

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

“I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME.”

VOL. XXI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1884.

No. 1.

The Sick-Bed Sower.

BY FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

“What seed have I to sow?” said one; “I lie
In stilled and darkened chamber, lone and
low;

The silent days and silent nights pass by
In monotone of dimness. Could I throw
Into the nearest furrow one small seed,
It would be life again, a blessed life, indeed!”

And so she lay through lingering month and
year—

No word for her to speak, no work to do;
Only to suffer and be still, and hear
That yet the Golden Gate was not in view;
While hands of love and skill, this charge to
keep,
Must leave the whitening plain, where others
now would reap.

One by one the singers gathered,
Ever swelling the great song,
Till a mighty chorus thundered,
Till the listening seraphs wondered,
As its triumph pealed along.

Onward came they with rejoicing,
Bearing one upon their wings,
With their waiving palms victorious,
To the presence-chamber glorious
Of the very King of kings.

And a whisper clear and thrilling,
Fell upon her ravished ear—
“Lo. *thy* harvest-song ascending!
Lo. *thy* golden sheaves are bending
Full and precious round thee here!”

“Nay,” she said, “I have no harvest,
For I had no power to sow;
Burdening others daily dying,
Year by year in weakness lying,
Still and silent, lone and low!”

Then a flash of sudden glory
Lit her long life mystery;
By that heavenly intuition
All the secret of her mission
Shone revealed in radiancy.

And she knew the sweet memorials
Of her hidden life had shed
Glories on the sufferer's pillow,

Calmness on the darkling billow,
Peace upon the dying-bed.

Thousand, thousand-fold her guerdon,
Thousand, thousand-fold her bliss !
While His cup of suffering sharing,
All His will so meekly bearing,
He was gloriously preparing
This for her, and her for this !

The Battle-Hymn of the Republic.

BY JULIA WARD HOWE.

In the late autumn of the first year of the war for the Union, a strong feeling of interest and wonder drew me, with many others, to the City of Washington, which had become the center of military operations. Bitterly as we deplored the war itself, its features had yet for us the interest of the greatest novelty, and we could not help thinking with romantic enthusiasm of the new and strange sights which we were about to see. These began when we passed the first pickets of our army, which were stationed at intervals along the railroad between Baltimore and Washington. This was on a chill November evening, and the little groups of soldiers seated around a pile of blazing logs made for us a new and attractive picture.

Arriving within the city, we found abundant evidence of its military occupation. A number of troops were quartered within it, and small bodies of armed men marched frequently through the streets. Officers and orderlies galloped past the windows of our hotel. Ambulances came and went. Buildings here and there were designated as military headquarters. Quite near our hotel was a ghastly reminder of what was going on, in the shape of embalming the bodies of the dead, so that they might be removed to the places designated by their friends for burial.

The minds of all were intent upon the war, and no news was asked for other than intelligence of the various skirmishes and encounters which were constantly taking place between our men and those of the enemy.

It was, therefore, with eager interest

that we made our first visit to the encampment of the great Army of the Potomac, which at that time occupied a great stretch of country in the neighborhood of the city. Provided with a pass allowing us to go and return, we crossed the long bridge guarded by sentinels, and after a short drive, found ourselves in what looked like a city of tents, swarming with soldiers, and resounding with the notes of the bugle and the tap of the drum.

Our first visit was to the Colonel of a Massachusetts regiment, stationed at Fort Albany. I remember well the interest with which we inquired into every detail of camp life. The officers' tents, warmed by small stoves of sheet iron—the doctor's tent, provided with a huge medicine-chest—the hospital tent, with its rows of pale, gaunt faces.

Our friend, Col. G——, welcomed us cordially to his headquarters, which were in an ordinary wooden building, with a piazza running along the front. He invited us to warm ourselves by a comfortable wood-fire, and presently called together a number of his men to greet the visitors from Massachusetts, among whom was the wife of its greatly honored Governor, John A. Andrews. From this camp we drove into another, and another, and the sunlight had quite failed us before we crossed the long bridge again, and returned to our hotel.

A little after this, we drove out again to attend a review of ten thousand of the national troops. While this was in progress, a sudden alarm intervened. A small body of men had been attacked and surrounded by the enemy. We saw the reinforcements gallop to their assistance, and presently learned that the review would be discontinued.

Our way back to Washington was by the road over which the troops which had gone out for the review were obliged to return to their cantonments. They filled the whole space like a river, in which our carriage moved slowly along, the horses walking not faster than the men walked. To beguile the time we began to sing the John Brown song, which was at that time very popular

among the soldiers. As we sang it they answered back, "Good for you." I remarked to a friend that I had always wished to write some verses which might be sung to that tune.

That night I went to bed as usual, and slept soundly after the fatigue of our long, cold drive. It must have been in the earliest touch of dawn that I awoke, and lying in my bed, began in my mind to twine the long lines of a hymn which promised to suit the measure of the John Brown melody. Each verse in succession seemed to write itself clearly in my thoughts, and I presently said to myself, "I must get up at once and write this down, or I shall be sure to go to sleep again and forget it."

Accordingly I sprang out of bed, and fumbled about in a dark room for a stump of a quill pen and a bit of paper which I remembered to have seen upon my table before retiring to rest. I had acquired the habit of writing without closing my eyes, through a sort of necessity, having often had occasion to record some sudden thought in the dark chamber in which my own baby might be lying asleep. This habit now stood me in stead, and although what I wrote was very crookedly and illegibly written, I knew by past experience that I should be able to make it out within twenty-four hours of the time in which it was written.

Having continued my task, which occupied but a few minutes, fifteen perhaps, I went back to bed and fell asleep, saying to myself, "I am glad of this poem."

The poem was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* magazine. Mr. Jas. T. Fields, at that time editor of the magazine, suggested the name by which the verses have become known. Its appearance at first excited little comment, and I had ceased to think of it as likely to be especially noticed, when I read in some newspaper that a number of Union men shut up in a Southern prison had found some comfort in singing this new hymn, whose author was unknown to them even by name. This name was now inquired for and made known.

In the twenty years which have passed since that time, I have often had the pleasure of knowing that my battle-hymn has been sung by the lovers of God and men. I learned, years ago, that at a great meeting of the colored schools of Richmond, Va., it was sung by a large chorus of children, teachers and parents. In our far West, where I have more than once gone to give lectures, I have been greeted by its music as I have walked to take my place on the platform. I have heard it in the far East, also.

When on a visit to Constantinople two years ago, I had the pleasure of passing some hours at Robert College, an American institution, beautifully situated on the banks of the Bosphorus. As I was about to take my leave, the professor and ladies who had kindly entertained me, asked me to listen to what I should hear while descending the steep hill upon whose summit the college stands. I had been carried up this ascent in a chair by two stout porters. As I walked down, helped only by one strong arm, I heard the voices or my late entertainers united in singing "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord." And I though we might see this glory oftener if we would look for it, and most of all where faithful souls are working together for the good of humanity.—*Youth's Companion*.

SOME COMMON ACQUAINTANCES

A CHAPTER ON SPIDERS.

BY MRS. G. HALL.

Perhaps one of the most delicate and handsomest of all the spider tribes is a charming little fairy, apparently all green and gold and almost transparent, Her eyes and claws are as black as jet, a dark orange stripe running down her back, while her whole body is covered with an exquisitely fine mesh work, just as if she were clad in a dress of black lace over gold-colored satin.

Sometimes, when you have been sitting on the hillside at the end of the

long days of summer, as you look along the grass, waving between you and the setting sun, you may have spied her web, brilliant between its spaces as though spun with threads of glass. Not quite so regular, perhaps, as some, but answering every purpose to entrap her delicate prey, which consist of small flies and gnats. If her web is not disturbed, fine as it is, it will wave back and forth in the soft evening air, covered with the glittering wings of her victims, looking almost like "the shadow of an angel's wing," to which it has been likened. When it is dull or rainy this little spider creeps away under leaves and stones, but when the sun again appears you will find her quietly reposing, like "a fleck of gold," on some grass blade, waiting for her evening meal. Like many of her family, beautiful as she is in life, her beauty fades away the moment she dies, and she becomes only a black speck.

But here is an old acquaintance. You must have seen her in the corner of your room, with her long legs hooked into her irregular web (sometimes irregularity is the very basis of beauty). If you should touch her, her body would singularly vibrate to and fro, as if in a very proxysm of fear. Her long, narrow body, of a quakerish gray, would be very unprepossessing were it not for the singular markings of black spots over its entire surface. She glues her eggs together in a silky envelope, and wherever she goes she carries them in her jaws. Sometimes she hangs and vibrates to and fro as if she were lulling her young to rest. After a while she drops the ball by a strong cable of her own making and then follows herself. The very largest bag is no bigger than a pea, but if you were to tear it open you would be astonished to see the long legs wound around a ball, and each enveloped in a thin, transparent covering, which they bite open when they are ready to make their exit.

Among all the insects there is no faithfulness that can compare with that of the mother spider. Not even hunger will force her to lose sight of her

young for a moment and she will fight like a Turk, holding her ball under her body with four of her legs while she keeps off the intruder with the others, and never is she vanquished. After the battle is over these long, awkward legs pass the precious ball over the jaws again, and the patient watch goes on as before. If, in the contest, she feels that it has been at all disturbed, she will examine all over it carefully, and, if she deems it necessary, spin an extra covering of silk, but it is always of a darker color than the first.

But I must tell you of another small brown spider, more curious than all, who is a little yacht builder, and yacht sailor! Towards autumn, when the leaves begin to fall, these little "yacht men" make their appearance. If you will look you may see them on all our rivers, or running streams, at the close of the day, or early in the morning. But what is this strange boat made of? Only a leaf, which she bends into shape by strong cables, and strangely enough let the wind be ever so high this boat will not upset. There it floats away down the stream, running first to one side and then the other, while its inmate catches the small insects on the water as the tiny bark drops down with the tide. You cannot see the mother spider, unless you look very sharp, she is so exactly the color of the leaf she is on, and as for catching her, she is so quick it would be next to impossible to do it. She is more like the gossamer spider in being able to sail away on the wind, she disappears so suddenly. The yachting seems to be resorted to by the little spider rather when food has become scarce on the land than as a constant habit.

Just at the point of the leaf where the cables are attached you can see a queer little tent, loosely and carelessly spun, where the occupant often retires, and where, if you look closely, you may discover a small silken ball with very small yellow eggs. You are lucky if you have got even this hasty view, for in a moment she has passed on to the ocean in her wonderful little

barge. Do you think she ever reaches it? Very doubtful. She may hide away under the stones on the shore until the warm weather shall return again, or perhaps emigrate to a warmer climate, but more likely, like the rest of the family, her life is limited to a season and she soon finishes her career.

Had we space we could speak of spiders that cross streams on bridges of their own making, of others that build their nests under water and live as comfortably in their diving bell homes as if they were on land; of the mason spider that digging her nest in the earth prepares for it a close fitting door, whose hinges, acting like a spring, open and shut the door a hundred times without destroying its power; and still another, common in our woods, that weaves together a great number of leaves for her dwelling, and then curiously lays her snares to entrap the unwary insects that may stray thither.

And so every new discovery among God's insects is like a fairy tale in wonder and beauty, and only another evidence of the skill and workmanship of the Great Creator and Designer of all things, for even

"In these, his lowest works, they all declare His goodness, beyond thought and power divine."

—*New York Observer.*

The Nurnberg Stove.

In the new book of stories by *Ouida*, there is one about a beautiful stove owned by a Tyrolese family, which they all loved almost as much as if it were a person. They call it Hirschvogel, from the name of the maker, and one day, when the father sold it for a debt, the children were nearly heart broken. One of them, August, hid himself in the stove and was carried in it, a long journey, to the palace of the King who had bought the treasure. Then follows the story of his discovery:

The hand of the speaker turned the round handle of the brass door, and the fainting soul of the poor little prisoner within grew sick with fear. The handle

turned, the door was slowly drawn open, some one bent down and looked in, and the same voice that he had heard in praise of its beauty called aloud, in surprise, "What is this in it? A live child!"

When August, terrified beyond all self-control, and dominated by one master-passion, sprang out of the body of the stove and fell at the feet of the speaker.

"Oh, let me stay! Pray, mein herr, let me stay!" he sobbed. "I have come all the way with the Hirschvogel!"

"My child, how came you here, hidden in this stove? Be not afraid; tell me the truth. I am the King."

August, in an instinct of homage, cast his great battered black hat with the tarnished gold tassels down on the floor of the room, and folded his little brown hands in supplication. He was so glad it was the King. Kings were always kind; so the Tyrolese, think who love their lords.

"Oh, dear King!" he said, with trembling entreaty in his faint little voice, "Hirschvogel was ours, and we have loved it all our lives; and father sold it. And when I saw that it did really go from us, and then I said to myself I would go with it; and I have come all the way inside it. And last night it spoke and said beautiful things. And I do pray you to let me live with it, and I will go out every morning and cut wood for it and you, if only you will let me stay beside it. No one has ever fed it with fuel but me since I grew big enough, and it loves me—it does indeed; it said so last night; and it said that it had been happier with us than if it were in any palace"—

And then his breath failed him, and as he lifted his little, eager, pale face to the young King's, great tears were falling down his cheeks.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"I am August Strehla. My father is Hans Strehla. We live in Hull, in the Innthal; and Hirschvogel has been ours so long—so long!"

His lip quivered with a broken sob.

"And have you truly traveled inside this stove all the way from Tyrol?"

"Yes," said August; "no one thought to look inside till you did."

"You are very pale, little fellow; when did you eat last?"

"I had some bread and sausage with me; yesterday afternoon I finished it."

"You would like to eat now?"

"If I might have a little water I would be glad; my throat is very dry."

The King had water and wine brought for him, and cake also; but August, though he drank eagerly, could not swallow anything. His mind was in too great a tumult.

"May I stay with Hirschvogel? May I stay?" he said, with feverish agitation.

"Rise up, my little man," said the King in a kind voice; kneel only to your God. Will I let you stay with your Hirschvogel? Yes, I will; you shall stay at my court, and you shall be taught to be a painter, in oils or in porcelain, as you will. And you must grow up worthily, and win all the laurels at the School of Art, and if, when you are twenty-one years old, you have done well and bravely, then I will give you the Nurnberg stove."

MOTHS AS COLOR MAKERS.

Prof. Ritchel's Interesting Experiments with these Household Pests.

Prof. C. F. Ritchel; of Bridgeport, Conn., has made some extremely interesting experiments with that pest of the household, the common moth, or rather, the worm that comes from the egg of the miller before it turns into a moth. The experiments are novel, and no account of them has been published;

"I first noticed," Prof. Ritchel said recently, "that the excrement from the worm was the exact color and shade of the material it had eaten. I gave some of the worms red flannel as the first test, and the product was a beautiful shiny substance, the exact color and shade of the flannel. A very small quantity of this substance colored a large quantity of white lead. Knowing that modern artists could not mix black and white

perfectly or nearly even, and the difficulty of reproducing the color of gray hair, I gave my worms gray hair to eat. The result was very astonishing. They gave me a perfect coloring the exact shade of the gray hair given them. I mixed some of the coloring with white lead and gave to an artist, who was greatly astonished and pleased with it, and wondered how I got such a beautiful gray. I showed him a sample of the hair and he said that it was a perfect match. I tested the coloring extract in many ways. I put some of it on a plate on the roof of my house, protecting it from the dust and rain with a glass. After an exposure of two months I could not discover any change in its appearance or shade."

"I am convinced," Prof. Ritchel continued, "that this was the method used by the ancients to produce their indelible and brilliant colors. I was told that such coloring as I had produced was worth many times its weight in gold. Lately I stopped experimenting in this direction. For the benefit of art I would like others with time and inclination to take the matter up. All the apparatus necessary is a plain pine wood box with a smooth bottom."

MOVE ON.—If you are ever to be anything, you must make a beginning, and you must make it yourself. The world is too practical to help drones, and push them along, when there is a busy hive of workers, who, if anything, live too fast. You must lift up your own feet, and if you have clogs on, which clatter about your heels, they will soon be worn off and left behind on the dusky pathway. Mark out the line which you prefer, let truth be the object glass—honesty the surviving chain—and eminence the level with which you lay out your field; and thus prepared, with prudence on one arm and perseverance on the other, you need fear no obstacle. Do not be afraid to take the first step. Boldness will beget assurance, and the first step will bring you so much nearer the second. But if your first step break down, try again. It will be surer and

safer, by the trial. Besides, if you never move, you will never know your own power. A man standing still and declaring his inability to walk, without making an effort, would be a general laughing stock—and so, morally, is the man in our opinion, who will not test his own moral and intellectual power, and then gravely assure us that he has “no genius,” or “no talent,” or “no capacity.” A man with seeing eyes keeping them shut, and complaining that he cannot see, is the trumpeter of his own inability.

