relief. She has gained a masculine something which acts as a foil to her womanhood.

### More Blessed to Give than to Receive.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"MAKE to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitation."

It was four o'clock in the afternoon of a dull winter day, that John sat in his counting room. The sun had nearly gone down, and in fact it was already twilight beneath the shadows of the tall, dusky stores, and the close crooked streets of that quarter of Boston. Hardly light enough struggled through the dusky panes of the counting house for John to read the entries in a much-thumbed memorandum book, which he held in his hand.

A small, thin boy, with a pale face and anxious expression, significant of delicacy of constitution, and a too early acquaintance with want and sorrow, was standing by him earnestly watching his motions.

"Ah, yes, my boy," said John, as he at last shut up the memorandum-book. "Yes, I've got the place now; I'm apt to be forgetful about these things; come now, let's go. How is it—haven't you brought the basket?"

"No, sir," said the boy timidly. "The grocer said he'd let mother have a quarter for it, and she thought she'd sell it."

"That's bad," said John, as he went on, tying his throat with a comforter of some yards in extent; and as he continued this operation, he abstractedly repeated, "that's

bad, that's bad," till the poor little boy looked quite dismayed, and began to think that somehow his mother had been dreadfully out of the way.

"She didn't want to send for help, so long as she had any thing to sell," said the little boy in a deprecating tone.

"Oh, yes, quite right," said John, taking from a pigeon-hole in the desk, a large pocket-book, and beginning to turn it over; and, as before, abstractedly repeated, "Quite right! quite right!" till the little boy became as re-assured, and began to think, although he didn't know why, that his mother had done something quite meritorious.

"Well," said John, after he had taken several bills from the pocket-book, and transferred them to a wallet which he put into his pocket, "now we're ready, my boy." But first he stopped to lock up his desk, and then he said abstractedly to himself, "I wonder if I hadn't better take a few tracts."

Now it is to be confessed that this John whom we have introduced to our reader, was in his way quite an oddity. He had a number of singular little *penchants* quite his own—such as a passion for poking about among dark alleys, at all sorts of seasonable and unseasonable hours; fishing out troops of dirty, neglected children; and fussing about generally in the community, till he could get them into schools or otherwise provided for. He always had in his pocket-book a note of some dozen poor widows, who wanted tea, sugar or candles, or other things, such as poor widows always will be wanting. And then he had a most extraordinary talent for finding out all the sick strangers that lay in out-of-the-way upper rooms in hotels, who, everybody knows, have no business to get sick in such places, unless they have money enough to pay their expenses, which they never do.

Besides this, all John's kinsmen and cousins, to the third, fourth, and fortieth remove, were always writing him letters, which, among other pleasing items, generally contained the intelligence that a few hundred dollars was just then exceedingly necessary to save them from utter ruin, and they knew of nobody else to whom to look for it.

And then John was up to his throat in subscriptions to every charitable society that ever was made or imagined—had a

hand in building all the churches within a hundred miles; occasionally gave four or five thousand dollars to a college; offered to be one of six to raise ten thousand dollars for some benevolent purpose; and when four out of the six backed out, quietly paid the balance himself, and said no more about it. Another of his innocent fancies was, to keep always about him any quantity of tracts and good books, little and big, for children and grown up people, which he generally diffused in a kind of gentle shower about him wherever he moved.

So great was his monomania for benevolence, that it could not at all confine itself to the streets of Boston, the circle of his relatives, or even the United States of America. John was fully posted up in the affairs of India, Burmah, China, and all those odd out-of-the-way places, which no sensible man ever thinks of with any interest unless he can make some money there; and money, it is to be confessed, John didn't make there, though he spent in abundance. For getting up printing presses in Ceylon, for Chinese type, for boxes of clothing and what-not to be sent to the Sandwich Islands, for school books for the Greeks, and all other nonsense of that sort, John was without a parallel. No wonder his rich brother merchants sometimes thought him something of a bore, since his heart being full of all these matters, he was rather apt to talk about them, and sometimes to endeavor to draw them into fellowship, to an extent that was not to be thought of.

So it came to pass often, that though John was a thriving business man, with some ten thousand a year, he often wore a pretty threadbare coat, the seams whereof would be trimmed with lines of white, and he would sometimes need several pretty plain hints on the subject of a new hat, before he would think he could afford one. Now it is to be confessed the world is not always grateful to those who thus devote themselves to its interests, and John had as much occasion to know this as many another man. People got so used to John's giving, that his bounty became as common and as necessary as that of a higher Benefactor, "who maketh his sun to rise upon the evil and the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust;" and so it came to pass that people took them as they do the sunshine and the rain, quite as mat-

ters of course—not thinking much about them when they came, but particularly apt to scold when they did not.

But John never cared for that. He didn't give for gratitude; he did not give for thanks, nor to have his name published in the papers as one of six who had given fifty thousand to do so and so; but he gave because it was in him to give, and we all know that it is an old rule in medicine as well as in morals, that what is in a man must be brought out. Then again, John heard it reported, that there had been One of distinguished authority, who had expressed the opinion that it was "*more blessed to give than to receive*," and he very much believed it—believed it because the One who said it must have known, since for man's sake *He* once gave away ALL.

And so when some thriftless, distant relation, whose debts John had paid a dozen times over, gave him an overhauling on the subject of liberality, and seemed inclined to take him by the throat for farther charity, John calmed himself down by a chapter or two from the New Testament, and half a dozen hymns, and then sent him a good brotherly letter of admonition and counsel, with a bank note to enforce it; and when some querulous old woman, who had had a tenement of him, rent free, for three or four years, sent him word that if he didn't send and mend the water-pipes, she would move right out, John sent and mended them. People said that he was foolish, and that it didn't do any good to do for ungrateful people; but John knew that it did *him* good; he loved to do it, and he thought also on some words that ran to this effect: "Do good and lend, *hoping for nothing again*." John literally hoped for nothing again in the way of reward, either in this world or in heaven, beyond the present pleasure of the deed; for he had abundant occasion to see how favors are forgotten in this world; and as for another, he had in his own soul a standard of benevolence so high, so pure, so ethereal, that but one of mortal birth ever reached it. John felt, that do what he might, he fell ever so far below the life of that *spotless One*, that his crown in heaven must come to him at last, not as a reward, but as a free eternal gift.

But all this while our friend and his little companion have been pattering along the wet streets, in the rain and sleet of a bitter cold evening, till they stopped be-

fore a grocery. Here a large cross-handled basket was first bought, and then filled with sundry packages of tea, sugar, candles, soap, starch, and various other matters; a barrel of flour was ordered to be sent after him on a dray. John next stopped at a dry goods store, and bought a pair of blankets, with which he loaded down the boy, who was happy enough to be so loaded; and then, turning gradually from the more frequented streets, the two were soon lost to view in one of the dimmest alleys in the city.

The cheerful fire was blazing in John's parlor, as, returning from his long, wet walk, he was sitting by it with his feet comfortably incased in slippers. The astral was burning brightly on the center table, and a group of children were around it—studying their lessons.

"Papa," said a little boy, "what does this verse mean?—it's in my Sunday-school lesson! 'Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations.'"

"You ought to have asked your teacher, my son."

"But he said he didn't know exactly what it meant. He wanted me to look this week, and see if I could find out."

John's standing resource in all exegetical difficulties was Dr. Scott's family Bible. Therefore, he now got up, putting on his spectacles, walked to the glass book-case, and took down a volume of that worthy commentator, and opening it, read aloud the whole exposition of the passage, together with the practical reflections upon it; and by the time he had done, found his young auditor fast asleep in his chair.

"Mother," said John, this "child plays too hard. He can't keep his eyes open evenings. It's time he was in bed."

"I wasn't asleep, Pa," said Master Henry, starting up with that air of injured innocence with which gentlemen of his age generally treat an imputation of this kind.

"Then can you tell me now what the passage means that I have been reading to you?"

"There's so much of it," said Henry, hopelessly, "I wish you'd just tell me in short order, father!"

"Oh, read it for yourself," said John, as he pushed the book towards the boy, for it was to be confessed that John perceived at this moment, that he had not

himself received any particularly luminous impression, though of course he thought it was owing to his own want of comprehension. John leaned back in his rocking-chair, and on his own private hook began to speculate a little as to what he really should think the verse might mean, supposing he was at all competent to decide upon it. "Make to yourself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness," says John "that's money, very clearly—how am I do make friends with it or of it? Receive me "into everlasting habitations?" That's a singular kind of expression—I wonder what it means. Dr. Scott makes some very good remarks about it, but somehow I'm not exactly clear." It must be remarked that this was not an uncommon result of John's critical investigations in this quarter.

Well, thoughts will wander, and as John lay with his head on the back of his rocking-chair, and his eyes fixed on the flickering blaze of the coal—visions of his wet tramp in the city, and of the lonely garret he had been visiting, and of the poor woman with the pale, discouraged face, to whom he had carried warmth and comfort, all blended themselves together. He felt too a little indefinite creeping chill, and some uneasy sensations in his head like a commencing cold, for John was not a strong man—and it is probable his long wet walk was likely to cause him some inconvenience in this way. At last he was fast asleep, nodding in his chair.

He dreamed that he was very sick in bed, that the doctor came and went, and that he grew sicker and sicker. He was going to die. He saw his wife sitting weeping by his pillow, his children standing by with pale and frightened faces, all things in his room began to swim and waver, and fade, and voices that called his name, and sobs and lamentations that rose around him, seemed far-off and distant in his ear. "Oh eternity! eternity! I am going—I am going," he thought; and in that hour, strange to tell, not one of all his good deeds seemed good enough to lean on, all bore some taint or tinge to his purified eye, of mortal selfishness, and seemed unholy before the ALL PURE. "I am going," he thought, "there is no time to stay, no time to alter, to balance accounts; and I know not what I am, but I know, O Jesus, what THOU art. I have trusted in Thee, and shall never be confounded."

And with that last breath of prayer, earth was past.

A soft and solemn breathing, as of music, awakened him. As an infant child not yet fully awake, hears the holy wrappings of his mother's hymn, and smiles, half-conscious, so the heaven-born became aware of sweet voices and loving faces around him, ere yet he fully woke to the new, immortal life.

"Ah, he has come at last; how long we have waited for him—here he is among us—now forever—welcome! welcome!" said the voices.

Who shall speak the joy of that latest birth, the birth from death to life! The sweet, calm imbreathing consciousness of purity and rest, the certainty that all sin, all weakness and error are at last gone forever—the deep, immortal rapture of repose—felt to be but begun—never to end!

So the eyes of the heaven-born opened on the new heaven and the new earth, and wondered at the crowd of loving faces that thronged about him. Fair godlike forms of beauty, such as the earth never knew, pressed round him with blessings, thanks and welcome.

The man spake not, but he wondered in his heart who they were, and whence it came that they knew him, and soon as the inquiry formed itself in his soul, it was read at once by his heavenly friends. "I," said one bright spirit, "was a poor boy whom you found in the streets, you sought me out, you sent me to school, you watched over me, and led me to the house of God, and now here I am." "And we," said other voices, "are other neglected children whom he redeemed—we also thank you." "And I," said another, "was a lost, helpless girl—sold to sin and shame; nobody thought I could be saved, everybody passed me by until you came. You built a home, a refuge for such poor wretches as me, and there I, and many like me, heard of Jesus, and here we are." "And I," said another, "was once a clerk in your store. I came to the city innocent, but I was betrayed by the tempter. I forgot my mother and my mother's God. I went to the gaming table and the theatre, and at last I robbed your drawer. You might have justly cast me off, but you bore with me, you watched over me, you saved me. I am here through you, this day." "And

I," said another, "was a poor slave girl—doomed to be sold on the auction block, to a life of infamy, and the ruin of soul and body. Had you not been willing to give so largely for my ransom, no one had thought to buy me. You stimulated others to give, and I was redeemed. I lived a Christian mother to bring my children up for Christ—they are all here with me to bless you this day, and their children on earth, and their children's children are growing up to bless you." "And I," said another, "was an unbeliever. In the pride of my intellect, I thought I could demonstrate the absurdity of Christianity. I thought I could answer the argument from miracles and prophecy, but your patient, self-denying life, was an argument I never could answer. When I saw you spending all your time and all your money in efforts for your fellow-men, undiscouraged by ingratitude, and careless of praise, then I thought, 'there is something divine in that man's life,' and that thought brought me here."

The man looked around on the gathering congregation, and he saw that there was no one whom he had drawn heavenward that had not also drawn thither myriads of others. In his life-time he had been scattering seeds of good around from hour to hour, almost unconsciously, and now he saw every seed springing up into a widening forest of immortal beauty and glory. It seemed to him that there was to be no end to the numbers that flocked as claim him as their long-expected soul-friend. His heart was full, and his face became as that of an angel as he looked up to One who seemed nearer than all, and said: "This is Thy love for me, unworthy, O Jesus. Of Thee, and to Thee, and through Thee, are all things. Amen."

Amen, as with chorus of many waters and mighty thunderings, the sound swept onward, and died far off in chiming echoes among the distant stars, and the man awoke.

We have called his name simply *John*, but this man hath long since been called to receive that "new name," which the Lord giveth to him that overcometh. Let us follow in his steps.

"He who marks from day to day  
With generous acts his radiant way,  
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,  
The path to glory and to God."

## Youth and Age.

The following beautiful lines originally appeared in the *Etonian*, a periodical started about twenty years ago, by the boys of Eton College. For truth, tenderness and melody, they are incomparable:

I often think each tottering form  
That limps along in life's decline,  
Once bore a heart as young, as warm,  
As full of idle thoughts as mine!  
And each has had its dream of joy,  
Its own unequalled, pure romance:  
Commencing when the blushing boy  
First thrills at lovely woman's glance.

And each could tell his tale of youth—  
Would think its scenes of love evince  
More passion, more unearthly truth  
Than any tale before or since.  
Yes, they could tell of tender lay  
At midnight penned in classic shades,  
Of days more bright than modern days,  
And maids more fair than modern maids.

Of whispers in a willing ear;  
Of kisses on a blushing cheek;  
Each kiss, each whisper far more dear  
Our modern lips to give or speak,  
Of passions too untimely crossed;  
Of passions slighted or betrayed;  
Of kindred spirits early lost,  
And buds that blossom but to fade;

Of beaming eyes and tresses gay.  
Elastic form and noble brow,  
Of forms that have all passed away,  
And left them what we see them now.  
And is it thus—is human love  
So very light and frail a thing;  
And must youth's brightest visions move,  
Forever on time's restless wing?

Must all the eyes that still are bright,  
And all the lips that talk of bliss,  
And all the forms so fair to sight,  
Hereafter only come to this?  
Then what are earth's best visions worth,  
If we at length must lose them thus?  
If all we value most on earth  
Ere long must fade away from us?

The philosopher Frazer says that, "though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer."

Indiscriminate eulogy and indiscriminate invectives are equally good—both good for nothing.

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY, 1868.

## Our Paper.

This, the first issue of the New Year, suggests many thoughts to us. While the January number is not the beginning of our paper-year, it is nevertheless a good time to subscribe for the *Review*. Many of our subscriptions commence with this month, and we like to begin the new year not only with new resolutions—new hopes—new plans—but with *new subscribers*. Those whose year expires with the last number, will please bear this fact in mind—renew subscriptions at once—and while doing so, make a little extra effort, and send us one—two—three—or a dozen new names. Those who did not make us a New Year present, can, if they choose, make amends now, by adding a name or so to our List. We will not praise our little paper, but let it speak for itself. There is one point, however, to which we might call especial attention, and that is, to its advantages as an advertising medium. Taken quite generally, not only in the city but by the towns about us, and by the leading citizens, a notice attracts more attention, and is more apt to be read, in our little paper, from the fact that it is little, than in our daily papers. Then, our increasing circulation, and the large number of Extras which we now propose to issue, once in three months, and send out gratuitously, are additional inducements to advertisers. We would be glad to have our agents and friends, every where, make a little special effort this month for our paper. Where are our little agents? Let us hear from them and from all.

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.



### Visit to the Hospital.

In-door warmth, cheeriness, and comfort have their peculiar charm in the depths of a severe winter like this, and we meet all these at the Hospital. Its order and neatness are proverbial, and not less so the genial, pleasant, inviting air surrounding it. We were impressed with these on our last visit, as we have often been before, and grateful that for the sick and suffering a building, so attractive, as well as comfortable, has been provided.

Our first visit in the Male Ward was to J. R., with consumption—who interested us so much last month. He had failed, we could see—his voice grown more feeble and husky—but he met us with a bright smile of recognition, and spoke calmly of his approaching end. Ignorant and untaught, we still can but trust that all is well with him, and that, although dimly, he yet sees Christ, and that his hope is in Him. He listens so eagerly, and is so interested as we read to him, or talk with him—so grateful, too, for every little attention. Poor boy! Although so young, death does not look sad, life has been so bitter—driven here and there—tossed about always, as he has been. Mr. R., another consumptive patient, is also failing. J. McC, we observed, is back again. Recovered from injuries received at the burning of Washington Hall, he has now returned, ill with inflammation of the lungs. F. G. is a new patient, with disease of the liver. He was just receiving a visit from his pastor, Rev. Mr. U., of the German Lutheran Church. Mr. U. had just left the cot of another patient here, he comes almost every day to visit, G. B., a German and a stranger in the country—very ill with typhoid fever. He is unable to speak a word of English. Two disabled soldiers—Adam P. and Francis H.—both also German, have been added to the Ward since our last visit. The latter has lost an arm. "Burned man," we were sorry to find not feeling quite so well.

As we entered the Female Ward, Carrie O'B. came to meet us, bringing her doll, with which she seemed to be very happy. She is the motherless little girl of whom we have often spoken. E. K., with rheumatism, continues to improve; and also E. G., from Sweden. The latter had not walked a step for more than two years—and she is proud and delighted beyond description, to find herself able to walk again. She walked up and down the Hall while we were talking with her, to show us how much she had gained—and it is indeed astonishing. Among the new inmates, we noticed S. J., of Avon—here to be treated for her eyes. She is a member of the Baptist Church, and seems a nice person. Jane W. is another new inmate, with some trouble of her throat. M. P. B., the "nice old lady," we found better, sitting up, and knitting again. Sitting near her, and having seemingly a pleasant chat, were Mr. and Mrs. R., a nice looking old couple, who have recently come here. They are members of the Second Baptist Church, by which they are provided for. Mrs. R. has a cancer, and Mr. R. being old and feeble, remains with her. In the adjoining apartment, we found Maggie O'D., still confined to her couch—but she met us with the same sweet, patient smile which won our interest a month ago. A book of Psalms was in her hand, from which she had been reading—and we wondered if something of the peacefulness and serenity surrounding her, she had not gathered from its precious promises. She has no home—no parents—but a sister living near, whom she sees often, and brothers at a distance, who are kind. Little if any hope is felt in her case—and there is something sad and despairing in her expression at times—and yet she seems fully ready for death, or willing to lie here and suffer all God's will. She is a member of St. Luke's Church, and speaks with gratitude of the kindness she receives. So young—so pretty, with something peculiarly winning in

her low, sweet voice—we could not help feeling a more than passing interest in her. In the same room with her, was Mrs. E. D., slowly recovering from long illness, and grieving sadly for her baby, taken from her arms by Death a month ago. Here, also, we found Mrs. Hoyt, failing slowly but surely.

We were gratified to find, in visiting the Lying-in Ward, that our appeals in behalf of our Hospital babies, have not been in vain. Two—a boy and a girl—have been adopted during the month—and there are now three others—two boys and a little girl—asking, with the strong plea of helpless-innocence, for love and parental care. Shall their cry be heeded, or shall they be cast forth, hapless waifs, upon a cold world—to a fate uncertain and cruel?

#### Especial Thanks.

We feel that especial thanks are due to Mrs. Montie Rochester, for those exquisite wax flowers, the work of her own hands, sent from her distant home, for the Fancy Table at our Party. Through some inadvertance, we failed to make our acknowledgments, as we should have done, last month; but it was not, we would assure Mrs. R., from want of appreciation of her beautiful gifts, which elicited much admiration at our Party, and sold readily. Little Montie will also accept our thanks. We are glad to find that he does not forget us.

#### A Word About Mr. Leary—His Dyeing, &c.

We feel like calling a little special attention to Mr. Leary and his Fancy Dyeing establishment (whose advertisement will be found elsewhere in our columns,) for more reasons than one. Firstly, a man who has been dyeing (dying) for the ladies for so many years, deserves at least a little notice from them, now and then. Secondly, to be serious, for dyeing (dying) is a serious business—and if you have any of that business to do, we would

heartily commend you to Mr. Leary, who, we will engage, will do it for you most beautifully. Mr. Leary keeps himself posted in all modern inventions and improvements in his art, and is able to produce all the new shades of colors and tints to perfection. His skill in renewing old garments, is proverbial. But we forget that Mr. Leary does not need our praise—his works praise him.

### Correspondence.

We have been much gratified at the reception of the following—from a friend at Niagara Falls. Miss S. will please accept our thanks for her efforts for our Review. Eight new subscribers is a New Years present worth getting:

Having felt a deep interest in the Hospital at Rochester and being a subscriber for the *Review*, I have endeavored to obtain a few new names for your little paper, and have succeeded in adding eight to your list. Please send to the address of the following, &c. Please find enclosed \$4.00. Most respectfully yours,

ELLA SPENCER.

Many thanks for the following:

JANUARY 4th, 1868.

Please find enclosed \$1.50 for three copies of your very interesting little paper, to the enclosed names, to Brockport. They wish to commence with the Jan'y number. I have delayed sending them hoping to get more. I send them now, and will try to obtain others soon.

A FRIEND.

Mrs. M. W. Mix, formerly a resident of this city, now removed to Wheeling, West Va., in writing to have her paper forwarded to that place, kindly says:

"I have read your little *Review* with pleasure, and was very much interested in your institution for the last year, being a resident of your city for a little more than that time, and would like now to have it forwarded to this place."

NEWARK, N. Y., JAN. 6th, 1868

Mrs. P.—DEAR MADAM.—I was solicited by my brother's wife, (Mrs. H. L. Fish,) to take your paper, the "*Hospital Review*," some two or three years previous. If I am not mistaken, it is time to renew my subscription for another year. The appearance of the paper reminded me that I was tardy. I have enjoyed your paper *very much* and after my perusal, I send it to a little friend

of mine, a little girl of twelve summers. Your paper has improved very much, and I always look for it with a great deal of interest as it contains many a gem and is a noble work besides being instructive.

If I have been tardy, please pardon my unintentional neglect. If you have any of your last numbers on hand, please forward to me, and send each number as they are issued.

I want, very much, to visit your Hospital and shall avail myself of the first opportunity that presents.

I will close by bidding you God speed in your noble work and with many kind wishes for yourself and the suffering inmates of your Hospital. Enclosed, is 50 cents for the paper, and 50 cents as a small remembrance.

I am respectfully yours, Mrs. D. A. S.

### Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, December 26th, 1867, Patrick Hennessy, aged 30 years.

### Receipts for the Hospital Review, FROM DEC. 15, TO JAN. 15.

D. O. Porter, Mrs. E. C. Higgins, Mrs. Chas. Fellows, Penfield; Mrs. W. H. Ward, Leila M. Gates, Mendon; E. Sommers, Livonia Station; Mrs. Piffard, (2 copies, 2 years) Piffard; Mrs. Nancy Welch, Mrs. C. M. Lee, C. A. Dewey, Mrs. D. A. Sherman, Newark; Mrs. O. S. Gardner, Brockport—By Mrs. Perkins.....	\$7 50
Mr. H. P. Gardner, Heman Barlow, Brockport—By a Friend.....	1 50
Mrs. L. Chapman, Mrs. W. D. Sexton, Mrs. F. Rogers, Mrs. R. Dowler, Taberg, N. Y.—By Mrs W. D. Sexton.....	2 00
Mrs. Kratt, Miss E. Manville—By Miss S. Allgood.....	1 00
Mrs. Judge Gould (with postage) Brighton	62
Mrs. J. C. Nash, Mrs. C. Waite, Mrs Dr. Fenn, Mrs. M. A. Gibbs—By Miss Mary Waite.....	2 00
Mrs. Charles Atwater, N. Haven—By Florence Montgommery.....	50
Miss Jennie Porter, Miss Julia Porter, Mrs. W. F. Evans, Mrs. E. M. Clark, Mrs. R. Walker, Mrs. Slocum, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. J. Lord, Niagara Falls—By Miss Ella M. Spencer.....	4 00
Mrs. Thos. Hawks, Mrs. T. G. Montgomery; Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva—By Miss Minnie Montgomery.....	1 50
Cha's. O. Biingham, Westford, Vt.....	50
O. A. Chilson—By Miss E. A. C. Hayes..	50
Mrs. Geo. Morris, Mrs. E. L. Porter, Niagara Falls—By Mrs. A. Porter.....	1 00
Mrs. Lucy R. Heury, Burlington, Iowa Miss P. L. Lowry, Michigan Centre—By a Subscriber.....	1 00
Mrs. James Melvin, (3 copies); Mrs. Bridget Allison, (6 no's.) Manchester; Mrs. R. Carter—By Mrs. Mathews.....	2 25
Advertisements—By Dr. Jones.....	20 00
D. Leary—By Mrs. Mathews.....	10 00

### List of Donations to the Hospital,

FROM DEC. 15th TO JANUARY 15th, 1868.

Mrs. Chester A. Kellogg—Quantity of Clothing.	
Mrs. Gould, Brighton—5 bushels of Potatoes.	
Mrs. E. M. Smith—Delicacies for sick.	
Mrs. Starr—2 cans of Grapes, 1 Cake, bundle of Rags.	
Mrs. Fish—1 Turkey, 7 heads of Celery, 100 Biscuits.	
Mrs. Wilder—Children's Clothing.	
Mrs. Clark—Grapes.	
Mrs. Geo. Whitney—12 boxes Grapes.	
Mrs. Brooks—Apple Sauce.	
Young Ladies of Sweden—1 Quilt.	
Mrs. H. F. Atkinson—1 Turkey.	

### Superintendent's Report for December.

1867. Dec. 1. No. Patients in Hospital, . . .	56
Received during the month, 26—82	82
Discharged,.....	18
Deaths,.....	2—20
Jan. 1. Remaining in Hospital, . . . . .	62

## Children's Department.

From the Advocate and Guardian.

### Susie's Christmas Morning.

"Oh dear, it's so cold! I don't see why it can't be warmer," fretted cross little Susie Perkins. After a moment's silence, finding her mother paid no attention to her, she grumbled, "I wish I'd staid in bed. I never saw such a hateful old Christmas."

Susie was dressing down by the sitting-room fire. It was her privilege on very cold mornings, when Jack Frost had been more than usually busy up in her nice little room. But to be in such an unhappy state of mind on Christmas morning was certainly very miserable. The fire was doing its best to make the little girl comfortable, but she shivered and fretted as if there were an iceberg there, instead of a pleasant grate, with its merry, leaping flames, keeping Christmas of their own.

I am very sorry to tell you, children, that Susie had a perverse habit of "getting out of bed the wrong way;"—I see some of you look as if you knew a little about it yourself, so I won't explain how it is—and this morning, with so much to make her happy, she had tumbled quite out the wrong side, and this was the way she made it known to her dear, patient mother.

The cause of all this fretting was that she found her stocking empty. She took

no notice of the pictures on the window-panes that had been drawn so charmingly in the stilly night for her; but as soon as she awakened she sprang out of bed at once, and gathering up her clothes, ran eagerly down stairs to get her stocking that hung from the mantle. At first she had been a little provoked to think she could sleep Christmas morning till everybody was up except little baby brother, but this discontent had vanished in the prospect of the stocking surprises; and to be entirely disappointed was very trying indeed.

Susie knew it had been a hard season for her father. He was not yet very strong since the long fever, and his business was much hindered; but she did think he might have made a merrier Christmas for her—it wouldn't take much to buy some candy—she wished she could have something like other little girls—this all to herself, and the fault-finding about the cold, and the "hateful old Christmas" to the kindest and best of mammas.

Everything seemed to conspire against her this morning. She twitched her shoestring so hard that "of course it had to go and break," as she angrily declared; then she hooked up her dress wrong twice, and at last found a button off her apron.

"I wish I needn't have buttons on my sleeves. I don't see why I can't have them made to slip my hand through, like other people."

Mrs. Perkins smiled as she remembered how she had made it so at first, to please her exacting little daughter, and had changed it for the same reason.

"It's such hateful calico. I wish I could have white ones."

It was very provoking that mamma would take no notice of what she said. She would have liked to get into a dispute with her rather than not be appreciated. Of all the little girls in the wide, wide world, she was the most ill-used, the most miserable, she was very sure. Minnie Gardener had everything she wanted, and Jennie Reed had only "to wish" and things came at once. She didn't believe anybody had to wash her face and hands in such cold water. She should certainly freeze to death, and nobody would care.

This last reflection on her friends, was made at the wash-stand in her mother's room. When she was pleasant, there was no part of her toilet that she liked better than to bathe herself in ice-cold water, and

to hear her father say, as she came out rosy and bright, "Now for my cold kiss!"

But this morning she was undergoing a veritable martyrdom, and she took a spiteful pleasure in prolonging the operation till her hands were really blue and stiff, and then she came out and held them up before the fire with grim satisfaction.

Mamma couldn't bear to have such a doleful, disagreeable face at the breakfast table, so she said gently, "Susie, bring me baby's blanket from the lounge."

The little fellow lay kicking and crowing on his mother's lap. His very good humor seemed to vex his fretful sister. "I wish he wouldn't be always making such a fuss," she muttered, as she obeyed her mother's request.

Susie stood before the lounge in speechless surprise. It was so placed that she could not see what was on it from that part of the room in which she had dressed. There sat Miss Pattie May, Susie's wax doll, arrayed in a beautiful little plaid coat, made in the very style of Susie's new one from Boston, and a cunning little bonnet with blue ribbons and white feather. A tiny muff of white fur completed the pretty costume. Beside her lay a large book with bright covers and a gilt title. A flush of shame spread over Susie's face, and deepened as she thought of her fretful complainings. It was hard work to take up the blanket, and face mamma, with that tell-tale blush dying her cheeks and brow. She walked slowly back without raising her eyes. Her mother tenderly drew her to her side.

"Doesn't my little girl like Pattie's new things?"

Susie's only reply was to throw her arms around her mother's neck and hide her burning face on her shoulder. Baby lay quite still with his great wondering eyes fixed on Susie's curly head, then he gave a sudden little crow, and began a vigorous assault on his sister with his tiny pink feet.

"Come, Susie, baby wants you to have a merry Christmas too; go look at your pretty book." But she could not go until she had asked her mother's forgiveness. With all Susie's faults she was always ready to say she was sorry, and her bursts of fretfulness and passion were soon over.

In a few minutes she was sitting on the lounge, talking to Pattie in admiring tones, and showing her the beauties of her new

book. You would not have guessed it could be the same little girl that pouted and grumbled by the fire five minutes before, with such a wrinkled forehead and cross brown eyes. For she was all smiles, and her face was so bright that baby had to shut his eyes when she bent over him, shaking her curls to make him laugh!

It is many a year since Susie fretted away the early sunshine of that Christmas morning; but she can never forget how unkind she was to her dear mother, who had spent many hours after Susie was in bed, making Pattie's pretty suit; and a blush of shame burns on her cheek even now when she thinks of it. It was a lesson she never forgot, and by many patient efforts, and the dear Saviour's help, she overcame the habit at last, and was the very light and joy of the house.

SADIE.

**Now I Lay Me Down To Sleep.**

In the quiet nursery chambers,  
 Snowy pillows yet unpressed,  
 See the forms of little children  
 Kneeling, white-robed for their rest,  
 All in quiet nursery chambers,  
 While the dusky shadows creep,  
 Hear the voices of the children—  
 "Now I lay me down to sleep."

In the meadow and the mountain,  
 Calmly shine the winter stars,  
 But across the glistening lowlands,  
 Slants the moonlight's silver bars  
 In the silence and the darkness,  
 Darkness growing still more deep,  
 Listen to the little children  
 Praying God their souls to keep.

"If we die"—so pray the children,  
 And the mother's head drops low;  
 (One from out her fold is sleeping  
 Deep beneath the winter's snow:)  
 "Take our souls;" and past the casement  
 Flits a gleam of crystal light,  
 Like the trailing of his garments,  
 Walking evermore in light.

Little souls that stand expectant,  
 Listen at the gates of life;  
 Hearing, far away, the murmur  
 Of the tumult and the strife.  
 We, who fight beneath those banners,  
 Meeting ranks of foemen there,  
 Find a deeper, broader meaning  
 In your simple vesper prayers.

When your hands shall grasp this standard  
 Which to-day you watch from far,  
 When your deeds shall shape the conflict  
 In this universal war,  
 Pray to him, the God of battles,  
 Whose strong eye can never sleep,  
 In the warring of temptation,  
 Firm and true your souls to keep.

When the combat ends, and slowly  
 Clears the smoke from out the skies,  
 Then far down the purple distance,  
 All the noise of battle dies,  
 When the last night's solemn shadows  
 Settle down on you and me,  
 May the love that never faileth  
 Take our souls eternally.