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Alcohol.

The word is from the Arabic *Al Kool*, and originally denoted the hair-dye used by ladies on their eyebrows.

In its pure form it was first obtained by distillation from wine—hence called “spirit of wine”—by Arabian alchemists, seven or eight hundred years ago.

It was the basis of the secret fluids with which the alchemists dissolved various substances in their search for the elixir of immortality and the philosopher’s stone.

It long continued to be used mainly in the arts and sciences. It preserves whatever is immersed in it.

It extracts, and holds in solution, the active principles of plants, oils, resins, gums, balsms and amber. It gives us the “spirit lamp,” with its great heat, little light and no smoke. Through its agency we have the wonderful anæsthetics,—ether, chloroform and hydrate of chloral.

The common alcohol, produced by distillation, is the same in nature with that which has, from time immemorial, resulted from the fermentation of the juice of the grape; but while the former can give us absolute alcohol, the latter can give us, at the utmost, only about twelve per cent. In both cases it is derived from the sugar of the plant, or from its starch, the elements of starch and sugar being the same.

Says Shakespeare: “I would as soon trust an Irishman with my *aqua vitæ* bottle.” This *aqua vitæ* was doubtless

the first of distilled alcoholic beverages. It was obtained from grain (probably barley) about 1260 A. D., by the monks of Ireland, the secret having probably come from China through the Moors of Spain.

Whiskey is only a corruption of the Irish words for water of life. During the last two hundred years distilled liquors have been made from almost every vegetable substance. Arrac (the whiskey of India) is distilled from palm juice and other juices.

Common alcohol is not the only one of its class. There are many. The first contains one portion of carbon and three of hydrogen. The second (our common alcohol) contains two of carbon and five of hydrogen. The others follow in regular series, each differing from the one immediately preceding by having one more portion of carbon and two more of hydrogen.

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A Postoffice in a Keg.

The simplest postoffice in the world is in the Magellan Straits, and has been established there for many years. It consists of a small cask, which is chained to the rocks of the extreme cape in the Straits of Terra del Fuego. Each passing ship sends a boat to open the cask and take letters out and place others in it. The postoffice is self-acting, therefore. It is under the protection of the navies of all nations, and up to the present time there is not a single case to report in which any abuse of the privilege it affords has taken place.

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A Bridge.

From the Swedish of Bp. Tegner by LYDIA M. MILLARD.

There builds a bridge o'er sea and strand,
It builds itself of pearls and gold,
Nor rises slow by mortal hand,
A moment doth its arch unfold.

Beneath that bridge no mast doth fall,
And none pay toll to cross it o'er,
No mortal strength can move its wall,
And yet no child can walk its floor.

Born like a dream, like dream it falls,
Yet none its beauty can forget.
Now tell me where to find its walls,
And who its perfect arch hath set?

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., AUGUST 15, 1884.

Hospital Inmates.

Early in August we visited the Hospital. Entering through the West Avenue gateway, we were attracted to a youthful group that were gathered under the grateful shadow of an ash tree. It was a pretty picture. The white cap indicated that one of the trio was a member of the training school for nurses. She was reading from "The Little Nursery" to two youthful patients; the one receiving treatment for diseased eyes, the other was Rosa, the little German girl, who, having thrown aside the crutches, was reclining on a settee, her head pillowed on the nurse's lap. On the opposite side of the lawn, just within the tent, encased in white bandages, sat the poor man who for months has been suffering from severe burns, but who in now slowly gaining.

Ten persons were under care in the Male Surgical Ward. No deaths had occurred during the past month. One man was suffering from an abscess in the knee; another had had his right foot and leg injured by a piece of iron falling upon them; one man was afflicted with cancer.

One death had occurred in the Male Medical Ward. There were no fever patients. Two persons were confined to their cots. The man with typhoid fever had recovered and gone home. The sick-est person had had a chill the day previous, but was better then. One patient was a consumptive.

There were two deaths in the Upper Female Ward. The aged woman known through the Ward as "Grandmother K" had passed away, and an infant had also died. There were two babies, four mothers, and no waiting patients in the Lying-In Ward.

Sixteen were under treatment in the Lower Female Ward. Mrs. P. was recov-

ering from dysentery; next her was a girl whose wrist had been operated upon and who was relieved by the work of the surgeon. A patient with internal tumors had been more feeble than usual. Seven patients were confined to their cots. One woman was afflicted with rheumatism; another had fallen down stairs and broken her hip, and was also deaf; an aged woman had had fever, paralysis, and for two years had been afflicted with an ulcerated leg. Mrs. L., a cancer patient, had been suffering acute pain, but she said Christ had been with her all the way through. One woman had had her ribs broken and been otherwise injured by a limb of a tree falling upon her.

As we passed through the wards the expressions of sympathy we received from some of the patients were most touching.

The Little Folks.

In the Male Surgical Ward we found a new patient, Perry Buck, a fatherless boy, aged eleven years. He was on his cot, his left arm in splints. He had at midnight, while asleep, jumped out of a window in the fifth story, probably broken his fall by striking a piazza, and had landed on stone. He lay some time unconscious, and at last, by his cries, secured help. He had broken his left arm near the wrist, bruised his hip, and was otherwise injured. The little boy with St. Vitus's dance was improving. Tommy was also gaining. Rosa was enjoying herself on the lawn, listening to a story and then using her crutches. Katie was again in bed, her burnt limb slowly healing. Emma B. had come back to have a new plaster of Paris jacket. Minnie Bryant, the girl with rheumatism and diseased heart had been very sick, but was better and was amusing herself with embroidering mottoes in worsted. These are the little ones who are pleading for a Children's Hospital or Pavilion. We trust the Children who are well during their Summer

leisure will form plans for raising funds for the Pavilion.

Mrs. H. L. Fish, formerly an active member of the Board of Lady Managers of the City Hospital, has recently rested from her labors. We would offer our sympathy to her afflicted family.

An Album Bed-quilt.

Our aged friend, Mrs Samuel Gould, of Brighton, has sent an album bed-quilt, the work of her own hands, that she has made for the First Presbyterian Church Room. It contains the names of persons who have been or still are connected with the First Presbyterian church, the very sight of which makes pleasant memories.

A contribution of \$30.50 has been received from benevolent persons in Canandaigua, for the benefit of a lady who for eighteen months has been receiving Hospital treatment.

Receipts for the Review.

JULY, 1884.

Mrs. G. W. Almy, Brooklyn, by Mrs. A. D. Smith \$ 1 00
 H. C. Wisner, adv., by Mrs. L. S. Chapin 5 00
 Mrs. J. Cleary, \$1.25; Mrs. C. E. Fitch, 62 cents; H. Herman, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Reynolds, 62 cents; M. F. Reynolds, 62 cents, by collector 3 73
 E. B. Booth & Son, adv., \$5.00; C. Cawley & Co., adv., \$5.00; Curran & Goler, adv., \$5.00; J. Fahy & Co., adv., \$5.00; W. H. Glenny & Co., adv., \$5.00; Ira A. Lovejoy, adv., \$5.00; H. Likly & Co., adv., \$5.00; Osgood & Brigham, adv., \$5.00; Mrs. W. S. Osgood, 62 cents; sale of paper 5 cents; K. P. Shedd, adv., \$5.00; Scrantom, Wetmore & Co., adv., \$5.00; C. B. Woodworth & Sons, adv., \$5.00; George S. Wales, adv., \$2.00; Rosenblatt, Oaks & Geraghty, adv., \$5.00; by Mrs. C. E. Mathews. 62 67
 Mrs. W. Burger, Bellevue, Mich., \$1.00; Mrs. R. Johnston, \$1.00; Mrs. C. E. Mathews, 62 cents; Mrs. W. J. Mandeville, 65 cents; Mrs. Geo. McKittrick, Brooklyn, 50 cents; John Owens, Brockport, \$1.50; Mrs. H. S. Southworth, \$1.25; by Treasurer.... 6 52

MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS,
 Treasurer, 96 Spring St.

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, July 10th, of disease of kidneys and heart, John Gunning, aged about 60 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, July 10th, of Mirasmus, Luella May Gary, aged 80 days.

At Rochester City Hospital, July 24th, of Consumption, Mrs. Mary A. Schermerhorn, aged 29 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, July 25th, of Consumption, Mrs. Rose A. Bradley, aged 53 years.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital July 1, 1884.....	66
“ received during month.....	47
“ births during month....	3
	— 116
Number deaths during July.....	4
“ discharged during month.....	44
“ remaining Aug. 1, 1884.....	68
	— 116

Donations for July.

Misses Brown, knit shawl, old linen and cotton.
 Mrs. Wm. E. Hoyt, clock for diet kitchen.
 Mrs. H. E. Hooker, one-half bushel currants.
 Mrs. H. L. Fish, one-half bushel apples.
 Friend, one-half bushel apples.
 Mrs. Wm. Corning, one bushel cherries.
 Mrs. Robinson, second-hand clothing.
 Mrs. Fowler, second-hand clothing.
 Miss E. Peck, slippers, shirt and two books.
 Mrs. Wm. Burke, old linen and cotton.
 Mrs. Herbert Ward, periodicals and second-hand shirt.
 Mrs. C. Dewey, reading matter.
 Book Club, one book.
 Mrs. Wetmore, second-hand clothing.
 Mrs. Lamb, reading for children.
 Miss Louise Hair, four yards new calico and roll of old calico.
 Miss M. Bellows, picked lint and old linen.

ADDITIONAL DONATIONS.

Box and basket cut flowers, Geo. S. Wales.
 New pieced bed quilt; new white bed spread from Mission Band, M. E. church.
 Night dress and baby's shirt, Mrs. A. R. Whittier.
 Two dresses; one night dress, Aileen Hard.
 Reading matter, Mrs. Little.
 Album quilt to First Presbyterian church room, Mrs. Judge Samuel Gould, Brighton.

Happiness consists, not in having much, but in being contented with little.

Gratitude is a feeling in which we may freely indulge without any fear of excess.

Idleness.

Idleness does more to reduce the average length of human life than the full normal exercises of one's industrial energies. In other words, more men and women rust out than wear out. Ease and the abundance of the good things of this life have apparently little influence in staying the hand of decay and death if the mental and physical faculties are restrained by will or circumstances from useful employment. Care, also, as the proverb says, will kill a cat with its nine-fold hold on existence, popularly speaking. Lack of proper sanitary conditions appears to have less to do in narrowing the space between the cradle and the grave than worry and the intense, mischievous reactions caused by attempts to ease the burdens of life by mental or physical stimulation. These general statements have received abundant confirmation from statistics compiled by Dr. G. F. Kolb. He seems to think that infant mortality could be reduced if mothers would suckle their own children, and in support of this he says that out of 100 children suckled by their mothers, only 18.2 died the first year; of those nursed by wet-nurses, 29.53 died; of those artificially fed, 60 died; of those brought up in institutions, 80 died.

Two Ways of Doing a Thing.

An express train filled with listless, sleepy-looking passengers, stood in the Pennsylvania railroad station at New York, the other day. The locomotive had backed up to the cars and poured a volumn of thick smoke into the hot, stifling atmosphere of the station. The travelers lolled in their seats looking as though they dreaded the discomforts of the long, dusty ride, but yet were impatient to be whirling along through the open country, away from the smoke, the smell, and the noise. A slow-moving, surly-looking boy of 14 or thereabouts, passed through the train, calling out:

"Fa-a-ns, 5 cents."

He spoke in a dreary, disconsolate tone, which made the people feel more tired and languid than ever. He went from the smoking-car to the rear of the train and sold just two fans.

A colored boy, about the same age, followed immediately after him, with a big armful of new bamboo fans. The difference in the two lads was striking. The darkey had a cheery, business-like way with him which appealed directly to the comfort and to the pockets of the perspiring passenger. In peculiar, boyish voice, as mellow as a flute, he called out:

"Keep yo'selves c-o-o-l, now, ladies an' gemmen! C-o-ney Island breezes! A big fan only 5 cents! Zephyrs from de billows! Buy em while you can!"

The effect was like a draught of cool air. Everbody at once wanted a fan. The darkey was as much in demand as the newsboy on an early train from the suburbs. People left their seats to avoid getting left. In two cars the boy sold 67 fans. He could have sold as many more if he had had them. He jumped off the platform as the train moved from the station with his pocket full of change and his heart full of joy. "Golly!" he shouted, "dat was quick business." The other boy stared in stupid astonishment and wondered how it was done.

A Pretty Story of a Blind Girl.

A blind girl had heard of the Bible, and had received lessons from it; but she was unable to read from it until some one presented her with a copy in raised letters. Then she read and read until her fingers became sore from contact with the letters. At last she felt that she must put the book aside, but before closing it she raised it to her lips. A thrill of delight was felt, and her face flushed. She discovered that she could read with her lips!—*Golden Days*.

The best protection against other people's ill manners are our own good manners.

The King's Daughters.

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

From The Continent.

The King's three little daughters, 'neath the
palace windows straying,
Had fallen into earnest talk that put an end to
playing,
And the weary King smiled once again to hear
what they were saying.

"It is I who love our father best!" the eldest
daughter said:
"I am the oldest Princess!" and her pretty
face grew red;
"What is there none can do without? I love
him more than bread!"

Then said the second Princess, with her bright
blue eyes aflame,
"Than bread? A common thing like bread!
Thou hast not any shame!
Glad am I it is I, not thou, called by our moth-
er's name.

"I love him with a better love than one so
tame as thine—
More than—oh, what then shall I say that is
both bright and fine,
And is not common? Yes, I know—I love him
more than wine!"

Then the little youngest daughter, whose
speech would sometimes halt
For her dreamy way of thinking, said, "You
are both in fault,
'Tis I who love our father best—I love him
more than salt."

Shrill little shrieks of laughter greeted her lat-
est word,
As the two joined hands, exclaiming, "But this
is most absurd."
And the King no longer smiling, was grieved
that he had heard.

For the little youngest daughter, with her eyes
of steadfast gray,
Could always move his tenderness, and charm
his care away.
"She grows more like her mother dead," he
whispered, day by day.

"But she is very little, and I will find no fault
That, while her sisters strive to see who most
shall me exalt,
She holds me nothing dearer than a common
thing like salt."

The portly cook was standing in the courtyard
by the spring;
He winked and nodded to himself, "That little
quiet thing
Knows more than both the others, as I will
show the King."

That afternoon at dinner there was nothing fit
to eat;

The King turned, frowning angrily, from soup
and fish and meat."
And he found a cloying sweetness in the dishes
that were sweet.

"And yet," he muttered, musing, "I cannot
find the fault;
Not a thing has tasted like itself but this hon-
est cup of malt."
Said the youngest Princess, slyly, "Dear father,
they want salt."

A sudden look of tenderness shown on the
King's dark face.
As he sat his little daughter in the dead Queen's
vacant place;
And he thought, "She has her mother's heart
—aye, and her mother's grace."

A Sympathetic Lawyer.

"Have you ever been in prison?"
asked a badgering lawyer of a modest
witness whom he was trying to bully.
The witness did not answer.

"Come now, speak up; no conceal-
ment, sir. Have you ever been in
prison?"

"Yes, sir, once," said the witness,
looking to the floor.

"I thought so. When and where
were you in prison?"

"In 1863."

"And where?"

The witness hesitated.

"Own up now; no dodging," said
the lawyer. "Tell me, now, where
were you in prison?"

"In—in—in—"

"Don't stammer, sir. Out with it!
Tell the prison."

"In—in Andersonville, sir."

A moment's painful pause.

Then the lawyer, who was an old
soldier, put his hands on his forehead,
as if a pistol shot had struck him, while
the tears came to his eyes. Then
jumping forward, he clasped his arms
around the witness' neck and exclaimed:

"My God. I was there myself!"

It is said that after Emerson's mem-
ory had failed, he one day wanted an
umbrella and could not call it by name,
but tried to describe it to his daughter.
When he said, "That thing which
stranger take away from you," he was
understood.

An Appeal from the Bible and Fruit Mission.

There is an earnest appeal in the last number of *Lights and Shadows*, a paper issued by the Bible and Fruit Mission, for help from the Christian women from New York. The work of this Mission is to visit the public hospitals, and carry to the patients not only the delicacies so much valued by invalids, but to bear with them messages of hope, peace and comfort. There are women in and around New York city, whose hearts go out toward the poor and suffering, and who long to do something to help them; but they accomplish nothing because they feel they have neither money nor opportunity. This Society offers a wide field of usefulness for just such Christians, and simply asks them to come and dispense the bounties others have provided.