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**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**

Pr. Sq. 1 insertion	\$1 00	Quarter Column,.....	\$10 00
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One Year,.....	5 00	One Column, 1 Year,	26 00

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1y

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**Steam Fancy Dyeing**

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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.

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[Established in 1826.]

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(Established in 1843.)

Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in

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The following are the Prices:

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

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**INSURANCE OFFICE,**

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

**BUELL & BREWSTER,**

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Policies issued, and all losses promptly adjusted and paid.

H. P. BREWSTER, E. N. BUELL.  
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**Fancy & Toilet Goods,**

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For medicinal uses.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.

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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. IV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1868.

No. 7.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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### "I CAN'T AFFORD IT;"

OR, SAVING TO SPEND AGAIN.

"There is that withholdeth more than is meet; but it tendeth to poverty."

BY LUCY ELLEN GURNESEY.

"There is one advantage in a carpet like this!" said Mrs. John Barnaby.

Mrs. John Barnaby was ordinarily considered a graceful woman, but it must be conceded that her attitude at this moment was far from graceful. She was sitting on the floor in a position approximating to that called "cross-legged" in tailors, her elbow resting on her knee, and her chin on her elbow, and she was contemplating in a thoughtful manner a darn in the carpet which she seemed to have just finished. The carpet had been a handsome three-ply in its day, but that day had long been past, and it was now not so much a carpet full of

large darns, as a large darn held together by a little carpet. Mrs. John Barnaby's sister-in-law, Mrs. Thorn, sat in an arm chair, and regarded the said carpet with some disgust. She was a handsome woman and handsomely dressed, especially in the matter of furs: but she had a careworn, not to say fretful face, while Mrs. John's was as bright as the sun which streamed in at her South windows.

"There is one advantage," repeated Mrs. John Barnaby, "in such a carpet as this."

"Now, Dulcie, that is too absurd!" said Mrs. Thorn. "What possible advantage can there be in such a faded old rag!"

"Why, you see, my dear sister, such a darn in a new carpet would be a great disfigurement, whereas in this one, the darn looks as well as any of the rest of it."

"But you would not need to darn a new carpet at all!" argued Mrs. Thorn, seriously.

Dulcie laughed, a merry rippling laugh, in which she was joined rather more loudly than was necessary by a tall boy who sat at the table studying.

"Oh, Patricia, you are so very literal! You are like the man who, on being told that he could not take a joke if it were fired out of a pistol, said he did not believe a joke could be fired out of a pistol!"

Mrs. Thorn drew herself up haughtily. "I am very happy in affording you and your brother so much amusement!" said she. "When you have done laughing,

perhaps you will explain your meaning. I should think, Dulcie, now you are a married woman, you might leave off this senseless giggling and laughing."

"I suppose my sister can laugh in her own house if she pleases," said the tall boy, firing up in his sisters' defence. "Everlasting laughing is better than everlasting fretting."

"Don't try to be all the Seven Champions at once, my dear!" returned his sister, "I can fight my own battles when I have any to fight, but now tell me, Patty, is not that a clever darn?"

"It would be, if there were any need of it!" returned Mrs. Thorn; but as long as you might just as well have a new one, I must say it seems to me mere nonsensical folly. Why don't you buy a new carpet?"

"For several reasons!" replied Dulcie. "Such a carpet as I want for this room would cost at least fifty-five dollars, besides," she continued, smiling, "I take quite a pride in this carpet, as much as if I had worked it myself. John said if I would make it last till spring, I should have the money a new one would cost, to use as I liked. Fifty-five dollars will buy a great deal. Oh, dear, how stiff I am! Georgie, come and help me up!"

The tall boy exerted himself and helped his plump little sister not only to her feet but at least a yard higher.

"Gently, my dear boy! you hug like a bear. I thought, by the way, you were going to market for me this morning!"

"I am off," said the young giant. "I believe I will go up to the green-house and see the new ferns. Good bye. I hope you won't pine away in my absence."

"Now, Patricia I am going to wash my hands and sit down!" said Mrs. John. "Do take off your furs and stay a while. I am going to take advantage of my giant's absence to work on his birth-day present. He is at home so constantly that I do not have many chances.

"What people you are for making presents to each other!" said Mrs. Thorn. Only last Christmas you made that great scarf for George, and now here is something else."

"Yes, it was very inconsiderate in George to be born so near the Holidays; but there is no help for it now!" returned Dulcie, gravely, as she produced her work—a couple of squares of brown Java canvas, one already bound with blue ribbon, and worked with a quaint device in worsted. "Is not this pretty?"

"Very pretty; but what is it for?"

"They are covers for George's fern book. You know he is an enthusiastic botanist, and he has made really a fine collection of our native ferns. He has some very valuable specimens. You see, I shall work the word "Ferns," in ornamental letters on this side, and his initials below. I got the Java canvas at Mrs. K's; and it is just the thing—so fine and such a quaint rustic material."

"After all, it seems a good deal to spend on a boy's whim!" observed Mrs. Thorn.

"Any knowledge is likely to be useful to him, and saying nothing of the future it does him a great deal of good now!" replied Dulcie. "It keeps him out of mischief and gives him a great deal of amusement. Moreover it has been of the greatest benefit to his health. See, how tall and strong he has grown since he came here. He is not like the same boy."

"But it is very expensive!" persisted Mrs. Thorn. "He must wear out his clothes at a great rate; and then you buy so many books for him."

"That reminds me you have not seen our last acquisition!" said Dulcie. "That big book of English ferns on the corner shelf."

"Thank you, I don't take any vital interest in weeds. You might have bought a new carpet with all the books you have purchased this year."

"Yes, more than one; but I would rather have the books."

"Mr. Thorn had quite a notion of collecting books, when we were first married;" continued Mrs. Thorn: "but I told him plumply we could not afford it; and I said so much about it, that he soon left off bringing them home. Books are so in the way, if one has not a regular library, they just scatter all over the house."

"I never think a room looks comfortable or pleasant without books;" remarked Dulcie. There were certainly a great many books scattered about Dulcie's house.

"Don't you mean to have new furs this winter, Dulcie?" asked Mrs. Thorn, presently.

"No!" replied Dulcie, "I can't afford them!"

"Can't afford it! That is what you always say, and yet you have not the least notion of saving in any sensible manner. Why, look at the very gas and coal you burn when you have no company! I never look across here in the evening that I don't see your windows lighted as if for a ball—and every one knows how much an open grate costs, besides the dust and dirt it gathers. That is one way you wear out your carpet so fast—using this room every day. You might just as well sit in your dining-room, when you are by yourselves and not have the men's boots in here!"

Dulcie laughed, but Mrs. Thorn continued her lecture in a still more serious tone.

"The fact is, Dulcie, you are no house-keeper at all, and you ought to try and learn. You think you economise because you wear old clothes, and keep your old furniture, and all that; but you don't. Just see that sunshine pouring in, showing all the darns, and fading the colors, if there were any left to fade. You ought never to keep your blinds open when the sun shines."

"What would become of my plants, in that case?"

"You would be a great deal better off without them. They draw the flies and help to soil the carpet and paint. Then, instead of using this open grate and soft coal, you should have a close stove which will keep fire well, and which you can brighten up if necessary, when you have calls. That makes no dirt and needs no watching, so you could sit in your dining-room with your work and books, instead of having this room in a litter all the time." "We never use the dining-room in winter!" said Mrs. John. "It has only north windows, and is cold and dismal. This room is just as convenient to the kitchen and pantry, so we have our meals here."

Mrs. Thorn held up her hands. "Why, Dulcie Barnaby! and what do you do when you have callers?"

"Ask them to dinner?" replied Dulcie. She was beginning to be tired of the lecture.

"Then you might use kerosene instead of gas!" continued Mrs. Thorn. It is much cheaper. But, above all, Dulcie, if you mean to economise at all, you must leave off buying books, and taking magazines, such things eat up no end of money. You must leave off, too, this silly fancy of making presents on every occasion. I dare say this affair for George will cost three or four dollars by the time it is done. You must give more time to house-keeping and managing, and less to study. You are always pouring over books with George and John, when you might be doing something useful. Why just look at me! My husband's income is no more than yours; and just look at the glass and china I have bought since I was married! See the improvements in our house. Look at my dress! There is not a better dressed woman in the street. These very sable furs I saved out of the house-keeping money; and you might easily do the same if you would only listen to reason. Now

take my advice. Sit in the dining-room in the day time—and in the evening also when John is away——”

“But John never is away evenings!” interrupted Dulcie.” He has not spent three evenings away from home since we were married, unless I went with him!”

Something in this remark seemed to strike Mrs. Thorn unpleasantly. She examined the tassels of her muff but made no reply.

“John and George are always at home evenings, continued Dulcie; “and I like to have things pleasant for them. John reads to me a great deal, and kerosene lights hurt his eyes. We never light up very early. John generally takes a nap after dinner, and George and I sit over the fire and talk. That is his time for telling me every thing, just as he used to tell dear mother at home. Especially if he has got into any scrape or trouble, I am sure to hear of it after dinner.”

Mrs. Thorn sighed; she knew of boys whose mother was the last person to be taken into their confidence.

“John never minds anything about the old darned carpet!” continued Dulcie; but he loves books and such things, and he needs them for recreation—he works so hard. George is just as contented as John. He never wants to go out. We play chess and other such games when we are tired of reading loud; and sometimes we have music. Now and then, George brings home some of the college boys, and I ask the Merton and Weller boys and girls to meet them, and perhaps have a little dance. That wears out the carpet too, I suppose you will say, but it gives a great deal of pleasure, and is much better for the young men than going to the theatre and billiard-rooms, for amusement.”

Mrs. Thorn sighed again. There had been a bill sent in from a down town restaurant only the day before.

“In short,” continued Mrs. John Barnaby, smiling, “I have concluded that fire

and light, sunshine and flowers, books and good humor, are about the last things in which I wish to economise. If the sun shows the darns in the carpet, it also lights up the pictures, and brings out the flowers in my hyacinths and roses. If the books take up room in the house, they also take up room in our heads and hearts, and keep out sundry unwelcome visitors which are apt to enter in and dwell there, when the premises are empty: and I do not at all mind my plants and my open fire collecting dust, so long as they catch and keep my husband and brother as well.”

### The Mistress of the House.

BY LESLIE WALTER.

The guests are come, all silent they have waited,  
Entering the noiseless hush with silent bows,  
They linger for her coming, sore belated—  
Where is the little mistress of the house?

She is not wont to leave her friends so lonely  
That come too seldom, as she gayly vows;  
Yet they are here, and wait her pleasure only—  
Where is the little mistress of the house?

She cannot be far off—perhaps but sleeping;  
Doubtless at their low call she would arouse:  
Why do they summon her alone with weeping?  
Where is the little mistress of the house?

The portraits stare behind their veiling covers;  
The dust is in the melancholy room,  
Upon the air a ghastly silence hovers—  
Within the threshold loneliness and gloom.

Cold, dark and desolate the place without her,  
Wanting her gentle smile as each allows,  
She hears a sunbeam light and warmth about her—  
Where is the little mistress of the house?

The curtains fall, undraped by her slight fingers.  
Behind the wainscot gnaws a secret mouse,  
Her treasures need her care, but still she lingers,  
Where is the little mistress of the house?

Alas! there was a rumor and a whisper  
Threading the busy town, these many days;  
The youngest baby here, a tiny lisper,  
Can falter forth the reason why she stays.

Why care and love, the tenderest and sincerest,  
Have failed to shield and guard her fair young  
head,

Why she has fled from all she loved the dearest—  
For there has been a rumor, she is dead.

Throw wide the door! Within the gloomy portal,  
Where her small feet fell light as falling snow,  
They bear her in, the mortal made immortal!  
She comes again, but heavenly and slow!

O empty shell! O beautiful frail prison!  
Cold, white and vacant, tenantless and dumb,  
From such poor clay as this has Christ arisen—  
For such as this He shall in glory come!

But in the calm indifference to our sorrow,  
In the sharp anguish of her parting breath,  
In the dark gulf that hides her form to-morrow,  
Thou hast thy victory, Grave; thy sting, O  
Death!

Yet shall she walk so fair that we who knew her,  
Would pale before the glory of her brows,  
Nor in the radiant beauty dare to woo her,  
To be again the mistress of the house..

Extracts from letters, continued from  
last number.

AUSTIN, NEVADA, Dec., 1867.

Nothing could excel the delightful  
weather and the pleasant journey I had  
from San Francisco to this place. The  
weather was like May, and for a month  
after my arrival we had not an unpleasant  
day—but I have since found that the dust  
*can* blow here, even worse than it does,  
occasionally, in Rochester. One of the  
latter days of November, it rained all  
day—a thing before unknown, at this sea-  
son of the year, since the country has been  
occupied by white men.

\* \* \* \* I have become  
accustomed to the change from the ocean  
air to the rarified atmosphere of this great  
height, and do not pant while climbing the  
mountain side, as at first. It is not always  
clear here, any more than it is in other  
places; but to-day I can see a team,  
on the road that goes up the mountain  
toward San Francisco, at the distance of  
25 miles; can see a telegraph pole, 15  
miles off, distinctly, with the naked eye—

and a man (or woman, if there were any)  
could easily be seen 20 miles distant.

Rochester boys would like to see one  
of the 14 horse teams, with two tremend-  
ous large covered wagons, one behind the  
other; every horse or mule, (some use one  
and some the other) has a string of 6 bells  
fastened to strips of iron passing over the  
horse's back, each bell as large as those  
used at school for calling the boys in from  
recess. When in motion they can be heard  
half a mile or more, and they serve the  
double purpose of making the horses proud  
and keeping step, so as to make their bells  
jingle, and also to give notice to other team-  
sters of the approach of another team, so  
that in the narrow passes we can stop in a  
place where their teams can pass each  
other in safety. A horse in one of these  
trains would feel disgraced were he deprived  
of a set of bells. One of these teams and  
wagons cost from 2,000 to 3,000 dollars, and  
occupies from 12 to 15 rods length of road,  
and yet trains of them may frequently be  
seen miles and miles in length.

\* \* \* \* No one  
can estimate the ultimate value of the pro-  
duction of the precious metals of this coast.  
I do not doubt that this side of the Rocky  
Mountains will excel the Eastern slope, in  
both mineral and agricultural products,  
and that within the next century or less.

Taking the climate, fertility of soil, and  
other material advantages, I think that not  
one of the Eastern States offers such flat-  
tering inducements to one seeking a new  
home. Of course it requires money, or  
friends, to enable a stranger to come here  
and start in life, to advantage. It is not as  
easy to commence with *nothing* here, as in  
some sections of the Eastern States, yet  
to young people of strictly temperate hab-  
its, I do not hesitate to say that they may,  
in this Western country, readily make for  
themselves a happy home.

You may imagine my surprise on open-  
ing the last *Review*, to find portions of my  
letters returned to me; but if the Ladies

can make my rambling remarks available, they are entirely welcome to them.

ADOLPHUS MORSE.

### Hidden Light.

"I much mistrust the voice  
That says all hearts are cold,  
That mere self-interest reigns,  
And all is bought and sold.

I much mistrust the man  
Who will not strive to find  
Some latent virtue in  
The souls of all mankind.

Yes! If you say the fount  
Is sealed and dry, I know  
It needs a wiser hand  
To make the waters flow.

If you will still appeal  
To evil, rife in all,  
I know a demon band  
Will answer to your call.

But when the Lord was gone,  
The Lord who came to save;  
Two angels, fair and bright,  
Sat watching by the grave.

And from that blessed hour,  
With an immortal mien,  
In every tomb of God  
Some angel sits unseen.

The spell to bring it forth,  
With lowly, gentle mind,  
With patient love and trust,  
Go seek—and ye shall find.

HOW TO BE ABLE TO GIVE.—"A few days ago," says Dr. Schwartz, the editor of the Scattered Nation, and founder of a Christian Jewish Home, "I received a letter, and on the inside of the envelope, which contained six penny stamps, and nothing else, these words were written: 'Fasted a meal to give a meal.' I know not who sent this touching gift, and it matters little whether I know it or not; it is known to Christ. The gift is appreciated by Him who saw the widow throw into the treasury the two mites, and called unto Him His disciples, and said unto them, 'Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than all which have cast into the treasury; for all they did cast in of their abundance, but she of her want did cast in all she had, even all her living.'"

Show a haughty man that you do not look up to him, and he will not feel that he can look down upon you.

### "Boy Lost."

The following beautiful waif, which we find afloat in the newspaper sea, we publish being confident that it will well repay a perusal by all.

"He has black eyes, with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair almost black, and curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trousers buttoned on; had a habit of whistling, and liked to ask questions; was accompanied by a small dog. It is a long time since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. Every thing has such an orderly put-away look—nothing under foot—no dirt. But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings and cut paper on the floor; of tumbled down cardhouses; of wooden cattle and sheep, of popguns, bows and arrows, whips, toys, go-carts, blocks and trumpery.

"I want to see boats a-rigging, and kites a-making. I want to see crumbles on the carpets, and paste spilled on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and tables turned the wrong way about. I want to see candy making and corn-popping, and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins. Yet these things used to fret me once. They say how quiet you are here. Ah! one may here settle his brain and be at peace. But my ears are aching, for the pattering of little feet; for a hearty shout; for a shrill whistle; for a trala la; for the crack of little whips; for the noise of drums, fifes and tin trumpets. Yet these things made me nervous once.

"They say: Ah! you have leisure; nothing to disturb you. What heaps of sewing you have time for?" But I long to be disturbed. I want to be coaxed for a piece of new cloth for jibs or mainsail, and then to hem the same. I want to make little flags, and bags to hold marbles. I want to be followed by little feet all over the house; teased for a bit of dough for a little cake, or to bake a pie in a saucer. Yet they say, "Ah! you are not tied at home. How delightful to be at liberty for concerts, lectures and parties. No confinement for you." But I want confinement. I want to listen for the school-bell mornings, to give the last hasty wash and brush, and then watch from the window nimble feet bounding away to school. I want frequent rends to mend, and to replace lost buttons. I want to obliterate mud stains and naints of all colors; want to be

sitting by a little crib of evenings, when weary little feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed, that mother may sing stories. They don't know their happiness then, these mothers; I didn't. All these things I called confinement once.

"A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I, has thick whiskers, wears a frock coat, and bosomed shirt and a cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and dust of the old philosophers from the sitting room. He calls me "Mother," but I am unwilling to own him. He avers that he is my boy, and says that he can prove it. He brings his little boat to show the red stripes on the sail (it was the end of a piece,) and the name on the stern—Lucy Low, a little girl of our neighbor's, who, because of her long curls and pretty round face, was the chosen favorite of my boy.

"The curls were long since cut off, and she has grown up a tall, handsome girl. How his face reddens as he shows me the name of the boat. Oh! I see it as plain as if it were written in a book. My little boy is lost, and my big boy, in a long, white night-gown, lying in his crib, with me sitting by, holding his forehead, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing.

"If I only had my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I would bear and how little I would scold! I can never have him back again; but there are still many mothers who have not yet lost their little boy. I wonder if they know they are living their very best days; that now is the time to really enjoy their children! I think if I had been more to my little boy I might be more to my grown up son."

#### Sayings of John Newton.

"If an angel were sent to find the most perfect man, he would probably not find him composing a body of divinity; but perhaps a cripple in a poor-house, whom the parish wished dead; but humbled before God, with far lower thoughts of himself than others think of him."

"If two angels came down from heaven to execute a divine command, and one was appointed to conduct an empire, and the other to sweep a street in it, they would feel no inclination to change employments."

#### Beyond the River.

Time is a river, deep and wide;  
And while along its banks we stray,  
We see our loved ones, o'er its tide  
Sail from our sight, away, away.  
Where are they sped? They will return  
No more to glad our longing eyes!  
They've passed from life's contracted bourne,  
Beyond the river.

'Tis hid from view, but we may guess  
How beautiful that realm must be;  
For gleamings of its loveliness  
In visions granted oft we see.  
The very clouds that o'er it throw  
Their veil, upraised for mortal sight,  
With gold and purple tintings glow,  
Reflecting from the glorious light  
Beyond the river.

And gentle airs, so sweet, so calm,  
Steal sometimes from that viewless sphere,  
The mourner feels their breath of balm,  
And soothed sorrow drinks the tear:  
And sometimes, listening ears may gain  
Entrancing sounds that hither float,  
The echo of a distant strain  
Of harps and voices blended notes,  
Beyond the river.

There are our loved ones, in their rest;  
They've crossed Time's river. Now, no more  
They heed the bubbles on its breast,  
Nor feel the storms that sweep its shore:  
But there pure love can live, can last,  
They look for us their home to share;  
When we, in turn, away have passed,  
What joyful greetings wait us there—  
Beyond the river.

#### Don't Complain.

Don't complain of your circumstances, your employment, your hardships; never fancy you could be something if it had only been yours to fill a different position in life. The position that you have is just the one that you can best fill. God understands his own plans, and knows what you can do a great deal better than you know yourself. You are poor,—so was the blessed Jesus; full of care, and perplexity—this may be, but complaining will not relieve you.

"I would have you without carefulness," loving, and trusting as little children. The very things that you most deprecate as fatal limitations and restrictions, are no

doubt what you most need. What you call hindrances and discouragements are God's opportunities. As silver is tried by fire till it reflects the image of the purifier, so it is by trial the heart is made to bear the image of the heavenly Refiner. It is not sufficient that it stands by the furnace; it must glow with a white heat, and it is only in that way that your garments can become bright and glistening.

A truce to all impatience; and think not the work given you to do is unfitted for your especial talent. It is God that appoints the task, and it is a reflection upon his wisdom if you find fault, or set yourself up as one who could have done better had it been yours to choose. Work on, proud to be a toiler for Christ's sake, and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your own good, but really consistent with it.—*S. S. Times.*

#### Fast Young Ladies.

In order to be a fast young lady, it is necessary to lay aside all reserve and refinement—everything that savors of womanly weakness—to have no troublesome scruples, but be ready to accord an appreciating smile to the broadest joke. There must be no feeling dependence on the stronger sex, but by adopting, as far as decency permits, masculine attire, masculine habits, masculine modes of expression, accompanied by a thorough knowledge of slang, and a fluency in using it, these ladies show themselves to be above all narrow-minded prejudices. There must be no thinking about other people's feelings; if people will be thinskinued, let them keep out of the way at all events. Should "mamma" raise her voice in feeble remonstrance the fast young lady impresses upon her that "she is no judge of these matters. In her old school-days, every one was slow, but it is quite changed now." In short, to sum up, to be a fast young lady, modesty, delicacy, refinement, respect for superiors, consideration for the aged, must all be set aside; and boldness, independence, irreverence, brusqueness, must take their place.

Sir Peter Lely made it a rule never to look at a bad picture, having found by experience that whenever he did so his pencil took a tint from it. Always apply the same rule to bad books and bad company.

#### Praying in Spirit.

"But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret."—*MATT. vi. 6.*

I need not leave the jostling world,  
Or wait till daily tasks are o'er,  
To fold my palms in secret prayer  
Within the close-shut closet door.

There is a viewless, cloistered room,  
As high as heaven, as fair as day,  
Where, though my feet may join the throng,  
My soul may enter in and pray.

When I have banished wayward thought,  
Of sinful works, the fruitful seed;  
When folly wins my ear no more,  
The closet door is shut, indeed.

No human step approaching, breaks  
The blissful silence of the place;  
No shadow steals across the light  
That falls from my Redeemer's face!

And never through those crystal walls  
The clash of life can pierce its way;  
Nor ever can a human ear  
Drink in the spirit words I say.

One hearking even cannot know  
When I have crossed the threshold o'er,  
For he alone who hears my prayer,  
Has heard the shutting of the door!

—*Hymns by Harriet McEwen Kimball.*

THE OPEN FIRE.—"I am a firm believer," says Dr. Cuyler, "in the moral influence of an *open fire*. To make home attractive, there must be somewhere in the house a common family rendezvous; and that ought to present a more radiant attraction than a black hole in the floor, through which hot air pours forth from a subterranean furnace. Men will fight for their altars and their firesides; but what orator ever invoked a burst of patriotism in behalf of steam pipes and registers? I never cease to be thankful that I was brought up beside the hickory fire of a rural farmhouse."

"I never complained of my condition but once," said an old man, "when my feet were bare and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented."



## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY, 1868.

### Our Enlarged Sheet.

The three months have rolled away, and according to our promise in November, we issue at this time our second enlarged sheet. It will be mailed as before, not only to our regular subscribers, but to a large number, far and near, whose names are not now upon our List, but which we trust will be soon. Our motive in sending out these enlarged and extra copies, is to awaken a more extended interest in the Hospital, which we feel must necessarily follow a faithful perusal of our *Review*. It will enter many homes, this month, as a stranger and an uninvited guest, but will not we trust prove an unwelcome one. Accept the delicate hint it brings you. *Subscribe* for it. Give it a kindly greeting—take it to your hearts and homes. We do not believe you will regret it. Do not turn our little messenger adrift—out in the cold.

The advantages of our paper, as an advertising medium, will be greatly increased by these extra numbers, which we now send out, once in three months. Advertisers will please bear this in mind.

### Visit to the Hospital.

Through the keen frosty air—through the heavy masses of snow—once more we found ourselves wending our footsteps up the nicely shoveled walk to the Hospital. It is still winter in earnest—bright glorious winter—full of invigorating life and its round of gay pleasures to many, but falling heavily, as these severe winters always do, upon the poor. Do we think of these often as we ought to do, this long, cold, hard season? The tottering and shattered attics and tenements, where they live, are a poor protection to the searching blasts of days and weeks like these. Sick-

ness enters naturally, and how often, as our charitable visitors enter these comfortable abodes, have they rejoiced as they thought of our Hospital, to which the sick could be transferred. There are many inmates here now, and since sickness and suffering must be in this world, we are glad to see our wards, and private apartments likewise filling up.

J. R., with consumption, almost gone. He could only speak in whispers, and his paroxysms of coughing were most distressing to witness—he seemed so feeble—so exhausted, so unequal to the fearful effort demanded of him. He welcomed us, however, as he always does visitors, and seemed anxious for us to sit down by his bedside—and he is still eager for us to talk and read to him. This is probably our last visit to him. J. McC., mentioned last month, seems failing—his disease having terminated in consumption. G. B., the German alluded to in our last visit as very ill with typhoid fever, is recovering rapidly. We found him reading the daily paper. Like so many educated Germans, he can read English much better than he can speak it. He has a fine intellectual face. Our old friend Mr. Stafford, we found quite ill with erysipelas. We met again the disabled soldiers, Adam P. and Francis H. We were pleased to notice A's kind attentions to our poor boy, with consumption. "Burned man," better and more hopeful than we have ever seen him. The new remedies which have been tried in his case have proved very successful. E., is a young fellow with a merry, good-natured face, here to be treated for his eyes. George, the engineer so often mentioned, better and sitting up—but he feels discouraged about his limb, and fears that he will be obliged to submit to another operation. In the adjoining apartment, we found Georgie Vivian, a dear little boy of eight years, with hip-disease. He is very sweet and patient, but his large beautiful blue eyes wandered wistfully out of the window,

upon the snow. It must be very hard for him to lie upon his bed all these days, while other boys are enjoying the winter sports and fun.

E. K., in the Female Ward, much better. E. G., still continues to improve, and was looking bright and happy. Mr. and Mrs. R., the old couple mentioned last month, are getting on nicely, and seem very comfortable. E. B's eyes are improving.—“Evangeline,” is a young woman with a very pleasing address, who has been with us some time, suffering from weakness and debility. She has a taste for fancy work, which she executes with much skill and rapidity, and she is anxious to get work of this kind to do. Ladies, wishing tating or anything in crotchet or worsted work, will confer a favor by leaving their orders with her. She would like also to do plain sewing. She is not strong enough at present to accept of a permanent situation of the kind, but would be glad to go out by the day, when well enough to do so, or to take in orders at the Hospital.

Found Maggie O'D. much better, and wearing a brighter face than we have ever seen her. She is now able to sit up the greater part of the day. Mrs. E. D. has recovered. We missed Mrs. Hoyt in her accustomed place. She died not long after our last visit to her. We were introduced in this apartment to Miss B., of Avon, who has recently had an eye taken out by an operation by Dr. Rider. She is doing nicely.

We paid a brief visit to the Lying-in-Ward. Two fine children—pretty babies as one will often see—a black-eyed boy and a little girl—are here asking for homes and a mother's care and love.

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.

### Ophthalmic Treatment.

We think a word in special praise might be spoken of the ophthalmic treatment in our Hospital. We have now ten patients under the care of our ophthalmic surgeon, and his success with cases of this nature has been very marked and satisfactory. Some very difficult operations have been performed by him, during the past few months—and private patients are finding it greatly to their advantage to come to our Hospital, and place themselves under his skillful care.

### Fourth Annual Report of the Rochester City Hospital.

#### LADIES:

It devolves upon us to-day to review our work, for the past year and render some account of our stewardship.

To heal the sick, to relieve the suffering, to comfort the afflicted, to bind up the broken heart and to raise the fallen, was the life-work on earth of the Son of God; how highly, then, should we prize this privilege of Christ-like labor which presents itself in every form of Hospital work.

In April, last, Mr. Van Zandt and sister, having tendered their resignation as Superintendent and Matron, Dr. Jones, who had been in the institution for some time previous, was chosen as Superintendent and Miss Hibbard as Matron, and are still discharging their duties cheerfully and faithfully, while others, as assistants and nurses, labor unceasingly and heartily in their different spheres.

The Medical Department remains the same: Doctors Dean, Ely and Little, as attending Physicians; Doctors Montgomery, Langworthy and Whitbeck, as Surgeons; Dr. Rider, as Ophthalmic & Aural Surgeon; Dr. Jones, Resident Physician. Their gratuitous services are duly appreciated, while by their ministrations they endear themselves to many a grateful patient.

The Superintendent reports the number of patients from February 1st, 1867, to

February 1st, 1868, 306. Twenty-five deaths, and 21 births.

The total number received into the Hospital since its opening, February 1st, 1864, 1,277.

Total number of deaths, 58.

Total number of births, 58.

This number embraces individuals from many different nations. While the greater proportion belong to the United States, 476 from England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany, Prussia, Hungary, France, Switzerland and other countries have here found a temporary abiding place, when sickness and suffering have fallen upon them in a strange land.

Since March, religious services have been held every Sunday in the Hospital, and acceptably received by most of the inmates who are able to avail themselves of its benefit.

The circulation of the *Hospital Review* has been slightly extended, but it is to be regretted that a greater effort is not made to bring it before the people.

To the many benevolent friends, who have aided us in various ways, we owe our sincere thanks; to the Editors and Proprietors of the daily papers—to those who contribute to the *Review*, either by their pen or by an increase of subscriptions; and to all who by their exertions gave success to our Thanksgiving Party.

Ladies, another year opens before us, what shall be its record? Well may we say of the past, in the words of another, "over our Hospital in an especial manner, rests the gloom of an over-hanging cloud," and while we who remain, may "sit beneath its shadow," to *one* the welcome has been given.

"Come, blessed of my heavenly Father, come!  
Haste, for your Saviour calls you to your home.  
For I was hungry, and ye brought me bread;  
I thirsted, and your cooling draughts were mine;  
O'er my cold limbs the needed vestment spread;  
A stranger was I, and ye took me in:  
I pined in sickness, and ye brought relief:

In the deep dungeon, and ye soothed my grief:  
For these disciples, these, the lowly poor,  
Ye sent not cold and empty from your door:  
But ye relieved their wants, and heard their plea;  
T'was done for My sake, and t'was done for Me."

C. E. MATHEWS,

Feb. 1. 1868.

Cor. Sec.

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## Correspondence.

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A lady writes:

"I read in the January number of the *Review*, that there were three babies in the Hospital, for whom you wanted homes. I would like to take a nice blue-eyed boy-baby. If there is one such there, please write and let me know. Christmas day, we buried a dear little boy. I have one little girl, too young to know the difference from her own brother, should I adopt one now. This is the fourth year we have taken the *Review*. I like it very much."

We are glad to find that one heart, even if no more, among our readers, seems drawn out towards the hapless little waifs in our Hospital. We would say, in reply to the above inquiries, that we have not just now the "blue-eyed boy" upon which our friend seems to have set her heart, but we have a beautiful little fellow with *black* eyes, whom to see once is to love.

Little Lottie M., of Avon, sends us the following. Many thanks for her kind efforts in getting us new subscribers.

"I send you two subscribers for the *Hospital Review* and one dollar for myself. I shall try and get as many more as I can."

"Lottie," of Chili Center, writes:

"I have intended going about, to see what I could do toward obtaining a few names for the *Review*, but have been prevented. I will enclose one dollar, which secures me the little paper for one year, and also one copy for a friend who has subscribed."

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## Died.

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At the Rochester City Hospital, Tuesday, February 4th, 1868, of Consumption, Mrs. Elizabeth Hoyt, aged 35 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Tuesday, February 4th, 1868, John Hohenschen of Germany, aged 26.

The death of Mr. Hohnschen was the result of injuries received during an altercation.

**List of Donations to the Hospital,**

FROM JAN. 15th TO FEBRUARY 15th, 1868.

- Mrs. Ives, Batavia—Bundle of cotton pieces.
- Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Grapes and Apples.
- Mrs. Hiram Smith—Apples and Jelly.
- Mrs. Israel Smith—Clothing.
- Mrs. Bronson—1 can Quinces.
- Mrs. Sam'l Wilder—Delicacies.
- Mrs. Henry Starr, Brighton—2 cans Fruit.
- Beely Hubbard—1 barrel Apples, 4 bushel Potatoes.
- Mrs. Julia Lull—Clothing.
- Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—7 boxes Grapes.

**Receipts for the Hospital Review,**

FROM JAN. 15, TO FEB. 15.

- Mrs. Hotchkins, Dr. Little, Mrs. Alfred Hoyt (\$1.00), A Friend, (\$1.00)—By Mrs. Dr. Strong, ..... \$3 00
- Miss Hanford (2 years,) Mrs. Capt. N. P. Stone (\$1.00)—By Mrs. Arner, ..... 2 00
- Mrs. P. Hoag, Lake Road—By Miss E. Hall, ..... 50
- Mrs. M. Oriek, Mrs. Chas. Coots, Mrs. E. E. Sill, Mrs. J. Brooks; Mr. Ives, Batavia; Miss Hibbard, Pittsford—By Miss Hibbard, ..... 3 00
- Mrs. J. F. Royce, Albion (\$1.00)—By Mrs. E. M. Smith, ..... 1 00
- Mrs. H. H. Brown (2 years,) Chicago—By Miss O. Gibbs, ..... 1 00
- Mrs. Geo. Shelton, Mrs. D. M. Dewey—By Miss Shelton, ..... 1 00
- Mrs. E. M. Little (with postage)—By Mrs. Enos, ..... 63
- Mrs. Sweeting—By Mrs. J. S. Hall, ..... 50
- Mrs. Whitcomb, East Mendon; Mrs. Gifford, Mrs. E. Ford, Fishers—By Mrs. Gifford, ..... 1 50
- Mrs. John Craig, (for postage,) ..... 12
- Mrs. James M. Whitney; Mrs. John C. Powell, St. Louis, Mo.—By Mrs. James M. Whitney, ..... 1 00
- Rev. Mr. Lovejoy (with postage, 10c,) Mrs. S. S. Cutting (with postage, 15c,) Mrs. D. K. Robinson (\$1.00); Mrs. J. K. Livingston, Newark, N. J. (1.00); Miss Green (with postage, 12c,) Mrs. Erickson (2 years); Mrs. Andrew Rowley, Victor, \$2.00; Miss J. A. Williams, Fairport; Mrs. L. E. Allen (3 years,) Farmington; Mrs. H. Lampert, Mrs. F. Starr (with postage 15c)—By Mrs. Perkins, 10 03
- Peter V. Stoothoff, (2 years)—By Mr. Falls, 1 00
- Mrs. Geo. Cummings—By Miss Rochester, 50
- Edward O'Donnell Patterson, Ontario—By Maggie O'Donnell, ..... 50
- Miss Lottie Morton (2 years,) Mrs. Pattee, Miss Bennett, Avon—By Lottie Morton, 2 00
- Miss Lottie Root, H. C. Root, Chili Center—By Miss Root, ..... 1 00
- "Free Press," Burlington, Vt. (1½ years,) Mrs. Wm. Davis; Miss Northrop (postage, 12c.); Rev. E. Hathaway, Bristol, R. I., (\$1.00)—By Mrs. M. M. Mathews, 2 37

**Cash Donations for January.**

- Henry Lampert, ..... \$10.00
- Mrs. Sherman, Newark, ..... 0.50

**Superintendent's Report for January.**

1868. Jan. 1. No. Patients in Hospital, ..	62
Received during the month, 19	
Births, .....	3—84
Discharged, .....	19
Feb. 1. Remaining in Hospital, ....	65

**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. E. SPENCER, "
- " PHEBE D. DAYENPORT, Lockport.
- Miss MARY BROWN, Perinton.
- Miss ADA MILLER, "
- " JULIA M'OHESNEY, Spencerport.
- " LILLIAN J. RENNEY, Phelps, Ont. Co.
- Miss PHEBE WHITMAN, Scottsburg.
- Miss LOTTIE J. WRIGHT, Lewiston.

**List of our Little Agents.**

- MARY PERKINS, Rochester,
- FLORIE MONTGOMERY, "
- FANNY and ELLA COLBURN, Rochester
- FANNY POMEROY, Pittsfield, Mass.
- S. HALL, Henrietta,
- JENNIE HURD, Rochester,
- MARY LANE, "
- SAMUEL B. WOOD, Rochester.
- LIBBIE RENFREW, "
- ELLA VAN ZANDT, Albany.
- MINNIE MONTGOMERY, Rochester.
- MARY WATSON, "

**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.

### The Little Tree that was not Contented with its Leaves.

FROM THE GERMAN.

A little tree stood up in the wood,  
In bright and dirty weather;  
And nothing but needles it had for leaves,  
From top to bottom together.  
All the needles stuck about,  
And the little tree spoke out :

"My companions all have leaves,  
Beautiful to see,  
While I've nothing but these needles;  
No one touches me.  
Might I have my fortune told,  
All my leaves should be pure gold."

The little tree's asleep by dark,  
Awake by earliest light;  
And now its golden leaves you mark;  
There was a sight!  
The little tree says; "Now I'm set high,  
For no tree in the wood has such leaves as I."

And now again the night came back;  
Through the forest walked a Jew,  
With great thick beard, and a great thick sack,  
And he soon the gold leaves did view;  
He pockets them all and away does fare,  
Leaving the little tree quite bare.

The little tree speaks up distressed;  
"Those golden leaves how I lament!  
I'm quite ashamed before the rest,  
Such lovely dress to them is lent.  
Might I bring one more wish to pass,  
I'd have my leaves of clearest glass!"

The little tree sleeps again at dark,  
And wakes with the early light;  
And now its glass leaves you may mark;  
There was a sight!  
The little tree says, "Now I'm right glad,  
No tree in the wood is so brightly clad."

There came up now a mighty blast,  
And a furious gale it blew;  
It swept among the trees full fast,  
And on the glass leaves it flew;  
And there lay all the leaves of glass,  
Shivered, shivered on the grass.

The little tree again complains:  
"My glass lies on the ground;  
Each other tree secure remains,  
With its green dress all round;  
Might I but have my wish once more,  
I'd have of nice green leaves a store."

Again asleep is the little tree,  
And again awakes with the light;  
He is covered with green leaves fair to see;  
He laughs outright,  
And says, "I now am nicely drest,  
I'm not ashamed before the rest."

And now, with care all full,  
Forth a wild mother-goat sprung,  
Seeking for herbs to pull  
To feed her young.  
She sees the leaves, nor makes much talk,  
But strips all clear to the very stalk.

The little tree again is bare,  
And thus to himself he said:  
"No longer for my leaves I care,  
Whether green, or yellow, or red.  
If I only had my needles again,  
I would never, never more scold or complain."

The little tree slept sad that night,  
And sadly opened his eye;  
He sees himself in the sun's first light,  
And laughs as if he would die.  
And all the trees in a roar burst out,  
But the little tree cared not for the rout.

What made the little tree so glad?  
And what set the rest in a roar?  
In a single night behold he had  
Every needle he had before.  
And everybody may see them such;  
Go out and look—but do not touch.  
Why not, I pray?  
They prick, some say.

### Be Cheerful.

Poor little Jack looked anything but cheerful, as with bare feet and torn trousers, and an old ragged jacket and cap without a crown, he left his widowed mother's room in an old-fashioned house in one of the old narrow streets in Bristol, to beg a penny now and then, in the more fashionable part of that busy city.

He wandered up one street and down another, for he did not well know where to go; and when he met any one he thought likely to pity him, he began in a whining tone to ask for charity.

A very few gave him a penny, but more passed him by unheeded, for there were too many like him to be met with.

At last poor Jack walked up as far as the Downs above the town of Clifton, and seated himself on the short grass, in the sun, where he felt warm and comfortable, and taking out his pence he began to count them. They were soon counted, for five or six was all he had got. Just as he was putting his treasure back in his pocket he saw an elderly gentleman walking along the Downs.

"I'll try again," said Jack, getting up from his seat; and though he felt warm enough, he thought it best to assume his whining tone in order to excite the gentleman's pity; so, pulling his cap over his eyes

and drawing his ragged jacket round him, he began in a pitiable voice, as if he were shivering from the cold, "Please sir, give me a penny; my father's dead, and mother's sick, and please sir, I am very cold, and I've had not a bit to eat to-day."

The gentleman did not answer. "Please sir, will you, sir?" repeated Jack, still in the same doleful tone.

The gentleman turned, and looking at him, said, very gently, "No, my boy, I will not give you a penny. I do not like to see a lad begging who is able to work, nor do I like that whining way in which you speak. You only make yourself more miserable by it than you would otherwise be. Try to be cheerful; look up like a man, and don't pretend to be worse than you are. I dare say you are very poor, but you have a few pence in your pocket, for I saw you counting them just now, so you can buy some bread for to-day, and then try and get some work to earn your living; there is plenty of employment for any lad who is willing to work in these large towns. But look up, I say; hold up your head and be a man, and try to speak cheerfully, and it will help you to feel cheerful too; and when you try to help yourself, others will try to help you too, and God will help you if you ask him."

So the gentleman walked on, leaving Jack looking rather puzzled. He sat down again and began to think over what he had been told.

To look up cheerful and hold up his head like a man: yes, he could do that, but how should he get work? He sat thinking and thinking, but he could not think how to begin. Just then some ladies, who were walking down the road, crossed over the path where Jack was sitting. "How dirty this crossing is!" remarked one, "I wish some one would sweep it."

A thought flashed through Jack's mind; could not he sweep the crossing, and could he not thus earn a little money honestly? He had seen several people stop and give money to a poor old man with a wooden leg who swept a crossing down in Bristol.

"I will try what I can do," said he, "the pence I have will buy me a broom." So he jumped up and began to run along the road to look for a shop to buy a broom. It was no effort for him now to look cheerful, for he felt hopeful, and that made him

look cheerful in spite of his bare feet and ragged clothes.

The broom was soon bought, and to work Jack went with a good heart; and his crossing looked so clean that many ladies walked a few yards out of their way in order to avail themselves of it, and they seldom passed without giving Jack a penny so before the evening Jack had gained back all the money he had laid out for his broom, and more besides. On his way home he called at the bakers' to get a loaf for his mother, to which he added a little tea and sugar, and then he hurried home to tell his poor mother all he had done. She was delighted at her boy's success, and encouraged him to go on at his work and give up begging.

So Jack went every day to his crossing; and he soon found people were more willing to give to him when they saw him usefully employed than when he was begging.

It was not many days before he saw his friend again, and looking up cheerfully he said, as he touched his cap, "Please sir, I am trying to work now as you told me."

"Ah!" said the gentleman, "I remember you, my little man—well, how do you feel now—is it not pleasanter to have something to do even if it be only to sweep a crossing, than to go about making yourself miserable and begging?"

"Oh yes! sir," said Jack, "and I earn more, too."

"That's right," said the gentleman, "work away at your sweeping, and perhaps after a time you will find some other work; but remember what I told you; look up, hold up your head like a man and be cheerful, it will help you at whatever work you have to do."

He then put a piece of money into Jack's hand, and walked on. Jack thought it was a penny, and was slipping it into his pocket, when all at once he perceived it was silver—a five shilling piece. Oh! what riches for poor Jack, he fairly leaped with delight, and leaving his broom behind a tree he ran off to show it to his mother.

"See! mother," said he, "that will help me towards buying the donkey I told you I wanted to get next spring;" so, dropping the piece of money into his little saving box, he ran out again to look for further success.

By the time spring had come Jack's little box was full, so he opened it to see

how much he had; and what was his joy to find he really would be able to procure the donkey he wished to have.

All that summer Jack got constant employment for himself and his donkey; for he was such a civil, cheerful-looking lad, every one liked to employ him. Often he looked out for his friend who had given him such good advice, but he had left Clifton, and Jack looked for him in vain.

It was more than two years after, when Jack was returning home one evening, that he caught sight of a figure he thought he knew; and running quickly down the street he soon overtook the person he was looking for. It was his old friend, and Jack was overjoyed at seeing him again. "Good evening, sir," he began, taking off his cap.

The gentleman did not at first recognize, in the smart, tidy lad before him, the miserable little ragged boy who accosted him in the same place two years before.

"You don't remember me, sir, I am sure," said Jack; "but I am the poor boy who used to beg, and to whom you spoke so kindly, telling me not to look so miserable, but to try and be cheerful. I took your advice, and I soon found how good it was. I gained money by degrees and got, first, a donkey, which I hired out to ladies to ride, and now I have a little donkey carriage. I have never forgotten what you told, me, and I have often looked for you, hoping to find you to tell you how well I am getting on, and to thank you too, sir."

The old gentleman was greatly pleased with Jack's account of his success, and he gave Jack more good advice, which he never forgot, and if ever he was in any trouble he always tried to make the best of it—to look up—to his Father in heaven for help, and to be cheerful, and he always found it make his troubles easier to bear.—*Child's Companion.*

**THE PUZZLE.**—We have received a number of communications in answer to the following puzzle, printed in this paper on the 20th instant. "If you take nine from six, ten from nine, fifty from forty, there will then six remain." It was a veritable puzzle to most of those who have attempted its solution. Some try to solve it by algebra and others by cancellation. Two correspondents send a correct answer. The

Boston Journal, from which we copied the puzzle, has the following poetical

**ANSWER.**

Well, this appears a pretty fix,  
To have to miscount nine (IX) from six;  
But if it can be done, I guess  
There will remain the letter. . . . . S.

Ten (X) to take from nine (IX) I'll try;  
'Tis done, and naught remains but. . . . . I;  
(Not I, myself, but I the letter,  
Which, in this case, at least, is better.)

An L, (that's fifty,) being taken  
Away from forty, (XL,) saves my bacon;  
For thus I have the letter. . . . . X,  
To keep myself from further vex.

**The Railway Switch Tender And His Child.**

Oh! the value, the inestimable value to youth, of a prompt obedience to parental commands! An anecdote strikingly illustrative of this, as well as setting forth Christian heroism of an exalted character, has recently occurred in Prussia. On one of the railroads in that country, a switch tender was just taking his place, in order to turn a coming train then in sight, on to a different track, to prevent a collision with a train approaching in a contrary direction. Just at this moment, on turning his head, he discerned his little son playing on the track of the advancing engine. What could he do? Thought was quick at such a moment of peril; He might spring to his child and rescue him, but he could not do this and turn the switch in time, and for want of that, hundreds of lives might be lost. Although in sore trouble, he could not neglect his greater duty, but exclaiming with a loud voice to his son, "Lie down," he laid hold of the switch, and saw the train safely turned on to its proper track. His boy, accustomed to obedience, did as his father commanded him, and the fearful heavy train thundered over him. Little did the passengers dream, as they found themselves quietly resting on that turnout, what terrible anguish their approach had that day caused to one noble heart. The father rushed forward to where his boy lay, fearful less he should find only a mangled corpse, but, to his great joy and thankful gratitude, he found him alive and unharmed. Prompt obedience had saved him. Had he paused to argue, to reason whether it were best—death, and fearful mutilation of body, would have resulted. The circumstances

connected with this event were made known to the King of Prussia who the next day sent for the man and presented him with a medal of honor for his heroism.

Dear reader, couldst thou have done as this switch tender did? Consider. Thy darling—the delight of thine eyes, the joy of thy heart, about to be crushed and mangled by that coming train, and thou couldst save him by neglecting the switch? The momentary contest in the bosom of this noble man must have been intensely agonizing. We can all rejoice with him when he found his obedient child uninjured by the mighty hurricane of power that had whirled over his head—but let us pause and consider, could we have done as he did? And then another question may well claim the serious thoughtfulness of parents—Have we brought up our children in such habits of prompt, unhesitating obedience, as characterized his little boy?

### Gather Them In.

BY MARIANNE FAENINGHAM.

Gather them into the fold, O Lord,

The merry and young and gay:

Leave them not in their thoughtlessness,

Choosing the broadened way.

Gather them in—the wandering ones,

Safe from the storm of cold;

Gentle Shepherd, who lovest them,

Gather them into Thy fold.

Many voices are in their hearts,

And false are the songs they hear;

But little they know how the siren lures

On to regret and fear.

Whisper to them in the still small voice

Thy wonderful word of love,

Till they turn away from the insincere,

Finding the true above.

Let them not pass to the sinful way;

Are they not lambs of Thine?

Have they not walked in the pleasant path,

Seeing Thy promises shine?

Have they not whispered Thy holy name

In their early childish prayer?

Take them, Father, for weal or woe,

Into Thy loving care.

Gather them into Thy fold, O Lord,

In their beautiful youthful days;

Sons and daughters of all Thy saints,

They should tread in their fathers' ways.

Let them not wander alone and sad,

And though they love Thee not,

Softens their spirit and make them wise,

To ask for Thy childrens' lot.

## Miscellaneous.

### A Fashionable Choir.

The cock-loft ten feet behind and ten feet above the worshippers; then the fourteen sorts of tune-books; then the balustrade to hide the praisers; then the praisers themselves, who come tripping to their places with exuberant satisfaction and demonstrative delight; then their salutations and greetings, which in any other part of the church would be considered intolerably irreverent, (therefore, the choir-loft is not recognized as a part of the church, or its inhabitants part of the worshippers;) then the titter—a disease which is as incurable in choirs as it is inseparable from them; then solemn singing, with a background of merry smiles, hilarious nudging, and characteristic (not to say choristeristic) winks; then a grand reconnoitering of tune books, accompanied by appropriate whispers, during prayer, or the reading of the Holy Bible; then a literary entertainment, or an exchange of penciled notes on all the great questions that interest the human mind—except religion; then the transformation of the choir-loft into a sleeping car, of which the chorister is the conductor, who wakes up his passengers when it is time to go to praising again.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

### Always Room Up Stairs.

A young man, who was thinking of studying law, said to Daniel Webster:

"Mr. Webster, I understand the profession of law is quite full, and that there are more lawyers than are needed. Do you think there is any chance for me?"

"There is always room up stairs," was the reply, and as true as it was ingenious. Only a few persons reach the high places, and these are always in great demand. "There is room enough up stairs."

First-class farmers and mechanics, as well as physicians, lawyers, &c., always find plenty of room, plenty of work, and good pay. Whatever calling you choose, and it matters little if it be an honest one, resolve to go into an upper story; but do not try to jump there by a single leap, or you may fall disabled. Rather begin at the bottom of the ladder, and patiently step upon each round.



How Strange It Will Be.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

How strange it will be, love—how strange when we two

Shall be what all lovers become—

You rigid and faithless, I cold and untrue,  
You thoughtless of me, and I careless of you,  
Our pet names grown rusty with nothing to do,  
Love's bright web unravelled, and rent and worn through,

And life's loom left empty—ah hum!

Ah, me!

How strange it will be!

How strange it will be when the witchery goes

Which makes me seem lovely to-day;

When your thought of me loses its *couleur de rose*;  
When every day serves some new fault to disclose;  
When you find I've cold eyes and an every-day nose,

And wonder you could for a moment suppose

I was out of the common-place way;

Ah, me!

How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, love—how strange when we meet

With just a chill touch of the hand;

When my pulses no longer delightfully beat  
At the thought of your coming—at the sound of your feet;

When I watch not your coming far down the long street;

When your dear, loving voice, so thrillingly sweet,

Grows harsh in reproach or command;

Ah, me!

How strange it will be!

How strange it will be when we willingly stay

Divided the weary day through;

Or, getting remotely apart as we may,  
Sit chillily and silent, with nothing to say,  
Or coolly converse on the news of the day,  
In a wearisome, old-married-folks' sort of a way!

I shrink from the picture, don't you?

Ah, me!

How strange it will be!

Dear love, if our hearts do grow torpid and cold,

As so many others have done;

If we do let our love perish with hunger and cold,  
If we dim all life's diamonds and tarnish its gold,  
If we choose to live wretched and die unconsolated,  
'Twill be strangest of all things that ever were told

As happening under the sun!

Ah, me!

How strange it will be!

Fast with the Word Fast.

Richard Grant White, Mr. Gould, or some other writer who is accustomed to play upon "words and their uses," might write an interesting chapter on the changes which are rung upon many English words. These changes terribly perplex foreigners, who are never sure when they get hold of the right meaning of a word. For instance, a puzzled Frenchman with the word fast:

"Zis horse, sair, he go queek, what you say?"

"Yes, he is a *fast* horse."

"Ah! pardon, monsieur, but your friend say he make *fast* his horse, and he tie him to a post so he no go at all."

"Very true, he is made fast by being tied."

"Ah, zat cannot be; he cannot go fast; but what you call a man zat keeps fast?"

"Oh, he is a good man who does not eat on fast days."

"But I have seen one *bon vivant* who eat and drink and ride, and do every sing. Ze people say he is a bad man—he is *vere fast*."

"True, that is called living a fast life."

"Ah, certainment; zen all ze days of his life moost be fast days."

"Certainly they are."

"Eh bien! Does he eat every day?"

"Certainly he does."

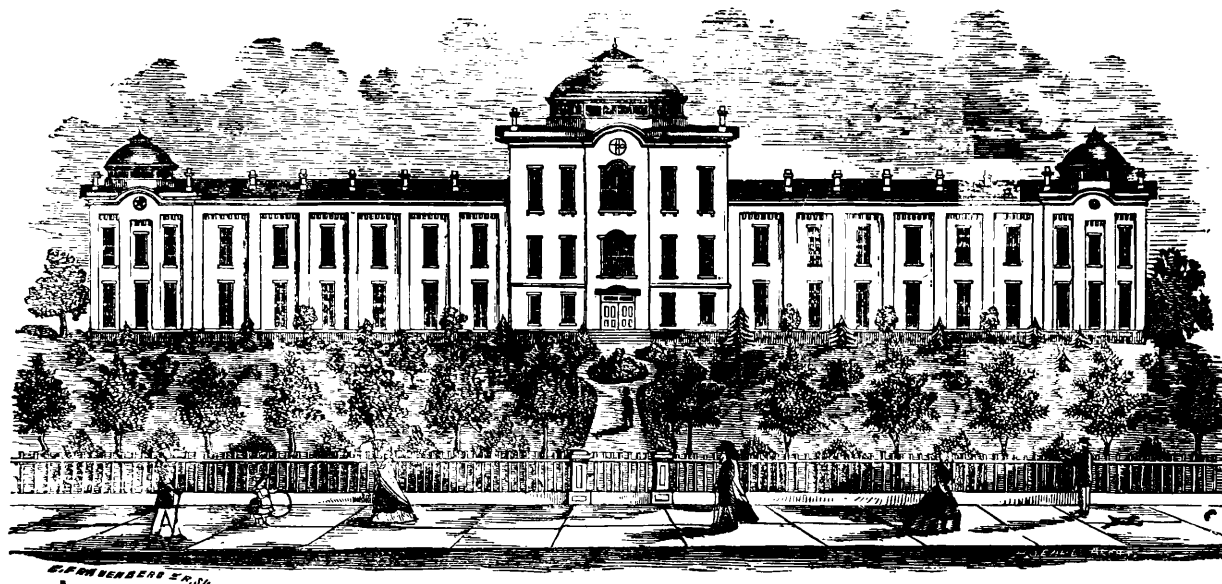
"Zen how can he keep fast?"

"Why,—he keeps going, to be sure."

"Mais, tenez? You tell me to stand fast when you want me to keep still, and go fast when you wish me to run,—how shall I know what is it you mean by ze fast."

"Look here, boy," said a nervous gentleman to an urchin who was munching candy at a lecture, "you are annoying me very much." "No I ain't neither," said the urchin, "I'm a gnawing this 'ere candy."

Fun represents a six year old Knickerbocker seated in a barber's chair, and to him the hair-dresser says: "Well, my little gentleman, and now how would you like your hair cut?" Charlie: "Oh, like papa's please, with a little round hole at the top."



## ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL,

West Avenue, between Prospect and Reynolds Streets.

**THE** popular idea of a Hospital is not a favorable one. By those not intimately acquainted with its management, it is thought to be a kind of Poor-house, where the sick of every disease and condition are indiscriminately admitted and treated. Visitors are actually afraid, in passing

through its wards, of exposure to the contagion of small-pox, cholera, and malignant fevers, and expect to find the furious madman and helpless coconsumptive occupying adjacent beds.

To correct this error, and to urge upon the attention of the public the advantages which this

Institution offers for the care and comfort of the sick, is the object of this article.

It was the intention of the benevolent men who founded it, to furnish an asylum where the curable sick of every class could, for a moderate compensation, receive the best of medical attendance and

nursing. To this end they have provided for the poorer class of patients the larger wards, which make the care of the sick much less expensive; and in addition to these, and entirely separated from them, they have fitted up private wards, for four or more patients, and single private rooms.

The rooms are all very high and commodious, the building provided throughout with hot and cold water, baths, etc., and all is under the direction of a Superintendent. It is believed that the facilities for the successful treatment of every class of disease, are much greater here than in the very best of private families, and the remarkably low rate of mortality, and rapid recovery of its patients, and its gratifying success in every respect, justify this opinion.

Our Physicians and Surgeons are in daily attendance, and the Resident Physician in constant attendance, living in the house.

Compared with private institutions for the sick, THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL has every inducement which any of them can offer, and this in addition, that its Trustees have no object of gain in view. On the contrary, they virtually give to its patients the use of over fifty thousand dollars—the cost of lot, buildings and furniture—and require from them a sum barely sufficient to pay their current expenses. The physicians under whose care patients come, are men of experience and high professional standing, and have a vital interest in sustaining their already required reputation, by careful attention to the patients in their charge.

The name of this Hospital has led many persons not familiar with its history, to suppose that it was maintained at the expense of the city corporation. This is not so. The city with commendable liberality, conveyed to the Trustees the grounds upon which the buildings are situate, and assigned a portion of the Alms-house Fund to their use; but, beyond this, the whole expense of erecting and furnishing the Hospital has been defrayed by the voluntary contributions of the citizens; and the annual cost of keeping the establishment in operation, over and above the pay received from patients, has in like manner, been a charge upon private charity.

In laboring to sustain the institution, and to promote its usefulness, the benevolent of all classes have given their money and their services, and to no persons, more than to the Ladies of the "Rochester Female Charitable Society," have its managers been indebted, for zealous, efficient and unwearied efforts. It will be seen, therefore, that the Rochester City Hospital, was founded and is sustained substantially by *charity*; and consider-

ing the work it has already accomplished, its managers feel themselves authorized to present its claims to the attention of the benevolent everywhere.

CONDITIONS FOR ADMISSION.

Only patients who can be benefited by Hospital treatment, will be received. No contagious disease admitted. Patients, violating the rules for the government of the house, or guilty of gross immorality or indecorum, will be summarily discharged.

Application for admission to any department of the Hospital, may be made to the resident Physician at the Hospital, or to any of the attending Physicians or Surgeons.

EXPENSES.

The following is the price of board, including medical attendance, &c., fixed upon by a careful estimate of current expenses:

Patients in the larger wards, per week, from  
 May 1 to Sept. 30, . . . . . \$3.00  
 Do. do. from Oct. 1. to April 30, . . . 4.00  
 Patients in private wards, . . . . . \$4.00 to 5.00  
 Do. do. rooms, exclusive of medical attendance, . . . \$8.00 and upwards.

Lying-in patients, \$10 in addition to the above rates, for the week of confinement.

VISITORS,

Are admitted to the Hospital every Tuesday and Friday, from 2 to 5 P. M. Persons living out of the city, can visit the Hospital at any time, on permission from the Superintendent.

THE SURGICAL DEPARTMENT,

Is provided for the reception of the subjects of all classes of accidents, without unnecessary delay, and includes all the subjects of general Surgery.

THE FEMALE AND LYING-IN DEPARTMENTS,

Have ample provision for the reception of patients—special wards and convenient rooms, with competent nurses in attendance.

THE EYE AND EAR DEPARTMENT,

Has its special wards and medical attendant. This has already become an important feature of this institution.

Trustees of the Rochester City Hospital.

William Pitkin,	George H. Mumford,
William Brewster,	Aaron Erickson,
Frederick Starr,	Samuel D. Porter,
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*Matron.*

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*Attending Physicians.*

H. W. Dean, M. D.; Office, 33 North Fitzhugh st.  
February, March, August and September.

W. W. Ely, M. D.; Office, 69 South Fitzhugh st.  
April, May, October and November.

David Little, M. D.; Office, 82 Plymouth Avenue.  
June, July, December and January.

*Attending Surgeons.*

H. F. Montgomery, M. D.; Office, 7 Smith's Ar-  
cade.  
October, November, April and May.

H. H. Langworthy, M. D.; Office, 79 State street,  
December, January, June and July.

John F. Whitbeck, M. D.; Office, 91 State street,  
February, March, August and September.

*Ophthalmic and Aural Surgeon.*

Charles E. Rider, M. D.; Office, 79 State street.

**Report of the Ophthalmic Department.**

During the two years ending, Dec. 31, 1867, forty-one eye patients have been under treatment; twenty-seven in 1867, fifteen in 1866. Those who have received treatment as out-patients are not included.

The following is a classified list of the diseases which have been treated.

Conjunctivitis, Catarrhal,.....	8
"    Granular,.....	11
"    Purulent,.....	1
Conical Cornea,.....	1
Corneal staphyloma,.....	1
Panophthalmitis,.....	1
Diseases of the lid,.....	8
"    "    iris,.....	5
"    "    retina,.....	3
Cataract,.....	2

**The Care of the Eyes.**

The Eye has always excited the admiration of philosophers by its wonderful delicacy and perfection; but these same qualities necessitate the greatest care in its use and treatment. The following rules, if observed, will tend to preserve unimpaired the function of sight.

1. Never use a desk or table with your face towards the window. In such case the rays of light, coming directly into the pupil of the eye, by their intensity stimulate to an excessive degree the retina and choroid, cause an unnatural and forced contraction of the pupil, and permanently injure the sight. The same remarks apply to artificial light, which should always be so directed or shaded, that only those rays reflected from surrounding objects reach the eye.

2. Never undertake to read or write or examine minute objects with insufficient light. The injurious effects of such endeavors are quite as great as when the light is excessive.

3. Avoid, if possible, all fine work by artificial light. In the first place, your object is not equally and thoroughly illuminated, and the eye is strained to make up the deficiency. In the second place, there is a radical difference in the quality of artificial and solar light. The light which reaches us from the sun, and is reflected from terrestrial objects, is very complex, having its chromatic rays—the red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet—and its chemical and thermal rays—all in their just proportion, and suited to the eye. Artificial light, on the contrary, has too great a proportion of the orange and yellow rays, just those which are most irritating the eye. The common lamp may be improved by a blue chimney, which allows a greater proportion of the blue rays to pass, but no contrivance can make its light equivalent to the solar. And experience proves just what science asserts—that no one can make constant use of artificial light without serious impairment of vision. The student or business man who does his work by "midnight oil" finds too late that his sight is falling him, and too late believes what a little reason would have taught him.

4. Never read while riding in a railway or other carriage. The extraordinary tension, which the eye must keep up in fixing the object, will frequently cause serious irritability of the eyes.

5. Never touch or press upon the eye more than is necessary, with the aid of a little cold water, to relieve it from offending substances.—"Touch thine eye only with thine elbow" is an admirable maxim, but like most others it goes a little too far, and we must allow exceptions. But if these exceptions were fewer it would be far better.

6. Never remain in a room filled with tobacco smoke, which has a very injurious effect upon the sight if brought in contact with the eye. If smoking is ever allowable, it should be done in the open air, or in a well ventilated room.

8. Finally, when the eye becomes diseased, seek the advice of a surgeon. The diseases of the eye are so numerous and varied in their character, that even the specialist who has seen many thousands of cases, almost daily finds something new to him, and his ingenuity is taxed to find an appropriate remedy. "Sore eyes" are far from

being all alike, and the remedy which cured your neighbor, may be the worst you can use, and cause irreparable injury.

**The Ophthalmic Department of the Rochester City Hospital.**

We learn that special arrangements have been made by this institution for the treatment of diseases of the eye. These arrangements are such as to meet the necessities of patients of every standing. Those who are unable to pay for medical or surgical attendance at home will be received at a price barely equalling the cost of board. Those who desire better accommodation will be provided with board in elegant private rooms at reasonable prices, while poor patients, requiring treatment without board, will receive gratuitous advice at stated hours, viz:—on Tuesday's and Friday's at 11½ A. M.; on other days (Sundays excepted) at 8½ A. M. This department is under the direction of an ophthalmic surgeon whose best energies are given to the cultivation of his speciality.

It is hardly possible to over estimate the benefits which will result to the public from these facilities if practically appreciated. A writer has shown, in the last number of the *Hospital Review*, that diseases of the eye, compared with those of other important organs, are exceedingly numerous and have led to the establishment in all parts of the world of special institutions for their treatment. In Germany, the birth place of ophthalmic surgery as a speciality, every town of importance has its eye infirmary at which astonishingly large numbers of patients receive attendance annually. Of cities no larger than Rochester, fifteen have eye infirmaries and one of these institutions, that at Dusseldorf, numbers over 4,000 patients yearly. In the state of New York there is not a single eye infirmary outside of the metropolis.