"Ah, Miss," said one who had seen little save the dark side of life, "there is something better than money;" and it is this "something better" that costs the giver so little, and yet may be of such priceless value to the recipient, for which I plead.

It was my privilege last Winter to labor with some of the ladies of this Mission in the hospitals of the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. Every Tuesday morning we met at the coffee house at the foot of Twenty-Sixth street, and after receiving our passes (which are kindly furnished by the Commissioners of Public Charities), we went aboard the boat that lay at the dock ready to bear us to our field of labor.

My first experience taught me the need as well as the demands of this work. The Charity Hospital ambulance and Penitentiary car were emptying their human freight as we approached the dock, and my first impulse was to hurry away from the fearful sight; then remembering Him who came to just such as these with His healing touch, and who shed His blood that just such as these should be

washed "whiter than snow," I thanked Him that the work was within my reach; and looking backward, the winter is filled with sweet memories, for in trying to heal I was healed, and the sunshine I carried to others so brightened my life, that I learned there was indeed a luxury in doing good.

I might fill this article with incidents fraught with the deepest interest, and tell tales that would bear messages of earnest entreaty to every mother, wife, and sister throughout the length and breadth of the land; but go yourselves, Christian women, and learn the secrets that prison can reveal; and when you bend over criminals whose hearts are softened by suffering, tell them of Him who "was wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities," who died that we might live. The work is waiting for you, and from the topmost story of that stone building eyes are watching for you as they watched for us, and eager faces are pressed against the window ready to welcome you as they welcomed us; and though the eyes that "grow brighter at your coming" are those of criminals, though the hands that grasp yours are stained with crime, and the lips that murmur blessings upon you are those of convicts. He whose promises are yea and amen in Christ Jesus, shall so prosper your work that you shall realize even in this life the blessedness of His plaudit. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storm of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love, and mercy on the hearts of the thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts of those you leave behind as the stars on the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as bright on the earth as the stars of heaven.—[Chalmers.

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Adopted June 5th, 1882.

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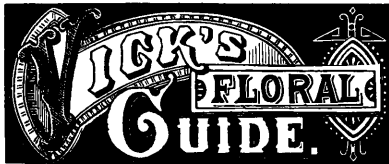
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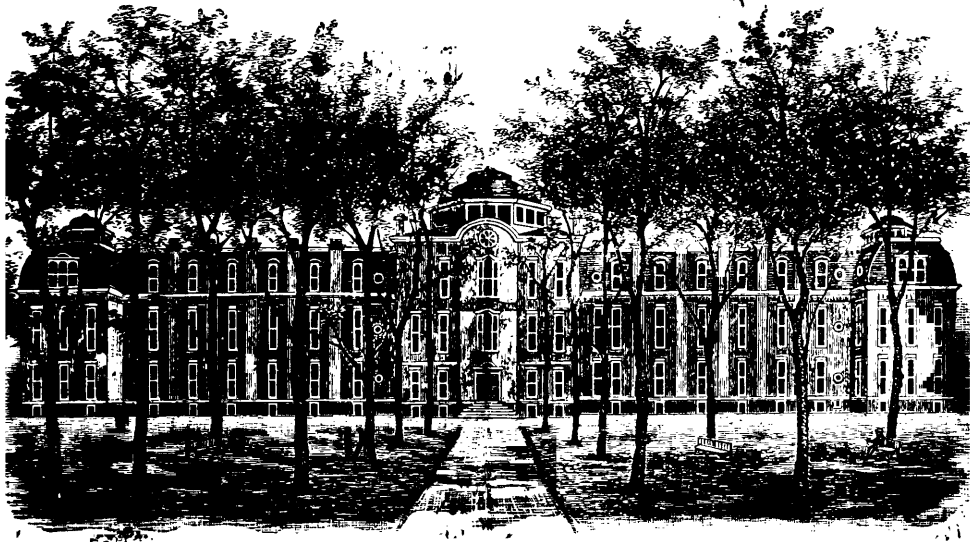
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AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 15, 1884.

No. 2.

For the HOSPITAL REVIEW.

Last Winter.

JENNY MARSH PARKER.

If, all in a trice, the snow drifts
And trees so black and bare.
Did change; and lo, the fragrance
Of sweet bloom in the air!
And singing brooks and bird song,
And wheat fields bending low,—
All in a trice, my darling—
Say, would we have it so?

Ah, better these lingering snow wastes,
This waiting and longing for Spring,
This digging in vain for a crocus;
Ah, pity, a robin dare sing.
Yes, better a blustering snow-storm,
When Summer was looked for—ah me—
Than a Summer-time born at one wishing,
And sweet as a Summer can be.

Think now, if to-morrow 't were over,
This long, weary waiting were done—
Our hope in full fruit, and the answer
To prayers chilled to silence—had come.

Think you we could bear it well, darling?
"To-morrow! to-morrow full May!"
Ah, better this drear wintry Springtime,
Than Summer should burst in a day.

King Alfred's Motto.

BY D. W. L.

"What a curious room!" exclaimed Lily Thacher, as for the first time she stood behind the heavy curtains which guarded the entrance to her cousin Bela's "snuggery"—a room which Lily had often longed to explore during her week's visit at her uncle's house.

As Bela left her, telling her she might examine anything she chose, Lily looked around with great interest at the many quaint and curious things which her cousin had collected in this cosy retreat. As she was looking at a queer old Ger-

man photograph on the wall, her eye was suddenly caught by something which seemed to her the most curious thing of all—a frieze of golden letters on a dark ground, running around the top of the wall. On looking more closely she found them to be mottoes or proverbs, some of which were appropriate to the special articles of furniture over which they were placed. Over a large chest of drawers was the motto, "Order is Heaven's first law;" over the work-table, "A stitch in time saves nine." But more than all the others, Lily's attention was attracted by a motto which ran along the wall just opposite her cousin's easy chair and writing table, where she spent most of her time—"Count that day lost in which thou hast done no good deed."

Just then Bela returned, and seeing Lily's gaze riveted on the frieze, she said: "Ah! you have discovered my pet motto; it was a favorite saying of good old King Alfred, and I try to let no day pass without acting on it at least a little, or else it reproaches me whenever my eyes fall upon it. And I cannot tell you, Lily, how much happier my life has been since I have tried King Alfred's rule. Now that I have once begun to look out for chances to do good deeds, the days are not long enough to do half that I might."

A call to dinner here interrupted the conversation, nor was there any chance to resume it before Lily's departure for home on the following day, but the golden motto on the frieze refused to be forgotten, and during her journey on the cars the words kept running through her head, keeping time with the jog of the wheels in an odd way, like this:

"Count that day
Lost in which
Thou hast done
No good deed."

Before reaching home she made up her mind to try and act out the motto for herself and see if her cousin Bela's words were true.

Lily Thacher was a sweet-tempered, merry girl of sixteen, always ready for

"a good time" and a great, favorite among her friends; but till now she had lived a careless, merry life, enjoying the good things which fell to her lot and thinking little of looking out for the happiness of others; and yet she was not any more selfish than most healthy, hearty girls of her age, only thoughtless, for she had yet to learn the exquisite happiness of definitely seeing others' happiness as well as of her own.

The morning after her return home, she procured a piece of white cardboard about a foot square, painted on it, in large blue and gold letters, the motto, and hung it by a blue ribbon at one side of her looking-glass.

"There!" said she, "I shall be sure to see it at least three times a day, anyway! And now for the day's 'good deed'—what shall it be? I must hunt up some poor woman to clothe or some sick man to send flowers to."

Just then her mother's voice was heard calling, "Lily, will you help Hugh mend his kite? I know this is the last day of vacation, but I have all the week's mending to do, and haven't time to help him."

Lily ran down into the sitting-room and patiently helped Hugh with his torn kite. She was then just about to run off to see the girls whom she was wild to tell about her visit, when her heart suddenly smote her as she noticed how pale and tired her mother looked bending over the great basket which held the week's mending. Something within her said, "charity begins at home," and she determined to try one little "good deed."

"Dear mamma," she said, "do lie down just a little while, you look so tired. I will look after Hugh, and you will be so much fresher for the clothes afterwards."

Mrs. Thacher, after some coaxing, consented to lie down for a little while, for she had slept but little during the past night. Indeed, so tired was she that in a few minutes she was fast asleep.

Lily in the meantime had set Hugh

to playing blocks, and had herself taken her mother's place by the basket. If there was one thing which Lily hated to do above all others, it was to mend, but she resolved to surprise her mother with the sight of the empty basket, so with a little sigh at the thought of the girls, she began distributing the clothes in various piles, mending all that needed it, and after an hour and a half of diligent work she had the satisfaction of putting them all away in their respective bureau drawers.

She had hardly finished when Mrs. Thacher came from her room. Lily was a hundred times repaid for her self-sacrifice at the sight of her mother's mystified face as she spied the empty basket, and more than all with the loving, tender kiss with which she rewarded Lily for her morning's work.

That night as Lily's eye fell on the card by her bureau, and she thought how happy she had been all the afternoon, she said to herself, "King Alfred's right after all, the day has n't been quite lost."

The next day during the school recess, Lily heard the girls say that old Miss Tibbits was laid up with rheumatism again, and they wondered how she would get on without her niece, who had just gone away for a visit.

Lily thought of the "good deed" she was going to try for that day, and presently plucked up courage to suggest that each of the half dozen girls in her special "set" should go and read to Miss Tibbits in turn every afternoon, and so make her less lonely. Now Miss Tibbits was not a favorite with the girls, and several laughed and politely declined the invitation; but three or four agreed with Lily to take turns in enlivening the poor old lady's dull days.

Lily went first, carrying with her a dish of lemon jelly and a bright book, both of which greatly cheered Miss Tibbits. Each girl brought something when it fell to her turn to go—a bunch of flowers, a few oranges, or a bunch of grapes. At the end of a fortnight, when she was able to be around again,

poor, cross, worried, lonely little Miss Tibbits seemed like a different person, so much good had these young girls' smiling faces done her. No one knows how keenly old people enjoy little attentions from the young.

So the days passed, and though some Lily counted as lost, on many a night her sleep was the sweeter for having done more than one deed in helping others.

One day it was a tedious, garrulous caller to whom Lily showed such polite forbearance in listening to the long story of her complaints and ailments, controlling her impatience and so perseveringly turning her visitor's thoughts in a more hopeful and cheerful channel, that when she at last rose to go she exclaimed: "I've not enjoyed such a sunshiny hour for many a long day."

On another day Lily, with her mother's permission, dived into a trunk of old clothes in a dark corner of the garret, and after an hour's mending and patching produced several warm and now neat garments to give to a poor woman whose husband's death had left her suddenly destitute. Nor must be forgotten the two pairs of old boots on which she sewed more than two dozen buttons for the poor old woman's children; for, next to darning stockings, Lily most abominated sewing on shoe buttons.

Another day she went to a bookstore and bought, with two weeks' spending-money, her favorite Sunday book—Dr. Miller's "Week-day Religion." She sent off the book by mail to an aunt in a Western home, who was tired out and dragged down by worrying household cares. Weeks afterwards her aunt wrote: "You can't imagine what a help your little book has been to me. When I feel utterly discouraged I look into it and pluck up courage again. I have lent it to nearly a dozen people, and they all like it as much as I do."

Another day Lily collected from her friends all the old numbers of *St. Nicholas*, and other "Children's Magazines," which she could find, and sent them off

in a box by express to a poor school-teacher down South, who had a little lame brother and little time or means to amuse him.

So Lily went on, trying every day to do something for some one else, and soon her companions noticed the difference in the thoughtless, jolly girl—now become so thoughtful for other's pleasure instead of her own, and more than ever loved by them all, for she was not one whit less merry and companionable.

By-and-by they discovered the old motto hanging in her room; they each wanted to copy it, and soon in all that little band of girls there was not one who did not feel the blessed truth of old King Alfred's motto (as some one has rhymed it):

"Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun
Views by thy hand
No worthy action done."

Holman Hunt's Masterpiece.

For some seven years or more, Holman Hunt has been engaged on a picture which when finished will be one of the world's masterpieces. It is to be called "The Procession of the Innocents," and it represents the flight into Egypt of the Holy Family. The Virgin Mother sits upon a donkey, holding the infant Saviour in her arms, and at the donkey's head Joseph walks. The upper background of the picture is the night sky of Judea, a matchless depth of dark greenish blue, out of which the stars shine, and brightest of all shines the star of Bethlehem.

The attention of Joseph is given wholly to the dangers of the way. Under some near trees is a little village where treachery may lurk, and two dogs have come out to bark at the party, but are hushed as with a sense of something solemn in the air. Joseph is just setting his foot into a brook which must be forded in their onward way. The stars are mirrored in this brook; and you can see how his foot is shattering their reflection into shining fragments. Joseph sees that the

dogs are near, and the brook is inconvenient, but he has no sense of anything supernatural about him.

And yet, all along the way, straight across the foreground of the picture are walking, a shining, wonderful throng—the spirits of the martyred male children, slain by Herod the King. The leader of the procession has a censer in his hand, and already has learned the rapture of Heaven. One after one, the shining children follow him—not winged cherubs, like those of the old masters, but human little ones, transfigured to strange loveliness by the heavenly light.

Some of those in the rear, the latest dead, seem hardly yet to understand that they are not still on earth. One clasps in his hand his dead bird, killed with him when he was killed; and others hold flowers that grew in earthly gardens. Round all of them flows the wonderful transfiguring light of other worlds than ours.

It is the Saviour, the Lord of Souls, who first sees the shining throng, and through Him the innocents are made visible to His mother. The Virgin looks over and beyond her own Holy son, held tenderly in her arms, to those other shining children, for whom other mothers are weeping, and will not be comforted. The expression of her face is something wonderful. She is young, but she does not seem a girl. The solemnity of motherhood has deepened her eyes—its tender graciousness illumines her face. Her smile is glad with holy triumph, and yet sad with pity for the sorrow that is in the world.

I know of no other picture which so fully realizes my idea of her on whom the spirit of God has descended.

The landscape of the picture is an actual Jewish landscape, between Bethlehem and Gaza, and it was in Jerusalem that Mr. Holman Hunt first began to paint it; and from that circumstance comes the fact that so many years have been spent on the work. It was commenced on a fatally poor canvas, and after perhaps two years of labor had

been expended on it, the canvas began to crack hopelessly. Mr. Hunt spent several more years in experiments. He painted and re-painted—then cut out a portion and sewed in new canvas, and tried to paint over the seam.

“Life is short,” he said to me, “and art is long, and when one is no longer young, it is hard to give up and throw away years of work.”

But finally it came to that. The old canvas was abandoned as hopeless, and the picture was re-commenced in London, where it is now nearing its completion. I saw it the other day in Mr. Hunt's studio at Chelsea; and to see it once is to see it always. Closing my eyes now, it is all before me—the star-sown Jewish sky; the Divine Child with the strange wisdom in His eyes; the mother, serene, and glad and pitiful; Joseph, kind and careful, and of the earth earthly; and then the long procession of shining little ones, round whom the heavenly light flows, as they too march on towards Egypt.—*Louise Chandler Moulton.*

The Mother of Shakespeare.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Little enough is known of Shakespeare's history. Still less of his father's, and until recently scarcely anything of his mother's story. An English gentleman has, through the kindness of Mrs. Lucy, of Charlecote Park—the park where it is said the deer-theft took place—become the possessor of facts regarding Shakespeare's mother, hardly as yet promulgated to the reading world. This person is a keen hunter for Shakespearian treasures, and every tradition in Warwickshire has been carefully weighed and sifted by him, so that his report on any topic connected with the great dramatist is worthy of notice.

What he has gleaned with regard to Mary Arden, the beautiful name of the mother of William Shakespeare, I will give in as few words as possible.

Whoever has been in Stratford and

explored the region round about that most interesting spot will remember a little hamlet called Wilmcote, in the parish of Aston Cantlow. It was here that Shakespeare's mother was born, the youngest daughter of farmer Robert Arden. There are many reasons for the supposition that she was born in 1534, and the discoverer of the Lucy record seems satisfied that was the year of her birth.

She was her father's favorite daughter, and when he died, in 1556, her name is the first one mentioned in his will. Old Robert left his child, the comely young Mary (for she must have been beautiful), a portion of his property in land, and the crop then growing upon the ground at a place called Ashbies. He also mentions her in various other ways, evincing a special regard and tenderness for Mary above any of her sisters.

One item of his bequests to her orders the payment of a legacy of £6 13s. 4d., to be paid before any division is made of his property. Mary is also named executrix of her father's estate, a proof of the parent's confidence in the child.