If there is in Europe a necessity for eye infirmaries, at which the poor may receive reliable medical and surgical advice, that necessity certainly exists in America where any one, however ignorant, has the liberty amounting to unrestrained license, of trifling with the lives and senses of the suffering. It is well known that in this country a considerable portion of the practice of ophthalmic surgery has long been in the hands of charlatans, both local and itinerant, who rely for the foundation and support of their notoriety upon costly means of advertising, and who make up the cost of such means out of the hard earned wages of the poor. In this way both state and individuals have been robbed, and by counteracting such practice by means of legitimate eye infirmaries both will be gainers. The loss which the community experiences from the blindness of any one of its members is evident enough, but it is almost impossible for every one to appreciate the importance to the individual of the blessings of sight. It has been truly said that however much orators have praised the sense of vision, however much poets have sung it, still its full import lies hidden in the deep longing of those who, having once possessed, have lost it.—*Union and Advertiser*.

**Advertisements.**

**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**

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Dealers in  
**HARDWARE,**  
TABLE & POCKET CUTLERY,  
**Mechanics' Tools, Agricult'l Implements,**

HOUSE TRIMMINGS, LEATHER BELTING, &c.

H. G. HAMILTON, } 21 Buffalo Street,  
A. S. HAMILTON, }  
ROBERT MATHEWS. } NOV. '67. 1y 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.

**A. S. MANN & CO.**

ARE SELLING

**COTTONS OF ALL GRADES,**

INCLUDING

**PRINTS, CANTON FLANNELS, &c.**

At prices within the reach of all. Also, all their stock of rich

**PLAIN AND SUBSTANTIAL DRESS GOODS.**

in many cases, at a large reduction in price,

At 37 & 39 STATE ST., ROCHESTER.

**H. A. BLAUW,**  
**Chemist & Apothecary**

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

**DRUGS & MEDICINES,**  
Chemicals, Perfumery, Leeches,  
Trusses, &c.  
**PURE WINES & LIQUORS,**

**51 State Street, (West side.)**

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.  
Nov. 1867. 1y

**HENRY F. SMITH,**

Wholesale & Retail Dealer in

**Groceries and Provisions,**

**KEROSENE OIL,**  
Clover and Timothy Seed,  
—AND—

**COMMISSION MERCHANT,**  
**No. 80 Main Street,**  
**ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

**M. V. BEEMER,**  
**Men's Furnishing Goods,**

35 Buffalo & 3 Exchange Streets,  
Masonic Block, ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
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DEALERS IN

**Choice Groceries and Provisions,**  
OF ALL KINDS,

**Nos. 67 & 69 Buffalo Street,**  
**ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

Jan. 1866. 1y

**JOHN SCHLEIER,**  
DEALER IN  
**FRESH AND SALT MEATS,**

LARD, HAMS, &c. &c.  
**No. 142 Main St., Rochester.**  
Jan. 15, 1867.

**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

**"DECALCOMANIE HEADQUARTERS"**

**Looking Glasses, Picture Frames,**  
*Brackets, Photograph Ovals,*  
**Stereoscopes, Stereoscopic Views,**  
Photograph Albums, Engravings, Chromos,  
**FRENCH LITHOGRAPHS,**  
**PHOTOGRAPHS, OIL PAINTINGS, &c.**

In great variety, and at very low prices, at

**SANDERSON & THORNE'S,**  
Oct. 1867. 66 Buffalo St., Rochester.

**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.

**CURRAN & GOLER,**

SUCCESSORS TO B. KING & CO.

**Druggists & Apothecaries,**

No. 96 BUFFALO STREET,

Opposite the Court House.

**Rochester, N. Y.**

RICHARD CURRAN. April, '66-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 1836.]  
Jan. 1866.

**M. F. REYNOLDS & Co.**

(Established in 1843.)

Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in

Paints, Oils, Varnishes & Colors,  
Artists' and Painters' Materials,

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS,  
WINDOW & PLATE GLASS,

Nos. 5 & 7 Buffalo St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
Nov. 1867. 1y

**ALLINGS & CORY,**

Wholesale and Retail Stationers,

DEALERS IN

PRINTERS' & BINDERS' STOCK,  
AGENTS FOR THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY,

Nos. 10 & 12 Exchange St.  
Nov. 1867. 1y ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**McVEAN & HASTINGS,**

Dealers in

BOOK, PRINTING AND WRAPPING  
**PAPER.**

Cash paid for all kinds of Paper Stock.

WAREHOUSE, 69 STATE STREET,  
Nov. 1867. 1y ROCHESTER.

ESTABLISHED, 1856.

**GEO. N. STORMS,**  
**Merchant Tailor**

And Manufacturer of

**MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING,**

No. 2 Buffalo Street, corner Front,  
Formerly Boy & McFarlin's. ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
Nov. 1867. 1y

**LANE & PAINE,**

Dealers in

DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS,  
TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.

18 Buffalo St., Rochester, N. Y.  
ALFRED A. LANE. mch, 1866. 1y CYRUS F. PAINE.

**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, 1867. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

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.

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

**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.

**Mechanics' Saving Bank**

OF ROCHESTER,

Exchange Street,

(Building formerly occupied by Commercial Bank.)

OFFICERS:

President.....GEORGE R. CLARK.  
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 Secretary & Treasurer—JOHN H. ROCHESTER.  
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The Bank is open during the usual bank hours, [10 A. M. to 3 P. M.] and on Saturday from 7 to 9 P. M.

On all deposits not exceeding \$1500, when left for a period of not less than thirty days, INTEREST WILL BE ALLOWED FROM THE DATE OF THE DEPOSIT TO THE DATE OF WITHDRAWAL at the rate of SIX PER CENT. per annum; and on all sums exceeding \$1500, FIVE PER CENT. per annum, in like manner. DEPOSITS OF ONE DOLLAR and upwards received.

**FRED. D. ALLING,**

Dealer in

**Fine French Stationery,**

WEDDING & VISITING CARDS,

INVITATIONS AND MONOGRAMS,

INITIAL STAMPING,

Plain, in Colors and Gold.

CRESTS, COATS OF ARMS, GOLD PENS,

FINE WALLETS, ENGRAVINGS,

FANCY GOODS, &c.

57 Buffalo Street,

Nov. 1867. 1y

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**REYNOLDS & WILSON,**  
**PRACTICAL PLUMBERS,**

And Dealers in

**PLUMBING MATERIALS.**

Copper Bath Tubs, Copper Boilers,

And all kinds of BRASS GOODS, on hand.

Also, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, &c.

11 Buffalo St. nov. '67. 1y ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS

**C. B. Woodworth & Son,**

Manufacturers of

**PERFUMERY,**

Flavoring Extracts, &c.

Have Removed from No. 205 Plymouth Av., to

No. 111, 113 & 115 Buffalo St.,

No. 1867. 1y

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**N. G. HAWLEY & SON,**

**Blank Book Manufacturers,**

DEALERS IN

FINE STATIONERY,

Wallets, Envelopes, Gold Pens, &c.

Also, Printers' Materials,

23 Exchange Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BOOK BINDING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

Nov. 1867. 1y

**HYDE & BACKUS,**

(Successors of the late H. L. Ver Valin.)

DEALERS IN

**FINE GROCERIES,**

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS,

No. 55 State Street,

E. F. HYDE,

JAS. M. BACKUS, }

nov. 1867. 1y

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**JOHN T. FOX,**

DEALER IN

**Watches & Jewelry,**

SILVER WARE,

And Fancy Articles,

No. 3 State Street,

Eagle Block, first door from Powers' Banking Office,

Nov. 1867. 1y

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

**REYNOLDS BROS.**

DEALERS IN

**Stoves, Furnaces,**

AND RANGES.

AGENTS FOR THE

**Morning Glory Stoves and Furnaces.**

Also, Carlton's Celebrated Hot-Air Furnaces.

11 BUFFALO ST., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Nov. 1867. 1y



# THE HOSPITAL REVIEW

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

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. IV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH, 1868.

No. 8.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED 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.

Letters or Communications for publication, to be addressed to "The Hospital Review," Box 381.

Subscriptions for The Review, and all letters containing money, to be sent to the Treasurer, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, P. O. Drawer 53.

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,

Elwood Block, corner State and Buffalo Streets.

For the Hospital Review.

### Anticipation.

Battle, O March-winds; blow, bitter and cold—

There are sweet lilies awake in the mould—

Roses but waiting their leaves to unfold—

For the Spring-time is coming.

Brown buds are pouting through white wreaths  
of snow;

Pulses a-throbbing—and life is aglow

In hearts of young flowers that are listening  
below,

For the honey-bee's humming.

Snow-drops are ringing their little white bells—

Lilacs are tossing their plumes, and the dells

Are franked with gay blossoms, whose fragrance  
foretells,

Of the robin's sweet singing.

Rave, O ye bitter winds, rave as ye will,  
Hope is alive in the Summer's heart still.

Winter, ye cannot stay alway to chill

The wild violets springing.

Snows may drop deeper, and white arms be cold  
Over the heart that hath treasures in hold—

There comes a Spring-time when secrets are told

Of the inner life's growing—

There comes a time when the winter is past,

When we wake to a newness undreamed,—when  
we cast

The hooks of the old life aside.—O at last,

*I shall rise to Thy Knowing.*

MRS. B. FRANK ENOS.

DEAR EDITRESS:

I send you an extract from an address urging *personal effort* in doing good, upon all who love the Lord Jesus Christ. I know there are many who would gladly go in and out among the sick and suffering—but they shrink from what they feel may be an intrusion—or they are deterred, because they have "no gift for such work." Little do they realize how much pleasure it is to persons, shut up from week to week in the wards of a Hospital, *even to see* those who are in the outside world; to feel that they are objects of interest and care to persons who are not called by their official duty to show sympathy for them. By frequent visits, we soon grow familiar with those who are, in the providence of God, called to pass months on their beds. Oftentimes, most unexpectedly, the way is opened for a word of warning or encouragement, in regard to immortal interest.—But I am trespassing too much and will only call attention to the strong language in the extract, "no man accomplishes noth-

ing." Let us believe this, and feel that a sincere effort will bring a blessing, though we may never know it: R.

"The laborer, must have, first, the simple consciousness that the work is not *ours*, but *God's*; second, that *He will take care of the results*; that *no man accomplishes nothing*. The most humble toiler, though he sees not the fruits of his toil, is yet telling upon the great work. Does not the parable of Lazarus remind us that we should do good while we have the opportunity? 'That the night cometh when no man can work?' There are many Lazaruses now lying at our gate; shall we not feed them with the bread of life? They are ignorant; shall we not instruct them and teach them the one way of salvation? Ere long, one Lazarus and another Lazarus shall be taken, and it may be to Abraham's bosom, from the faith he has learned from us. Then let us not delay to point the way, for while we are loitering, their hands are laid hold of by the angel of death; and, alas, shall we not hear the cry of anguish through all eternity of a lost soul, which might have been saved but for our negligence. Do you say, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' God says, 'the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground.' Would that many, while clinging to the cross with one hand, would stretch out the other to grasp the hand of some despairing one and drag him from the mire of despond, saying, like Andrew of old, 'Come for I have found the Christ.'"

BEAUTIFUL AND TRUE.—In an article in Frazer's Magazine, this brief but beautiful extract occurs: Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's smile of approbation or sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with bird's nests admired and not touched—with creeping ants and almost impassable emmets—with humming bees and great bee-hives—with pleasant walks and shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words to mature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue and to the source of all good—to God himself.

Take heed of peremptory prayers for any temporal enjoyments, for thereby thou mayest but beg for a rod for thine own back.

### Earth's Angels.

Why come not spirits from the realms of glory  
To visit earth as in the days of old—  
The times of ancient writ and ancient story—  
Is heaven more distant, or has earth grown  
cold?

Oft have I gazed, when sunset clouds receding  
Waved like rich banners of a host gone by,  
To catch the gleam of some white pinion speed-  
ing  
Along the confines of the glowing sky.

And oft, when midnight's stars in distant chill-  
ness  
Were calmly burning, listened late and long,  
But nature's pulse beat on in solemn stillness,  
Bearing no echo of the seraph's song.

To Bethlehem's air was their last anthem given,  
When other stars before the One grew dim!  
Was their last presence known in Peter's prison,  
Or where exulting martyrs raised their hymn?

And are they all within the veil departed?  
There gleams no wing along the empyrean now.  
And many a tear from human eye has started  
Since angel touch has calmed a mortal brow.

Yet earth has angels, though their forms are  
moulded,  
But of such clay as fashions all below;  
Though harps are waiting, and bright pinions  
folded,  
We know them by the love light on their brow!

I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow,  
Their's was the soft tone and the soundless  
tread;  
Where smitten hearts were drooping like the  
willow,  
They stood "between the living and the dead."

And if my sight by earthly dimness hindered,  
Beheld no hovering cherubim in air,  
I doubted not, for spirits know their kindred,  
They smiled upon the wingless watchers there.

I have seen one in the gloomy prison,  
In crowded halls, by the lone widow's hearth;  
And when they passed the fallen have uprisen,  
The giddy paused, the mourner's hope had  
birth.

I have seen some whose eloquence compelling  
Roused the rich echoes of the human breast,  
The blandishments of wealth and ease with-  
standing, [pressed.  
That hope might reach the suffering and op-

And by his side there moved a form of beauty,  
 Strewing sweet flowers along his path of life,  
 And looking up with meek and love-lent duty—  
 I call her *angel*, but he called her *wife*.

Oh, many a spirit walks the world unheeded,  
 That, when its veil of sadness is laid down,  
 Shall soar aloft, with pinions unimpeded,  
 And wear its glory like a starry crown.

### Hester's Motto.

In an old house beside a wood lived a little motherless girl. Her father loved her dearly, but he was a grave, studious man, who sat all day in his musty library. Therefore he was not much of a companion for his little daughter; and as Hester was a good child, who could be trusted, she had much her own way in roaming about the ancient rooms, or quiet woodland avenues.

One day, at Christmas time, a hard frost set in. A great fire was lit in the library, and the master sat before it with a large book on his knee. He read a great deal about wars and famines, and sufferings, caused for a time by new inventions; he loved to think of these things, and ponder how they could be prevented.

Presently Hester stole in, and he put his arm around her, and thought what a comfortable little woman she looked in her bright tartan dress, with quite a fine color in her cheeks, as if she did not feel cold at all.

"Where have you been, Hester!" he asked.

"I have been running through the woods," she answered, "sprinkling crumbs, for the poor little birds, who can get nothing to eat while this weather lasts."

"That was a kind girl," said her father; "but it was not much good, Hester. You may save one or two, but think how many will perish in other great forests where no one notices them."

"I suppose they must," she replied, musingly; "but if every one helped those near them, they wouldn't. Let me do what I can, father."

The father kissed her, and told her she was a kind child, and might go and get another loaf and sprinkle about the wood. When she was gone, he sat and thought a little while, and then he summoned his house-keeper, and bade her go to the village and inquire who was in urgent need, and

provide them with bread and fuel, and any little comfort which might suit particular cases.

Time passed on, and Hester grew from childhood into youth, and spent more time with her father in the library, where they read and talked together for hours. Once some new books came from London, and among them was one full of sad stories of poor, ignorant children, who had never heard of God, except in curses, and who did not know they had immortal souls. Hester sat and wept, as her father read the dark history; and when he had finished, she pursued her needle-work for a long while without speaking.

"Father," she said, at last, in a sudden, clear voice, as if afraid her courage would fail if she hesitated a moment, "if you will let me use that great empty room beyond the dairy, I could have some of the village children here on Sundays—and perhaps once or twice in the week—and teach them to read and tell them the beautiful words of the Bible."

"Hester, my child," he replied, "it would be hard work for you; and yet what are one or two poor children from a village? Think of the swarming factories! The responsibility rests with their owners."

"But I am not near a factory," said Hester, coaxingly, "only a village." But, father, when Christ praised the woman with the ointment, He did not say that she had done all that might have been done, but He said, she hath done what she could."

And the father yielded, and Hester had her school.

Years passed by, and the master of the old house was buried in the abbey church, and his daughter had to leave the quaint mansion, and the dear old woods. She had plenty of money, but she could not inherit her father's lands because she was a girl. And every one wondered very much that she chose to go to the heart of a great smoky, manufacturing town.

She had not been long there when trouble came. There was war abroad, and famine and pestilence at home, and starving people clamored for bread in the streets. From her own windows Hester saw the fearful mobs, with rage and hunger written on their wild faces, and her heart ached to read the bitter scorn and cold exhortations of those who sat in high places, far from the misery and pain. In the same newspaper she read of broad

lands across the sea, where fertile acres were waiting for busy hands to plow and cultivate them. At last her mind was made up. She would give up all her fortune, except what would suffice for her simple maintenance, and devote it to taking some of the starving crowds to the far-off countries which wanted them.

Of course she met with opposition. When she consulted with the gentleman who managed her affairs, he said, "Why give up property now? Let me draw up a will, directing it to be so used when you are dead, and that will make you a great benefactor."

"No," she replied. "People are starving now; and besides, I should like to see what good my money does. That will be the best investment for me."

"Well," said he, "I should not grudge such a sacrifice if it would help all these miserable people, but it will only be like taking a cup of water from the ocean."

"I know it is very little," she answered humbly; "but you see it is all I can do."

And it was done. Hester's few friends heard only that she had "gone abroad;" and the emigrants did not know what they owed the gentle, cheerful lady, who did so much to cheer their onward voyage. They settled in a beautiful region of the New World, and she lived among them, taught the children, nursed the sick, and helped everybody. When she grew old, she spent her Christmases in great, jovial farm-houses, almost as snug, and far more merry than the old house beside the wood; and she had many pleasant gifts from those who knew they owed her much; but never knew they owed her all. And then she died.

And the pastor of the little flock, who knew nothing of her history beyond her unceasing devotion to the good of his people, wrote on her grave the text which was even more appropriate than he knew—

"SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

[Western Christian Advocate.]

**AN IMPOSSIBLE RENUNCIATION.**—The late Dr. Risk, of Dalsersf, being one of the moderators, did not satisfy, by his preaching, the Calvinistic portion of his flock.—"Why, sir," said they, "we think you dinna tell us enough about renouncing our ain righteousness." "Renouncing your ain righteousness!" vociferated the astonished doctor, 'I never saw any ye had to renounce!'

For the Hospital Review.

DEAR EDITRESS:

The lines I send you may have an added interest when it is known, that they are sung every Saturday evening in a far-off heathen land, by a little band of laborers, in memory of a beloved brother in Christ, who "counted not his life dear unto him," and who sleeps upon a foreign shore, "far from kindred and from home." A.

**Home at Last.**

Home at last! home at last!  
 From an earthly shore,  
 For O, I've joined the ransomed ones  
 Who passed on long before;  
 Where each tear is wiped away  
 By God the Holy One,  
 There's nought but songs of joy and praise  
 Around the Eternal's Throne.

The pure in heart, the pure in heart,  
 Robed in spotless white,  
 Are here with starry crowns of joy,  
 All gloriously bright.  
 Some loved so long ago,  
 Who left me sad and lone,  
 I meet among the heavenly host  
 Within my Father's Home.

Safe at home, safe at home!  
 O let the echo fly,  
 To soothe the hearts that mourn me yet,  
 In that first home below.  
 His dear arms are around me now,  
 Who was for sinners slain;  
 Through Him I've now eternal life;  
 For me to die was gain.

Safe at home! safe at home!  
 From an earthly shore,  
 I'll bless and praise Thee O my God,  
 Forever and forevermore.

**MATERNAL INFLUENCE.**—Some one has finely said: "It is related of Phidias, that in constructing the statue of Minerva, at Athens, he so wrought his own image into her shield, that it could not be removed without destroying the statue itself. Thus ineffaceably does the mother engrave her mental likeness, her moral character, upon the soul of the child. Not until the latter shall have been annihilated, will the maternal image be removed."

For the New York Observer.

### A Human Wreck.

Crossing, recently, the Wall street ferry, from New York to Brooklyn, in company with a female friend, we were witnesses of a case which apparently touched many a heart besides our own; and made us feel that, though our human nature may by the power of religion, or the inspiration of genius, approach the godlike, it may also, by the indulgence of its gross and sensual passions, descend to the level, and below the level of the brute that perishes.

We had just seated ourselves in the boat, on the New York side, when a young man entered the cabin grossly intoxicated. He threw himself, with a kind of desperation, into the seat opposite to us, flung his straw hat into the one beside him, and, regardless of all observers, buried his face in his hands, planted his elbows unsteadily upon his knees, and, with his head consequently reeling to the right and left, there was every probability that he would be speedily precipitated to the cabin floor. Passengers crowded in. Many an eye turned and looked at him, as he was seated just within the entrance; but there was no smile of derision, no look of contempt or ridicule. One, apparently an employee on the boat, came and stood still, and gazed upon him; then walked away. The feelings of all seemed to respond to our own. It was pity—pity for one who could so degrade himself, and who had fallen, to all appearance, from a respectable position.

He was a young man; and his dress betokened the circle in which he probably moved. A handsome suit, with watch and chain; linen, now disgusting in its aspect, stained and unsightly, but handsomely made, plaited and stitched, perhaps, by the hands of a loving mother or sister, to whom he was now returning in a state of intoxication. Nearly every seat was filled, and a passenger approached to claim the one on which the hat was laid. He took it up and returned it to the owner. The act startled the poor inebriate, who looked up for a moment with a stupid, half-awakened gaze, and then, turning his back on the new comer, and throwing his leg over the arm on the other side, he sat reeling to and fro.

As the boat entered the dock some lingered behind—ourselves among the number—wondering what was to become of him, and who would care for him. But

the crowd passed on, not unfeelingly; yet no one aided him to leave the boat. And thus we left him.

As he lay there, in his distorted, unseemly attitude, we could almost have wept, as fancy bore us to his home, where a mother or sister may have been awaiting him; where a young wife and little children may have been watching the coming of their protector. Protector, alas! God pity those who are thus protected! In his ruin and degradation their own was involved; and yet, with this in prospect,—with misery, perhaps impending penury and beggary for them all, he had not the manliness, the resolution, the principle, to deny himself.

Pledges to man are as nought, but pledges unto God, with faith in His power to save, are as a bulwark in the hour of temptation, a fortress, a defence against every foe.

E. W. B.

### The Midnight Mission.

A most excellent charity—just passed the first year of its existence—is “The Midnight Mission.” Its first report has not yet been published. The Board of Managers consists of twenty gentlemen; Rev. S. H. Hilliard being President. The lady managers are fourteen, among the first in the city, headed by Mrs. A. Tyler. The aim of the mission is to rescue unhappy woman from the snares that surround them, and restore them to virtue. Christian men go out into the streets two evenings in the week, with cards of invitation “to tea” and religious tracts, and endeavor to persuade the fallen ones to repair to the Mission rooms, where the ladies relieve them, listen to their confessions, offer them refreshments and counsel, and persuade them to reform. Some are induced to remain for days or weeks, till situations are procured for them. Sewing is given them, for which they receive half the proceeds. The lady President stated that since the commencement of the labors of the Association, fifty-five women had been saved and restored to respectability. Several interesting instances were mentioned, and letters from the rescued are preserved, breathing the deepest gratitude. The Association is very much in want of funds, and would thankfully receive any donations. The managers give notice to any who

would receive as a servant one of the penitent, to address Box 2592, P. O., New York.

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## *The Hospital Review.*

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH, 1868.

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### The Paper.

The receipts for the *Review* this month, as will be seen from the List, are very small; and the returns from the extras sent out last month have not been, we are compelled to say, equal to our hopes. Now and then, we must confess, we get a little discouraged about our paper. While the testimonies from our readers are of the most flattering character, and while we have repeated assurances of the favor and appreciation of our friends, the circulation of our paper has increased but very little within the past few months. What, we would now ask earnestly, will our friends do to help us in this matter? Will they each, old and young, far and near, make this month an extra effort to extend our List?

### Delicacies.

The supply of canned fruits and jellies, and pickles and delicacies of all kinds, brought in at our Party, was not so large as a year ago, and consequently is now very low. Will our friends please remember in a special manner, at this time, our sick and invalids? These first warm spring days—gladly as we may welcome them after the severe winter, are yet depressing, even to the well and strong, and peculiarly so to the sick. Lassitude and loss of appetite, are felt by almost every one, and something at just this time, nice and tempting—some little knick-knack or relish, for our large family of sufferers, would be very gratefully appreciated.

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“The greatest thoughts, it has been said, spring from the heart; but the maxim is far more true with respect to the noblest actions.”

### Visit to the Hospital.

James Reed, so often mentioned, with consumption, has gone to his rest. Our visit, a month ago—proved, as we then feared it would, our last. In the language of another, who was with him much in his last illness, “quietly and peacefully, he passed away, resting only on Christ, as we humbly trust.” The last, longing wish of his heart to see his mother, and to have her with him, was not granted. At his solicitation, she was written to repeatedly, but through the failure of the letters reaching her, or some cause not known, she did not come to him—and at the last, it was impossible for her to do so on account of the storm. His request to be removed from the Ward into a room, where he could be alone with his mother, if she came, was complied with—and he was there tenderly cared for by the two disabled soldiers, already mentioned—Adam P. and Francis H.—but he watched and waited for her in vain—and the wish growing stronger and stronger, as Death drew nearer, it was sad to feel must be deprived him. But, that One dearer even than a mother, did not forsake him—and in His arms, as we trust, he fell asleep.

There are many cases of consumption now in the Hospital, and of the kindred complaints—bronchitis and inflammation of the lungs. J. McC., is decidedly better. Another prevailing disease is rheumatism—chronic and inflammatory. We counted five in this Ward alone, who are suffering in this way—and the groans of one of them, a new patient, were fearful to hear. Among the patients we noticed Paul F., receiving a visit from his wife and little girl, which he was evidently enjoying much. G. B., the German, nearly recovered. He seems a great favorite. We missed from the Ward Mr. C., a nice looking old gentleman we have often spoken of, and learned that he had gone to friends in Newark. George, the engineer, better, and seeming in good spirits. Mr. Stafford,

ill a month ago with erysipelas—nearly recovered. "Burned man," sitting up, and still continues to improve, to the delight of all who have pitied his sufferings for these many long months, and who have admired his courage and cheerfulness, and patience, in bearing them. George V., the dear little boy with hip disease, is improving, as we trust. He has now a companion and sharer of his confinement in James Hallet, a boy of thirteen, who, for five months, has been a great sufferer with the same disease. James is small of his age, fair and delicate looking, and his hand, which lay upon the counterpane, was so thin and slender as to seem almost transparent, and white and small as a girl's. The two boys, with their cots drawn up, side by side, enlist much interest among the other patients, and cannot fail to attract the attention of visitors. One of our Managers, in speaking of them, says, "may they both find from experience that 'it is good to bear the yoke in one's youth.'" Death has made another vacancy in this Ward during the month. Mr. F. we missed in his accustomed place, and the feeble and tottering steps we have so often noticed on our visits, we shall meet no more.

Upon entering the Female Ward our attention was drawn at once to Fanny S., a little girl under Dr. Rider's care for inflammation of the eyes. Fanny W., is another little girl here, of twelve years, recovering from typhoid fever. "Evangeline" does not receive the orders for fancy work, as we hoped. No one, as yet, has acted upon the suggestion we gave last month, in her behalf. She would very much like something to do, either in fancy work, of which she is very fond, or in plain sewing. M. L., is a young, interesting looking girl, recently brought in on a stretcher, unable to move hand or foot, with inflammatory rheumatism. Rebecca, feeling as consumptives do, the change in the weather. Our nice old lady, M. P. B., knitting, but not quite so cheery as usual. O. E., just re-

covering from inflammation of the lungs. Maggie O'D., not so well again, and seemed quiet and depressed. Miss B's eye, doing well as could be expected. We were surprised to find in this Department a familiar face—that of Mrs. R.—well known in our city—a lady of culture—who has been for a long time a great sufferer with neuralgic rheumatism, and who was advised by her physician to come here for treatment, where she could have perfect quiet and freedom from all care, impossible for a mother, with little children, to feel at home. Her good courage and determination to get well, and as speedily as possible for their sakes, will doubtless help her much.

We have now four babies, for whom we are very anxious to get homes. Our appeal for children meets with no response as yet. Even our beautiful black-eyed Willie has failed to win a place he so much needs in a mother's heart and home. We wish we knew how to say something for these babies which would touch the hearts of our readers in their behalf. But come and see them, do—their sweet, baby-innocence and helplessness would be their best and strongest appeal.

#### The Ophthalmic Department of the Hospital.

We have before us a letter from Dr. Knickerbocker of North Parma, who was for a time an inmate of the city Hospital, under the care of Dr. Rider—Ophthalmic Surgeon—in which he expresses his gratitude for the restoration of his right eye from total blindness, by the extraction of a cataract. To use his own words, "a perfect success." Dr. K., being at the advanced age of seventy-four years, his case could hardly have been considered as hopeful as though fewer years had marked his pilgrimage, but his heart is full of thanksgiving to God, and praise for Dr. Rider, who so successfully performed the operation. How could it be otherwise? De-

prived of sight, (one of the greatest calamities which could befall a person) and with but faint prospect of ever again beholding the beautiful world in which we live, or the familiar faces of those we love—too much praise can not be given to one who endeavors so to perfect himself in his profession, as to enable him to render such service to his fellow beings.

Another letter from a lady of Livingston County, who was suffering from diseased eyes, and came to the Hospital for treatment, says, "I shall always feel grateful to Dr. Rider for my eyesight."

**Died.**

At the Rochester City Hospital, Monday morning, March 2d, 1868, after a lingering illness of Consumption, James Reed, of Mendon, aged 21 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, Monday, March 2d, of Paralysis, Cornelius T. Forsyth, aged, 63 years.

**List of Donations to the Hospital,**

FROM FEB. 15th TO MARCH 15th, 1868.

- Mrs. M. Oriol—Pickles and Fruit.
- Mrs. Chas. Hatch—Clothing and Fruit.
- A Friend—A pair of Blankets.
- Mrs. Albert M. Hastings—2 cans of Fruit, 2 bowls of Jelly.
- Mrs. Dr. Arner—Oranges and Apples and Jelly for James Reed.
- Mrs. Hiram Smith—Apples and a can of Fruit.
- Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—Oranges.
- Mrs. Ives, Batavia—A barrel of Vegetables.
- Miss Whittlesey—A breakfast Shawl.
- Mrs. Kelly—Apples and a jar of Quinces.
- A Manager—Delicacies for the Sick.
- S. P. Allen—Keg of Ale in November. Omitted by mistake, but very acceptable.

**Receipts for the Hospital Review**

FROM FEB. 19 TO MARCH 15.

- Edward O'Donnell, Patterson, Ontario—  
By Mrs. Woodward .....\$ 50
- Mrs. A. T. Bartow, Leroy Mrs. Wm. Curtis  
(with postage)—By Mrs. Rochester.... 1 12
- Dr. D. Knickerbocker, North Parma; Miss  
A. Brown, Fairport—By Dr. C. E. Rider, 1 00
- A. D. Miner, Lima; Mrs. E. R. Converse,  
Conesus Centre; Mrs. E. Loop (with  
postage)—By Mrs. Mathews..... 1 62
- Miss Tracy, Advertisement and Subscription;  
Miss E. A. Taylor—By Mrs. Perkins..... 2 00
- Mrs. Marcus Jewell, Westbrook, Conn.—  
By Mrs. Dr. Strong..... 50

Miss M. E. McMasters (3 yrs.)—By Miss S. Algood.....	\$1 50
Mrs. Crocker, Spencerport, (2 yrs)—By Miss McChesney.....	1 00
Miss Sarah Jones, E. Avon—By Mrs. Woodward.....	50

**Superintendent's Report for March.**

1868, Feb. 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, 65	
Received during the month, 23—88	
Discharge, .....	—14
Remaining March 1st, 1868,	74

**Children's Department.**

**Cowslip and Daffy.**

"YES, mother," said Daffy, as she awoke one morning, and felt Mother Spring gently turning back the brown coverlid under which she had been sleeping. "Yes, I'll be up directly." Then, remembering that she had been placed in a new bed just before her long nap, "I wonder who my new neighbors are? I'll just look about, and see. I hope Violet isn't far off, for she is so sweet I should miss her sadly. And what shall I do if Cowslip isn't here?—She's not so unselfish as Violet, but she's a tidy body, like her Old Country mother, and doesn't mind a bit of gossip now and then; while Violet never seemed to care about other people's affairs unless they were in trouble."

So Daffy put on her green dress and yellow bonnet, and appeared in the open air. Scarcely stopping for Sunshine's warm greeting, and North Wind's cold bow, she looked about for her old acquaintances. Sure enough, here they were—modest Violet and cheery Cowslip—and she felt at home at once.

"Ah! dear Violet, winter hasn't harmed you at all, I see! Glad to find you here, Cowslip! As you have a little the start of me, just tell me all about our new neighbors. How shall we like the society here, do you think?"

"O, pretty well, on the whole. On our side of the row we have Madam Peony: she's fat and florid, but she owns a large place; and Tulip, who wears a most gorgeous shawl brought from foreign parts; Honeysuckle, whom Sir Humming Bird is visiting; and Poppy—to be sure she always smells of her father's apothecary's shop, but she's quite useful, for she knows a deal about medicine."