One of Robert Arden's tenants happened to be Shakespeare's grandfather, and it is quite probable that he followed the body of Mary's father to his grave in the old burying-place of Wilmcote. It is not unreasonable to suppose that John Shakespeare, his son, then a young tradesman of some twenty-four years, went to the funeral with his father. Perhaps he there saw pretty and gifted Mary Arden in tears bending over the coffin, and as pity is akin to love, then and there resolved to marry her. At any rate, John Shakespeare became the accepted lover of Mary Arden, and married her about the year 1557.

The dignity of burghess of the town of Stratford was conferred on Shakespeare's son, after his marriage with Miss Arden, who, bringing him as her wedding portion twenty-two broad acres, and six pounds, thirteen shillings in cash, added no small consideration

to his start in life. John brought Mary at once to his house in Henley street, some four miles from her own cottage in the country. The house, greatly altered, of course, is the low dwelling shown to this day as Shakespeare's birthplace.

England, in those days, as now, had a pleasant custom of putting flowers very profusely in the front windows; even of the smallest houses, and we may be sure that the mother of him who knew so well every flower that bloomed, and who loved them all with a poet's tender enthusiasm, would bring a ready hand to the decoration of her new home.

It was a sad time in her land, when Mary Shakespeare came into Stratford as a young bride. The horrors of Smithfield were casting deep gloom all over England. Disasters were heaping up national misfortunes day by day, and no one knew how great a calamity might yet be in store for Britain. The Queen Mary was just then dead, and Elizabeth took the sceptre amid the acclamation of the land. On the 15th of September, 1558, John Shakespeare came up to the font in Stratford church and presented for baptism Mary's first child, a daughter, whose name was called Joan.

Then came in due order other children, Margaret dying a few months after birth. In April, 1563, Mary's first-born son opened his eyes in the daylight of Stratford, and William Shakespeare began to live his life. His mother saw him grow into boyhood, watched his young powers ripen into genius, followed with keen maternal eyes his various fortunes, and no doubt welcomed him back to Stratford after all his trials. In 1608 Shakespeare saw his mother laid in Stratford earth, and imagination pictures the "great heir of fame" looking down into her humble grave.

Only in Shakespeare's own words the expression of Shakespeare's grief for his mother's death can be adequately mentioned. In Henry V. he has put on immortal record these memorable lines :

"A testament of noble-ending love,
it forced
Those waters from me which I would have
stopped:
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gave me up to tears."

— *Youth's Companion.*

"Wife."

Ruskin, whose voice is that of a prophet, recalling men and women to those domestic ways in which pleasantness and peace are found, thus writes of the beautiful word "wife."

It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of *femme*.

But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver."

You must either be house-wives or house-moths; remember that. In the deep sense you must either weave men's fortunes or embroider them, or feed upon them and bring them to decay.

Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her.

The stars may be overhead, the glow-worm in the night's cool grass may be the fire at her feet, but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion—shedding its quiet for those who else are homeless.

This, I believe, is the woman's true place and power.

Broken Bones.

A doctor should, of course, be sent for in most cases, as it is difficult to determine the character of the fracture.

But the fracture of an arm-bone, especially in the case of children—their bones are not yet brittle—may be like that of a green twig, partly bent and partly broken.

In this case, if the arm can be straightened without much, if any, pain to the child, the parent may himself bring the parts into place, keep

them so with splints and bandages, and otherwise support the arm.

A broken bone heals of itself almost as readily as a cut muscle. Rest—absolute rest, no movement of the fractured surface on each other—is the main thing.

But if the fracture is in two or more places, or the bone is broken into small pieces, or a jagged end is thrust into the flesh, the doctor, of course, should be called.

If the hand or foot has been badly crushed, immerse it in quite warm water, and keep it there till the doctor comes. Perhaps he may conclude to let it remain until the inflammation has subsided—two or three days—before he extracts the broken bits.

Hot water has wonderful power to relieve pain, reduce inflammation, and promote healing. Hands have thus been saved for quite good service, which had been crushed under a trip-hammer.

In the case of a broken leg, don't lift up the wounded person. The jagged ends of the bone may badly lacerate the flesh. Get some door from its hinges—or something of that kind—and let the person *draw himself* on to it, and into such position as he may find least painful. In this case, too, absolute rest of the parts is *the one condition* of cure.

Of late years the plaster-of-Paris bandage has, to a large extent, taken the place of splints. It is vastly superior every way, and with it the person may sooner be allowed some use of his limbs.

John Randolph once said: "I should have been an atheist if it had not been for one recollection—and that was the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my little hands in hers, and taught me to say Our Father, who art in Heaven."

Mrs. Florence E. Cory, a practical carpet designer, has opened, in New York, a school for women desirous of learning designing as a means of earning their own livelihood.

The Wayside Watcher.

"All the day you sit here idle,
And the Master at the door—
The fields are white to harvest,
And our labor almost o'er.
You are dreaming, only dreaming!
Time glideth fast away;
The eventide is waning,
Soon breaks eternal day."

"Brother, my hand is feeble,
My strength is well-nigh spent,
I saw you all at noonday,
I marked the way you went;
I cried 'God's blessing on them,
What a favored band they be!
But I'll watch upon the highway—
He'll find a work for me.'"

"You tarry, still you tarry,"
Said the laborer again,
"You idle on the highway
And wait all day in vain.
'Tis easy labor waiting;
On the dusty road we tread
And toil within the vineyard;
Go out and work instead,"

The watcher smiled and answered
"My brother, it is so?
Who waiteth on the Master,
The Master's will shall know.
He hath taught me one sweet lesson,
I've learned it not too late,
There is service for the feeblest
That truly stand and wait.

"Have ye known the shadows darken
On weary nights of pain,
And hours that seem to lengthen
Till the night comes round again?
The folded hands seem idle;
If folded at His word,
'Tis a holy service, trust me,
In obedience to the Lord."

None e'er shall lack a service
Who only seek His will;
And He doth teach His children
To suffer and be still.
In love's deep font of treasures
Such precious things are stored,
Laid up for you, O blessed,
That wait upon the Lord.

Deal gently with those who stray.
Draw back by love and persuasion. A
kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind
word is more valuable to the lost than a
mine of gold.

Young people should never forget
how much the choice of association has
to do with success or failure in life.

To learn much, we must learn little
at a time, and learn that well.—Locke

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPT. 15, 1884.

Hospital Patients.

On the first day of September we visited the Hospital and found a large number of patients enjoying themselves on the lawn. We looked in vain, in his accustomed place, for Jack, who was so badly burnt, and who for months has been receiving Hospital treatment. We were sorry to learn the hot weather had had an unfavorable effect upon him, and that for ten days he had been confined to his cot in the tent, and that his wounds made no progress in healing.

Ten were under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward. As we entered it, Dr. H., and the house physician, and two nurses, were engaged in dressing the leg of a young man who had fallen down the elevator well in Powers' Building, and was suffering from a compound fracture of the left leg. The accident had occurred two weeks previous, and the patient was doing well. Another patient had been struck by the cars, and his foot and leg so injured that amputation had been necessary, but he was improving. In the Hall Pavilion was a man who had been caught between the bumpers of two cars; his thigh was pinched and split open between nine and ten inches, exposing the bone; he was gaining ground.

There were seventeen patients in the Male Medical Ward; one of these, an aged man of eighty, was dying. On the tenth of July he was on the cars, journeying to his son in New Jersey, when he fell helpless and was brought to the Hospital. One inmate had the rheumatism and was confined to the house most of the time with it. Two men were suffering from malaria; one kept his cot all the time. The other, for the first time, was sitting up. Most of the patients in this Ward were convalescing, and were on the lawn. In the Cross Ward were two fever patients who were doing well.

Fifteen were inmates of the Female Surgical Ward. One of these was an aged colored woman, "Margaret," who had formerly for some time received Hospital care. She was afflicted with an ulcerated limb that caused her much pain, but the nurse said she was very patient and uncomplaining. Mrs. L., a cancer patient, had been very low and rallied. She was under the effects of morphine when we saw her. Mrs. J., a paralytic, was very helpless. Mrs. P. had been quite sick but was better. A woman whose shoulders had been broken by the falling of a tree was gaining, as was also one with ulcerated leg. One woman had taken poison, but had recovered and gone home. The Lying-In Ward was empty. There were but nine occupants of the Female Medical Ward. No death had occurred the previous month. A dysentery patient had left. One who had had a fistula was improving, and she was the only inmate of the Ward confined to her cot. Mrs. McI.'s swollen limbs had been more troublesome than usual, and a paralytic patient had been more unwell.

Our Little Folks.

On the lawn north of the hospital we found two of our little boys, Perry and Tommy. The former, who in his sleep had fallen from a fifth story window and broken his arm, was greatly improved. He looked bright and happy. His wrist was swollen and painful, his right hip somewhat troublesome, his back still weak, but he was gaining fast, and it seems almost a miracle that he was not killed by his fall. Tommy, the bone of whose left leg is diseased, is improving, and he goes about the lawn with his crutch; he was born in the Hospital. Johnnie, who had St. Vitus's dance, is so much better that he expects in about two weeks to go home. Emma B. has had another plaster of Paris jacket and gone home for a visit. Rosa U. is improving, and spends a good deal of time on

the lawn. The physicians have attempted to graft flesh on Katy's burnt limb, and are now applying strips of adhesive plaster, washing the limb and changing the plasters every few days. The poor child has to exercise a great deal of patience, but we never hear her complain or see a gloomy frown upon her brow. It is a great thing to learn to bear trials without repining. Minnie B., whose heart was diseased, is improving, and looked very happy amusing herself with her needle.

Sometimes when we hear children wearied with their sports, and cross and fretful because they cannot do everything they fancy, we wish we could take them to the Hospital and teach them a lesson of patience from some of our little sufferers, who for months have been receiving Hospital treatment, some of them encased in plaster of Paris, some confined to their cots, and others using crutches and having painful ulcers. There are little children who weekly visit the sick Hospital patients, and their visits are welcomed by the youthful sufferers.

♦♦♦
Acceptable Donations.

We are indebted to kind friends for a copy of the new Directory of the city, that is peculiarly valuable this year, as the recent change in numbers makes it almost a necessity.

The Young Ladies' Missionary Society, of the First Presbyterian Church, have given twenty-five copies of the Gospel of St. John, in very large type—very convenient, for invalids and aged patients.

♦♦♦
 The Treasurer of the Hospital Review and of the Pavilion Fund, is absent from the city. Her reports for August will be published in the October Review.

♦♦♦
 Dr. F. H. Welles has just left the Hospital, and Dr. W. A. Oliver is to take his place.

♦♦♦
 Fruits and vegetables are always useful at the Hospital.

The Flower Mission make their acceptable visits, and their welcome offerings cheer the invalids.

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Died.
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At Rochester City Hospital, August 1st, 1884, of marasmus, Clara Smith, aged 19 days.

At Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 5, 1884, of old age, Mrs. Eliza B. Knapp, aged 86.

At Rochester City Hospital, Aug. 10th, 1884, of Bright's disease, Daniel P. Allen.

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Donations for August.
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Mrs. J. O. Hall, old cotton and reading matter.

Scrantom & Wetmore, three Whittier and one Ruskin Diaries.

Mrs. Henry Moore, apples and peaches for "Jack."

Mrs. Wm. Corning, apples.

Mrs. Wm. L. Halsey, one and one-half barrel apples.

Mrs. Wm. L. Halsey, four bushels of apples.

Mrs. S. D. Walbridge, two bushels of apples.

Mrs. C. H. Traver, second-hand clothing.

Mrs. C. H. Traver, old sheets.

Mrs. D. H. Little, reading matter—illustrated papers.

Mrs. Wm. Little and Miss Whittlesey, flowers.

Miss Blackner, reading matter.

Mrs. H. C. Munn, reading matter.

Young Ladies' Missionary Society, 1st Presbyterian Church, twenty-four copies Gospel St. John.

Mrs. Whitbeck, apples.

♦♦♦
Hospital Report.
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Number in Hospital Aug. 1, 1884.....	68
" received during month.....	37
" births during month.....	1
	— 106
Number deaths during Aug.....	3
" discharged during month.....	40
" remaining Aug. 30, 1884.....	63
	— 106

♦♦♦
Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.
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Under this title THE CENTURY will begin with the November number of the present year, and continue without intermission (if possible), a series of separate papers, the object of which is to set forth, in clear and graphic manner, the life and spirit of the most important of modern military conflicts—the War for the Union. The main portion of the scheme will be papers of a

popular character on the great engagements of the war, by general officers high in command at the time, either upon the Union or the Confederate side. In many instances the contributor will be the officer of first command, and in every instance a participant in the engagements under consideration. For instance, the battles of Shiloh and Vicksburg will be described by General U. S. Grant, who will contribute four papers to the series; General Beauregard will write of the First Bull Run—General McClellan, of Antietam; General Rosecrans, of Stone River; etc., etc. The Passage of the Forts below New Orleans will be described by Admiral Porter, and the Western Gunboat Service by Rear-Admiral Walke, and the fight between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac* by Colonel John Taylor Wood, the senior surviving officer of the latter vessel. Other prominent Confederate Generals have engaged to contribute, and some of these contributions will be hardly less notable than those above mentioned. In several instances briefer supplementary papers will chronicle special incidents or consider special phases of an engagement. Personal reminiscences of several of the most prominent military leaders now dead will also give variety to the scheme.

A Young Hero.

About six weeks ago little Belle Ferguson, the daughter of the night watchman at the Columbus and Rome station, had both legs lacerated in the turn-table, the skin being so far separated that the physicians told the family it would be impossible to make the parts heal unless fresh bits of skin were grafted on. As soon as this was known, Belle's brother, a lad twelve years old, offered to let them cut out the necessary skin from his arm. At the appointed hour he met the engagement, bared his arm, and, by means of knife and scissors, four pieces of skin were taken from his arm and transplanted to his sister's. The skin is growing finely.

The Higher Life.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

When on my day of life the night is falling,
And in the winds from unsunned spaces
blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so
pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay;
O, Love Divine, O, Helper, ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay.

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade
and shine;
And kindly faces to my own uplifting,
The love that answers mine.

I have but Thee, O, Father, let Thy spirit
Be with me then, to comfort and uphold;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding
grace,
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade, where sin and striving
cease,
And flows forever through Heaven's green
expansions,
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me steal-
ing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing
The life for which I long.

Water Spiders.

Most people have seen or heard of the diving-bell, which is considered to be a great invention of man. And yet, long before man thought of his diving bell, the water spider had hers, in which she reared her numerous family. There are several remarkable things about this nest, and one of them is the manner in which it is made. Man makes a great deal of fuss when he wants a diving-bell; there is metal to be got and melted down, casting and riveting to be done, and then the great bell has to be swung down through the water. Mrs. Waterspider makes no fuss at all, and asks for no help, not even her husband's. In that business-like manner

which characterizes all spiders, she boldly plunges into the water and walks down the stem of a pond weed. When she has selected a suitable position for her silken palace, she fixes a number of strong lines in all directions, for anchorage. Then in the midst of these she constructs a beautiful web, somewhat in the shape of a thimble, but not quite so large. It is full of water and, therefore, *not* like a diving-bell. How is the water to be got out and replaced with air?

The old naturalists explained the difficulty in this way. They said that the spider so arranged her web on the stems of the plants, that the little bubbles of oxygen gas which all green plants give off, should be caught in this trap and retained. The true explanation is far more wonderful; she carries the whole of the air required from the surface! Now look at this spider resting on the leaf before us. You see that its body and legs are covered with grayish hairs. When I touch it, note the rapidity with which it plunges into the water. The movement is so quick that the air has not time to escape from her hairy coat, and she goes down surrounded by a globule of air. When across the threshold of her own home she carefully dislodges this air by rubbing herself with her legs. The liberated bubble immediately rises to the roof of her house and there remains. In this way she at length fills the whole bell, and takes up her position in it, always head downwards. Here she passes the winter, keeping snug and quiet until the warm days of Spring invite her to come to the surface in quest of flies and other small insects. About this time Mr. Waterspider comes to inspect the house, and, finding it is hardly large enough for two, they bring down more air, which expands the elastic walls, and gives the requisite space.

Soon the lady of the house constructs a neat and comfortable cocoon, which she fixes in the roof of her nest and deposits about a hundred eggs in it. In due time they hatch, and the swarm of tiny spiders make themselves happy

until they are each large enough to set up a separate establishment. This interesting little creature is very common on most ponds, running over the surface, or among the stones and grass on the margin. I should add, that it usually ascends and descends by means of a strong thread which is constructed for that purpose, and is stretched from the mouth of the nest to some floating leaf at the surface. Such is the economy of the water spider, which is only one of many wonderful things which inhabit the ponds.

Dr. Johnson has described another species of water spider, which does not trouble to build a sub-aquatic house, but takes possession of an empty snail shell. After making a silken door for the mouth of the shell she brings down air to fill it, and thus rendered buoyant, it rises to the surface, forming a splendid ambush from which she can pounce upon her prey.—*The Welcome.*

Chief-Justice Marshall.

John Marshall, the most eminent of the Chief-Justices of the Supreme Court, was as simple as a child. His manners were rustic, and he was too great to trouble himself about his dignity.

"Why, do you know," said a Virginia gentleman to a young man from Boston, "I have met Marshall carrying his dinner through the streets of Richmond in an open basket!"

As this act did not seem degrading to the young man, who had often seen Boston merchants doing the same thing, the Virginian went further.

"Yes, sir," he continued, with emphasis; "and I have seen that man creeping on his hands and knees, with a straw in his mouth!"

The Bostonian was a little startled to hear this, of a man who wore the silk gown of a chief-justice with such dignity. But when he knew the explanation, his admiration for the great lawyer was intensified.

In those days, the game of quoits was popular in the South, and Marshall

was very fond of playing it. When disputes arose, as they did constantly, it was necessary to measure the distances of the quoits from the hub. As a straw was commonly at hand, it was used as the instrument of measuring.

Whatever Marshall did he did thoroughly. He shirked none of the duties of the game, and would as soon get down on his hands and knees to measure a quoit's distance from the hub as sit down on the court-bench.

Once, while the Chief-Justice was returning from holding court in North Carolina, he became absorbed by some knotty question of law. Suddenly he found himself halted by a small tree, which his careless driving had allowed to get between the front wheel and the body of his buggy.

Seeing a negro working in an adjoining field, he called to him to bring an axe and cut the tree down.

"Massa," said the wiser black man, "der's no 'casion to cut down dat tree; jist you back de buggy and you'll be all right."

The Chief-Justice, pleased at the good sense of the negro, felt in his pocket, but, finding no silver, told him that he would leave him something at the tavern near by. When the negro applied, a dollar was handed him.

"Do you know who left this dollar for you?" asked the landlord.

"No, sir," answered the negro; "I know he must be a gentleman, 'case he left money, as he said he would, but I think he is the biggest fool I ever saw."

Malignant Carbuncle.

This very painful and dangerous disease is also known as malignant pustule; also as anthrax, which is simply Greek for a *live coal*, while carbuncle is from the Latin, and has the same meaning. The name refers to its red color and its burning character.

In appearance it resembles a boil, without a core. Its chief prevalence is among animals, and being highly infectious, those who deal in their wool, hair, hides and flesh are liable to con-

tract it from simple contact; to inhale the contagion as it floats in the air; or to take it into their system with their drinking water or milk.

It is one of the germ diseases, and is due to a bacterium (*bacillus anthracis*), first discovered in 1849. This anthrax bacillus is a rod-shaped plant so small that it would take two thousand five hundred of them, laid end to end, to extend an inch.

It increases by dividing itself in two, each part becoming a perfect whole. This process perpetually repeated with each individual, soon yields a countless, ever-multiplying crop, whose nutriment is derived from the fluids of the body. Its spores (seeds) like seeds in general, may retain their vitality for years, unaffected by climate or temperature.

The seat of the disease is generally the parts of the body most exposed—the face, neck, hands and arms. It begins with a small pimple, difficult at first to be distinguished from a common pimple, and yet it may cause death in three or four days. There is much itching.

Soon red streaks radiate from it. Then there are lancinating pains, which may extend to the chest, arms, abdomen, and even to the lower extremities. There is very extensive gangrene (mortification). Though a very fatal disease, some severe cases recover. The blood is dark and tarry, and death most often results from paralysis, due to a clot (thrombus) in some of the principal vessels of the brain.—*Youth's Companion*.

Garibaldi.

It is related that one evening in 1861, as General Garibaldi was going home, he met a Sardinian shepherd lamenting the loss of a lamb out of his flock. Garibaldi at once turned to his staff, and announced his intention of scouring the mountain in search of the lamb. A grand expedition was immediately organized. Lanterns were brought, and old officers of many a campaign started off, full of zeal, to hunt the fugitive,

But no lamb was found, and the soldiers were ordered to their beds. The next morning, Garibaldi's attendant found him in bed fast asleep. He was surprised at this, for the General was always up before anybody else. The attendant went off softly, and returned in half an hour. Garibaldi still slept. After another delay the attendant waked him. The General rubbed his eyes, and so did the attendant when he saw the old warrior take from under the covering the lost lamb, and bid him convey it to the shepherd. The General had kept up the search through the night until he had found it.

The highest honor a human being is capable of, is to preserve a spotless name.—*Rev. S. P. Herron.*

Teacher (severely)—“ John, why is it that boys' hands are always dirtier than girls'?” *John* (hesitatingly)—“ Please, sir, the girls washes the dishes.”

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

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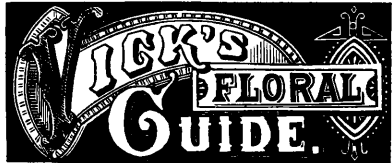
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

“I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME.”

VOL. XXI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCTOBER 15, 1884.

No. 3.

God's Best Gift.

O gracious gift of Life, that here I see
Serenely dwelling in a woman's form;
What is it gives to thee, thy mystic power
All hearts to capture and all sense to charm?

Is it the wintry witness of thy years,
Whiter than snow-flakes, resting on thy head?
Is it the undimmed lustre of thine eye
Whispering of youth, when youth itself hath
fled?

Is it the spirit, like an angel's tone
Quickening thy voice to music of its own?
Is it the power to comfort, soothe and guide,
To carry hope, where hope has been denied?
Ah, no! for He who made did crown the whole
With one sublimer gift—a woman's soul.

M. M. S.

By desiring what is perfectly good,
even when we don't quite know what it
is, and cannot do what we would, we
are part of the divine power against
evil.—*George Eliot.*

For the HOSPITAL REVIEW.

Lakeside Memories.

“One comes and another goes,” were the prophetic words that foreshadowed the advent of a little stranger in a childless abode, and the departure of the *houseband* from another home. Thrice this summer at the lakeside, this prophecy has been fulfilled, and joy and sorrow have left their impress on those who have tabernacled by Ontario's waters. Thrice have welcoming parents echoed the sweet evangel, “Unto us a child is born;” thrice the dark-robed angel has borne through “the portal we call death,” those who were fondly cherished.

With more than our wonted eagerness we linger at our lakeside home for sacred memories hallow every spot. Here too

"The forms of the departed
Enter at the open door,
The beloved ones, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more."

Here faith has signally triumphed and borne its precious testimony to Christ's sustaining presence, and He who stilled Galilee's surging billows has imparted peace to the troubled spirit.

At West Beach we have greatly missed the sunny smile and genial presence of our lakeside physician, and the cordial greeting of his beloved companion, who for many years, under the shadow of "The Oaks," has illustrated the hospitality they symbolize.

A new tide of pleasure has swept over our sandy beaches, and on the broad piazzas of Hotel Ontario, and in her cheerful apartments multitudes have imbibed full draughts of invigorating air, as they have listened to the inspiring music, and availed themselves of the new attractions that have changed this once quiet retreat into the "Coney Island of Western New York."

New cottages this year have risen in goodly proportions, far more graceful in their outlines, and complete in their appointments, than the simple structures first erected on the beach and bluff. The lanterns of varied hues that adorn these and other cottages, when reflected in the water form a striking feature in the evening landscape, and, with the electric lights, the brilliant flames from the blast furnace, and the enchanting moonlight, make those who view them from the row boats dream they are in fairy land.

The building of a Children's Summer Hospital has been advocated, and those who appreciate its value, ere long, we trust will find some appropriate refuge for the little ones escaping from the perils of summer life in the crowded city.

The acceptable aid of one of our city pastors has lent an additional charm to our occasional Sabbath song service, and the felt need of regular Sabbath worship has

prompted the dwellers by the lake to raise funds and secure plans for the erection of a Union Chapel, where, next summer, the voice of song and thanksgiving will mingle with the murmuring of the waters, as the inmates of the lakeside cottages gather in the "Union Chapel of Ontario Beach." This, as its name imparts, is to be entirely unsectarian in its character, and we hope our ministerial friends of different denominations, from the neighboring city, or those who may be sojourning in our vicinity, will accept the hospitality of our cottagers in exchange for their professional services, and that thus, through the summer months, we may more truly, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," "not forsaking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is."

We have welcomed a new neighbor on our western border, who is devising liberal plans, and under his generous rule we doubt not the bluff will unfold new charms and health and prosperity abound.

The summer cottages are most of them tenantless, but the sound of the axe and hammer indicate that new homes are preparing for those who in 1885 will seek a haven at West Beach. H. S. T.

Reconciliation.

FOREST HILL CEMETERY, NEAR MADISON, WIS.*

The sun lets fall a pleasant light
Upon this woodland space,
Where loved ones, vanished from our sight,
Rest in the earth's embrace.

His splendors mock the griefs that speak
From each memorial stone;
And me, who linger here to seek
Communion with my own.

When skies were dark and March winds
blew,
By yonder oaken shade,
That heart, so loving, large and true,
Beneath the turf was laid.

But still yon gleaming waters leap
Rejoicing to the sun;
And, careless who may laugh or weep,
The circling hours run.

*Many of the higher portions of this cemetery give near and beautiful views of Lakes Mendota and Monona.

These skies, with grand, untroubled brow,
Bend calmly over her,
And heedlessly the south winds blow,
And light the oak leaves stir.

While mated birds, on happy wing,
Flit through the oaken shade,
Or pause above a grave to sing—
The grave where she was laid!

All nature seems to give consent,
And makes no sign of pain;
"A human life to earth I lent,
Then took it back again.

"What is it to the circling hours,
The life they take or bring?
What is it to the dews and flowers,
Or birds on happy wing?"

But I and Nature are at strife,
Nor can I rise and say:
"Tis well you gave me that sweet life,
Tis well you took away."

O dumb and deaf! O hard and blind!
What can you know or feel?
With reckless smile our hearts you bind,
And break upon your wheel.

What is it to the circling hours,
The life they take or bring?
What is it to the winds and showers?
They know not anything!

But somehow, ere I am aware,
There comes a hush and thrill;
For all the sunshine and the air
A PRESENCE seems to fill.

And from the sudden, opening sky,
A low voice seems to say:
"I am the Resurrection, I
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

"This Nature, which you idly blame,
Is but the robe I wear;
From Me the human spirit came,
And all its griefs I bear.

"The smile whose light thou can'st not see,
The grace that left thy side;
Though vanished from the earth, with Me
Forever they abide."

With Him I cannot be at strife;
Then will I kneel and say:
"In love He gave me that sweet life,
In love he took away.

"And love's unfailing life in Him,
Outlasts this arching sky;
For worlds may waste and suns grow dim,
But love can never die."

O. M. CONOVER.

How the Leak was Mended.

"Uncle Timothy!"

Uncle Timothy looked up from the shoe whose sole he was vigorously hammering.

"Why, bless you, John, ef I am not glad to see you, man alive!" exclaimed Uncle Timothy, jumping up so suddenly that his last went one way, taking the shoe with it, his hammer went another, and his spectacles fell into the water-pail close by.

There stood Uncle Timothy, grasping the arm of his favorite nephew, John, as if he were a pump-handle and the day being hot, and Uncle Timothy dry, the pump-handle was worked with emphasis.

"Sit down, John, and tell us how the folks are," said Uncle Timothy. "You have come to make me a visit, and have time enough to tell me all I want to know."

John was telling about "the folks," when Uncle Timothy said:

"What's that? Thunder, I do believe, rollin' down old Bear Mountain! We shall catch a rain now. There it 'is comin' down the mountain."

Come it did, furiously, Soon the water began to drip down from the ceiling.

"Uncle Timothy, your roof is leaking."

"I know it, John; I know it. I will just put this pail under that ere."

"Why don't you have the roof mended?"

"Well, John, carpenters, you know, do charge so! La! John, they'd make a forenoon's work of it, stopping up that 'ere hole, and I don't seem to have the extra chink. Fact is, John, it costs somethin' to live in this world, and it keeps a fellar poundin' all the time."

Here Uncle Timothy took up his work, and began ro ring out a series of responses to the rolling at ninepins overhead. In the course of his visit, John noticed that every forenoon Uncle Timothy would leave his shop, step across the yard to his house, bring out an immense yellow mug, and passing to a

Perfection is attained by slow degrees; she requires the hand of time.—*Voltaire*.

saloon in the neighborhood, bring home a mug full of beer.

"Ah!" thought John, "I see how it is that the roof is not mended."

The next day a surly, growling wind brought rain that began to pour early in the morning.

"Uncle Timothy," said John, after breakfast, "could I borrow that mug I see in the closet?"

"O sartin, sartin."

Uncle Timothy was not going to his shop very early that day, and John knew it, business at another part of the town calling him away. When he returned it was about eleven o'clock, and his beer-gnawing visited him.

"Where is my mug?" said Uncle Timothy, going to the closet. "Oh John has it. Well, I guess I'll let my beer go this forenoon."

The rain was still dripping when he passed from his house to the shop. John was standing in the door.

"A wet day, nephew," said Uncle Timothy, "and there's not much hope given by the clouds."

Here he looked up, and there on the shop roof, covering the leak, he saw his old yellow beer-mug! For a minute Uncle Timothy gazed in silence. Then he broke out:

"Thank ye, John; I'll take the hint."

It was the last day Uncle Timothy owned a beer-mug. It was the last day that the roof leaked, for it was soon mended with the beer money he saved.
—*Christian at Work.*

Marriage Now and Then.

"The thing can't come off," said a young girl loudly in a crowded room, lately, "until after Lent. It's not the style at all to think of anything in Lent but prayers and church. But it will come off on Easter Monday. That is, if my dresses are finished in time. It all depends on that." It was not a journey or a ball that she was talking of, but her marriage; the most solemn crisis of a woman's life, the time when all her truth and tenderness, all

her trust in God, and love for the home she is leaving, come to light, if ever.

"Well, I declare," she continued, "the whole thing's a horrid bore, and so I tell Jem. Since our engagement was announced, I can't accept an invitation without him; he has to hang around the house all the time, or all the gossips' tongues would be wagging. I'm just marrying him to get rid of him. He'll have to attend to business when he has me to keep!"

"There are eight bridesmaids, all fighting about their bonnets and the color of their flowers, and I have to settle it all! And Susy Jackson got 300 wedding presents, and that means 300 letters of thanks to write! She wrote sixty-odd the morning she was married, and was completely fagged out. Then there are all the duplicates to exchange afterwards. Oh, I tell you, getting married is a big job, and a horrid bore!"

Perhaps not many young girls would talk as freely, or as coarsely as this one, but how many of them regard marriage from precisely the same point of view? It is a matter of presents, of bridesmaids, of gowns, a stately show at church, and somebody to pay their bills afterward.

The recent unveiling of Chief-Justice Marshall's statue, in Washington, brought forth a pretty, tender story of the great jurist's courtship of a Virginia girl while she was scarcely more than a child, in her father's home. How jealously the sacred secret of "the engagement" was guarded while she was being educated and fitted for her position as wife and mother. How grandparents and sisters and cousins each brought their simple gift, with hearts full of love and blessing for her; how she went at last, shy, tender, blushing from her mother's arms to her husband, and was cherished by him, with a chivalry of devotion, for more than fifty years. When God called her, the vacancy in his life was more than he could bear, and he soon followed her into that higher life where they cannot be parted.

Marriage comes into almost every woman's life, and every woman naturally and rightly looks forward to it as the fulfillment of her highest work in the world. But how is she to look forward to it? There are two ways, the old and the new.

Which will she choose?

Right up and Kiss Her.

A father talking to his careless daughter, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a care-worn look upon her face lately. Of course, it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother begins to express surprise, go right up and kiss her. You can't imagine how it will brighten up her dear face. Besides you owe her a kiss or two. Away back when you were little, she kissed you, when no one was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not so attractive then as now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows, she was always ready to cure by the magic of a mother's kiss the little dirty chubby hands whenever they were injured in their first skirmishes with this rough, cold world. And then the midnight kisses with which she routed so many bad dreams as she leaned over your restless pillow have all been on interest these long years. Of course, she is not so pretty and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of the work during the past ten years, the contrast would not have been so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours—far more—and yet if you were sick, that face would appear more beautiful than any angel's as it hovered over you watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort; and every one of those wrinkles would appear as bright as wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over her dear face. She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted

from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands that did so many unnecessary things for you will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, will be closed forever, and those tired eyes will have opened into eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother, but it will be too late.