"Whom do you like best, Violet?"

"I like the Rose family very much; but they see a great deal of fashionable company, and I don't like to intrude too often. Forget-me-not came along with me, and so did Snow-drop; but I fear we shall not have her very long, she grows so white and drooping. March introduced the Crocuses, who seem quite agreeable, and—"

"Modesty Vine is a friend of her's, too," interrupted Cowslip, with a sly look which made Violet's eyes drop. "He's slender, and graceful, and pale—from study, I suppose. Folks say that he comes of an aspiring race, and will some day climb higher than many of his prouder neighbors."

"O, I hope he may," thought Violet, though she said not a word. "How happy I shall be in looking up to him! Did he not call me his own dear Violet, the other day?" This remembrance made her long for retirement, and she quietly withdrew, leaving Daffy and Cowslip to go on with their chat.

Now these two, with all their good qualities, had each a fault. Cowslip was very careless in her talk. Though she would scorn a lie, she had a habit of repeating whatever she heard, heedless whether it were the exact truth, and unmindful of the injustice which might thus be done. Daffy was jealous and envious, ready to believe that others felt above her and wished her evil.

To-day Cowslip rattled on. "None of us have seen the lady who lives opposite you. There's a story agoing that she's a haughty piece, contented with nothing less than a white satin dress and a gold crown. It's my advice to you, Daffy, not to be put down by her if she takes on any airs; but just stand up for your rights, and show her that you feel as good as anybody."

"Cowslip little thought how much mischief her idle words might cause, and she wouldn't have made her friend unhappy for the world. Yet Daffy kept thinking of what she had heard long afterward; and the more she thought, the more she hated Narcissus in her heart. So, when they met at a flower-show, Daffy received all her neighbors' advances with the greatest coldness. Never suspecting how pretty she looked in the spotless gown and gold crown which her family had always worn, Narcissus wondered what could be the

matter, and tried harder still to show herself friendly. "Ah!" thought Daffy, "I suppose she thinks she's very condescending to notice me; while really she only stays by my side because my plain gown sets off her fine satin."

Daffy grew daily more and more suspicious, and set herself so closely to watching Narcissus that her own neat dress grew dusty and her pretty frills ragged. She refused to drink the dew, complaining that others took more than their share; and, as one wicked thought makes way for another, she soon looked upon almost every one with distrust, and a more forlorn, miserable flower could not be found.

Her friends noticed the change, and Cowslip made up her mind to pay her a visit, and try to cheer her up a little; for, in spite of her fault, Cowslip was a well-meaning body. Daffy's reception was anything but cordial, for she could not help contrasting Cowslip's brightness with her own gloom. She sullenly refused all offers of sympathy, until Cowslip said earnestly, "O, Daffy! If you would only go with me to Violet! I see you will not let me help you; but, she is so good and kind, I am sure you would be better for it."

Daffy, whose heart had already melted a little at the memory of their earlier and happier days, and who was growing half-ashamed of herself, agreed to this. Violet took no notice of her shabby dress, and was so glad to see them that, almost before she knew what she was doing, she had told Violet all about herself, and how she had lately felt so wretched and friendless.

Violet saw plainly that all this trouble had arisen from Cowslip's heedless gossip and Daffy's mean jealousy. But it was not at all like her to set herself up as their judge, or give them a scolding. She only said:

"Dear friends, I want to tell you a story. When I was quite young, before I knew either of you, I used to live in an earthen pot, set on the window-sill of a young lady's chamber. Miss Hetty tended me carefully, and I took a great deal of pleasure in watching her ways. I learned many things, too, though I saw much that I could not understand. A little book had its place beside me, in which she often read. After being there awhile, clouds gathered over Miss Hetty's face. She actually let me suffer for want of water, and

dust lay unnoticed on her favorite volume, while she sat silent and moody, brooding over some sorrow.

"At last an elder brother of hers came to pay a visit, and Hetty made him come up into her own little room, that she might have a good old-fashioned talk all to herself. I can't tell you all they said. I was so interested that I forgot to notice when the sun went down, and found myself listening with eyes wide open long after dark. After all the rest, came a story very much like this of Daffy's. Hetty had listened to whispers against one of her friends, and thought herself injured. Dwelling upon this fancy, she had strangely wronged those who loved her, and imagined people to be her enemies who really felt kindly toward her, and was now very unhappy.

"Ah! Hetty, Hetty!" said her brother; 'I'm afraid you've forgotten your guide.' Taking up the little book, he read how men are commanded to 'speak every man truth with his neighbor,' and to 'speak evil of no man,' (here Cowslip hung her head;) 'and that all should be gentle, showing all meekness to all men;' 'full of all kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering.' He read of that charity which 'suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.' I'm sure this talk did Miss Hetty a great deal of good; and as for me, I went to sleep late that night, thinking that, though I was only a violet, I had my own little duties and trials, and I too, in my humble way, could practice charity and meekness."

Little more was said. Cowslip and Daffy soon bade good-by, and started for home, full of new thoughts. Cowslip was the first to break the silence. The Scotch accent always flew to her tongue when she grew serious. "Daffy, dear, I've been but a foolish slip of a lass a' my days not to mind my words better. Just ye forgie me this ance, and see if ever ye hear me speak aught against my neighbor frae this day." She kept her word bravely, and no light heart grew heavy with malice springing from her influence.

Daffy thought much of Violet's story. "At last," she said to herself, "I have found out Violet's happy secret. 'Charity and meekness.' Yes, these were the very words. I can never be as sweet and love-

able as Violet; but I'll try my best to see what charity and meekness can do for me." She busied herself at once about her neglected duties, and bloomed and bloomed with all her might.

The next time Narcissus wafted a sweet breath across the way, she nodded a friendly good-morning in return. After this their acquaintance progressed famously.—Narcissus turned out to be not the least bit proud, and one day surprised Daffy very agreeably by showing her a discovery she had just made in her old family records, from which it turned out that the two were descended from the same original stock, and were, in fact, third cousins.

E. J. W.

### A Short Sermon.

BY ALICE CARY.

Children who read my lay,  
This much I have to say:  
Each day, and every day,  
Do what is right!  
Right things, in great and small;  
Then, though the sky should fall,  
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,  
You shall have light!

This further I would say;  
Be tempted as you may,  
Each day, and every day,  
Speak what is true!  
True things, in great and small;  
Then, though the sky should fall,  
Sun, moon, and stars, and all,  
Heaven would show through!

Figs, as you see and know,  
Do not out of thistles grow;  
And, though the blossoms blow,  
Grapes never, never yet  
White as the tree,  
On the limbs of thorns were set;  
So, if you a good would get,  
Good you must be!

Life's journey, through\*and through,  
Speaking what is just and true;  
Doing what is right to do  
Unto one and all,  
When you work, and when you play,  
Each day, and every day;  
Then peace shall gild your way,  
Though the sky should fall.

From the Little Corporal.

### Quit Crowding!

I never heard it myself, but they told me out in Illinois, that on still nights, you can "hear the big potatoes scolding the little ones for crowding so." The little fellows are growing, and there is not room for them all in one hill, and so the big ones scold, and the little ones keep still. I do not believe all of this story, because potatoes have no mouths, and cannot talk. They have eyes, and if they had mouths they would scold if they could, for potatoes do get terribly crowded sometimes—crowded all out of shape.

My garden is not like an Illinois garden. All my potatoe hills have more stones in them than potatoes. I have seen boys in Illinois who never saw a stone in any field or garden. They would laugh to see what queer shapes the potatoes have when they grow among stones. A little potatoe gets between the stubborn stones, and grows itself flat as my hand trying to push the stones away. It is all the same when little Indian papposes have their soft heads between two stubborn boards; they grow up flat head Indians.—And the Chinese girl babies have their soft little feet squeezed into sore, little lumps by tight bandages; the bandages crowd them all out of shape.

There is a good deal of crowding, and worse than crowding, going on all around me. A hill of corn came up beautifully and grew a foot high, and then stopped and turned yellow and died, all because there was a maple tree that crowded it and took its sap and sunshine. The other corn-stalks a little way off saw it, and said it was a shame for that great big tree to steal a living away from a little corn family not six weeks old! But when those scolding corn-stalks were grown up, I noticed that they spread out their blades and drank up their sunshine, and would not let the little turnips grow between their rows! and a squash vine got so mad at the corn-stalks that he came up, and ran away beyond the outside row of corn, before he'd stop to finish out a big leaf, or grow a blossom, and then he stopped and grew so rich, so fat, and big-leaved, that not a leaf of clover, nor a blade of grass could grow, he covered all the ground so.

There is a crowding and a quarrel going on in my garden all summer long. The

thistles quarreled with my strawberries, so that I had to go out and hit them with a hoe, and then they would not keep still for more than a week at a time. Then my hens crowded onto my corn, and, do all I could, they ate it all up, leaving me not an ear, no, not a kernel. The cabbages did well until after frost; then a neighbor's cow came to gnaw at them, and leave them nicely white and open for bugs to creep in. So my cabbages got crowded.

That is not all. One night some sort of an animal crowded my setting hens, and sucked every egg, leaving the poor birds sitting sleepily on the shells. Afterward I got a gun and crowded him off and buried him. But how he hated to go! What an awful smell he made. Then I began to notice and to think, what a crowding, quarreling world we do live in to be sure. The bugs and the worms were nibbling the leaves away. The robins came and picked off the bugs. The cat came and caught the robins. The dog came and caught the cat and broke her back. What a time!

In the woods the large trees keep the little ones from growing up. In the waters the big fish eat the little fish. In the air the hawk catches the little bird. On land the cattle eat up the growing grass, and by and by men eat up the cattle. That's the way it is and always has been in this world. The stronger crowds the weaker and uses him up.

Once a mad Elephant came rushing along a village street, in India, knocking down the little bamboo shanties, pitching men into the air with his tusks, and slapping down the women into the dirt with his trunk. Suddenly he stopped at a little baby in the very middle of the street, looked at him, picked him up tenderly, and set him in at a house door safely; and then went raging along down street again. Wonderful! beautiful! to see such a monstrous creature so kind to a little baby.

A doctor in England had a fine, large, black dog, larger than any dog anywhere around. One day he broke his leg. The doctor set it and took care of him until his leg was quite strong again. A month afterward this great, big dog, fat, black and curly, brought home a little sore, red eyed doggy, running on three legs, showing him to the doctor to be cured!—Wonderful! beautiful! to see a great, hearty dog, helping a poor, lame, half-starved cur! It is better than crowding or quarreling!

Once I knew a tall, stout, good-looking man, go to a pic-nic with at least eight little children, six women, and some boys and girls. He put up a swing between two trees, a long swing, and then for hours he stood there, giving all the boys and girls, and all the women and children splendid swings—away up into the air. He worked so hard that he could hardly keep awake long enough to get home; and the next day his arms were stiff and sore. But he is one of the best men I ever knew. He is so very strong that he helps everybody and so very strong that he never crowds anybody. He does not scold the little potatoes for growing, and he says *we that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.* And when I tell him that everybody crowds everybody in this world, he says, *we don't belong to this world, but to the kingdom of heaven, where He that is chief is servant of all.* I've a great mind never to crowd or quarrel any more.

Over the Fence.

Boy.

Over the fence is a garden fair—  
How I would love to be master there!  
All that I lack is a mere pretence,  
I could leap over the low white fence.

CONSCIENCE.

This is the way that all crimes commence,  
Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

Boy.

Over the fence I can toss my ball,  
Then I go in for it—that is all;  
Picking an apple up near the tree  
Would not be really a theft, you see.

CONSCIENCE.

This is a falsehood—a weak pretence,  
Sin and sorrow are over the fence.

Boy.

Whose is the voice that thus speaks so plain?  
Twice have I heard it, and not in vain,  
Never will I venture to look that way,  
Lest I should do as I planned to-day.

CONSCIENCE.

This is the way that all crimes commence,  
Coveting that which is over the fence.

[N. W. Christian Advocate.

A Touching Incident.

A speaker at a recent Sabbath School Conference related an incident of a little girl, seven years of age, who, having been taken sick, was carried to the hospital to die.

"The last night," said the speaker, "nothing was heard to break the silence but the ticking of the great clock in the hall, as the pendulum swung backward and forward. Then it would strike the hours—e-l-e-v-e-n, t-w-e-l-v-e, o-n-e o'clock—when there came from the couch of the little sufferer a voice of sweet melody. It was one verse of a Sunday School hymn—

'Jesus! the name to sinners dear,  
The name to sinners given;  
It scatters all our guilty fears,  
And turns our hell to heaven.'

Then all was silent again, and nothing was heard but the ticking of the great clock in the hall, until she broke out after a while, in another verse—

'Happy, if with my latest breath  
I may but speak His name;  
Preach Him to all, and sing in death,  
Behold! behold the Lamb!'

"The nurse then hastened to the bedside of the little sufferer, but she was too late. The angels had been there before her, and carried away that little Sabbath school girl from beholding the Lamb on earth to His bosom in the sanctuary above."

"You are made to be kind, generous and magnanimous," says Horace Mann. "If there's a boy in school who has a club-foot don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a boy in school with ragged clothes don't talk of rags in his presence. If there's a lame boy in school, assign him some place in the play which does not require much running. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons."

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 and Dr. Whitbeck.

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Alexander Street,

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First Quarter will commence on the first Monday in April.

LUCILLA TRACY,

Rochester, March, 1866.

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**Woolen Blankets,**

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**D. LEARY'S**  
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Two hundred yards North of the New York  
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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.**

Grape, 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.  
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SUCCESSORS TO B. KING & CO.  
**Druggists & Apothecaries,**  
No. 96 BUFFALO STREET,  
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RICHARD CURRAN. April, '66-pd. to '63. G. W. COLER.

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**WHOLESALE GROCERS,**  
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The Bank is open during the usual bank hours, [10 A. M. to 3 P. M.,] and on Saturday from 7 to 9 P. M.

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**PRACTICAL PLUMBERS,**

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Copper Bath Tubs, Copper Boilers,

And all kinds of BRASS GOODS, on hand.

**Also, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, &c.**

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**C. B. Woodworth & Son,**

Manufacturers of

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**Flavoring Extracts, &c.**

Have Removed from No. 205 Plymouth Av., to

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March 15, 1867. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

THE GREAT AMERICAN  
**TEA COMPANY**

OF NEW YORK,

Have established an Agency for the sale of their

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

The following are the Prices:

YOUNG HYSON, . . . \$1, \$1.10 and \$1.25 per lb.  
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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.

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Policies issued, and all losses promptly adjusted and paid.

H. P. BREWSTER,  
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**DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,**

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AND PURE WINES & LIQUORS,

For medicinal uses.

Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.

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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. IV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY, 1868.

No. 10.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:

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

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

Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer,  
Elwood Block, corner State and Buffalo Streets.

### Trailing Arbutus.

BY ROSE TERRY.

Darlings of the forest!  
Blossoming, alone,  
When Earth's grief is sorest  
For her jewels gone—  
Ere the last snow-drift melts, your tender buds  
Have blown.

Tinged with color faintly,  
Like the morning sky,  
Or, more pale and saintly,  
Wrapped in leaves ye lie—  
Even as children sleep in Faith's simplicity.

There the wild-wood robin,  
Hymns your solitude;  
And the rain comes sobbing  
Through the budding wood,  
While the low south wind sighs, but dare not be  
more rude.

Were your pure lips fashioned  
Out of air and dew—  
Starlight unimpassioned,  
Dawn's most tender hue,  
And scented by the woods that gathered sweets  
for you?

Fairest and most lonely,  
From the world apart;  
Made for beauty only,  
Veiled from Nature's heart,  
With such unconscious grace as makes the dream  
of Art!

Were not mortal sorrow  
An immortal shade,  
Then would I to-morrow  
Such a flower be made,  
And live in the dear woods where my lost child-  
hood played.

### The Three Crimes.

AN EASTERN TALE.

Hamet Abdallah was an inhabitant of a grotto on one of the slopes of Mount Olympus. When he stood at the entrance of his humble dwelling, he could embrace with one glance all the territory originally possessed by Osman, the founder of the Ottoman empire; and, as he five times a day offered up his prayers to Allah, he invoked blessings upon the head of Solyman the Magnificent, the reigning Sultan in whose time he lived. Indeed, Abdallah was renowned for his sanctity; and the inhabitants of the vicinity of his dwelling treated him with the most marked respect.

He was not, however, entitled to this expressive veneration by his age; for he had scarcely attained his fortieth year

when the incident of this tale took place. His venerable father, who was himself a dervise of great sanctity, and whose years amounted to four-score, resided with him in the same grotto; and fortunate was deemed the individual who, on his way along the slopes of the Olympus, was allowed to join the prayers of the two dervises, kneeling upon the ground at the entrance of the cave, and turning their countenances towards the holy cities of Mecca and Medina.

Hamet Abdallah was one morning roving amidst the groves and woods, which extended up the mountain far above his grotto, and pondering upon the passage in the Koran which he had been pursuing but a short time previously, when his foot suddenly struck against something hard upon the ground. He looked downward, and saw an iron ring fastened to a small brass plate, which was let into a square of stonework, and seemed to cover a hollow place or well. Obeying a sudden impulse of curiosity, Hamet applied his hand to the ring, and pulled it with all his force. After many vain exertions, the brass plate yielded to his strength, and he fell backwards with the sudden shock.

Before he had time to rise and examine the aperture thus laid bare, a dense volume of smoke issued from the hole, and ascended in the air to the height of several thousand feet. Hamet gazed with astonishment upon this strange apparition; but how much more was his wonder excited when he saw the smoke gradually become more and more palpable and shapely, and at length assume the form of an immense giant, with a long flowing white beard, and a tremendous pine tree in his right hand.

Hamet fell upon his knees, and was about to put up a prayer to heaven, when the terrible apparition addressed him in a voice of thunder.

"Nay—mention not the name of the Diety, or I will cut thee in ten thousand pieces."

"Who art thou?" demanded Hamet, rising from his suppliant posture.

"I am Kara, an evil Genie, whom a victorious power shut up in that cursed hole, where I have languished for two thousand years. It is an evil day for thee that brought thee hither."

"And wherefore, proud Genie?" demanded Hamet.

"Because I am about to kill thee, in or-

der to avenge myself upon some one for this long captivity," replied the giant.

At these words, Hamet trembled very much, and besought the Genie to spare his life. For a long time the Genie was inexorable, and ordered him to prepare for immediate death; but at length he suffered himself to be moved by the prayers and entreaties of the virtuous dervise.

"Hark ye," said the Genie; "I am willing to spare your life upon one condition."

"Name it," cried Hamet, his heart leaping with joy.

"I will grant your request, I say," proceeded the Genie, "on condition that you may perpetrate some crime that will diminish your overweening pride of conscious virtue. Do not interrupt me or I will kill you on the spot; but listen. I give you your choice of the three most heinous crimes which I can imagine. You shall either violate the law of the prophet, and drink your fill of good wine; or you shall murder your venerable old father; or you shall curse the name of that Deity whom you worship. Choose between these three crimes."

Then Hamet was very sorrowful, and he endeavored to melt the heart of the evil Genie; but all his prayers and entreaties were unavailing. He accordingly began to reason within himself.

"If," said he, "I assassinate my father, no contrition can wipe away my crime; and moreover the law will overtake me with its vengeance. If I curse the name of the great Allah, I may sigh in vain for future happiness in the gardens of Paradise. But if I become inebriate with the juice of the grape, I can expiate that fault by severe mortification, penitence, and renewed prayer."

Then turning his countenance upwards towards the Genie, he said, "O fountain of all evil! I have made my choice, since thou art determined upon this injury."

"Name the object of that choice," said the Genie.

"I will get drunken with wine, as the least of the crimes which you propose," answered the dervise.

"Be it so," cried the Genie; "this evening, after the hour of prayer, thou wilt find a jar of Cyprus-wine upon thy table, when thy father has retired to rest in his own cell. Thou mayest fulfill thy

promise then; but woe unto thee if thou deceivest me!"

The Genie gradually became less palpable as he spoke these words; and, by the time the concluding menace issued from his lips, he had vanished altogether. Hamet retraced his steps towards the grotto, with a sorrowful heart; but he would not confide his anticipated disgrace to the affectionate parent who welcomed his return.

The day passed rapidly away; and in the evening, Hamet and his sire knelt down as usual at the door of the grotto, with their faces towards the south, to raise their voices in prayer. When their vespers were concluded, the old man embraced his son tenderly, and retired to the inner part of the grotto.

As soon as Hamet knew that his father slept, he lighted a lamp; and, as the Genie had told him, he saw a large measure of wine standing upon the table. The unhappy dervise raised it to his lips, and drank deeply of the intoxicating draught. A glow of fire seemed to electrify his frame, and he laughed as he set the vessel down upon the table. Again he drank; and he felt reckless and careless of the consequences. He drank a third time; and, when he had emptied the measure, he ran out to the door of the grotto, and threw it down the slope of the mountain; then, as he heard it bounding along, he laughed with indescribable mirth. As he turned to enter the grotto, he saw his father standing behind him.

"Son," said the old man, "the noise of revelry awoke me from my slumbers, and I rise to find my well-loved Hamet drunken with wine! Alas! is this merely one of many nights' orgies; and have I now awakened to the dread truth of thine impiety, for the first time? Alas! thou hast cast ashes upon the gray head of thy father!"

Hamet could not brook this accusation, and the implied suspicion that he was accustomed to indulge in wine whilst his father slept. He felt suddenly indignant at the language of his sire, and cried, "Return to your couch, old dotard! Thou knowest not what thou sayest!"

And, as he uttered these words, he pushed his father violently into the grotto. The old man resisted, and again remonstrated with Hamet. The brain of the son was confused with liquor; and a sud-

den dread of exposure to the world entered his mind. With the rage of a demon he rushed upon his hoary-headed sire, and dashed him furiously against the stone walls of the grotto. The old man fell with his temple against a sharp flint—one groan emanated from his bosom—and his spirit fled for ever.

Suddenly conscious of the horrid crime of which he had been guilty, Hamet tore his hair, beat his breast, and raved like a maniac. And, in the midst of his ravings, he lifted up his voice against the majesty of heaven, and cursed the Deity whom he had so long and fervently worshipped!

At that instant a terrible din echoed round about—the thunder rolled—the tall trees shook with an earthquake—and, amidst the roar of the conflicting elements, were heard shouts of infernal laughter. All hell seemed to rejoice at the fall of a good man, whom no other vice had ever tempted away from the paths of virtue, until drunkenness presented itself. The rage of the storm increased—the trees were torn up by their roots—and fragments of the rocky parts of Olympus rolled down the hill with the fury of an Alpine avalanche. Then suddenly the Genie appeared before the wretched Hamet, and exclaimed, "Fool! by choosing to commit the crime which seemed to thee the least, thou hast committed the other two likewise! For there is more danger in the wine-cup than in any other means of temptation presented to Satan by mankind!"

And the last words of the Genie mingled with the redoubled howling of the storm, as Hamet was borne down the slope of the mountain by the falling masses, and dashed to pieces at the bottom.

God has made us dependent. He made Eve, not for herself, but for Adam; and there is absolutely no escape from God's natural laws. If we do not bow beneath them as an easy yoke, they will fetter us as an iron chain. Man living for himself is indeed a rebel against God, and a traitor to his Christ, and quenches thus his highest faculties; but woman, living for herself, is a rebel against her nature, and a traitor to her necessary destiny, and her heart can find no rest.

It has been beautifully said that "the vail which covers the face of futurity is woven by the hand of mercy."

## True Charity.

They who, bearing heavy burdens over life's most hilly road,  
 Strive to cheer a weaker brother, bowed beneath another load;  
 Who, with young ones round about them, where full plenty never smiled,  
 Yet can stretch their heart and table to let in an orphan child:  
 They who, half-fed, feed the breadless, in the travail of distress,  
 They who, taking from a little, give to those who have still less;  
 They who, needy, yet can pity when they look on greater need;  
 These are Charity's disciples—these are Mercy's sons indeed.  
 They whose lips, with gentle instinct, ever watchfully restrain  
 Random jest or keen allusion that may give another pain;  
 They who yield their own fond wishes, even for a stranger's sake,  
 Well content, by self-resigning, others' happiness to make;  
 They whose conscience bids them scruple o'er some deed they fain would do,  
 Asking if the work of pleasure be a work of duty too;  
 They who, in broad, honest dealing, do as they would be done by;  
 These are Charity's soft ring-doves, soaring nearest to the sky!  
 They who bravely scorn to torture aught that has not power to turn;  
 They who look upon the mute things—seeing much to love and learn;  
 They who think that holy Mercy is for ALL that live and feel;  
 These shall grace the angel's record, stamped with the Almighty's seal. ELIZA COOKE.

HE WILL GIVE YOU REST.—Are you travelling with sorrow? Are you heavy laden with the burden of oppression, or woe? Christ will give you rest. Doubtless the heavy laden with the burden of sin are first invited, but the words exclude no other sufferers. There is no exception of age, or rank, or clime, the extent of the travail, or the weight of the burden; the childish sorrows of the weeping schoolboy are as much the subject of the Saviour's sympathy as the matured wretchedness of the aged man: all come within the Saviour's invitation.

## Sing Away Your Grief.

We can sing away cares easier than we can reason them away. The birds are the earliest to sing in the morning; the birds are more without care than any thing else I know of. Sing in the evening. Singing is the last thing that robins do. When they have done their daily work—when they have flown their last flight, and picked up their last morsel of food, and cleansed their bills on a napkin of a bough, then on a top twig, they sing one song of praise. I know they sleep sweeter for it. They dream music; for sometimes in the night they break forth in singing, and stop suddenly after the first note, startled by their own voice. O, that we might sing evening and morning, and let song touch song all the way through. As I was returning from the country the other evening, between six and seven o'clock, bearing a basket of flowers, I met a man that was apparently the tender of a mason. He looked brick and mortar all over! He had worked the entire day, and he had the appearance of a man that would not be afraid of work. He was walking on with a light step, and singing to himself as he passed down the street, though he had been working the whole day, and nearly the whole week. Were it not that my good thoughts always come too late, I should have given him a large allotment of my flowers. If he had not been out of sight when the idea occurred to me, I should have hailed him, and said, "Have you worked all day?" "Of course I have," he would have said. "Are you singing?" "Of course I am." "Then take the flowers home and give them to your wife, and tell her what a blessing she has in you."

O, that we could put songs under our burdens! O, that we could extract the sense of sorrow by song! Then these things would not poison so much. Sing in the house. Teach your children to sing. When troubles come, go at them with songs. When griefs arise, sing them down. Lift the voice of praise against cares. Praise God by singing; that will lift you above trials of every sort. Attempt it. They sing in heaven; and among God's people upon earth, song is the appropriate language of Christian feeling.

—Henry Ward Beecher.

Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions.—*Mathew Henry.*

### Wise Weeping.

Tears are not always fruitful; their hot drops  
Sometimes but scorch the cheek and dim the eye;  
Despairing murmurs over blackened hopes,  
Not the meek spirit's calm and chastened cry.

Oh, better not to weep than weep amiss;  
For hard it is to learn to weep aright,—  
To weep wise tears, the tears that heal and bless,  
The tears which their own bitterness requite.

Oh, better not to grieve than waste our woe,  
To fling away the spirit's finest gold,  
To lose, not gain, by sorrow; to o'erflow  
The sacred channels which true sadness hold.

To shed our tears as trees their blossoms shed,  
Not all at random, but to make sure way  
For fruit in season, when the bloom lies dead  
On the chill earth, the victim of decay;

This is to use the grief that God has sent,  
To read the lesson, and to learn the love,  
To sound the depths of saddest chastisement,  
To pluck on earth the fruit of realms above.

Weep not too fondly, lest the cherished grief  
Should into vain, self-pitying weakness turn;  
Weep not too long, but seek divine relief;  
Weep not too fiercely, lest the fierceness burn.

Husband your tears; if lavished, they become  
Like waters that inundate and destroy;  
For active, self-denying days leave room,  
So shall you sow in tears, and reap in joy.

It is not tears but teaching we should seek;  
The tears we need are genial as the shower;  
They mould the being while they stain the cheek,  
Freshening the spirit into life and power,

Move on, and murmur not; a warrior thou;  
Is this a day for idle tears and sighs?  
Buckle thine armor, grasp thy sword and bow,  
Fight the good fight of faith, and win the prize.

Nothing can occur beyond the strength  
of faith to sustain, or transcending the re-  
sources of religion to relieve.—*Binney.*

Look out for people who are habitually  
suspicious and ready to believe that others  
act from bad motives. In many cases,  
the evil they attribute to others is only  
what they feel inclined to do themselves.

Madame de Stael defined happiness to  
be a state of constant occupation upon  
some desirable object with a continual  
sense of progress towards its attainment.

### Cheerful Women.

O if "gloomy" women did but know  
what comfort there is in a cheerful spirit!  
How the heart leaps up to meet a sun-  
shiny face, a merry tongue, an even temp-  
er, and a heart which either naturally, or,  
what is better, from conscientious principle,  
has learned to take all things on the bright  
side, believing that the Giver of life being  
all perfect love, the best offering we can  
make to Him is to enjoy to the full what  
He sends of good, and bear what He al-  
lows of evil; like a child who, when once  
it believes in its father, believes in all his  
doings with it, whether it understands them  
or not.

Among the secondary influences which  
can be employed, either by or upon a na-  
turally anxious or morbid temperament,  
there is none so ready to hand, or so whole-  
some, as that so often referred to, constant  
employment. A very large number of  
women, particularly young women, are by  
nature constituted so exceedingly restless  
of mind, or with such a strong physical  
tendency to depression, that they can by  
no possibility keep themselves in a state of  
even tolerable cheerfulness, except by be-  
ing continually occupied.—*Miss Mulock.*

### Across the River.

Across you river's shining waves,  
I've watched the golden light  
That slumbers on the purple hills  
And on the mountain's height.

Full well I know, beyond those hills,  
A fairer city lies,  
With towers, minarets and walls,  
Than ever met mine eyes.

My thoughts would sometimes linger there,  
For on that other side  
Dwelt many friends, who long ago  
Had crossed the swelling tide.

But now I feel an interest there  
I never felt before,  
For all that made life beautiful,  
Is on that farther shore.

The jeweled links that bound me here,  
Have fallen, one by one;  
And now the charm is worthless quite,  
The precious clasp is gone.

Fain would I climb the distant hills  
Which hide that city fair;  
For all my treasure, all my hope,  
And all my heart is there.

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY, 1868.

### Visit to the Hospital.

May bloom—May beauty and sweetness, everywhere, at last—and nowhere more joyously welcomed than at the Hospital. Its numbers still continue to increase. The Hebrew Ward, St. Luke's room, and other apartments, are being fitted up for the accommodation of patients and we are gratified to see this. Since disease and sickness and pain must exist, let our airy and spacious rooms be filled, and let us each feel it our blessed privilege to be able to do something towards alleviating the hard lot of those who suffer. Among the new-comers are eleven disabled soldiers, sent here from Newark, N. J., by order of Gen. Martindale. One of these was playing a guitar, while others were singing—and they seem to like their new quarters very much. One of them, with whom we had some conversation, could not say enough in praise of our beautiful city, and the kind care received at our Hospital. Paul F., still here, and still improving. James, the boy of fifteen, mentioned last month, recovered and gone. Mr. R., with frozen feet, also recovered and gone. A cheery looking party were gathered around the table; playing dominoes—among whom we noticed our old friend Mr. W., in his chair—one, formerly a soldier, and who had lost a limb in the service—W. C., mentioned last month, under Dr. Rider's care—and others. This is a favorite game with the inmates, and helps to while away many weary hours. M. W. is not improving as we could wish—and J. R., not so well. Among the new patients we noticed an old gentleman, Mr. K., with a sore foot, from Oswego. W. McC., is another new patient with rheumatism—and Wm. J. another. "Burned man," sitting up, and dressed and looking

so altered and improved, we scarcely knew him. He is waiting for it to get a little warmer, to take his first walk out of doors. After his long and wearisome confinement, it will seem like a new world to him. We most earnestly trust that very soon his bright anticipations may be realized. In the adjoining apartment we found G. McC., where he has been removed, that he may be more quiet. Our little boys, were both still lying on their cots, but both improving. Georgie thinks he is having rather a hard time, and no wonder. Beautiful May days, like these, it is hard for a little boy who loves play, as all boys do, to lie all day on a couch, as we are sure our little friends will agree. Perhaps some of them, who read this, would like to pay a visit to Georgie, and bring him some flowers, or something nice to eat. James met us with a smiling face, and would by no means admit that he was having a hard time—and just then he doubtless did not think so, for he was having a visit from his dear mother. Matterson Y., lying down, but feeling bright. The Englishman, spoken of in our last number, much better. The Norwegian, continues to fail.

The children are just now an attractive feature of the Hospital. Five have just been brought here from the Orphan Asylum—to be placed under Dr. Rider's care, for sore eyes. We noticed several dear little faces, as we entered the Female Ward—among them, Fanny T., who is here, with her mother. Fanny W's glass eye fits nicely, and the operation proves a very successful one. M. C., is a little girl brought here, supposed to have brain fever from excessive jumping of the rope. She has recovered from that attack, and now has whooping-cough, but very lightly. Rebecca continues better. M. J. C., is a new patient, with acute rheumatism, which has affected her brain. Her questioning, perplexed face and bewilderment, were painful to see. Margaret D., better. S.