Outwitted.

Clarence King, the Sierra scientist, was once followed for three days over the Tulare plains and into the San Joaquin Valley by a couple of mounted Mexican highwaymen, who alternately chased and intercepted him, forcing him more than once for safety to the chances of speed or stratagem. After one narrow escape by a magnificent run of his good horse, "Kaweah," he had traveled a day unmolested, and was stopping for the night at a settler's ranch, when the robbers rode up to the ranch, and from their questions to his villainous host, and their sudden departure, he knew, as he overheard the whole from his window, that they intended to waylay him on the road. The story of the remarkable slip he gave them is thus told by Mr. King himself.

In the night I rose cautiously, and holding my watch up to the moon, found that twelve o'clock had just passed; then taking from my pocket a five-dollar gold piece, I laid it upon the stand by my bed, and in my stocking-feet, with my clothes in my hand, started for the corral.

A fierce bull-dog, who had shown no disposition to make friends with me, bounded from the open door of the proprietor to my side. Instead of tearing me, as I expected, he licked my hands, and fawned about my feet.

Reaching the corral-gate, I dreaded opening it, remembering that the hinges-creaked badly. So I hung my clothes upon an upper bar of the fence, and cautiously lifting the latch, began to push back the gate, inch by inch, an

operation which consumed eight or ten minutes.

Then I walked up to Kaweah and patted him. He seemed full of curiosity, as if he had never been approached in the night before. Suppressing his ordinary whinnying, he preserved a motionless, statue-like silence. I was in terror lest by a neigh, or some nervous movement, he should waken the sleeping proprietor and expose my plan.

The corral and the open square were half-covered with loose stones, and when I thought of the clatter of Kaweah's shoes I experienced a feeling of trouble, till finally the idea struck me of muffling the iron feet.

In constant dread lest the horse should make some noise, I hurried to muffle his fore feet with my trousers and shirt, and then, with rather more care, to tie upon his hind feet my coat and drawers.

Leading him slowly out of the corral-gate, I slowly walked beside him, holding him firmly by the bit, for a distance of perhaps a quarter of a mile. I then stopped and listened. All was quiet. I then unbound the wrapping, shook from them as much dust as possible, dressed myself, and leaping on Kaweah's back, started northward on the Mariposa trail.

In the soft dust we traveled noiselessly for a mile or so, passing from open country into groves of oak and thickets of chapparal.

Suddenly I came upon a smouldering fire close by the trail, and in the shadow saw two men asleep. One was stretched on his back, snoring heavily; the other was lying upon his face, pillowing his head on his folded arms.

I rode carefully by without awakening them. My nerves were keyed up to a high pitch. I turned round in the saddle, leaving Kaweah to follow the trail, and kept my eyes riveted on the sleeping forms until they were lost in the distance, and then I felt safe.

We galloped over many miles of trail, enjoying a sunrise, and at last came to Mariposa, where I deposited my gold, and then went to bed, and made up my

lost sleep.—*Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada.*

Word-Game.

Here is a play which affords a field for quick thinking and good spellers, and gives slow thinkers and poor spellers a chance to improve by practice. It is an exercise likely, moreover, to increase one's vocabulary of words, and so increase the gift of language by testing it. It was given as a puzzle by the students of the Boston Institute of Technology.

Two words are given of an equal number of letters, and the problem is to change one to the other by altering one letter at a time of the first so as to make a legitimate English word, continuing the alterations until the desired result is attained, and accomplishing this with the smallest number of changes.

The conditions are that only one letter shall be altered to form each new word, and that none but words which can be found in the English dictionaries shall be used. Here are some examples of the changes:

East to West.—East, vast, vest, west.

Dog to Cat.—Dog, cog, cot, cat.

Soup to Fish.—Soup, sour, pour, post, past, fast, fist, fish.

Road to Rail.—Road, goad, goal, coal, coil, toil, tail, rail.

Milk to Hash.—Milk, milt, mist, mast, mash, hash.

The game is becoming quite popular in family circles, and seems to furnish instruction with amusement.

Physiological Curiosities.

We speak of some persons as tender-hearted; but as a matter of fact, every one is, literally, very hard-hearted, the heart being a very tough muscle, so insensible that one would not feel it if it could be seized and held in the grasp of a giant. The heart is no more the seat of our affections than is the stomach or liver.

It causes no more pain to cut a nerve, or the brain, than to pare one's nails.

Large portions of the brain may be lost without any impairment of the intellect.

An entire bone may be removed, and provided the periosteum (the membrane which covers it) is retained, the bone will grow again as good as before.

A new nose may be reconstructed with a flap taken from some other part of the body.

A person dying from loss of blood, may be restored by injecting blood from another person's body.

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Honiton Lace.

A celebrated hand-made lace in England is Honiton, from the town of that name in Devonshire, and the work is done in hundreds of homes by mothers and daughters. The favor with which this lace is now esteemed is owing to the action of Queen Victoria and her daughters.

Becoming aware of the tedious work, and the poor pay obtained by the makers of Honiton, she determined to make the lace the fashion, thereby increasing the demand, and consequently the price. To effect this, the Queen, when she was married, ordered her wedding-dress from the Honiton makers, and paid \$5000 for it. Her daughters have done the same, and the result is that hundreds of women are now well paid and can earn fair wages in the manufacture of this beautiful lace.

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Temperance.

One of the first literary men in this country said, after speaking on the subject of temperance, "There is one thing which, as you visit different places, I wish you to do everywhere; that is to entreat every mother never to give a drop of strong drink to a child. I have had to fight as for my life all my days to keep from dying a drunkard, because I was fed with spirits when a child. I acquired a taste for it. My brother, poor fellow, died a drunkard. I would not have a child of mine take a drop of it for any thing. Warn every mother, wherever you go, never to give a drop of it to a child."

"The One Talent."

In a napkin smooth and white,
Hidden from all mortal sight,
My one talent lies to-night.

Mine to hoard, or mine to use,
Mine to keep, or mine to lose:
May I not do what I choose?

Ah! the gift was only lent,
With the Giver's known intent
That it should be wisely spent.

And I know He will demand
Every farthing at my hand,
When I in His presence stand.

What will be my grief and shame
When I hear my humble name,
And cannot repay His claim!

Some will double what they hold;
Others add to it ten-fold,
And pay back in shining gold.

Lord, Oh teach me what to do!
Make me faithful, make me true,
And the sacred trust renew.

Help me, ere too late it be,
Something now to do for Thee—
Thou who hast done all for me!

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Introduction of Wheat in America.

Prior to the discovery of this continent by Columbus, there was no cereal in America approaching in nature the wheat plant. It was not until 1540 that wheat found its way into Mexico, and then only by chance. A servant of Cortez found a few grains of wheat in a parcel of rice and showed them to his master, who ordered them to be planted. The result showed that wheat would flourish well on Mexican soil, and to-day one of the finest wheat valleys in the world is near the Mexican capital. From Mexico the cereal found its way to Peru. Maria D'Escobar, wife of Don Diego de Chauves, carried a few grains to Lima, which were planted, the entire product being used for seed for several successive crops. At Quito, in Ecuador, a monk of the order of St. Francis, by the name of Ira Idosi Rixi, introduced the new cereal; and it is said that the jar which contained the seeds is still preserved by the monks of Quito. Wheat was introduced into the present limits of the United States contemporaneously with the settlement of our country by the English and Dutch.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

 ROCHESTER, N. Y., OCT. 15, 1884.

Hospital Inmates.

On the sixth of October we visited the invalids and found many of them basking in the warm sunshine on the Hospital grounds. Hardly a tint of Autumn suggested the departure of summer, and the green, velvety lawn was indeed a tempting lounging spot for the Hospital patients.

Last month we missed from his accustomed place on the lawn, the poor man, who months before had been fearfully burnt by the explosion of a kerosene lamp near a bundle of hay in a barn. He has been a great sufferer, but during the early summer, wrapped about with bandages, and supported in his rocking chair by pillows, he enjoyed sitting under the shadow of a broad-spreading tree, near his tent on the Hospital lawn. Last month he was reported as failing, and was confined to his cot in the tent; from this he was recently removed to one of the pavilions, where a few days later he died. Few persons have appealed more strongly to our sympathy than did he. It was so pitiful to see the strong man bowed and helpless, and clad as it were, in bandages, unable even to feed himself. For weary months he suffered and at last could not rally from the long continued drain upon his system, and died late in September.

In the Male Surgical Ward we found one man confined to his cot who had been injured by being struck by an engine, while on a railroad track. Amputation of a leg above the knee had been necessary, but the patient was doing well. In the Hall Pavilion was a man with a broken arm who also had erysipelas, but he was improving.

No Death had occurred in the Male Medical Ward where twelve were under treatment. Three of them were confined to their cots, one of whom was very sick with

typhoid fever; another was convalescing slowly from the same disease. An asthma patient had not changed much. Two consumptives spent most of their time out of doors. One aged man with paralysis was improving, and able, though lame, to go down street. A German had recovered from fever and just left the Hospital. Most of the inmates in this ward spent much of their time out of doors, enjoying the pure air which is so conducive to their improvement.

Only one patient was in the Lying-In-Ward. Eight were receiving treatment in the Female Medical Ward. One woman who was afflicted with tumor on the brain had died, after a three weeks' stay at the Hospital. One woman was suffering from rheumatism; another from inflammation of the eye. Two patients kept their beds, both of whom had diseased stomachs. One woman was recovering from brain fever.

In the Lower Cross Ward we found "Margaret," the aged colored woman 89 years old, in a dying condition. She was too far gone to recognize us, but it was a touching sight to witness the gentle ministries of a young maiden who had placed bright flowers near the bedside, and smoothed the pillow of this aged pilgrim. She spoke most tenderly of the old servant, who for many years had lived in her grandmother's family and by faithful services won the love and respect of the household. Margaret was suffering from an ulcerated limb when she came to the Hospital and afterwards was paralyzed. Since the above was written she has died. When last we visited this ward it was occupied by Mrs. L., a cancer patient, whose faith and patience have beautifully manifested the reality of her religion. When last we saw her she was under the effects of morphine. For a week before her death she was unconscious, but she has now entered the blessed haven where pain and sorrow never come. The flowers she so deftly fashioned on her sick

bed were finished, made into a wreath and presented by her to a friend who had aided her in her hours of need.

In the Female Surgical Ward one woman whose shoulders, back and right arm were badly burnt had received treatment and gone home improved by Hospital care. One woman, who came on crutches with diseased hip, was found to have a large abscess that was discharging freely, and she was more comfortable. A paralytic patient was very helpless. Patients with chronic diseases had changed but little.

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Our Little Folks.

Rosa U., the German child with ulcerated limb is very much improved and spends much of her time, on pleasant days, out of doors. Katy H., the girl with burnt limb, who for about sixteen months has been in the Hospital, is now having her burnt limb covered with straps of adhesive plaster that are changed every three days, and she also has sun baths; under this treatment her limb is healing more rapidly than it has ever done. Emma B., the little girl with curved spine, has had a new plaster-of-Paris jacket and gone home. Minnie B., who has a diseased heart is greatly improved, she has gained lately more than three pounds and looks much better than she has done. Tommy, the little boy who was born in the hospital, and who has a diseased hip, has not been so well the last few weeks. He has an abscess on the back that is discharging. Freddy Lyons, a new patient, ten years old, came to the Hospital on the tenth of September. Both of his hips are diseased. He sits in a chair with wheels and rolls himself all about the ward. These children are always pleased when their young friends visit them, and if the visitors bring fruit, flowers, games, or anything to interest the invalids they are doubly welcome.

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Fruit, vegetables and old cotton are always useful at the Hospital.

Our Young Friends.

Dear children, you who have so cheerfully brought your offerings for the Children's Cot Fund and so generously responded to our appeals, what are you going to do this year for the Children's Pavilion Fund? We cannot now announce the exact day, but sometime, not long after Thanksgiving, will come our Donation Party, and you know we always have a children's table, and we expect every one who has ever done anything for the Cot Fund will then bring an offering for the Pavilion Fund.

We know you all want to see on the Hospital lawn a place for sick children. If you were sick you would rather have companions about your own age near you, than to be surrounded by men and women. We have to place in our Hospital Wards all who need Hospital treatment. We cannot ask whether they are good men or women, whether they are lovely Christians, or persons who swear and are improper companions for those who would lead holy lives. If they need hospital treatment we must take them in, even if they are unholy, and so it sometime happens that children in the wards, while they may be benefited by Hospital care hear words that should never fall on their ears. When we have a separate building for the children we can give them better surroundings and a happier home, and for them now we ask your help. Make fancy articles, save up your pennies for Hospital bricks, have parlor entertainments, and do all you can, so that on Donation Day we may report a large addition to our Children's Pavilion Fund. Be sure and help us.

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Children's Pavilion Fund.

Sale of mittens donated.....\$ 50
Previously acknowledged..... 343 03

Total receipts..... \$343 53
Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, or to any of the managers of the Hospital. Who will help to build this much needed Pavilion?

Donation Day.

We would remind our patrons that now is the time to prepare for our Fancy and Donation Tables that will, on Donation Day, be ready to receive their handiwork. We cannot announce the day but it will probably be early in December.

Our Matron tells us we greatly need a small carpet. This is the season of the year when housekeepers make changes for the winter. Will not some of our friends brighten their homes with a new carpet and send us a second-hand one?

A Useful Gift.

Some unknown friend, a short time since, sent a very nice extension chair, upholstered in crimson, to the Male Ward of the Hospital. It is a very valuable and acceptable gift, and we hope the unknown donor will learn how useful it is at the Hospital.

Cash Donations.

A Friend, Phil.....	\$ 5 00
Semi-Centennial committee, through His Honor, the Mayor.....	50 00
Mr. Isaac Willis.....	10 00
MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.	

Receipts for the Review.

AUGUST, 1884.

Mrs. J. O. Hall, by Mrs. M. A. Gilman.....	\$ 63
Mrs. H. M. Ellsworth, by Mrs. D. B. Beach Union Clothing Co., adv. four months, by Mrs. C. E. Mathews.....	1 67
Mrs. Hosford, 50 cents; Mrs. A. D. Keeney, 50 cents; Mrs. Moffet, 50 cents; Mrs. W. C. Patterson, 50 cents; Mrs. H. N. Page, 50 cents; Mrs. E. M. Read, 50 cents; Mrs. R. T. Tuttle, 50 cents, all of Ferry, by Miss Mamie L. Read.....	3 50
Mrs. George W. Pratt. by Treasurer....	1 25

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

Mrs. R. B. Claxton, Philadelphia, by Mrs. W. H. Perkins.....	50
G. C. Buell & Co., adv., \$5; Rochester Savings Bank, adv., \$15; Trotter & Geddes, adv., \$5, by Mrs. C. E. Mathews.....	25 00
Mrs. S. J. Arnold, 62 cents; Mrs. F. M. Bottum, 62 cents; Mrs. W. T. Bassett, 62 cents; Miss O. C. Howard, 62 cents; Mrs. H. B. Hathaway, 62 cents; Mrs. M. D. L. Hayes, 62 cents; Mrs. G. E. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Keyes, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Medbery, \$1; Mrs. W. D. McGuire, 62 cents; P. McConnell, 62 cents; Mrs. S. J. Macy,	

62 cents; Mrs. E. Prizer, 62 cents; Mrs. G. Phillips, \$1.25; Mrs. A. Robinson, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Teall, 62 cents; Mrs. E. W. Williams, \$1.25; Mrs. Frank Whittlesey, \$1.25, by collector.....	13 43
Mrs. F. C. Armstrong, 62 cents; Miss Este, Philadelphia, 50 cents; Mrs. E. Loop, 62 cents; Mrs. William Pitkin (three subs.) \$1.86; Miss M. E. Porter, 62 cents; Mrs. S. R. Seward, 62 cents, by Treasurer.....	4 84

MRS ROBERT MATHEWS, Treas.,
96 Spring street.

Donations for September.

A Friend, quantity woman's second-hand clothing.