P., recovered. "Evangeline" was at work at some silk tating, but still complains that she cannot get orders. Anna M., a new patient of Dr. Rider's, was suffering very much with her eyes. Mrs. B. has returned. In the adjoining apartment we found several changes, and some sad ones. Mrs. R., so hopeful on our last visit—so anxious, for the sake of her family, to recover, died very suddenly during the month. We missed also, our favorite, Maggie O'D., whom we learned had so far recovered as to be able to return to her home in Canada. Miss B., another occupant of this apartment, had gone to her home in Avon. Here—busy with her embroidery, we found Nellie—a delicate young girl, formerly an inmate. Mrs. N. is a patient, suffering with neuralgia.

Only three babies are now remaining in the Lying-in Ward. Death has kindly taken one during the past month to the safe and happy fold of the Good Shepherd. Pretty black-eyed Willie is still here.

#### Educated Nurses.

Under this heading the *Memphis Bulletin* gives a collection of facts and fancies relative to the female sex, their deeds, needs and duties. It is in favor of a thorough medical education for nurses, and thus advocates such training:

If woman is to be a ministering angel when pain and anguish wring the brow, it is well to have the angel scientifically educated. It is all very angelic to take care of the sick, but it adds nothing to the divinity of female charms to have a mustard plaster laid on the forehead instead of a wet towel, or take a dose of *agua fortis* when Nature demands a cup of water gruel. Let us have the angels educated.

#### 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 and Dr. Whitbeck.

#### Results of a "Little Fair."

One of our youthful agents in Albany sends us the following, which speaks for itself. It is a long time since we have had anything of the kind to record. Little bazaars and fairs used to be quite in vogue during the war, and we are glad to see that the earnest spirit which inspired them is yet alive. Miss Ella and Hattie, we can assure them, have our most grateful thanks for their successful and praiseworthy efforts in our behalf:

ALBANY, May 5th, 1868.

DEAR FRIEND:

Not having been very fortunate in procuring subscribers to your little paper, I thought I would try to aid you in another way. Accordingly, my friend Miss Hattie H. and I made a few things, and had a little fair. It was very private, and very few knew of it, so we did not realize much; but "every little helps;" so I send you the proceeds, \$13.00. Wishing you continued success in your patriotic enterprise, I remain,

Yours truly,

ELLA VAN ZANDT.

### Correspondence.

The following patriotic letter is from a gentleman who was a member of a Michigan Regiment, went through the whole war, and now has charge of a Bureau in Mississippi. Though of foreign birth, he is faithful to his adopted country:

DURANT, Miss., April 15, 1868.

Mrs. M.

Madam—Believing that the "smallest donation will be thankfully received," I cheerfully, and with real pleasure, enclose one dollar, for the Rochester *Hospital Review*. I will, therefore, thank you to put me down as an honorary subscriber, and trust I may be spared for many years to come, to contribute my mite to your noble Institution, which is not only an ornament but an honor to the "Flour City." You are doing a great and good work, for—

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
Woman, a ministering angel thou."

Such noble deeds cannot but lead one to say, *how beautiful, how good!* In a word, we cannot refrain from adding, *God bless the Ladies of Rochester!*

I am now reminded that this is the death-day of Abraham Lincoln, of whom it might be said, "*We shall never look upon his like again!*"

There is a *future existence*, even in *this life*, for such beings, for however much of him has departed, there is still more of him that cannot die, for as long as humanity endures, and man holds

fellowship with man, his great name will be extant. His noble utterances, and his God-like deeds, will ever be "green in our souls." Blessed be the name and memory of Abraham Lincoln, who never failed to say—"God bless the women of America!"

With the highest esteem, &c.

J. W.

Many thanks for the two dollars enclosed in the following:

SOLDIER'S HOME, BOSTON, MAY 5, 1868.

MRS. DR. M.—I am very much obliged to you for the regular receipt for so long a time, of the interesting little pamphlet called "The Hospital Review." It is, of course, peculiarly interesting to me, containing, as it does, information with regard to our discharged and disabled soldiers, in whose behalf we have long been mutually engaged. In aid of your work, please accept the small amount enclosed.

Yours sincerely, MRS. A. R.

A former inmate from Lakeville writes:

DEAR MRS. P.—Enclosed you will find one dollar, wishing to renew my subscription for your valuable little paper. I also send you the address and name of Mrs. H. H.

My little girl, nine years old, has been trying to get a few subscribers. She has not been very successful, but has several very good promises, so that she is not discouraged, and will still continue to do all she can. Will you please receipt this to her?

We are all very much interested in reading your little paper, and wish it might be more generally circulated.

I can assure you I feel a great interest in your Institution. About a year ago I was an inmate there for disease of my eyes, and was under Dr. Rider's treatment, and shall never regret those five weeks with such kind friends as I found there—such a kind Matron, and Nurses, and Physicians. They are all so gentle and attentive to the sick and suffering, and seek to alleviate all their wants as far as they can. They will be endeared to and remembered by many thankful hearts.

Hoping that you will excuse and overlook all amiss in this, from a well-wisher and sincere friend of the suffering inmates of your Hospital, and of the kind Ladies who watch over its welfare,

I am, yours, with respect,

Mrs. S. M. V.

We are much gratified at the receipt of three new subscribers, in Le Roy—the effort of a new subscriber.

Cash Donations.

Miss Ella Van Zandt, Albany, \$13.00  
Mrs. W. V. K. Lansing, 10.00

List of Donations to the Hospital,

FROM APRIL 15th to MAY 15th, 1868.

- Mrs. J. T. Talman, Geneva—A Bed Quilt.
- Mrs. E. N. Buell—Roll of Cotton Cloth.
- Mrs. G. H. Perkins—Pickles and Books.
- Mrs. A. Erickson—Easter Eggs.
- Mrs. G. E. Mumford—Two large Engravings, framed.
- A Friend, Warsaw—A quantity of Dried Apples.
- Mrs. Badger—Wine.
- Mrs. Bradfield—Five cans of Fruit.
- Sarah Jones, Avon—Dried Apples, Pears and Horse Radish.
- Mrs. Galusha—Clothing & Delicacies for the sick.
- Mrs. Travers—Ginger Snaps.
- Mrs. J. Kelly—Apples.
- Mrs. Wm. Pitkin—Three dozen Oranges.

Receipts for the Hospital Review

FROM APRIL 15 to MAY 15.

Advertisement (D. H. Hancock;) Mrs. D. Dana, San Francisco, Cal.—By Mrs. Rochester, .....	\$ 5.50
Mrs. Gilman Hill, Middlebury, Conn., (2 years;) S. P. Ely, Marquette, Mich., (2 copies 5 yrs;) Mrs. C. Seward, Stone Church; Mrs. Day, (2 years;) Mrs. R. Gorsline, (with postage); Mrs. S. G. Beach, (with postage); Mrs. O. W. Story—By Mrs. Perkins, .....	9.25
P. V. Stoothoff, (for postage)—By Mr. Falls, .....	0.25
Mrs. Vescelius, (6 months)—By Mrs. Enos, .....	0.25
Robt. Moore, E. Clarkson—By Mrs. Strong	0.50
Mrs. Button, (with postage)—By Mrs. J. S. Hall, .....	0.62
Milton Brooks, W. Henrietta; Mrs. Kellogg—By Miss Hibbard, .....	1.00
Mrs. R. J. Jones, Mrs. P. Pratt, Mrs. J. W. Lyon, Leroy; Mrs. T. J. Fisk—By Mrs. Fish, .....	2.00
John Thompson, Jr., (2 years. \$1.05); H. R. Smith, (\$1.) Major J. Williams, (\$1.) Durant, Miss.; Mrs. Allen Rice, Boston, Mass., (\$2); Mrs. C. E. Lester, Cleveland, Ohio (68 c.)—By Mrs. Mathews, ..	5.73

Superintendent's Report for April.

1868, April 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, 84	
Received during the month, 42	
Births, .....	3—129
Discharged, .....	18
Died, .....	1— 19
Remaining May 1st, 1868, .....	110

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.



## Children's Department.

### Little Michael.

HOW A POOR APPRENTICE BECAME A GREAT PHILOSOPHER.

In the city of London, England, lived a poor blacksmith, who had a son named Michael. Little Michael was not the only poor boy in London. There were many little boys, and girls too, whose parents had to work hard for small wages, and who had as much as they could do to earn money enough to buy plain food and coarse clothing for themselves and their children.

After Michael's father and mother had sent their little boy to the parish school long enough for him to learn to read and write well, they bound him out as an apprentice, to learn the trade of a book-binder.

Now, little Michael, when his father took him out of school to put him to a trade, did not say, as I have heard boys in his condition say, "Now that I have done going to school, I can learn no more." He did not say, "I have to be so busy in the shop, that I have no time to read and study." No, Michael wanted to learn all he could, even though he could not go to school any more. And because he wanted to learn, he found time to do so. While his fellow-apprentices were wasting the hours of evening in idleness, he was studying. While his fellow-apprentices were sleeping in the morning, he was up early and at his books, and every spare hour saw him busy. He either had a book or a slate and pencil in his hand, or he amused himself in a way that seldom fails to interest boys. He had read about electricity, and how it could be produced by a machine, which was described in one of his books. So he went to work and made an electrifying machine, and tried experiments with it. He used to amuse himself in this way for hours.

When Michael was about seventeen years old, there was a celebrated chemist delivering a course of lectures in London. A chemist, you know, is one who finds out what the earth, and the air, and the water, and plants, and metals are made of; and teaches people the science of making colours and medicines. Almost all the trades and manufacturers get the know-

ledge of part of their art from the chemist. Little Michael thought he would like to hear this great and good man, Sir Humphrey Davy, lecture about chemistry. There was living, in Manchester street, London, a Mr. Dancer, who had noticed little Michael, perhaps had lent him books. He went to the book-binder, and obtained permission for little Michael to go and attend these lectures. A good many had been delivered, so that there were only four remaining to finish the course. Michael went to the lectures, took a pencil and some paper with him, and when he heard a strange word he wrote it down. And much that he did understand he also wrote down, and resolved to read it over and over that he might remember it.

To learn all about chemistry, a person must not only hear lectures, and read, but he must see a great many experiments tried, and must try some himself. But Michael had no money to spare to get the necessary articles for such experiments. And what was the poor boy to do now? He made up his mind to write a letter to Sir Humphrey Davy himself, and sent him the notes of the lectures he had attended.

So Michael sat down and wrote a letter to Sir Humphrey telling him how he wanted to be a chemist and a philosopher, and asking that great man if he would be so kind as to look over the notes of lectures which he enclosed. Sir Humphrey read the letter, and examined the notes, which pleased him much, and then very kindly wrote a reply, in which he said he was going abroad for a few months to deliver some lectures, and when he returned he would see what could be done. For two months Michael heard nothing more on the subject.

At the end of two months, Sir Humphrey sent for Michael, and advised him not to attempt to leave book-binding for philosophy. He told him that a book-binder might get rich, but chemists and philosophers seldom did.

Michael said he did not care to be rich. He much preferred to get all the knowledge he could, and do as much good in the world as possible.

"Very well," said Sir Humphrey, "if that be the case, I will do what I can for you.

So saying, he went to the father of Michael, and to his employer, and had him honourably released from his inden-

tures, and Michael was at once employed as assistant in the Royal Laboratory of London.

And now Michael found himself just in the place where he had for so many years longed to be. He had trusted in God, and God had blessed him in placing him in the position where he could learn much, and do a great deal of good to the world. Sir Humphrey became very fond of the young philosopher, and, going abroad on the continent to consult some other learned men, he took Michael in his company, where he remained until he was twenty-one years of age.

Michael made such progress in his studies and experiments, and was so much esteemed by the learned men in whose society he was thrown, that he was asked to deliver a course of lectures himself. He did so, and he was so much liked as a public lecturer on chemistry and electricity, that the house was crowded with people who came to hear him. He was specially admired as a lecturer to children, who never cared to go to any shows or other entertainments, when he, who used to be called "Little Michael," but was known as Professor Faraday, was going to lecture.

In due time Professor Faraday published a number of books on the subject of electricity and chemistry, and other branches of philosophy, and became widely known as one of the great philosophers of the world.

One day some one was saying to Sir Humphrey Davy, "It must be a great satisfaction for you to reflect on the many great discoveries you have made for the benefit of mankind." To which Sir Humphrey replied, "Yes, but the greatest discovery of all was little Michael Faraday."

He died last August, and all the world over, good, as well as learned men and philosophers, bless God for having given to the world him who began life as a poor boy, and a book-binder's apprentice; who wanted to learn, and therefore improved all his spare time; who would not be discouraged because he was poor; who trusted God, and did his duty.

Boys, there is an example for you.

A little blind boy, when he was dying, raised his eyes and said, "I see a light—it is heaven."

### Gather Them In.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

Gather them into the fold, O Lord,  
The merry, and young and gay;  
Leave them not in their thoughtlessness,  
Choosing the broadened way.  
Gather them in—the wandering ones,  
Safe from the storm or cold;  
Gentle Shepherd, who lovest them,  
Gather them into Thy fold.

Many voices are in their hearts,  
And false are the songs they hear;  
But little they know how the siren lures  
On to regret and fear.  
Whisper to them in the still small voice,  
Thy wonderful word of love,  
Till they turn away from the insincere,  
Finding the true above.

Let them not pass to the sinful way;  
Are they not lambs of Thine?  
Have they not walked in the pleasant path,  
Seeing Thy promises shine?  
Have they not whispered Thy holy name  
In their early childish prayer?  
Take them, Father, for weal or woe,  
Into Thy loving care.

Gather them into Thy fold, O Lord,  
In their beautiful youthful days;  
Sons and daughters of all Thy saints,  
They should tread in their fathers' ways.  
Let them not wander alone and sad,  
And though they love Thee not,  
Softens their spirit and make them wise,  
To ask for Thy children's lot.

### Sowing Little Seeds.

Little Bessie had got a present of a new book, and she eagerly opened it to look at the first picture. It was the picture of a boy sitting by the side of a stream, and throwing seeds into the water.

"I wonder what this picture is about," said she; "why does the boy throw seeds into the water?"

"O, I know," said her brother Edward, who had been looking at the book, "he is sowing the seeds of water-lilies."

"But how small the seeds look," said Bessie. "It seems strange to think that large plants should grow from such little things?"

"You are sowing just such tiny seeds every day, Bessie; and they will come

up large strong plants after awhile, said her father.

"O, no, father! I have not planted any seeds for a long time."

"I have seen my daughter sow a number of seeds to-day."

Bessie looked puzzled, and her father smiled, and said,—

"Yes, I have watched you planting flowers, and trees, and weeds, to-day!"

"Now I know you are joking, for I would not plant ugly weeds."

"I shall have to tell you what I mean. When you laid aside that interesting book, and attended to what your brother wished done, you were sowing seeds of kindness and love. When you broke the dish that you knew your mother valued, and came instantly and told her, you were sowing seeds of truth. When you took the cup of cold water to the poor woman at the gate, you were sowing seeds of mercy. These are all beautiful flowers, Bessie, and will grow up brightly and sweetly, if you water them well by a constant repetition of these acts. But, more than all, I hope that my little girl has been planting the great tree of "love to God," and that she will tend and watch it, and allow it to grow and spread, until its branches reach the skies, and meet before His throne."

"And the weeds, father."

"When you were impatient while baby was cross, you sowed the seeds of ill-temper. When you spoke crossly to Robert, you planted anger. When you waited some time after your mother called you, you sowed disobedience and selfishness. These are all noxious weeds. Pull them up by the root, child. Do not suffer them to grow in your garden, or they will completely overrun it."

### The Violet.

"Down in a green and shady bed  
A modest violet grew;  
Its stalk was bent; it hung its head,  
As if to hide from view:

"And yet it was a fragrant flower,  
Its hues so bright and fair,  
It might have graced a fairy bower,  
Instead of hiding there.

"Then let me to the valley go,  
This pretty flower to see,  
That I may dally learn to grow  
In sweet humility."

### The Stolen Ring.

It is well known that the magpie is very fond of jewelry, and that a tame raven in any neighborhood is a regular pest. If he can espy a sparkling finger ring, or any small but brilliant object, he makes no scruple of flying off with it to some collection of curiosities he had stored away securely out of reach. Rats seem to take a similar pleasure in carrying off articles that can be of no possible use to them for supplying bed or board. We all know that if he gets into your library he is one of the most unscrupulous plagiarists, often appropriating whole chapters from your choicest works—but I suppose his apology is that he does it in order that he may sleep the softer. But what excuse a rat could make for stealing a gold ring in a jeweller's shop, I cannot imagine. Yet a rat was caught in a trap once with a small ring about his neck, which no art could remove without inflicting capital punishment upon the offender. It had evidently been brought to the nest when the rat was very small, and in his inquisitiveness he had poked his head into it. A very troublesome piece of finery it proved, as it did not, by any means, grow with his growth, and it bid fair to become a "choker" indeed. The jeweller had the animal's skin preserved and stuffed, without removing the ring. Various small articles had been missed at different times from the shop, and different parties had been suspected. Now, of course, the old mother rat had all these pilferings laid at her door, whether justly or not. It is a bad thing to be guilty of any such act, even if you are ever so sorry for it afterwards. You will be sure to be suspected whenever anything is missing about you. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

### U P.

The oak-tree boughs once touched the grass;  
But every year they grew  
A little farther from the ground,  
And nearer toward the blue.

So live that you each year may be,  
While time glides swiftly by,  
A little farther from the earth,  
And nearer to the sky.

—Our Boys and Girls.

## Miscellaneous.

### The History of a Doll.

The first sign of a child's having quitted the stage of infancy, is her love for dolls. I am now speaking of female children. The distressing case of the young gentleman, who fell in love with Dolladine, his sister's doll, and never recovered from that hopeless passion, is rare. But little girls have a most curious delight in these wax and sawdust creatures. It is no matter whether the doll is good looking or not; they devote themselves to it, as a mother devotes herself to her baby; whether it is white or black, they would like to have it at meals; they insist on having it on their pillows at night. When they go on a journey, they hug it in their arms, and would like something bought for it at the refreshment stations.

I have been introduced to a great number of dolls in my time, but the one that has impressed me most favorably, as an outsider, was and is (for she is still in existence, although a forso) Topsy. Topsy was never good-looking, nor, (I am sorry to add) even genteel. Between ourselves, and judging from her complexion, I doubt whether she is *pur sang*—strictly European. In very early life, she met with a misfortune that would have detracted from the most beautiful; being incautiously left on a footstool by her mother (for to nothing less than to maternity does her little possessor lay claim), the baby got hold of her, picked her left eye out in the profoundest silence, and then with shrieks of triumph, threw it in the fire. With true feminine instinct, her parent only seemed to cling the closer to her disfigured offspring; while the baby (her aunt), when she came in time to understand of what criminal proceeding she had been guilty, not only expressed her sorrow, but made every reparation in her power. She bought her another eye, but, as was pathetically observed, "it was not like the one she lost," and indeed it was quite a different color, and had a habit of turning right round in the socket, and presenting to the astonished spectator its canvas back.

To attire Topsy with splendor was to make her deficiencies more palpable. She was not intended for high life at all. I do not say when unadorned, she was adorned

the most, because, having once intruded upon her privacy while she was being "bath'd"—upon my word, I hardly know how to express myself with sufficient delicacy, but the fact is, the absence of clothes did not improve her. A simple cotton dress, with a kerchief of sober hue tied round her neck, so as to conceal where the head and body joined, became her best. If she had no bonnet, it was necessary, before presenting her to company, to give the back of her head a sharp rap against the floor or table, to prevent her hair falling off, which was secured to her head by what I believe is called tin tack; and it was ten to one that the shock of the operation turned her loose eye round. However, when all was made right, her mother would take her in both arms, just as Punch holding Judy, and bring her down to the drawing-room with the utmost pride. She was firmly persuaded that if Topsy was not absolutely beautiful she was a perfect lady. Under this idea a hat and feathers was upon one occasion procured for her; but the incongruity was so glaring—Topsy had always hitherto looked most respectable, but I am afraid to say what she looked like in all this finery; very drunk, for one thing—the impropriety, I say was so obvious, that this head dress was at once transferred to her first-cousin, a doll without any originality or strength of character, but formed to move in a circle, to recline in the ring of the doll's Hyde Park.

"Dear papa, poor Topsy has had another misfortune—she is so unlucky you know. Now don't talk nonsense about fetching the doctor; and you can't see her, because she is obliged to keep her bed. But I want you to take this to the shop and get it repaired. It's her leg, poor dear. Alice and I both wanted to nurse her at the same time, and it came off in my hand." It was a case of compound comminuted fracture of the knee-pan, and beyond the aid of the faculty. But I bought her a new leg, and then another, and then an arm. As we humans are said to renew ourselves entirely and become new creatures once in every seven years or so, so Topsy has scarcely a limb left which she started with from the manufacturer's shop. Yet her mother's affection for her remains unchanged.

Chambers' Journal.

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AT THE  
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. IV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE, 1868.

No. 11.

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

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

Wm. S. Falls, Book and Job Printer,  
Elwood Block, corner State and Buffalo Streets.

From Harper's Weekly.

### "A Surprise."

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

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

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

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

About her brows and beautiful face  
They tied her veil and her marriage-lace;  
And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—  
Which were the whitest no eye could choose!

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

And then there was Silence—and nothing there  
But the Silence—and scents of eglantere,

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

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

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

He lit his lamp, and took the key,  
And turned it!—Alone again—he and she!

He and she; but she would not speak,  
Though he kissed, in the old place, the quiet  
cheek.

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

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

Then he said, "Cold lips! and breast without  
breath!

Is there no voice?—no language of death?

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

"See, now—I listen with soul, not ear—  
What was the secret of dying, Dear?

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

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

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

"Did life roll backward its record, Dear,  
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?

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

"Oh, perfect Dead! oh, Dead most dear!  
I hold the breath of my soul to hear!

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

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

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

"I would say, though the angel of death had laid  
His sword on my lips to keep it unsaid.

"You should not ask vainly, with streaming  
eyes,

Which of all deaths was the chiefest surprise—

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

Ah! foolish world! Oh! most kind Dead!  
Though he told me, who will believe it was said?  
Who will believe that he heard her say,  
With the sweet soft voice, in the dear old way?

"The utmost wonder is this—I hear  
And see you, and love you, and kiss you, Dear;  
"And am your Angel who was your Bride;  
And know, that though dead, I have never died."

#### A Courteous Mother.

During the whole of one of last summer's hottest days, I had the good fortune to be seated in a railway car near a mother and four children, whose relations with each other were so rarely beautiful that the pleasure of watching them was quite enough to make one forget the discomforts of the journey.

It was plain that they were poor; their clothes were coarse and old, and had been made by inexperienced hands. The mother's bonnet alone would have been enough to have condemned the whole party on any of the world's thoroughfares. I remembered afterwards with shame, that I myself had smiled at the first sight of its antiquated ugliness; but her face was one which it gave you a sense of rest to look upon—it was so earnest, tender, true and strong. It had little comeliness of shape or color in it, it was thin, and pale, and livid; she was not young; she had worked hard; she had evidently been much ill; but I have seen few faces which gave me such pleasure. I think that she was the wife of a poor clergyman; and I think that clergyman must be one of the Lord's best watchmen of souls. The children—two boys and two girls—were all under the age of twelve, and the youngest could not speak plainly. They had had a rare treat; they had been visiting the mountains, and they were talking over all the wonders they had seen, with a glow of enthusiastic de-

light which was to be envied. Only a word-for-word record would do justice to their conversation; no description could give any idea of it—so free, so pleasant, so genial, no interruptions, no contradictions; and the mother's part borne all the while with such equal interest and eagerness that no one not seeing her face would dream that she was any other than an elder sister. In the course of the day there were many occasions when it was necessary for her to deny requests, and to ask services, especially from the eldest boy; but no young girl, anxious to please a lover, could have done either with a more tender courtesy. She had her reward; for no lover could have been more tender and manly than was this boy of twelve. Their lunch was simple and scanty; but it had the grace of a royal banquet. At last the mother produced with much glee three apples and an orange; of which the children had not known. All eyes fastened on the orange. It was evidently a great rarity. I watched to see if this test would bring out selfishness. There was a little silence; just the shade of a cloud. The mother said: "How shall I divide this? There is one for each of you; and I shall be best off of all, for I expect big tastes from each of you."

"O, give Annie the orange. Annie loves oranges," spoke out the eldest boy, with the sudden air of a conqueror, and at the same time taking the smallest and worst apple himself.

"O yes, let Annie have the orange," echoed the second boy, nine years old.

"Yes, Annie may have the orange, because that is nicer than the apple, and she is a lady, and her brothers are gentlemen," said the mother, quietly. Then there was a merry contest as to who should feed the mother with largest and most frequent mouthfuls; and so the feast went on. Then Annie pretended to want apple, and exchanged thin golden strips of orange for bites out of the cheeks of Baldwins; and, as I sat watching her intently, she suddenly fancied she saw longing in my face, and sprang over to me, holding out a quarter of her orange, and saying, "Don't you want a taste too?" The mother smiled, understandingly, when I said, "No, I thank you, you dear, generous little girl; I don't care about oranges."

At noon we had a tedious interval of waiting at a dreary station. We sat for

two hours on a narrow platform, which the sun had scorched till it smelled of heat. The oldest boy—the little lover—held the youngest child, and talked to her, while the tired mother closed her eyes and rested. Now and then he looked over at her, and then back at the baby; and at last he said confidentially to me (for we had become fast friends by this time): "Isn't it funny to think that I was ever so small as this baby? And papa says that then mamma was almost a little girl herself."

The two other children were toiling up and down the banks of the rail-road track, picking ox-eye daisies, buttercups and sorrel. They worked like beavers, and soon the bunches were almost too big for their little hands. Then they came running to give them to their mother. "O dear," thought I, "how that poor tired woman will hate to open her eyes; and she never can take those great bunches of wilting, worthless flowers, in addition to all her bundles and bags." I was mistaken.

"O thank you, my darlings! How kind you were! Poor, hot tired little flowers, how thirsty they look! If they will only try and keep alive till we get home, we will make them very happy in some water; won't we? And you shall put one bunch by papa's plate, and one by mine."

Sweet and happy, the weary flushed little children stood looking up in her face while she talked, their hearts thrilling with compassion for the drooping flowers and with delight in the giving of their gift. Then she took great trouble to get a string and tie up the flowers, and then the train came and we were whirling along again. Soon it grew dark, and little Annie's head nodded. Then I heard the mother say to the oldest boy, "Dear, are you too tired to let little Annie put her head on your shoulder and take a nap? We shall get her home in much better case to see her papa if we can manage to give her a little sleep." How many boys of twelve hear such words as these from tired, overburdened mothers?

Soon came the city, the final station, with its bustle and noise. I lingered to watch my happy family, hoping to see the father. "Why, papa isn't here!" exclaimed one disappointed voice after another. "Never mind," said the mother, with a still deeper disappointment in her own tone; "perhaps he had to go and see some poor body who is sick." In the hur-

ry of picking up all the parcels, and the sleepy babies, the poor daisies and buttercups were left forgotten in a corner of the rack. I wondered if the mother had not intended this. May I be forgiven for the injustice! A few minutes after I passed the little group, standing still just outside of the station, and heard the mother say, "O my darlings, I have forgotten your pretty bouquets. I am so sorry! I wonder if I could find them if I went back. Will you all stand still and not stir from this spot if I go?"

"O mamma, don't go, don't go. We will get you some more. Don't go," cried all the children.

"Here are your flowers, madam," said I. "I saw that you had forgotten them, and I took them as mementoes of you and your sweet children." She blushed and looked disconcerted. She was evidently unused to people, and shy with all but her children. However, she thanked me sweetly, and said:

"I was very sorry about them. The children took such trouble to get them; and I think they will revive in water. They are not quite dead."

"They will *never* die!" said I, with an emphasis which went from my heart to hers. Then all her shyness fled. She knew me; and we shook hands, and smiled into each other's eyes with the smile of kindred as we parted.

As I followed on, I heard the two children, who were walking behind, saying to each other: "Wouldn't that have been too bad. Mamma liked them so much, and we never could have got so many all at once again."

"Yes, we could, too, next summer," said the boy sturdily.

They are sure of their "next summers," I think, all six of those souls—children and mother and father. They may never again raise so many ox-eyed daisies and buttercups "all at once." Perhaps some of the little hands have already picked their last flowers. Nevertheless their summers are certain. To such souls as these all trees, either here or in God's larger country, are Trees of Life, with twelve manner of fruits and leaves for healing; and it is but little change from the summers here, whose suns burn and make weary, to the summers there, of which "the Lamb is the light."

Heaven bless them all, wherever they are.—*Independent.*

From the Atlantic Monthly.

Are the Children at Home?

Each day when the glow of sunset  
Fades in the western sky,  
And the wee ones, tired of playing,  
Go tripping lightly by,  
I steal away from my husband,  
Asleep in his easy chair,  
And watch from the open doorway  
Their faces fresh and fair.

Alone in the dear old homestead  
That once was full of life,  
Ringing with girlish laughter,  
Echoing boyish strife,  
We two are waiting together;  
And oft, as the shadows come,  
With tremulous voice he calls me,  
"It is night! are the children home?"

"Yes, love!" I answer him gently,  
"They're all home long ago;"—  
And I sing, in my quivering treble,  
A song so soft and low,  
Till the old man drops to slumber,  
With his head upon his hand,  
And I tell to myself the number  
Home in a better land.

Home, where never a sorrow  
Shall dim their eyes with tears!  
Where the smile of God is on them  
Through all the summer years!  
I know!—yet my arms are empty,  
That fondly folded seven,  
And the mother heart within me  
Is almost starved for heaven.

Sometimes, in the dusk of evening,  
I only shut my eyes,  
And the children are all about me,  
A vision from the skies;  
The babes whose dimpled fingers,  
Lost the way to my breast,  
And the beautiful ones, the angels,  
Passed to the world of the blessed.

With never a cloud upon them,  
I see their radiant brows;  
My boys that I gave to Freedom,—  
The red sword sealed their vows!  
In a tangled Southern forest,  
Twin brothers, bold and brave,  
They fell; and the flag they died for,  
Thank God! floats over their grave.

A breath, and the vision is lifted  
Away on wings of light,  
And again we two are together,  
All alone in the night.  
They tell me his mind is failing,  
But I smile at idle fears;  
He is only back with the children,  
In the dear and peaceful years.

And still as the summer sunset  
Fades away in the west,  
And the wee ones, tired of playing,  
Go trooping home to rest,  
My husband calls from his corner,  
"Say, love, have the children come?"  
And I answer, with eyes uplifted,  
"Yes, dear, they are all at home!"

A 3,000 Dollar Bed.

Such was the price paid by a lady friend of ours a few days ago, and does not the reader exclaim with impatience: "what are we coming to? where is all this extravagance to end?" Let us look at the particulars, bearing in mind a self evident truth, that "the case being altered, alters the case." It was the lady's own money; amassed by judicious economies; by persistent self denials; it really was a very fine bed; she had something to show for her money; and that is more than ye wine bibbing, smoking, chewing, tea drinking, folks can say; and many of you didn't earn your three thousand, it was left to you, or you got it, may-hap, by turning that short corner, or by some little smart trick, that the law could not reach; and men call it a "business transaction." The bed we speak of is a very substantial one; and it is already put up in a building, easily seen from our house, so there is no mistake about the price, or its locality, or its quality. Besides being costly and substantial, it has a commendable peculiarity; it can never be taken down; and it will be always in use; and long after this sterling hearted widow has been sleeping beside her noble husband and "little Tommy" in the quiet church yard near where she spent the sunny days of childhood, this bed will be one of "down," and will never wear out; and men and women too, will bless the memory of her who made the purchase; six other persons in New York paid the same price each, for six other beds during 1867; and before that, forty-eight other beds had been bought at the same

price, and all put up in the same house; built by the enterprise and the money, in great part, of him who wrote the immortal hymn,

"I would not live away."

These fifty-five beds are in the St. Luke Hospital on Fifth Avenue, New York; for the benefit of those who are sick and poor and have no home; nor any friend who can give them a helping hand. Every three thousand dollars paid, is put out at safe sure interest, and the income of it pays for the board, bed, washing, medical attendance and everything else that money can usefully procure, for any human being, young or old, Catholic or Protestant who can pay nothing: on recovery or death, this bed is ready for the first other unfortunate who applies; and so it will be while our country stands. What a noble heart it was, reader, that saved and paid, three thousand dollars for a bed!