- Mr. True, night shirts.
- Miss Doolittle, thirteen books.
- Miss Uehlin, reading matter.
- Mrs. H. C. Brewster, reading matter and eighteen glasses jelly.
- Mrs. J. H. Rochester, basket pears.
- Miss Mumford, bushel seckel pears.
- Miss Robinson, *Graphics*.
- Mrs. Hooker, reading matter.
- Mrs. Leonard, of Geneseo, by Mr. Dickinson, old cotton.
- Miss Hopkins, old cotton.
- A Friend, old cotton.
- Mrs. Lewis H. Lee, basket of pears.
- P. Ferry, barrel of bread and rolls.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Sept. 1, 1884.....	63
“ received during month.....	50
“ births during month.....	0
Number deaths during month.....	7
“ discharged during month.....	37
“ remaining Sept. 30, 1884.....	69

Died.

- At Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 1st, of old age and cholera morbus, James Young, aged 83 years.
- At Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 4th, Mrs. Helen P. Crouch, aged 52 years.
- At Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 16th, of cancer of the breast, Mrs. Charlotte Lansing, of Greece, aged 35 years.
- At Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 17th, of overdose of laudanum (self administered) William Brown, aged 31 years.
- At Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 25th, of consumption, Reuben P. True, aged 66 years.
- At Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 26th, the result of severe burns on back and sides, Patrick Waters, aged 23 years.
- At Rochester City Hospital, Sept. 27th, from tumor on brain, Mrs. Rose H. Huber, aged 22 years.

Power of Conscience in a Child.

Little Charlie was a happy, chubby boy four years old, rejoicing in his first pants and pockets. His home was in the Territory of Michigan, then an almost unbroken wilderness. One day his grandmother, a dignified, stern old lady, took him to call on old Mrs. Davis, a neighbor, who was a weaver. The path was a lonely one through the woods. In one place it was said a bear had been seen. When about half way on their return home, the sharp-eyed old lady saw some strings hanging out of the stuffed little pockets.

"What have you there?"

"Only some thrums, grandma; I found them on the floor at Mrs. Davis."

"Do you know that is stealing, and they put people in jail for that? Go directly back with them; tell Mrs. Davis you are sorry you took them. I will wait for you here on this log."

Children obeyed in that family. Without a word the little fellow restored the thrums, and made the confession. Nothing more was thought of the occurrence until two years after, when the county commissioners called on the young farmer to talk over the question of building a jail in the thriving village of P——, the county-seat. Charlie listened a few moments, then suddenly left the room. After some time he was missed. Night was coming on, and search was made. The little log house was surrounded by woods; a child could easily be lost. The anxiety became intense. At length his mother found him hidden under a bed in great fear and distress. Astonished, she drew him out, and asked the cause of his grief, trying to comfort him as only a mother can. He sobbed out "I don't want them to build a jail."

"Why, you need not be afraid. A jail is only for bad men and boys; you have not done anything they would put you in jail for."

"O yes, I stole some thrums once from old Mrs. Davis."

That lesson was never forgotten, and now as Charlie looks back over a well

spent life of more than sixty years, he thanks that grand-mother for teaching him to call things by their right names. Is there not great need of more of this sort of teaching at the present time?

Cast a Line for Yourself.

A young man stood listlessly watching some anglers on a bridge. He was poor and dejected. At last approaching a basket filled with wholesome-looking fish he sighed;

"If, now, I had these I would be happy. I could sell them at a fair price and buy me food and lodging."

"I will give you just as many, and just as good fish," said the owner, who had chanced to overhear his words, "if you will do me a trifling favor."

"And what is that?" asked the other.

"Only to tend this line till I come back. I wish to go on a short errand."

The proposal was gladly accepted. The old man was gone so long that the young man began to be impatient. Meanwhile the hungry fish snapped greedily at the baited hook, and the young man lost all his depression in the excitement of pulling them in, and when the owner of the line returned he had caught a large number. Counting out from them as many as were in the basket and presenting them to the young man the old fisherman said:

"I fulfill my promise from the fish you have caught, to teach you whenever you see others earning what you need, waste no time in fruitless wishing but cast a line for yourself."

Keeping Milk.

Mr. Roberts, a dealer, gives an explanation of the taint of milk which is often noticed after being taken from the ice. "Most people put the milk on top of the ice. The cold current descends and comes up on the other side, after being more or less heated. On the second trip, the air loaded with the scents of the different articles goes directly into the milk and stays there; because the impurities will be attracted

by moisture. Now place the milk under the ice, and you will see that the odors of the different foods will be left on the ice, and the milk will be as pure from bad smell or tastes as when put there. I have placed a glass of water on ice in one side of the refrigerator and a box of strawberries in the other. In three hours the water was colored from the impurities of the berries. This is clearly a good illustration of my point on milk. Milk is one of the greatest absorbing liquids; it should never be left in the sick-room, or wherever there are unhealthy scents. You will notice a greasy scum on water left in your sleeping-room over night; that comes from the impurities of everything in the room being attracted by the moisture. I always place a glass of water in my room before retiring.

His Pet.

A pigeon which for six years was a pet of the late Thurlow Weed for a long time showed in a touching way his appreciation of the loss of his master. Not long since a gentleman called at the house and the pigeon alighted on his shoulder, cooed, peered into the stranger's face, and then flew into an adjoining room.

"He has done that to every gentleman that has come into the house since father died," said Miss Weed, with a sigh.

"He takes most kindly to General Bowen, who visits me occasionally, and who has been in feeble health some time and walks slowly.

"The bird will coo and fly to the General's shoulder, but when he sees that it is not my father, he will stop his cooing and find some other perch.

"Since the day that father's remains were carried away, the affectionate creature has been seeking for his master. He flies through every room in the house, and fairly haunts the library, where father spent most of his time with his pet.

"He will tread over every inch of space on the lounge and then go to the

rug, over which he will walk repeatedly as if in expectation of his dead master's coming.

"He invariably does this at meal times, when our table is set in the back parlor, of which we now make a dining room. He can see our table from the rug."

"Then do you not put him in a cage?"

"Oh, never," was the response. "The run of the house has been his since he came into it. Other pigeons come into our yard frequently, and our pet sometimes joins them. He seldom remains long with them, but comes back through one of the windows and begins his search again through the house for my father."—*Our Dumb Animals.*

The fire-mushroom takes its name from the light it gives, and the red mushroom which grows at the roots of olive trees in Italy, throws out a pale blue light, its clusters like "blue bells of fire" shining through the night until the sun rises. Neither damp, cold, nor dryness injure the light of this mushroom unless they are enough to destroy the life of the plant.

So when you see at night scrolls and scallops of strange fire about the stumps or roots of old trees, you need not be frightened, and imagine from some of your old stories that a murdered man is buried there. It is only the agaric in its slow burning which we call decay.

As far as research informs us, the phosphorescence of plants is electric, differing in its appearance and intensity from its differing causes. The flowers scintillate on warm sultry nights, from the overcharge of electricity in the air, and give out sparks when the plant is at its highest activity of flowering, when its gathered forces expand themselves to perfect the flower.

The light from decaying vegetation arises from its chemical change or ferment, into the form from which springs the new plant. It is only decaying plants or trees which sprout and give light. When dead they can do neither,

but only crumble into the soil beneath our feet.—S. P.

How Quakers Fight.

If when William Penn was Governor of Pennsylvania the colony had been invaded, such as that at Gettysburg would not have occurred. He would have met the enemy with ample supplies of provisions and would have shown them such a generous hospitality and cordiality as would have broken down their spirit of hostility. How can we expect to realize Christianity, if we never apply it? How can peace be preserved, if we teach our children to pay special honor to those engaged in war?—*The Peace Maker.*

“Thee should always remember that the minute which is now thine is much more valuable than the minute which will not arrive until next week.”

Opinion is twilight; science is daylight; ignorance is night. Life is a point between two eternities.

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Adopted June 5th, 1882

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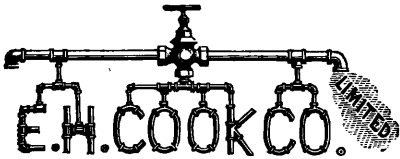
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XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum will be allowed on the first days of March, June, September and December in each year, for all sums that shall have remained on deposit since the preceding quarter-day, and such interest shall be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

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



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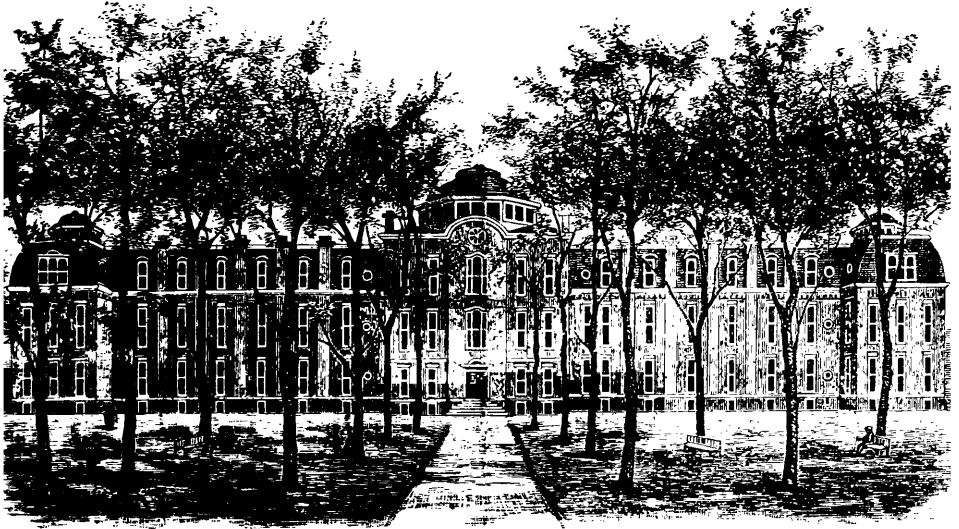
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW



DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

“I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME.”

VOL. XXI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOVEMBER 15, 1884.

No. 4.

FOR THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.—Luke 22: 32.

Fear not my child, the Savior
Is saying tenderly,
Be comforted, be strengthened,
For I have prayed for thee.

For thee, that in life's warfare,
Where fears and doubts assail,
Thy courage may not waver,
Thy faith may never fail.

The faith that e'en in trial,
Looks up with visions clear,
And sees God's loving kindness,
And feels His presence near.

And though thy steps should falter
Upon the narrow way,
Which, though oft steep and darksome,
Leads unto perfect day.

Yet will His strength unailing,
Through all the years to come,
Uphold thee, and sustain thee,
Till thou are safe at home.

November, 1884. FANNY B. FAIRMAN.

Female Charitable Society.

The annual meeting of the Female Charitable Society was held in the Guild room of St. Luke's church, on Tuesday afternoon, November 4th. The devotional exercises were conducted by Rev. Dr. S. W. Duncan, and the following officers were elected :

Trustees—William N. Sage, Frederick A. Whittlesey, Oscar Craig, George E. Mumford, William H. Ward, Mortimer F Reynolds.

President—Mrs. Maltby Strong.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Freeman Clarke, Mrs. Adolphus Morse, Mrs. W. C. Rowley.

Secretary—Mrs. Arthur Robinson.

Treasurer—Mrs. H. P. Brewster.

Assistant Treasurer—Miss Louisa Northrup.

The Sixty-Second Annual Report of the Rochester Female Charitable Society for the Relief of the Sick Poor.

LADIES :—Within the last few years various charity organizations have been formed in many of the principal cities, having for their object furnishing other associations, religious or secular, in correspondence with them, requisite information relating to all applicants for aid, and in this way enabling benevolent persons to find proper beneficiaries, and preventing the growth of pauperism.

The methods adopted by these organizations are essentially the same as have obtained in this society for more than half a century, excepting that we do not extend relief beyond the *sick poor*, and do not act through other associations. The existence of this society, with its efficient service, has been a bar to the formation of a charity organization in this city, and it will probably be a question of the future whether its work shall be enlarged and extended to *all* the worthy poor.

We would, with gratitude, acknowledge the Providence that has permitted us to meet once more with but one vacancy in our circle of active members. Mrs. James E. Booth, for many years a visitor, always ready to respond to any appeal for the sick and suffering, has entered into rest. We are called to record also the death of two of the founders of this society, Mrs. Anson House and Mrs. Silas O. Smith. "So He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

The monthly meetings have been well attended, the average number present being twenty-nine. The cases brought before the Board by visitors for consideration have been duly acted upon, and relief afforded according to their needs.

No system of charitable relief, however perfect, can prevent all imposition; but with our discriminating, painstaking corps of visitors, many of whom have been for

years engaged in this voluntary work, giving time and labor to the investigation of the condition of the poor in their respective districts, deceit and imposture are seldom successful. We are, however, under our present constitution, often perplexed as to the expediency of aiding those who are not sick in the strict sense of the term, but are laboring under physical and mental infirmities, for which they are not responsible. To such disabled or disheartened ones a Christian charity cannot withhold the life-sustaining food, or, perhaps, fuel and shelter until permanent relief can be obtained without resort to public alms. Our aim should be not to supplement the work of the legal Overseers of the Poor, but to carry relief to the sick, and to those who have fallen or fainted by the way. To such worthy persons this society has been an almoner, providing care and comforts and often medicines for the alleviation of actual suffering, and for the recovery of their ability to help themselves where recovery was possible. Relief has been dispensed to the sick of all ages, and for almost "every ill that flesh is heir to." During the year about four hundred persons and families have been assisted.

As the last year closed, we received a legacy of \$1,000 from the late James S. Andrews. The legacy of \$2,500 of the late Henry S. Potter will be paid after the probate of his will. These endowments following former benefactions, will be enduring memorials, as well as lasting sources of blessing to their fellow-men.

We enter upon another year, hoping and trusting that our friends of the past by their cheering words and generous deeds will help us to "strengthen those who do stand, to comfort and help the weak-hearted, and to raise up those who fall."

The thanks of the society are due to the daily press of the city for repeated favors, to St. Luke's church for a place of meeting, to the Presbyterian Society of Scottsville for

work done, to Mr. Andrews for printing, and to all persons who have contributed money or means to our common purpose of relief to the sick poor.

Respectfully submitted.

HELEN M. CRAIG, Secretary.

November 4th, 1884,

Treasurer's Report.

Receipts.

Cash on hand Nov. 1, 1883.....	\$ 3,012 00
Individual Donations.....	1,323 20
Interest on Investments.....	1,175 00
Interest on Investments in hands of Trustees.....	440 84
Interest on Pancost Legacy.....	82 48
Interest on Woodbury Legacy.....	10 00
Interest on Bank Deposit.....	107 32
Ward Collections and Membership Fees.....	386 35
Church Collections.....	371 11
Total.....	\$ 6,908 30

Disbursements.

Paid on Visitor's orders.....	\$ 3,444 90
Paid for Dry Goods.....	51 25
Paid for Printing.....	14 25
Paid for Expenses of Appeal.....	10 97
Paid for Stationary, Postage and Express Charges.....	4 62
Cash on hand Nov. 1, 1884.....	3,382 31

Total..... \$ 6,908 30

MRS. H. P. BREWSTER, *Treasurer.*

ROCHESTER, NOV. 4, 1884.

Twenty-First Annual Report of the Hospital Committee.

LADIES:—"Time in its onward flight brings the ladies' committee of the City Hospital with a report of the twenty-first year of their work. Such inroads have death and change made that, of the original board of twenty-four trustees, nineteen are numbered with the dead; three resigned their positions; and only two, Jas. Brackett and Samuel Wilder, are left in the present board. Of the medical staff. Dr. H. W. Dean, Dr. W. W. Ely and Dr. J. B. Whitbeck, after years of faithful service, were laid to rest. Of the committee of ladies appointed by your society, seven have died, five resigned, and only four still live to share with others the privilege of working for the hospital so dear to their hearts. Of those

who have been chosen to fill the vacancies which have occurred, from time to time, the greater part remain unto this present; but some have fallen asleep.

"And now in faith and trust
We watch the sacred dust;
Our priceless treasures, in their lowly bed.

But He who never sleeps
A tireless vigil keeps,
To His unslumbering care we yield our dead."

Others we miss from our band of workers laid for months on beds of suffering. "Blest souls, whose lips of faith can say in the storm lulls of grief, Thy will be done. So earnestly, so faithfully, so successfully have they worked and prayed for this portion of the vineyard of the Lord. With aching, but with hopeful hearts, we pray, God grant this "sickness be not unto death."