Bless the women, bless the widows, who thus deny themselves to bless others! others whom they never knew, but who bear the image of Him who died for them, and washed them in His blood.—*Hall's Jour.*

### Good Reading.

I think the intonations of fine reading are longer and more definitely recollected than those of music. The latter is sometimes permitted to overpower the words with which it is combined, thus having only the vibrations of the ear, or the transient pleasure of the thrilling nerves to rely upon. But the other, walking hand in hand with sentiment, or deathless knowledge, adheres with augmented force. The young of my own sex are not often fully aware of the value of this elegant attainment of reading, or the influence it might enable them to exert. Half the daily practice required to thrum passably upon the piano, would make them respectable proficient. Narrative and poetry, in their appropriate role of tuneful utterance, throw a strong charm around the wintry fireside. Parents forget the toil of nurturing the daughter who thus repays them. Perchance the aged grandparents are there to listen with delight, and the deafened ear rejoices in that sweet benevolence which without effort, links it to the world of sound. "I quicken my homeward steps," said a young husband at the close of day, "for my wife reads so beautifully that I forget all the

toils of business." A man, who had been in youth tempted by wild associates, admitted that he was withheld from many allurements from vice by the delightful evening readings of his sister. It is a form of giving pleasure to the invalid or the solitary which the benevolent heart should not disregard. The amiable Miss Hannah Adams, one of our earliest literary women, and the author of a history of the Jews, was thus solaced in her venerable age. Some of the most lovely and accomplished young ladies of Boston went by rotation to read to her such works as renovated and refreshed her mind. The service was appreciated, and spoken of with the warmth and simplicity which characterized her nature.

"They pay me such respect," said she, "that I quite forget that I am old. They sit by my side as if I were their own relative. By their help I travel every day through the world of books; and their tones are so clear, and distinct, and sweet, that sometimes I think I am hearing an angel's song."

*Mrs. Sigourney's "Letters of Life."*

### Hymn of Praise.

O, sweetly sinks this life of ours,  
Through age's cloudy bars;  
A fading flush on hill and sky,  
And, lo! the world of stars!

We bless thee, gracious God, for birth,  
By which we hither come;  
We bless thee for the gate of death—  
The good man's passage home.

We bless thee for the heart to feel,  
And for the eyes to see;  
For faith that reaches over time,  
And grasps eternity.

O, softly fades this life of ours,  
Through age's silver bars;  
A tender flush on hill and sky,  
And lo! the world of stars!

—*Round Table.*

The more believers love God, the more they love one another; as the lines of a circle, the nearer we come to the centre, the nearer they come to each other.

The Domestic Circle is always too small to allow of rupture; it is always too precious to make excusable any neglect to prevent or heal disturbance.

## The Hospital Review.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE, 1868.

### Visit to the Hospital.

Still our numbers continue to increase. The Hospital has never been so full since the time of the soldiers. All the beds in the Male Ward are, we believe, taken; and seven in the Hebrew Ward, and seven in St. Luke's room, are filled. Three more soldiers have been sent from Newark, so that we have now twenty in all. We call especial attention to this, from the fact that since the close of the war, there has been a diminution of interest in our Hospital among many, from the impression that our work for the soldiers is over. This is by no means the truth. We have always had more or less of our disabled braves under our care, and there is now a strong probability that the number will be increased rather than diminished. We feel it a great privilege to be able to do something for those whose lives have not only been imperiled for our country, but must remain a living sacrifice, more bitter than death. Several of these soldiers are from our own city and vicinity, and have a special claim upon us. Among these, we noticed a young man who had lost a limb, a fine manly looking fellow, from the 140th Regiment: a member, he told us, of Captain Hoyt's Company. It was indeed a sad sight to look upon him and others here, and think of all their blighted prospects. It was a beautiful day—such a day as always seems to bring new hope, new vigor to the feeble and suffering. All the windows were thrown open, and the cool sweet air, freighted with the scent of June blossoms, came stealing softly in, and like an unseen angel, laid its healing touch upon hot and aching brows and weary hearts. O this beautiful summer—beautiful June—type of the eternal sum-

mer and bloom awaiting the blessed in the Land "beyond the River."

Mr. W., was taking it very comfortable in his big chair, and expressed to us his enthusiastic conviction, that there was no spot in the city quite so cool and pleasant as the Hospital. Paul F., gone. M. W., about the same. J. R., comfortable—warm weather very favorable to his case. Consumptive and rheumatic patients are all feeling better, and several of the latter have recovered and gone. Mr. K., gaining. E. B., about the same. Mr. A., a new patient, is an old gentleman, with sciatic rheumatism. Wm. J., still here, and about the same. "Burned man," nearly recovered—has taken his "first walk," and many others since then. In the adjoining apartment, we found J. M., one of Dr. Rider's patients, with cataracts on his eyes—Mr. McM., wounded in the army; and J. McC., with consumption, feeling better than a month ago. Here, too, were our dear little boys—Georgie and James, looking very bright and happy—enjoying their nice dinner, and both improving all that could be expected. When we thought of the blue skies—the green fields—the world of flowers—and all the life and fun out-doors, we wondered how these two little boys could seem so cheerful on their cots, where, we fear, they must continue to lie for long weeks yet to come. Matteson T., failing.

Grandma, bright, and feeling very well. Mary K., whom we have often mentioned, we were sorry to find in bed and quite ill. Lucy P., is a little girl we saw, suffering very much from a sad accident, having thrust a fork in her eye, which she was using to untie a knot in her shoe-string. Mrs. C., very ill with chronic dysentery. Rebecca, gone into the country. Evangeline, gone to a place. M. J. C., mentioned last month, and whose mental wandering and bewilderment were so painful to see, died soon after our visit. Mrs. R., the old lady with a cancer, who has been with

us for some time, has found, as we trust, happy release from her great suffering. Her death-bed was full of joy and peace.

Dear little Willie is the only baby now remaining in the Hospital. The others, we are gratified to state, have found, as we have reason to believe, happy homes, and love and parental care, at last. We do not believe that those who have taken these hapless waifs to their sheltering care, will regret it. May they find them as many have, such children—their sunshine now—their comfort in future years—and “jewels in their crown of rejoicing hereafter.”

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#### The Time for Vegetables, Fruits and Flowers.

Now that the time for these summer luxuries has fully come, we hope and we feel that there *must* be some addition to the length of our List of Donations. Our short meagre List from month to month, seems a sad reproach to our city, situated as it is in the garden of our State, overflowing with abundance. If each of our readers would bear our Hospital in mind, and send us once a month, if no oftener, some little remembrance, it would make a visible improvement in the appearance of our List, and be appreciated more than we can tell, by our inmates. Vegetables and fruits are always welcome in a Hospital—fresh lettuce, onions, radishes, asparagus, cucumbers, &c., have a peculiar relish to the invalid and convalescing, to whom all things have a sameness through weeks and months of confinement. Fruits are still more eagerly sought for. Strawberries are late, but they are coming—they will soon be here in great plenty. Remember the soldiers—remember the Hospital when they do come. We ask you, kind reader, and is it too much—to *share* the luxuries of this bountiful season, with our sufferers!—and do not forget the flowers. The world of bloom and beauty upon which we now

everywhere open our eyes, was not created in vain. It was to fill our higher needs—to make us feel the infinite love and tenderness of our Heavenly Father. Flowers have a sweet language for us all—but to the sick and sorrowful they speak with peculiar tenderness and comfort.

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#### More Good Work of Miss Falls.

In the Receipts for the *Review*, we notice with pleasure, the result of Miss Falls' faithful and efficient labors for us. During the month, she has procured seventeen new names—in addition to other collections—realizing for us in all, the handsome sum of \$29.62. EFFORT, we find, is all that is needed to swell our List.

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Our thanks are due to Mrs. Richard DeForest, for an engraving of our Lord's Prayer, and to Mr. Turpin, (firm of Newell & Turpin,) for the framing of the same.

We are exceedingly pleased with this adornment of the wall, and trust that more than one may, by its silent speaking, be led to repeat its beautiful petitions from the depths of the heart. Thanks to Miss Falls for this fruit of her labors.

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We are also indebted to Mr. C. G. Houston, agent of the Protestant Episcopal S. S. Union and Church Book Society of New York, for a package of the “Children's Guests.” They are full of good reading, and very acceptable.

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Our Matron desires most earnestly some old cotton and linen. We have constant use for it, and will be very thankful for the same, as it is indispensable in the care of the sick.

We would also hint, in a very plain way, how very *acceptable* for our inmates would be some cast-off garments from gentlemen and ladies.

Decoration of the Soldiers' Graves.

The beautiful idea of remembering annually, those who so freely offered themselves when danger threatened our beloved country, found a response in every patriotic heart. Our lovely city of the dead, *Mount Hope*, was more than ever beautiful on that day, May 30th, as the friends and comrades of the departed, came thus to do honor to their memory.

Gathered round the lawn, while they listened to the words of a venerable servant of the Lord, who had with them served in the defence of their country, stood the more favored ones, who as freely offered themselves but who were permitted by an over-ruling Providence to return to their homes, though many of them bearing the marks of war and carnage. Our thoughts turned to the days when our Hospital was filled to its utmost capacity, with the weary, suffering ones, sent to us for care.

Not many of them here laid down the burden of life, but we can call more than one hoping to reach the dear ones they had left, who within almost a day's journey of home, were compelled here to rest with strangers; and—what then ?

"Draped in our honored stars and stripes,  
It tells the olden story;  
Another brave young patriot passed,  
Through duty on to glory."

May another year find as many ready to join in this beautiful and touching custom, which our Southern brethren have the credit of inaugurating.

"From the silence of sorrowful hours  
The desolate mourners go;  
Lovingly laden with flowers,  
Alike for the friend and the foe.  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment Day—  
Under the roses the Blue;  
Under the lilies the Gray—

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,  
The generous deed was done. ;  
In the storms of the years that are fading,  
No braver battle was won.

Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment Day—  
Under the blossoms the Blue,  
Under the garlands the Gray  
  
No more shall the war cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red,  
They vanish our anger forever,  
When they laurel the graves of our dead.  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment Day—  
Love and tears for the Blue ;  
Tears and love for the Gray."

E.

Correspondence.

Lottie, a little agent, writes :  
DEAR MRS. P.—I have one more subscriber for the *Review*, and will get as many more as I can.

Your friend,  
Lottie M.

It is not Lottie's first effort for us. We are indebted to her for several new names. She has our thanks.

Receipts for the Hospital Review

FROM MAY 15 TO JUNE 15.

Mrs. A. Bier, Mrs. Henriques, Mrs. W. S. Kimball, Mrs. Rufus Keeler, Mrs. L. O'Neil, Mrs. G. G. Clarkson, Mrs. E. M. Stewart, (\$1), Mrs. J. Douglas Brown, Mrs. S. Gormley, Miss Newell, (with postage), Mrs. H. G. Glenn, Mrs. E. C. Thompson, Mrs. L. G. Corning, Mrs. Dr. Mandeville, Mrs. C. H. Weaver, Mrs. Sproul, Mrs. Wm. Eastwood, Mrs. Fred. Ritchener, Mrs. J. Gormley, Mrs. Syme, Mrs. Fred. DeLano, Mrs. C. J. Howland, Miss Ettie Vance, Mrs. P. W. Jennings, Mrs. G. E. Jennings, Mrs. I. Vosburgh, Lima; Mrs. Sam'l. Sloan, Mrs. H. Michaels, Mrs. J. Adams, Mrs. D. H. Minchler, Mrs. Wm. Sidey, Mrs. A. Devos, Mrs. A. Roda, Mrs. S. Walker, Mrs. Marburger, Mrs. Rich'd DeForest, Mrs. N. P. Osborne, Mrs. R. T. Jones, Mrs. J. M. Fiske, Mrs. S. L. Brewster, Mrs. A. Strong, Miss M. Riggs, Mr. Wiegel, Mrs. D. A. Watson, (\$1.00), Mrs. Filon, Mrs. M. M. Knapp, Mrs. Henry Fox, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. J. B. Mosely, Mrs. A. Mosely, Mrs. A. Savage, Mrs. Guggenheimer, Mrs. S. Doty, Mrs. Weldon, Mrs. J. E. Campbell, Mrs. H. Lampert, Mrs. E. A. Gay.—By Miss A. K. Falls, ..... \$29 62  
Mrs. Edward Ray, (with postage), Mrs. Dr. Arink—By Mrs. Arner, ..... 1 12  
Dr. Hazeltine, Henrietta—By Miss Hubbard, ..... 50



Mrs. John Ross, Mumford—By Lottie Morton, Avon, .....	\$0 50
Hattie N. Graves, Wethersfield Springs, By Mrs. Perkins, .....	0 50
Mrs. S. Moody, New York, (2 yrs.)—By Mrs. N. T. Rochester, .....	1 00
Mrs. C. Dutton, (with postage,) J. J. Van Zandt, (postage,) Sanderson & Thorne, Advertisement—By Mrs. Mathews, ....	6 24
Miss A. L. Beecher, Avon—By Dr. Rider,	0 50

**List of Donations to the Hospital,**  
FROM MAY 15th to JUNE 15th, 1868.

Mrs. Lull—Tomatoes and old Cotton.	
Mrs. Frederick Starr—Pickles.	
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—A quantity of Jelly and Dominos.	
Mrs. Loop—Can of Pears.	
Mr. James Vick—Flowers.	
Mrs. McMaster—Boquets and Delicacies.	
Mrs. Kelly—Apples.	
Mrs. Travers—Ginger Snaps.	
A Lady Manager—Delicacies for the Sick.	
A Friend—Two jars of Pickles.	

**Cash Donations.**

A former inmate—by Mrs. Mathews, .....	\$ 25
A mite from a Friend— " " .....	1 00
Mrs. Travers—by Miss Hibbard, .....	1 00

**Superintendent's Report for May.**

1868, May 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, 110	
Received during the month, 29—139	
Discharged, .....	51
Died, .....	3— 54
	—
Remaining June 1st, 1868,	85

**Died.**

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 13th, 1868, an infant of Catharine Connor, aged 39 days.  
At the Rochester City Hospital, May 26th, of Rheumatism, Mary J. Caswell, aged 40 years.  
At the Rochester City Hospital, June 4th, after great suffering from Cancer, Mrs. Reynolds, aged 54 years.

**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 and 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.

**Children's Department.**

**The Blind Boy.**

BY REV. FRANCIS L. HAWKS, P. D., LL. D.

It was a blessed summer day,  
The flowers bloomed, the air was mild;  
The little birds poured forth their lay,  
And everything in nature smiled.

In pleasant thoughts I wandered on  
Beneath the deep wood's ample shade,  
Till suddenly I came upon  
Two children who had hither strayed.

Just at an aged birch-tree's foot  
A little boy and girl reclined—  
His hand in hers she kindly put,  
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near—  
A tree concealed me from their view;  
But all they said I well could hear,  
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,  
"That little bird sings very long:  
Say, do you see him in your joy?  
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid;  
"I see that bird on yonder tree."  
The poor boy sighed, and gently said;  
"Sister, I wish that I could see."

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,  
And bright green leaves are on the trees,  
And pretty birds are singing there,—  
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,  
And I can feel the green leaf's shade;  
And I can hear the notes that swell  
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind,  
Though sight, alas! he has not given!  
But, tell me, are there any blind  
Among the children up in heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there all see—  
But why ask me a thing so odd?"  
"O Mary! He's so good to me,  
I thought I'd like to look at God."

Ere long, disease his hand had laid  
On that dear boy so meek and mild;  
His widowed mother wept and prayed  
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,  
And said: "Oh! never weep for me;  
I'm going to a bright, bright place,  
Where Mary says, *God I shall see.*

"And you'll be there, dear Mary, too;  
But, mother when you get up there,  
Tell Edward, mother, that 'tis you—  
You know I never saw you here."

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled  
Until the final blow was given,  
When God took up that poor blind child,  
And opened first his eyes in heaven.

From the Methodist.

### Little Waif.

#### PART I.

A cold, dreary, dismal day, in October, with a fine drizzling rain that looked hardly more than a fog, and yet penetrated thin garments until their possessors were soaked to the skin, especially the little girl who swept the crossing at the corner of Canal street and Broadway. There was almost a sea of soft mud, and every vehicle brought in its train a stream of the black compound.

She had been there since ten in the morning, and now it was four. She had not gone home to any dinner, but bought a cake of an old woman who kept a stand near by, an indulgence she would not have dared to allow herself if it had not been a "good day." Now and then people seemed extra generous, and, though the elements were unpropitious, their sense of gratitude might have been more quickly touched at sight of the poor, forlorn little figure, the faded shawl, the well worn dress, and dilapidated bonnet hanging around her head. Her shoes, an old cast away pair, found somewhere, were much too large, and her little blue ankles shrank from the coarse contact. She was too thin to be pretty, and had a worn, starved, eager look, partly mental, partly physical; yet her eyes were large soft, and wistful, and her tangled, golden hair was fine as threads of floss.

For nearly an hour no one had given her a penny, but now there was a rush up town, and the street was beginning to be crowded. She swept on, occasionally pushed aside roughly, or made the object of some expletive that, often as she had heard it, sent a shiver through her whole frame. She darted hither and thither with

the swiftness of a bird, dodging horses' heads, as if fearful they might be tempted to make a mouthful of her; then she held out a slender little hand—but not very clean, it must be confessed.

An omnibus stopped to let out some passengers—a man with a little girl in his arms—and Waif stared hard at her, as if she had been suddenly blinded by a bright ray of sunshine. The child was wrapped in a water-proof, but her face was the roundest, rosiest, and sweetest thing Waif had ever seen, and her curls of gold glittered about her shoulders like changeful seawaves at midday.

Her father stood her on the curb-stone, and then she caught sight of Waif, open-mouthed in astonishment.

"O papa!" she cried.

The gentleman turned and looked at the pitiful little object. He was very kind hearted, and the imploring eyes touched him.

"Do you want to give her something, Birdie?" and he took a piece of money from his pocket.

"Poor child!" he said to Waif; "it's hard work sweeping crossings on such a day. You look chilled to the skin."

She was used to being wet and cold and hungry; used to being thrust about and scolded, sometimes beaten; but such kind, hearty, pitying tones were rare treats. She had a great deal of fortitude, and seldom cried, but now her eyes filled with tears.

"O papa! it's too bad to leave her here in the wet and cold. Give her some more money, and let her go home and rest."

"You're extravagant, little one." But nevertheless, he pulled out a handful of pennies. Then he took his child in his arms and walked up Broadway; pushing his way through the crowd.

Waif looked after them in strange amazement. She could hardly believe her senses. Go home and rest! Oh! she had no kind father, no pleasant fireside—nothing. Never in her life had she felt so utterly forlorn.

A hand grasped her arm, and jerked her suddenly out of her reverie and out of danger.

"You little fool, Waif! You'd bin run over in another minnit. What did he give you—that fancy cove, I mean, with the young 'un?"

She opened both hands.

"What jolly luck! Granny won't scold this time. How much in all?"

They went down the street a few yards, and, in the shadow of a show window, counted her gains. Thirty cents in her bag of pennies, ten more here, and a bright half dollar.

"If you ain't lucky! Tell you what you better do, Waif. Gi' me the pewter to keep for you. It may save you a wallop-in' some day when trade's dull."

"You're so wise, Joe," and she gave her companion a wan but thankful smile. "I shoulde'n't have kept any."

"And been kicked and cuffed next time. I *do* know a thing or two;" and the boy gave a peculiar wink with one eye.

He was older and larger than she, and where her face was sad, his was full of low cunning. Not that they looked at all alike. His face was broad, with a low, retreating forehead, small, cold, gray eyes, freckled skin, and a great shock of red hair. And yet she had a certain tenderness for Joe. He always befriended her when it was possible, and had more than once saved her from the drunken fury of his old grandmother. She heeded his suggestion now, and laid the half-dollar in his hand.

"I wish you could keep it always for me, Joe. *He* was so nice, wasn't he? and the little girl looked like an angel. O Joe! wouldn't you like to be one of the children with fathers and mothers, and a pretty house to live in?"

"Now, see here," said Joe, with a rough assumption of power, "don't you go to gettin' above your business, and hankerin' after other folks. You b'long to me, you know. Let's go home; you've made enough for one day."

"And you?" she asked.

He gave a significant nod, and tapped his pockets, and the two walked on together.

Such a home as it was! As they were going down the steps, Joe took her by the shoulder.

"Look here, Waif," he said, "don't you go to watchin' for that 'ere chap agin."

"He was so good!" There was a great, strangled sob in little Waif's voice.

"Well, you keep out of his way—that's all!"

She was used to being domineered over by Joe, in his rough, but generally good-hearted way, but now she actually shrank

from him. She wanted to get away and cry over a life that could never be her's.

Granny was not very drunk. The forty cents passed unquestioned. Waif put on some dry clothes, gave her's a rinse in the tub of water standing in the corner, and hung them up before the wide fire-place. Then she ate her supper, crept to her heap of straw and ragged quilt, while Joe went out again, and Granny sat and snored.

The child cried a little—it was such a comfort. Then she thought over her dreary life. A long while ago, it seemed to her, but even then they had been poor. She remembered her bitter loneliness when her mother died and was taken away; and since that time, she had been handed about from one to another, and gone by the name of Little Waif, until she had almost forgotten her own—Alice—that was a soft beautiful name, and she felt glad now that it had never been used. Waif was good enough for the little girl who swept crossings, and who was to marry Joe Green some day when she grew up. And then she resolved she would run away somewhere, and begin a new life.

Then the vision of the afternoon flooded her brain once more; the sweet, generous child, whose voice had been like a strain of music, carried in her father's arms, sheltered from the rain by her warm cloak, and taken to a bright happy home. Her mother would hold her on her lap, and kiss her: there would be a nice supper, a clean bed, with soft pillows and a white quilt, such as she had seen in the stores. Oh! why were some little girls so blessed, while others toiled, were scolded, and beaten, and almost starved? No wonder she cried.

Waif found her plans for running away were not very practicable. Joe seemed to dog her around; and then where could she go? Homeless little vagrants were usually sent to Randall's Island. She fancied they didn't find any mothers to be tender with them.

Sunday was always an idle time with Little Waif. She was tired, and laid late in her bed, and then she waited upon Granny. She would have been amazed at herself if she had thought of going to church. But one afternoon a pleasant looking woman stopped at the basement door, and asked if there were any children who did not go to Sunday School. Granny was out.

"There's Joe and me," Waif said timidly.

"Wouldn't you like to go?"

Waif hung her head and colored. Then she said:

"Street sweepers and beggars and such little girls don't go. They never have any clothes to wear."

"Oh, yes," the lady answered; "there are a good many of them in the mission schools. Suppose I take you."

The child looked ashamed, and drew back.

"I'd like to have you go and hear the singing; I've found several little girls in this neighborhood. Suppose you put on your bonnet and come; or, if you don't like to leave your house alone, I'll stop next Sunday."

"Granny told me to stay here; I think I ought."

"I'll come next Sunday, soon after dinner; and if you'll have your face washed clean, and your hair combed, the dress will not so much matter. Will you be ready? And ask your brother Joe."

He isn't my brother." Somehow, she felt glad that he was not.

The lady talked to her quite a while. After she had gone, Waif washed her face and hands until they shone. Then she took the old broken comb, and began to straighten out her tangled locks. The beautiful little girl's hair was just this color, and hung about her shoulders in lovely curls. Waif wound hers around her finger, and it slipped off smooth and shining. Oh! if she only had a mother or any one to love her! Would the kind lady care?

She told Joe about going to Sunday School, and he only laughed.

"I'll make Gran let you go," he said, "but it ain't much. Readin' Bibles and sich won't keep you from starvin'."

There was quite a time on the next Sunday—"a precious row," as Joe called it. Granny declared Waif shouldn't learn "singin' nor prayin', nor go foolin' about," but Joe made a good fight for her, and finally she went away with her new friend in triumph. It was a cold, winter day, and the wind blew through her ragged shawl, making her shiver at every step and the walk was quite long. Waif went up stairs into a warm, bright room. She heard a sound of singing before the door opened, and then she stood transfixed;

"Jesus loves me, loves me still,  
Though I'm very weak and ill—  
From His shining throne on high,  
Come to watch me where I lie."

It was so sweet and so wonderful to her that she could hardly breathe. She forgot her worn and faded dress and old hood. She took her little red hands from her ragged shawl, and listened with rapt attention until the tears filled her eyes—wishing, in her ignorant, bashful way, that she had a right to sing and to feel that poor and forlorn as she was, Jesus would love her too. She seemed to understand that it would be so different from Joe's rough affection, and better than anything she had ever known. And she was so lonely.

Fifty or sixty children, gathered from the streets, made up the motley group. A few faces were familiar to Waif, but she didn't feel strange or timid after the first few moments. When the singing was ended, a gentleman rose and talked to them awhile, then they sang again, and all knelt down to pray. The children said together, "Our Father which art in heaven." Why, it was just what little Waif's sweet mother used to say. She had forgotten it nearly all, but she followed the other voices with a full heart, and was sorry when the time came for them to disperse.

"You'll be here next Sunday," the lady said, and Waif promised.

[To be continued.]

### Spring and Summer.

Spring is growing up,

Is not it a pity!

She was such a little thing,

And so very pretty!

Summer is extremely grand,

We must pay her duty,

(But it is to little Spring

That she owes her beauty!)

All the buds are blown,

Trees are dark and shady,

(It was Spring who dress'd them, though,

Such a little lady!)

And the birds sing loud and sweet

Their enchanting histories.

(It was Spring who taught them, though,

Such a singing mistress!)

From the glowing sky

Summer shines above us;

Spring was such a little dear;

But will Summer love us?

She is very beautiful,  
 With her grown up blisses,  
 Summer we must bow before;  
 Spring we coax'd with kisses!

Spring is growing up,  
 Leaving us so lonely,  
 In the place of little Spring  
 We have Summer only!  
 Summer with her lofty airs,  
 And her stately paces,  
 In the place of little Spring,  
 With her childish graces!

**List of our Little Agents.**

- Mary Perkins, Rochester,
- Florie Montgomery, "
- Fanny and Ella Colburn, Rochester,
- Fanny Pomeroy, Pittsfield, Mass.
- S. Hall, Henrietta,
- Jennie Hurd, Rochester,
- Mary Lane, "
- Samuel B. Wood, "
- Libbie Renfrew, "
- Ella Van Zandt, Albany,
- Minnie Montgomery, Rochester,
- Mary Watson, "

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**RATES OF ADVERTISING.**

Pr. Sq., 1 insertion \$1 00	Quarter Column,.....\$10 00
Three Months,.... 3 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.

**MANTILLA SILKS,  
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A great stock of Black Silks, at prices from 10 to 25 per cent. lower than elsewhere. The finest stock of "Bonnet" and "Tapisserie" silks in the State. Prices, from \$5 to \$8. Other fine makes lower. Black Silks at \$2.25, worth \$2.75. For \$2.00 as good as customers are asked \$3 to \$3.50 for in many places. Our \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$5.00 Silks cannot be matched by at least 50c. to \$1.00 per yard, in Western New York.

A. S. MANN & CO.  
 37 & 39 State Street.

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Between Monroe Street and East Avenue.

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LUCILIA TRACY,  
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The Bank is open during the usual bank hours, [10 A. M. to 3 P. M.] and on Saturday from 7 to 9 P. M.

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And all kinds of BRASS GOODS, on hand.

**Also, Sheet Lead, Lead Pipe, &c.**

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### C. B. Woodworth & Son,

Manufacturers of

## PERFUMERY,

### Flavoring Extracts, &c.

Have Removed from No. 205 Plymouth Av., to

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

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The following are the Prices:

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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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Policies issued, and all losses promptly adjusted and paid.

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**Chemicals, Perfumery, Leeches,**  
**Trusses, &c.**  
**PURE WINES & LIQUORS,**  
**51 State Street, (West side),**  
**ROCHESTER, N. Y.**  
 Particular attention given to Physicians' Prescriptions.  
 Nov. 1867. 1y

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 Wholesale & Retail Dealer in  
**Groceries and Provisions,**  
**KEROSENE OIL,**  
**Clover and Timothy Seed,**  
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**Men's Furnishing Goods,**  
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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. IV.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY, 1868.

No. 12.

## THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS ISSUED EVERY MONTH, BY

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

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For the Hospital Review.

### There's Time Enough.

BY LUCY ELLEN GHERNSEY.

"Go in the house and wash your face, sir!" said Mr. Layenly to his little boy. The child deliberately walked out into the street, and began throwing dust in the air. "Come in, this minute, Tommy, or I'll give it you!" repeated his father. Tommy ran away down the street, pretty secure that his father would not pursue him far, with the mercury at ninety! "I love to see children mind!" said John Barnaby.

"Oh well, he is nothing but a baby! Time enough for discipline when he is older! Come in and see my grape vines!"

"Why don't you put a permanent cover

on that cistern?" asked John Barnaby. "Some day you will have one of the children tumbling in there. Besides, it is enough to break your wife's back to lift that heavy board and draw the water with a pole!"

"Why, you see, I am going to build a shed some day, and then I shall floor over the cistern. Take care of that stone step! It is loose! *Take care!* I say, Sally!" The caution came too late. Down went the step, and the little girl with it, bruising her sorely!

"It was enough to kill her!" said John Barnaby, taking up the child, and feeling her all over to see that no bones were broken. "How can you keep such a trap at your door?"

"Well, I calculate to put new steps when I build my shed! Sally should have minded! The step is safe enough if one steps on the right end."

"Rather an awkward step, I should say, considering how many times a day your wife has to go up and down."

"It is enough to break my back," said Mrs. Layenly, who was trying to comfort Sally; "and I expect one of the children will be killed yet; but there is no use in talking!"

"Oh don't talk of breaking your back, wife! You are a young woman yet! Time enough for that when you are as old as your mother!"

"Your grapes look very well," said John Barnaby!

"Yes, if the young ones would only let them alone; but there is not much use in trying to have a garden with children."

"I don't find any difficulty," said John Barnaby. "You know we have three at our house, and they are always in the garden; but they never think of touching any thing. Dulcie teaches them to let things alone very easily. She does not think there is any need of children's doing mischief!"

"Oh, nonsense! Children will be children, and full of mischief. It is natural to them. Time enough to put their necks under the yoke when they are grown up and have to work!"

"We don't think so of horses and oxen. We begin with them young!"

"Every one to their own notion," said Mr. Layenly, lightly. "'Take it easy,' is my motto."

A few days after, the Barnabys were alarmed by hearing loud shrieks from the Layenly premises. Nothing was more common than for the children to cry; but the cries now had a tone of alarm which made Mr. and Mrs. John Barnaby and George Holly, start up from the tea table in alarm, and rush over to their neighbor's. At the gate they met Juliet.

"Oh, Mr. Barnaby, Tommy has fallen into the cistern, and we cannot get him out! Oh he will be drowned!"

And drowned the poor child was before he could be got out. One or two of the planks had fallen in with him, and so jammed him between them that it was fifteen minutes before he could be extricated.

"He was jumping and playing upon the top of the cistern!" said Juliet in explanation. "Mother called him two or three times to come away, but he would not mind."

"I wish Mrs. Barnaby, you would just come in and see Sally," said Mrs. Layenly, not long after the funeral of the little boy!

"She complains, of her knee all the time, and has ever since she fell down the step that day; but I cannot see that any thing is the matter with it!"

Dulcie Barnaby examined the limb. There was nothing visible, though she fancied a heat in the knee! Sally complained that it hurt her to walk, and that the knee ached all night.

"You ought to have a doctor," said Dulcie. "It may be serious." "I have asked Mr. Layenly every day to stop and ask Doctor M. to come over," replied Mrs. Layenly, "but he never remembers it, and I cannot get Sally to go to his office. She cries and screams so when I speak of it, that I cannot do any thing with her."

"Oh well, there is time enough," said Mr. Layenly. "It is some little rheumatic trouble, which will be got over if it is left alone." "I am not sure of that," said Dulcie. "Any affection of the knee joint is apt to be serious."

"Well, I will go to-morrow. That will be time enough!" By the day after to-morrow Mr. Layenly did go, but then Dr. M. had left town for a week, and Mr. Layenly thought it would be time enough when he came back. So what with one delay after another, it was three weeks before any advice was had, and by that time a dangerous disease of the joint was fully established.

"Has the child had a fall or injured the joint in any way?" asked the Doctor.

Mrs. Layenly described the fall down the steps.

No doubt the mischief was done at that time. If I had been called as soon as she began to complain, something might have been accomplished; but now I fear she must lose the limb." So it turned out. The little girl lingered a few weeks after the operation, and then slipped away to join her brother. Mrs. Layenly's health gave way entirely, and she was obliged to leave home for six months. Mr. Layenly built the shed then and covered the cistern, but

he could not bring back the children nor restore his wife's weak back and broken down nerves. There was no time for that.

A sister of Mr. Layenly's came to keep house for him. She was a sensible, energetic woman, and used to having her own way, being the wife of a sailor. Her way was usually a good one; there was that to be said for her, she had brought up her children well, married her only daughter creditably, and sent her youngest son on an East India voyage with his father, and she was at liberty to take care of her brother's family—which she did so energetically that Mr. Layenly declared he had no peace of his life.

"What shall I do about Juliet, brother?" said she to him one day. "She runs in the street all day long, and till ten o'clock at night. She will never be good for any thing at this rate, and I am afraid she will get into serious trouble, being out at night in this way." "Oh nonsense! She is only a child! Time enough to make an old maid of her!"

"She is going on fifteen. When my Lizzy was half a year older, she taught district school, and there was not a girl in town more respected. But Juliet will not mind me in the least. If she promises to be in at a certain hour it makes no difference. I cannot trust her, nor do I know at all where she goes, or who are her associates. I think you ought to look after her!"

"I will," said Mr. Layenly. "She ought not to do so, that is a fact; but Juliet was always a curious child. She never would mind, and she always did hate to stay in the house. But I'll talk to her, you may depend upon it. There's time enough!"

But when Mr. Layenly finally mustered up resolution to take the matter in hands, behold Juliet defied him openly, and declared she was able so take care of herself. She had never been taught to obey, and there was no time to do it now. Juliet went on in her own way, staying out later

and later, till several times she was gone all night—and gave no other account of her-self than that she had stayed with a friend. Finally, it was discovered that she had been married secretly, for two or three months, to a worthless dissipated young clerk. The man was not forthcoming, and before she was sixteen, Juliet was a deserted wife, with a sickly infant. Her life was spoiled, and there was no time to mend it then.

"Yes, there is reason in what you say, and I certainly do mean to attend to it!" said Mr. Layenly, as John Barnaby kindly but urgently pressed on him the duty of turning to God in his trouble, and being at peace with him. "I have a great respect for religion. My mother was a pious woman, and certainly I have always intended to make a profession of religion some day. But there is time enough!"

"How do you know there is time enough?" asked John.

"Why I am a young man yet, you know!"

"Suppose," said John Barnaby—that a man were landed on a sandbank, with just one keg of water. He does not know how much water there is in the keg—he only knows that when that is gone he will have no more. What should you think of that man if he should refuse or neglect to catch the rain from heaven, on the grounds that he had plenty of water!"

"He would be a fool, of course—but—"

"Or what would you think of a man who, as Jeremy Taylor says, having a fortnight given him in which to run twenty miles for his life, should put off his running till the last day?"

"Yes, yes! I know. Well, John, I will take it into consideration." "But when? Now? There is a cottage lecture to-night at Tom Harris'! Will you go?"

"Well no, I can't very well! The fact is, I owe Tom Harris a little bill, and I have neglected to pay it, though I have had the money several times. Besides,

they say your young minister, Mr. A. has a habit of talking to people personally, and that I don't like. But I will go to the next one. I promise you that, John."

"And will you think of the subject, meantime?"

"Why, yes, if I am not too busy! You know I have taken the contract for tinning that large roof, and they are in a hurry about it. But next Sunday I will make a business of thinking it over. I will, indeed, John."

"Why, John, how shocked and distressed you look," said Dulcie, meeting her husband at the door. "What has happened?"

"Poor Layenly is dead!" said John. "He fell from the top of that new building to the pavement, close by where I was standing, talking to Mr. A. We were the first to raise him."

"Poor man! Did he have his senses?"

"I think he had, just for a moment. He looked from one to another of us, and seemed to wish to speak, but there was no time. He died in less than three minutes after we took him up."

No, there was then no more time! Nothing was left but eternity!

### Our Folks.

The following lines were found in the knapsack of an unknown Union soldier, killed at the battle of Hatcher's Run, Va., November, 1864. Col. Lee presented them to Maj. Burton:

Hi! Harry! Hallie! Halt and tell a soldier,  
Just a thing or two;  
You've had a furlough! been to see  
How all the folks in Jersey do;  
Its a year ago since I was there,  
I and a bullet from Fair Oaks.  
Since you've been home—home, old comrade  
true,  
Say, did you see any of "our folks?"  
You did! Shake hands! Oh aint I glad!  
For if I do look grim and rough,  
I've got *some* feeling. People think  
A soldier's heart is mighty tough!  
But, Harry, when the bullets fly,  
And hot saltpetre flames and smokes,

And whole battalions lie afield!

One's apt to think about his folks.

And so you saw them! When and where?

The old man! Is he lively yet?

And mother! Does she fade at all,

Or does she seem to pine and fret for me?

And little "Sis,"—has she grown tall?

And then you know her friend, that  
Annie Ross. How this pipe chokes!

Come, Hal, and tell me, like a man,  
All the news about our folks.

You saw them at the church, you say.

Its likely, for they're always there

On Sunday. What! No! A funeral!

Who! Why, Harry, how you halt and stare;

And all were well, and all were out?

Come, surely this can't be a hoax!

Why don't you tell me, like a man,

What is the matter with our folks?

\* \* \* \* \*

I said all well, old comrade dear—

I say all well! for He knows best—

Who takes His young lambs in His breast,

Before the sun sinks in the West;

The soldier's stroke deals left and right,

And flowers fall as well as oaks—

And so fair Annie blooms no more;

And that's the matter with "your folks."

Here's this long curl—'twas sent to you,

And this fair blossom from her breast,

And here, your sister Bessie wrote

This letter, telling all the rest.

Bear up, "old friend." Nobody speaks!

Only the dull camp Raven croaks,

And soldiers whisper, "Boys, be still—

There's some bad news from Granger's folks."

He turned his back upon his grief,

And sadly strove to hide his tears

Kind Nature sends to his relief;

Then answered—"Ah well! Hal, I'll try:

But in my throat there's something chokes,

Because, you see, I'd thought so long

To count her in among "our folks."

All may be well; but yet

I can't help thinking too

I might have kept this trouble off,

By being gentle, kind and true!

But may be not. She's safe up there,

And when His hand deals other strokes,

She'll stand at Heaven's gate, I know,

To wait and welcome "our folks."

"I can't find bread for my family," said a lazy fellow in company. "Nor I," replied an industrious miller; "I'm obliged to work for it."

“For Jesus.”

To aid in a benevolent work in which she was engaged, a lady received a gift of twenty-five dollars, with the following note:

“Our God says that all I have in this world is his; as I am his, so I send you a little of God’s money, to help carry on God’s work. I am God’s child, and am willing to use my money and myself to forward his cause.”

The gift was timely, and the cheerful, unostentatious manner in which it was bestowed, made it most welcome. Soon after this a circumstance occurred which proved the donor to be a young soldier. He had a short time before given himself to the Saviour, and he wished to bring to his new Master the tribute of a grateful heart. When asked why he had so secretly bestowed his gift, he answered, “Because I wanted to be sure that I was acting from right motives; that it was indeed love to God, and not desire for human approbation, that actuated me. I wanted to be sure that I was doing it for Jesus.”

If from such a motive all our service were rendered, how much more the Saviour would be honored! If love for Jesus were ever constraining us, how sweet would be every toil, how easy every yoke, how light every cross, how cheerfully performed every act of self-denial!—*S. S. Times.*

Compound Interest Given.

I know a rich merchant in St. Petersburg, who at his own cost supported a number of native missionaries in India, and gave like a prince to the cause of God at home. I asked him one day how he could do it? He replied, “When I served the devil, I did it on a large scale and at princely expense, and when by His grace God called me out of darkness, I resolved Christ should have more than the Devil had had. But how I can give so much, you must ask of God, who enables me to give it. At my conversion I told the Lord his cause should have a part of all that my business brought me in, and every year that I made Him that promise, it has brought me in about the double that it did the year before, so that I can and do double my gifts in his cause.” How true what Bunyan said:

“A man there was, some called him mad;  
The more he cast away, the more he had.”

“There is,” said God, “That giveth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty.” God will be debtor to no one. He pays compound interest for all that by faith is put into his bank.

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The Hospital Review.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY, 1868.

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Our Closing Volume.

It is difficult to realize that with this number closes another year for our “Review” and our Fourth Volume—but such is the fact. The years glide by so swiftly, oh so swiftly—and yet how full of pain, and weariness, and sorrow, and disappointment, to some of us they have been! It is not, however, our purpose just now to sentimentalize, but to call the attention of our friends and agents to the special work of this month. “But oh this weather!” we think we hear you all exclaim at once. “Don’t expect anything of us this month, or at least during this insupportably hot weather!” Well—we will be reasonable. We will not expect you to go out hunting new subscriptions, or collecting old ones, in the scorching sun of the middle of the day, with the thermometer at ninety and upwards—at the risk of fusion or sun-strokes. Indefatigable as you may think us—we are not altogether merciless—and then we have a little conscience, which we would not like to burden with the fearful responsibility of your over-exertion or exposure in our behalf. But we feel no present cause for anxiety or alarm. We do not apprehend, whatever the weather may be, any disastrous results from over-taxation of mind or body on our account. But if anything of the kind should happen—we will see that these heroic efforts are duly immortalized in prose and verse. The martyrs to our cause shall be crowned. We do not, however, we repeat, desire any

candidates for even these distinguished honors. We advise our readers to keep just as cool and comfortable as possible—but the surest way to do this, is not, believe us, to be utterly idle and listless. The greatest sufferers we have met during this heated term are those who have nothing to do, but to groan, and fret, and perspire over the state of the thermometer. Faithful Bridget, over the cook-stove—the wash-tub, or the ironing-table—much as from the depths of our hearts we pity her—makes, after all, less grievous complaints than “my lady,” in her airiest wrapper—armed with her biggest palm-leaf—and wandering, like a lost Pleiad, from room to room—trying first the couch—and then the sofa—and then the easy-chair—in her despairing search for some cool spot—some breath of air. To be busy—not *too* busy—but *busy*, is the only defence for all the “ills that flesh is heir to”—even the hot weather. There is always,—at least almost always—a cooler time after tea, when it is pleasant to ride or walk, and to see a few friends—and then how easy to bear in mind the “Review”—and to speak a word for it. There is a satisfaction in the accomplishment of a good action, which has of itself a soothing and a cooling influence. Try it! Try the effect of procuring even one new subscriber for us. Renew your own subscription—pay up your arrearages—and see if you will not feel refreshed by it, as well as we. But—we are in earnest. It is the month to work for our paper. It is important to us that the collections and subscriptions be sent in as early as possible. Our friends and agents have, many of them, done nobly for us during the year, and they have our earnest thanks. We trust they have not grown “weary in well-doing.” Let us hear from you, each and all, soon—and give us a new—long—goodly list—longer and better than we have ever had—to begin our Fifth Volume.

### Visit to the Hospital.

Oh what a hot day it was! We missed the street car as usual—and, with the burning sun above us—the burning bricks beneath us—and the hot, scorching, dusty air blinding us—we thought of the arid deserts of which we had read. We wondered how much hotter it could be, just at that moment, at the equator—or in any other place—until our tropical dreams began to grow dim, and scorching oriental visions to swim around us—and then a vague dread of that mysterious horror—a *coup de soleil*—haunted us. But He who promised, “the sun shall not smite thee by day,” kept us under His invisible shadow. The long walk ended at last. It seemed really like entering another zone, as we came to the Hospital. It was so cool inside—so breezy—so fresh—its distance from the street protecting it most effectually from the dust. The contrast with the heated thoroughfare we had just left, was so great that we wondered how so great a difference could be possible—but it is doubtless owing to the high, commanding position of the building, and the extensive grounds, lying back as well as front, giving it a full, free circulation—and then the building itself is admirably constructed for such days—the ceilings, so high—windows, so numerous, and arranged opposite each other, to ensure, if needed, a good sweep of air. We mention all these particulars, because on that day it was such a satisfaction to us, as we know it must be to our readers, to realize the superior advantages which the sick enjoy at our Hospital. O what suffering there must be during the heated term for those compelled to lie in close, low-roofed rooms—where it is impossible to find any protection from the fierce rays of the sun, or to get one refreshing breath of air. How few families, even those in comfortable circumstances, can give to their sick such airy rooms as these, or the advantages, in many ways, here to be enjoyed.

We found the wards as full, or even fuller, than ever, and several of the private rooms occupied. That *New Wing* must certainly be taken into serious consideration by our friends, very soon, our numbers are so rapidly increasing, and we already feel the want of it.

We were greeted in the wards by many familiar faces, as usual. Here was the "burned man,"—whose recovery seems almost a miracle. He has but little use of his hands, as yet, but hopes to regain it in time. We missed M. W. He is better, and has gone to a situation. Mr. K. is also gone. E. B., poor fellow, not so well. Mr. A., the old gentleman with sciatic rheumatism, about the same. J. R. has gone for a visit to the country, which always seems to do him good. W. J., better. We met our soldier again, from the 140th Regiment, looking very well and hearty, and happy—but oh, to a young man, what an irreparable loss is his—that of a limb. Two of the five children sent from the Orphan Asylum, to be placed under Dr. Rider's care, have recovered and gone. R. K., is a new inmate, who fell from a building where he was at work, two weeks ago—badly injured, but doing well. M. C. K., is a soldier, who came during the month, suffering from wounds and sore throat. M. C., is a German, with a broken arm—received by a kick from a horse.

In paying our visit to our boys, Georgie and James, we were surprised to find Henry D.—another little fellow, afflicted with the same disease of the hip. Their cots were placed close together, covered with books, and pictures, and toys—but a weary time they must have of it, at best. Georgie and James are both improving, but slowly—very slowly, as must needs be. J. McC., occupies the apartment with them, and still continues better. Matteson T. is very low.

Carrie is looking remarkably well. Mary M. is a new inmate who has fits. Mary K., better. Lucy P., about the same;

there is little hope of saving her eye. Mrs. C., with dysentery, very low. Sarah, from the Orphan Asylum, suffers very much with her eyes. Mrs. S., looking very feeble. E. K., with rheumatism, here again. We found "Grandma" writing a letter—for one of eighty years, she writes a very fair hand.

In one of the private rooms, we saw the two women from Oswego, so badly injured by the cars in this city.

Willie still remains in the Nursery, pretty and sweet as ever. We wonder when we look into his clear black eyes, that some mother-heart, with an aching void, does not feel drawn to take him as her own. We have two wee new comers—both girls—one, of two weeks—and the other, one. Homes are wanted for both of these.

In passing through the various apartments, we were struck with the beautiful illuminated texts of Scripture, recently donated to the Hospital, framed and hanging from the walls. They are so appropriate, and speak silently to all whose eyes may idly chance to fall upon them—words full of sweet comfort and of solemn admonition. In the Male Ward, we stopped to look at the illustrated copy of the Lord's Prayer, mentioned last month.

Two sets of croquet, and a swing, have been furnished for the inmates, during the summer, which we found them enjoying very much. We cannot value too highly the sanitary benefit of innocent out-door amusements and recreation in a place like this—they go farther than medicine, towards restoring the feeble and convalescing.

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### 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 and Dr. Whitbeck.

### Our List of Donations.

It is a little improved, we think, but oh not half as long yet as it ought to be. There are so many things our eyes asked to see in this List, which are not there—simple things, too, which would cost so little sacrifice to give—vegetables and fruits—so abundant everywhere now, and so nice. However, we will not scold again this month. We should be unreasonable to do so, with the remembrance of the Fourth of July so fresh. Our inmates were very kindly cared for then. There was no lack of strawberries—there were generous gifts of oranges, as will be seen from the list—lemons, for lemonade—and no lack of fun. Many thanks to the friends who remembered our soldiers—and all our inmates then—and who never forget us.

#### Picture of Capt. E. C. Williams.

The tidings of the death of Capt. E. C. Williams, former Superintendent of our Hospital, have fallen with sadness upon the hearts of his many friends and acquaintances in our city—and especially at our Hospital, where his pleasant, genial manner—his kindness to the sick, and his faithfulness in the discharge of his duties, will be long remembered. We have been much gratified during the month—at the reception of his picture—donated to the Hospital by his wife. The likeness is an admirable one—handsomely framed—and it will be a mournful pleasure to his friends to find here his familiar face, smiling upon them from the wall—wearing the sunshiny look we all so well remember.

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.

#### From an Inmate.

We have received another letter from Mr. S., an old inmate of our Hospital, in which, among other things, expressing his warm interest in our paper, he writes:

I wish to thank Mr. Henry Smith (the Razor-strop Man), through your "Review," for his kind remembrance of me. I received the dollar which he sent me. Mr. Smith often spoke of the erection of the west Wing to the Hospital, and I must let him know that it was never more needed than at present.

I have made some effort and obtained a few names for the "Review," which I will send you; but I need not think to compete with Miss Falls.

Truly yours,

W. STAFFORD.

Mrs. J. H. C., of Barnet, Vt., formerly of this city, writes:

"I have read the 'Review,' the past year, with a great deal of interest. The 'Visitors' Report' is especially interesting to me. I feel that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of reading it for the ensuing year, for which please find 50 cents enclosed."

#### List of Donations to the Hospital,

FROM JUNE 15th TO JULY 15th, 1868.

Mrs. D. Clark—Two Cans Strawberries.  
A Friend—A quantity of Pieplant.  
Miss Guernsey—Pieplant.  
Mrs. Gould—A quantity of old Cotton.  
Miss Buchan—Lemons and Delicacies for the sick.  
Miss McMasters—Bouquets.  
Mrs. H. P. Brewster—Oranges and Strawberries.  
Mrs. Carter—Oranges and Papers.  
A Lady Manager—Jar of Pickles.  
Mrs. Geo. J. Whitney—One Bushel of Oranges and Lemons, for July 4th.  
Joseph Sanford—Potatoe Masher and Rolling Pin.

#### Receipts for the Hospital Review

FROM JUNE 15 TO JULY 15.

Mrs. Francis Roor, Mrs. Dr. Jonah Brown, Mrs. Elizabeth Muir, Mrs. M. Loder, Mrs. Van Velson, Mrs. Wm. Morrison, Mrs. Koch, Mrs. N. Snell, Mrs. Teeveld, Mrs. Amanda Pryor, Mrs. R. Turner, Mrs. Wm. N. Emerson—By Miss Falls,	\$6 00
Mrs. J. H. Clements, Barnet, Vt.; Miss Tracy, (for Adv. :) Miss E. A. Loder, Miss L. Bradfield—By Mrs. Perkins, . . .	2 50
Mrs. D. D. S. Brown, Scottsville, (3 years.) Mrs. McCull, (3 years.) J. Shouder, (2 years.)—By Mrs. C. M. Shadbolt, . . .	4 00
Mrs. John Baker, (2 years.) Mrs. Davenport, Lockport, (10 cents.)—By Mrs. Mathews, . . . . .	1 10



**Superintendent's Report for June.**

1868, June 1. No. of Patients in Hospital, 85	
Received during the month, 28—113	
Discharged, .....	24
Died, .....	2—26
Remaining July 1st, 1868,	87

**Children's Department.**

From the Methodist.

**Little Waif.**

(Concluded.)

PART II.

The Sunday School became a great comfort. When the weather became pleasant, times were hard enough for the poor little girl. There were no crossings to sweep now, and by degrees she had drawn her hoard from Joe, to avert some violence on Granny's part. There must have been a tender spot in the boy's heart, for he kept the half dollar rolled in a bit of paper, white when he put it in his pocket, but gray enough when little Waif found it the day after Joe was dead.

Every week there grew between herself and Joe a perceptible difference. He seemed ruder and noisier, she more gentle. She begged him not to swear; she tried to tell him that, in some strange way, Jesus was the Friend of all little children. She didn't understand it herself, but in some dim manner, she felt drawn toward a protecting power. He laughed at her a little, and puzzled her with odd questions that she could not answer.

Joe took a hard cold, and had rheumatism first, then a fever. Good care and proper nourishment might have saved him, but he could have neither. Granny went out to wash several days in the week, and little Waif was kept busy begging or peddling matches and other small articles. She tried to do her best, when she was home, and occasionally managed to get some delicacy for the poor fellow. Her old clothes grew so ragged that she was ashamed to go to Sunday School, and really glad that Joe wanted her to stay at home and comfort him when she could. But he was drifting out to the great unknown sea—to the hand of the God about whom he knew nothing. Ah! how many of these poor heathen we meet unknowingly in our daily walks.

"Waif," said Joe, one dark afternoon, as they crouched over the dull fire, "I don't believe I shall ever get well again. And I've got something to tell you—don't cry about it."

"Oh Joe! if you only wouldn't die. Spring is coming, and it'll be so nice and warm again. You've been so good to me," and there was a sad quiver in her voice.

"A feller can't help it, I s'pose," he said reflectively. "People die all the time, rich 'uns and poor 'uns. What did the man say when you went to Sunday School, Waif—I wish I had been too—if you was awful sorry for something you'd done—"

"Then you must confess it to God, Joe, and pray."

"God seems so far off, I'd rather tell it over to you. Promise to love me just the same, Waif, till the day I die. I've been a wicked chap, I know. Swearin' and lyn's bad, but you didn't ever guess that—I'd been—a thief."

"Oh!" she cried, with a piteous sob, as if something had struck her.

"Yes; put your arms round my neck, so I can tell that you love me. O Waif! it was wicked, I know. I didn't do it only when I was hard up. I wish I hadn't now. I couldn't have any more'n starved. But I want to tell you—you remember the chap that gave you the half dollar."

"Yes," seeing that he waited for an answer.

"Hain't come across him since, have you."

"No."

Waif's heart gave a great bound. The pleasant tone and the sweet child's face came back like a picture. She never wanted to forget that.

"Nor I. That day in the crowd 'twas so easy to slip my hand in his pocket. If I'd know'd he was going to be so good to you—but I didn't. I took out his pocket book. There wan't much money in it, but some kind o' business papers and a marriage certificate like Granny's that she's got framed, all old and yellow. I wish he had 'em."

"O Joe, how could you?" Waif was almost heart-broken.

"I was allers sorry. Maybe 'tain't o' much account, but I'd like to give 'em back. I wish you could find him. I kinder hated him then, I thought, seein' his little one give you some high notions, and I

didn't want you to have 'em. You're better'n most of the street-girls, Waif."

Waif was crying through her thin little fingers.

"Oh! don't!" Joe exclaimed pleadingly. "If God hears everybody, as they told you, and forgives wicked folks, he knows how sorry I am. I've said it over'n over again. I don't s'pose he'll take me to heaven, but may be there's some place where I can go. O, Waif! does God care for us poor children?"

"Yes he does. I can't understand it all, but I say over the hymn—

*"Little ones to Him belong,  
 They are weak, but He is strong."*

"Sing it to me, Waif."

She sang in a faltering, tearful voice. Of all the hymns she had learned, this she loved the best. It had comforted many a sad hour to think some one cared for her. She clasped Joe's poor wasted fingers, and would fain have inspired him with her faith, dim as it was.

"Waif," he said softly, "I've got your half dollar in my pocket. I never told Granny. I want you to have it again, and you'll find his papers in my little box—if you could hunt him up."

"I'll try, Joe. I'll watch on that corner, and I'm sure I should know him, he had such a kind, pleasant face. I'll give them all back to him."

Her confident tone comforted him.

"Tell him how sorry I was. And now, Waif, I've confessed. Pray for me—I'm so tired."

She said "Our Father which art in Heaven,"—the only prayer she knew. Joe repeated portions of it after her. It was growing dark, and he was very drowsy; so she held him in her arms while he slept. Then Granny came home, and roused little Waif to get the supper. Joe drank his tea eagerly, and then dozed off again. In the night he died. Once he roused enough to say:

"Granny, if you ever beat Waif after I'm gone, I'll ha'nt you."

Poor Joe was put into a rude coffin, and taken away. Little Waif found the pocket-book and half dollar, bright as on the day when it was given. She could not help crying over it.

As the spring opened she went back to her toil—early and late, watching, hoping, peering curiously into strange faces, and at last beginning to despair. If she could

only save money enough to advertise it. That was a grand, new hope, for a while, but such slow work, for she did not want to tell Granny. Since Joe had repented and was dead, it seemed as if she ought to keep his secret from all save the owner of her sacred trust. If she dared to tell the teacher at Sunday School, she sometimes thought, but never found courage for the undertaking.

One day a face flashed upon her, and dropping her broom she ran forward, catching the gentleman's arm in her excitement.

"There's a penny for you, child," and he would have passed on.

"Please, sir," the timid voice entreated.

He turned and looked. Of late little Waif had kept her face and hands cleaner, and her hair no longer straggled about her shoulders.

"Last October you lost something by Canal Street," she said, hurriedly, "it was raining, and you had a little girl with you."

"Yes, a pocket-book. And you found it? Child, I can never express my thanks. You cannot know its value to me. Where is it?"

Waif drew it from its hiding place. The stranger began to look it over.

"I didn't find it," and her face was scarlet with shame as she thought of the missing money. "It was given to me by some one who died, and wanted me to find you."

He drew her into a by street.

"Tell me all about it," he said kindly. "It is worth so much to me that you shall be liberally rewarded."

She told him poor Joe's story, and then begged him to take her half dollar, in the place of the money the boy had spent. It was like giving her life, but it seemed to her that both God and Joe would think it right.

"What a strange little girl you are!" he exclaimed, looking at her in astonishment. "And now I remember you perfectly. My darling May told her mother all about the little one we met, and who interested her so much. Take me home with you. I want to see the woman you live with."

Waif led him along wonderingly. They came to the damp, unwholesome basement, and he marvelled less at Joe's death than at her sweetness and modest air; and in some way his heart was drawn to the child.

Granny Green knew nothing of her save

that her mother was dead. Then the gentleman told her that he wanted to take Waif, and she fell into a weak, maudlin sorrow at the thought of separation, but a little money soon dried her tears. Since Joe's death, she had certainly been kinder to Waif; but there was nothing in the old woman to call forth affection from any child.

"You shall have a nice home," the gentleman said, "and some one to care for you. This is no life for a little girl. May will be so glad to hear about you."

Waif followed him in dim amazement. On the way he asked her many questions about herself and poor Joe. When she mentioned her Sunday School a strange light came into his eyes.

When they reached his house, little Waif hardly dared venture in, but the lady who listened to his story, took her at once, and had her washed and dressed, talking so pleasantly all the while that Waif no longer felt afraid. And then May was called to look at her.

The same bright, rosy little girl, and now her face was all aglow with joy.

"To think that papa should have found her," May said. And then she went nearer to Waif, taking the tiny hand in hers. "Are you glad to come here?"

Waif raised her soft eyes, full of tears. It was all so strange and new, and the kind voices overcame her. Mrs. Anthon left them alone, judging that they would make friends the sooner.

That evening Waif listened to an explanation that she could hardly comprehend, and yet it gave her a great thrill of joy. The papers she had restored to Mr. Anthon were of great value, as with them he would be enabled to prove his claim to an estate that had been some time in litigation.

"Oh!" she said, "you'll forgive poor Joe. He was so sorry. And he never knew how dreadful it was to take them."

"Yes," Mr. Anthon replied, gently, "we will forgive, and trust that God accepted his penitence. It was a hard life for both of you, but yours shall be brighter. I owe much to your perseverance."

Little Waif thought of the cold and hunger and toil. It had been a "hard life."

Mr. and Mrs. Anthon were much interested in the child, and watched her with more eagerness than Waif could have dreamed. The old vile associations had

left no mark upon her. She was gentle, truthful and honest, ready to give up her own will and pleasure for another's comfort. And they came to the determination that had first entered Mr. Anthon's mind, if she proved trustworthy—to adopt her into their own happy household. And so Waif found a mother and father and a little sister May. Her gratitude and affection were boundless.

One Sunday she begged Mr. Anthon to take her to the mission school. How strange these groups of ragged children looked to her, and yet she felt an inexpressible sympathy for them. Listening to the singing brought back the old feeling. How her voice trembled as she joined with them:

\* Jesus loves me, this I know,  
For the Bible tells me so;  
Little ones to him belong,  
They are weak, but He is strong."

And that evening, as she stood by the window in the soft summer twilight, looking out at the stars, Mr. Anthon placed his hand gently on her shoulder, saying:

"What are you thinking of, little one?"

"About poor children, such as Joe and I used to be. I think Jesus must have forgiven him, and taken him to heaven, and washed him from all his sins. And He has given me a happy home. But there's so many who don't know a prayer or a hymn. Ought we not all help God to care for them? Yet it seems as if I couldn't do anything."

"My little Waif," Mr. Anthon said tenderly, "you have been a missionary already, and in the years to come I will help you. I think God sent you to remind me of my duty. We will try to save some of these poor children."

She thanked him with her sweet smile.

### Puzzling.

If your mother's mother was my mother's sister's aunt, what relation would your great grandfather's uncle's nephew be to my elder brother's first cousin's son-in-law? Answer:—As your mother's mother is to my elder brother's cousin's son-in-law, so is my mother's sister's aunt to your great grandfather's uncle's nephew. Divide your mother's mother by my elder brother's first cousin's son-in-law, and multiply my mother's sister's aunt by your great grandfather's uncle's nephew, and either add or subtract—we forget which—and you will have the answer—in the spring.

## A Rain Song.

BY F. BATTERSBY.

Patter, patter, upon the brooks,  
And patter, patter on the plain,  
And off for shelter fly the rooks  
From the drops of the heavy rain.

The butterflies fold up their wings,  
The moths go to sleep on a spray;  
All are silent—the thousand things  
Which were lately brilliant and gay.  
But the storm-cloud and rain are over,  
The flowers have opened their eyes,  
The honey-bees hum from the clover,  
And the wet-sprinkled rooks arise.

Thank God for the sunshine of summer,  
Thank God for the heat and the rain,  
And the sound of a living murmur,  
Over earth, and river, and plain.

## The Broken Egg-Shell.

Two little birds had a nest in the bushes in the back part of the garden. Juliet found the nest, but she would not distress the birds by taking away the pretty speckled eggs which were in it. One day, after she had been absent from home for a week or two, she ran into the garden and peeped into the nest, to see that all was right. To her dismay and sorrow, instead of the beautiful eggs, she saw only unsightly, broken, empty shells. "O," said she to her brother, taking one of the shells into her hand, "the pretty little eggs—see how they are all broken and spoiled!

"No, sister," said he, "they are not spoiled; the best part of them has taken wings and flown away."

When you see the body of a good child—one who loved the Lord Jesus—lying cold in death, its youthful bloom all faded—the bright lustre of its eye departed, grieve not over the corruption which is to pass over that frail body. The body indeed, will be laid in the ground, and will see corruption. But the soul has gone to be with Christ. *The better part has, indeed, taken wings and flown away.*

WANTING FRIENDS.—"I wish that I had some good friends to help me on in life," cried idle Dennis, with a yawn.

"Good friends! Why, you have ten!" replied his master.

"I'm sure I haven't half so many, and those I have are too poor to help me."

"Count your fingers, my boy," said his master.

Dennis looked at his large, strong hands. "Count thumbs and all," added the master.

"I have; there are ten," said the lad.

"Then never say you have not got ten good friends, able to keep you in life. Try what those true friends can do before you begin grumbling and fretting because you do not get help from others."

## Nothing to Do.

"I've shot my arrows and spun my top,  
And banded my last new ball;  
I trundled my hoop till I had to stop,  
And I swung till I got a fall;  
I tumbled my books all out of the shelves,  
And hunted the pictures through;  
I've flung them whence they may sort themselves,  
And now—I have nothing to do.

"The tower of Babel, I built of blocks,  
Came down with a crash on the floor;  
My train of cars ran over the rocks,  
I'll warrant they'll run no more—  
I've raced with Grip till I'm out of breath;  
My slate is broken in two,  
So I can't draw monkeys! I'm tired to death,  
Because I have nothing to do.

"The boys have gone to the pond to fish,  
They bothered me too, to go;  
But for fun like that I hadn't a wish,  
For I think it's mighty 'slow'  
To sit all day at the end of a rod,  
For the sake of a minnow or two,  
Or to land at the farthest an eel on the sod—  
I'd rather have nothing to do!

"Maria has gone to the woods for flowers—  
And Lucy and Nell are away  
After berries—I'm sure they've been out for  
hours,

I wonder what makes them stay;  
Ned wanted to saddle Brunette for me,  
But riding is nothing new;  
'I was thinking you'd relish a canter,' said he,  
'Because you had nothing to do.'

"I wish I was poor Jim Foster's son,  
For he seems so happy and gay,  
When his wood is chopped and his work all done,  
With his little half hour of play;  
He neither has books, nor top, nor ball,  
Yet he is singing the whole day through:  
But then—he is never tired at all,  
Because he has nothing to do."

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 Nos. 27, 29 & 31 Exchange St  
 ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
 CHAS. F. SMITH. GILMAN H. PERKINS.  
 [Established in 1836.]  
 Jan. 1866.

### M. F. REYNOLDS & Co.

(Established in 1842.)

Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in

Paints, Oils, Varnishes & Colors,  
Artists' and Painters' Materials,

SASH, DOORS, BLINDS AND MOULDINGS,  
WINDOW & PLATE GLASS,

Nos. 5 & 7 Buffalo St., ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
Nov. 1867. 1y

### ALLINGS & CORY,

Wholesale and Retail Stationers,

DEALERS IN

PRINTERS' & BINDERS' STOCK,

AGENTS FOR THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY,  
Nos. 10 & 12 Exchange St.  
Nov. 1867. 1y ROCHESTER, N. Y.

### McVEAN & HASTINGS,

Dealers in

BOOK, PRINTING AND WRAPPING  
PAPER.

Cash paid for all kinds of Paper Stock.  
WAREHOUSE, 60 STATE STREET,  
Nov. 1867. 1y ROCHESTER.

ESTABLISHED, 1866.

### GEO. N. STORMS, Merchant Tailor

And Manufacturer of

MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING,

No. 2 Buffalo Street, corner Front,  
Formerly Roy & McFarlin's. ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
Nov. 1867. 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.

### 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

**L. C. SPENCER'S,**  
will be promptly attended to.  
March 15, 1867. E. L. THOMAS & CO.

### 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 \$1.25 "  
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.

### 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

### BRECK'S PHARMACY.

GEORGE BRECK,

DRUGGIST AND APOTHECARY,  
67 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.