"During the year from October 1, 1883, there were in the hospital 582; of these, three were discharged; recovered, 261; improved, 136; unimproved, 38; transferred, 1; not treated, 35; died, 48; remaining October 1, 1884, 63; there were 22 births, 406 self-paying patients; 176 were beneficiaries. The total number of days they were supported was 10,621. And are we said to be extravagant? If so, we are extravagant in our charity, for not a person can be received into our hospital for a less sum than \$4 per week, and receive medical treatment, food, warmth, nursing and washing, and yet the city pays us for its poor, only \$3.50 per week for the first three months, and \$1.75 for the rest of the time. the county pays only \$2 per week for the entire time. From what source must this deficiency be met? It can be met only by the gifts of the benevolent. The nationality of those who were in the hospital is as follows: United States, 378; Germany, 50; Canada, 34; France, 2; Italy, 18; Poland, 4; Isle of Man, 1; Holland, 1; Ireland, 38; England, 29; Scotland, 9; Switzerland, 2; Russia, 1; Sweden, 2; Belgium, 1; unknown, 10. The fund of \$3,000 to endow the 'Children's Cot' has been com-

pleted, and is invested; the interest used for the care of one sick child. Sixteen children have been received in the year, ages varying from four months to fifteen years. The only places we have to receive them are the public wards or private rooms; the wards, where they hear and see much they should not; the private rooms, where only those can be placed whose friends can afford to pay. Feeling the necessity of a children's pavilion, as soon as the completion of the 'Children's Cot Fund' was announced, three ladies, knowing that everything accomplished must have a beginning, gave the money for three bricks, which was soon followed by more, and now we have \$344.03 towards a children's pavilion. Despire not the day of small things, is the lesson we have learned by our mite-box, children's cot and children's pavilion funds.

The training school for nurses, now on its fourth year, has had since its opening in September, 1880, one hundred and ninety-two applicants for admission; sixty-eight applications during the past year. We have had in the hospital during that time twenty-eight nurses. Of these, four were on probation, and left from different causes when the month expired, and seven graduated, leaving at the end of the year seventeen, which are all we can accommodate; but we cannot supply the demand with this limited number. There are now five nurses at full time and one at half time at private nursing; nineteen have done private nursing during the year. We consider this portion of our work decidedly successful. Not that the nurses are perfect, or that there are no complaints; but that the testimony of those by whom they are employed, is very gratifying. After they have graduated, if they are not satisfactory, the school ought not to be blamed, but if they do not do their duty while in the school they are re-proved, and if not, after reproof, they are discharged. Most training schools have endowments—some \$50,000, some \$10,000,

which, of course, is the way to success. We have had \$165 from three persons in four years.

Three private rooms have been very beautifully furnished. One by Mrs. Strong, in memory of her husband, Dr. Maltby Strong. One by Mrs. J. C. Van Epps, as a memorial of her mother, Mrs. Anson House, and one by the Universalist Church. The legacies of Judge Gardiner and Mr. Wilcox, \$1,000 each, have been received. Mr. McDonald's legacy of \$1,000 will be paid as soon as the terms of the will are carried out. Mr. Henry S. Potter left \$5,000, but as yet it has not been received.

Our "mite-box fund," which was suggested by Mrs. G. J. Whitney, has been a great success. The HOSPITAL REVIEW is still issued in the interests of our work. The medical staff this year is as follows: Surgeons, Dr. Montgomery, Dr. Langworthy and Dr. Little; physicians, Dr. W. S. Ely, Dr. Stoddard, Dr. J. W. Whitbeck; assistants, Dr. Bingham, Dr. Oliver; Matron, Miss Hebbard; Accountant, Miss Gilman; Supervising nurse, Miss Markham. They fill their various positions with faithfulness. We cannot speak too strongly in their favor.

Our grateful acknowledgments we tender to all who have in any way aided us.

The Sunday services have been very acceptably supplied by the students of the Theological Seminary and the young men of the Christian Association. To the proprietors of the *Democrat and Chronicle*, *Union and Advertiser*, *Post-Express*, *Herald* and *Tribune* for the gratuitous use of their columns, which are invaluable,

Mr. D. W. Powers, with his characteristic liberality, allows us to occupy his hall two days for our Annual Donation, which will be held Thursday and Friday, December 11th and 12th. More extended notices will be given in the daily papers and in the HOSPITAL REVIEW. We ask the ladies of this society to remember us by the preparation of useful and fancy articles, suitable for the

Christmas holidays. Dinner will be served each day from 12 m. to 4 p. m.; supper from 5 p. m. The ladies hope to see their friends, one and all.

Mrs. M. M. MATHEWS, *Cor. Sec'y.*

Wasn't Wanted There.

She was a little old woman, very plainly dressed in black bombazine that had seen much careful wear, and her bonnet was very old-fashioned, and people stared at her tottering up the aisle of the grand church, evidently bent on securing one of the best seats, for a great man preached on that day, and the house was filled with splendidly dressed people who had heard of the fame of the preacher, of his learning, his intellect, and goodness, and they wondered at the presumption of the old woman. She must have been in her dotage, for she picked out the pew of the richest and proudest member of the church and took a seat. The three ladies who were seated there beckoned to the sexton, who bent over the intruder and whispered something, but she was hard of hearing, and smiled a little withered smile, as she said gently:

"Oh, I'm quite comfortable here, quite comfortable here."

"But you are not wanted here," said the sexton pompously. "There is not room. Come with me, my good woman; I will see that you have a seat."

"Not room!" said the old woman, looking at her sunken proportions and then at the fine ladies. "Why, I'm not crowded a bit. I rode ten miles to hear the sermon to-day, because—" But the sexton took her by the arm, and shook her roughly in a polite, underhand way, and she took the hint. Her faded old eyes filled with tears, her chin quivered, but she rose meekly, and left the pew. Turning quietly to the ladies, who were spreading their rich dresses over the spot, she left vacant, she said gently:

"I hope, my dears, there'll be room in heaven for us all."

Then she followed the pompous sex-

ton to the rear of the church, where, in the last pew, she was seated between a threadbare girl and a shabby old man.

"She must be crazy," said one of the ladies in the pew which she had at first occupied. "What can an ignorant old woman like her want to hear Dr. ——— preach for. She would not be able to understand a word he said."

"Those people are so persistent. The idea of her forcing herself into our pew! Isn't that voluntary lovely? There's Dr. ——— coming out of the vestry. Isn't he grand?"

"Splendid! What a stately man! You know he has promised to dine with us while he is here."

He was a commanding-looking man, and as the organ voluntarily stopped and he looked over the vast crowd of worshipers gathered in the great church, he seemed to scan every face. His hand was on the Bible, when suddenly he leaned over the reading desk, and beckoned to the sexton, who obsequiously mounted the steps to receive a mysterious message. And then the three ladies in the grand pew were electrified to see him take his way the whole length of the church, to return with the old woman, whom he placed in the front pew of all, its occupants making willing room for her. The great preacher looked at her with a smile of recognition, and then the service proceeded, and he preached a sermon which struck fire from every heart.

"Who was she?" asked the ladies who could not make room for her, as they passed the sexton at the door.

"The preacher's mother," replied that functionary in an injured tone.

How few remember that "while man looketh on the outward appearance, the Lord looketh on the heart."

We should not injure others in character, because it enriches us not, and makes them poor indeed.

When you fret and fume at the petty ills of life, remember that the wheels that go without creaking last longest.

There is Black in the Blue of the Sky.

An artist one day at his easel stood,
And sketched with a pencil free,
The gold of the meadow, the green of the wood,

And the purple and gray of the sea,
A child looked over, a little way back,
And questioned the artist, "Why
Do you mix with your color a touch of black,
When you paint the blue in the sky?"

"Only because I see it, my child :
I am painting the sky as it is ;"
And he softly said to himself, and smiled :
"It is one of earth's mysteries ;
Not the lily itself wears a perfect white ;
Nor the red rose an unmixed dye ;
There is light in shadows, and shadows in light,
And black in the blue of the sky."

There are films over nature everywhere,
To soothe and refresh our sight,
For mortal eyes were not made to bear
The dazzle of shadeless light.
Our consolation and our complaint—
Awaking both smile and sigh ;
There are human faults in the holiest saint ;
There is black in the blue of the sky.

What then? Are the skies indeed not blue,
Lilies white, nor the roses red?
Shall we doubt whether ever the crystal dew
Drops pearls on the path we tread?
We may dwell where there is no blur in the air,
No veil over earth, by-and-by,
But good is good always and everywhere,
Though black may steal into blue sky.

We have read from the leaves of an old-fashioned Book;
Of One in the glory unseen,
Whose gaze the poor seraphim dare not brook,
Before whom the heavens are unclean,
And the hope of immortals is in the thought
Of a Truth and a Love so high
That possible evil sullies them not ;
No black in the blue of their sky.

LUCY LARCOM.

Youth's Companion.

The "Harvest Home."

One of the pleasantest of old English customs which is maintained in all its ancient spirit to the present day, is that of the "Harvest Home."

As the name implies, the celebration is that of the gathering of the harvest, and the closing of the agricultural year. It is a time of merry-making in the parishes and hamlets of the English country-side. The harvest has been gleaned, and the hops have been picked;

the threshing-machine has done its lusty work, and the fruits have been gathered and once more the orchards are gaunt and bare.

The Harvest Home partakes of the nature of our own Thanksgiving. It is ushered in by a religious service; and this service is a very picturesque, as well as solemn, one. On a certain evening, the old-fashioned rustic church presents an unusual appearance. On the communion-table, and scattered about the aisles, may be seen gracefully arranged sheaves of wheat, garlands of poppies and corn-flowers, marigolds, loaves of bread and the various autumn fruits; while about the walls and the altar are festooned and grouped the native flowers of every hue.

The church is brightly lit up, even the pews being supplied with candles; and the rural community gathers amid the simple trophies of the harvest, to render thanks to the Giver of the fruitful growths of the earth. A service specially for the occasion is performed, and a sermon, with the harvest for its theme, is preached to the simple folks. The festivities of the Harvest Home which succeed this religious beginning are peculiar to "merrie England," and derived from the system of holding land which prevails in that country.

England is a land of large estates; not like ours, a land of small farms, owned each by the man who tills it. The Harvest Home, then, is celebrated on each large estate by itself. The lord of the manor, or the squire of the parish, most often receives his tenants on the ample spaces of his domain. It is upon his sweeping lawn, and beneath his broad-spreading oaks, that are gathered the pretty show of vegetables, fruits and flowers, of household handiwork and well-bred live-stock. It is in his spacious barns that the loud harvest songs are sung, the friendly toasts are drunk, and that the speeches are cheered to the echo by stalwart throats.

On these occasions, the squire and the ladies of his house make it a point to join their tenants in festivity and

merry-making. They freely take part in the rollicking country dances on the green; they sit at the board of harvest dinner, side by side with the horny-handed farmer, and his buxom, homely wife, and his rosy-cheeked daughters. They witness the show of fruits and flowers with kindly interest, bestowing praises on this side and that which fill the rustic heart with satisfaction.

Often great statesmen and nobles of proud lineage do not disdain, at the jocund time of the Harvest Home, to mingle with their humble tenants on terms of equality. Lord Baconsfield was fairly worshipped by the tenants of Hughendon, the manor of which he was the lord, because he always came freely among them at the Harvest Home, made them kind little speeches, praised their pumpkins and apples, and patted their children on the head.

There is something very picturesque and attractive in this feature of English rural society. The patriarchal tone of it appeals to our love of the poetic. On many estates, the squire is still the kindly father and protector of the rustic folks who till his acres, and whose humble village nestles close to the gates of his stately park; and the old traditions of respectful homage and trust on the one hand, and of paternal care on the other, are yet maintained on many an English manor.

But in these days political unrest of wide-spread education, of trades-unions and greater individual independence, these relations between squire and tenant are not likely to very long continue. With a sweeping reform of the English land-system, they are destined to pass away.

The men who learn endurance, are they who call the whole world brother.

Moderation in temper is always a virtue, but moderation in principle is a specie of vice.

Trust him little who praises all, him less who censures all, and him least who is indifferent about all.

A Little Child's Fancies.

I think the world was finished at night,
Or the stars would not have been made;
For they wouldn't have thought of having the light,
If they hadn't first seen the shade.

And then, again, I alter my mind,
And think perhaps it was day,
And the starry night was only designed
For a child tired of play.

And I think that an angel, when nobody knew,
With a window pushed up very high,
Let some of the seeds of the flowers fall thro',
From the gardens they have in the sky.

For they couldn't think here of lillies so white,
And such beautiful roses, I know;
But I wonder, when falling from such a height,
The dear little seeds should grow!

And then, when the face of the angel was turned,
I think that the birds flew by,
And are singing to us the songs they learned
On the opposite side of the sky.

And a rainbow must be the shining below
Of a place in heaven's door that is thin,
Right close to the door where the children go,
When the dear Lord lets them in.

And I think that the clouds that float in the skies
And the curtain that they drop down,
For fear when we look we should dazzle our eyes,
As they each of them put on their crown.

I do not know why the water was sent
Unless, perhaps, it might be
God wanted us all to know what it meant
When we read of the "Jasper Sea."

O! the world where we live is a lovely place,
But it oftentimes makes me sigh,
For I'm always trying causes to trace,
And keep thinking "Wherefore?" and
"Why?"

Ah! dear little child, the longing you feel
Is the stir of immortal wings;
But infinite Love one day will reveal
The most hidden and puzzling things.

You have only your duty to try and do,
To be happy and rest content;
For by being good and by being true
You will find out all that is meant!

Reason, like time, will make its own way, and prejudice will fail in the combat with intellect.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., NOV. 15, 1884.

Annual Festival.

The Donation Festival of the Rochester City Hospital will be held in Powers' building Thursday and Friday, December 11th and 12th, 1884, during the day and evening.

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

Articles for the Fancy Table will be most thankfully received by Miss Anna E. M. Wild, 143 Spring street; Mrs. William Hoyt, 181 Spring street; and Mrs. Myron Adams, Oxford street, near Park avenue; for the Dolls' Fair, by Mrs. Arthur S. Hamilton, 71 South Washington street, and Mrs. Max Landsberg, 22 North Clinton street; for the "Children's Pavilion" Table, by Mrs. C. H. Angel, 87 East avenue; for the Basket Table by Miss Bessie Clarke, 287 East avenue. The Flower Table will be in charge of Miss Cornelia Ely.

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

Dinner will be served from 12 m.; supper from 5 p. m.

The tables will be furnished with the most palatable viands, dainties and luxuries which can be procured. Further particulars will be given in the daily papers.

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

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

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

Hospital Inmates.

On our last visit to the Hospital we found the Pavilions tenantless. The bright colored settees, that for months had given a cheerful aspect to the lawn, had been housed for the Winter, and, instead of pleasant groups of loungers dotting the lawn, rustling leaves proclaimed the departure of Summer glories.

When frosty blasts and wintry skies chill the healthy and vigorous, we more fully appreciate the inviting refuge the Hospital offers the invalid, and we were not surprised to find most of the inmates housed in their comfortable quarters within the Wards.

In the Male Surgical Ward, nine were receiving treatment. Two of these were confined to their cots; one of whom had sustained a simple fracture of the leg by slipping on the sidewalk, and the other by turning his ankle on a stone had sprained it, and had been suffering acute pain. The colored paralytic patient and the aged and infirm men had changed but little. Three of the patients were boys.

The Male Medical Wards had twelve inmates, three of whom were in the Cross Ward, confined in their cots with typhoid fever. One of these, a Swede, was very ill, delirious, home-sick and needing constant care; a second was slowly improving, but could take no solid food; the third was convalescing more rapidly. An eye patient, who came to the Hospital with cataracts on both eyes and perfectly blind, had had one cataract removed, but the operation was too

recent to judge of its success. A man afflicted with paralysis of the lower limbs was walking about by the use of crutches. An aged man, who was brought to the Hospital partially paralyzed, had failed rapidly, and, after a few days, died of apoplexy. Three inmates were suffering from consumption, and an aged paralytic was also troubled with catarrh.

The Lying-In Ward had three tenants—a mother, an infant and one waiting patient.

Eleven were under treatment in the Upper Female Ward. A young girl of sixteen, a very sweet singer, who had come to the Hospital for a surgical operation on the eye, and had afterwards been prostrated by fever, had greatly interested some of the nurses. She was very gentle and manageable. She was associated with a musical troupe, but was always attended by her mother. She had been removed to the Female Ward, and was still sick when we visited the Hospital. Two sisters who were brought to the Hospital, both very sick with typhoid fever, and who previously had not been properly cared for, died soon afterwards—one the day after her arrival, and the other five days later. One of these was but twenty-two years old, and a few weeks before had lost her infant child. One new patient was afflicted with rheumatism; three were confined to their cots. No inmate was very low.

Twelve patients were under treatments in the Lower Female Ward. Margaret, the aged colored woman, once a slave, had died in the Cross-Ward. Only two patients were confined to their cots.

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The Little Folks.

If we have not yet a Hospital for the children, we have plenty of children in the Hospital, and the demand for Hospital care is increasing so fast that we trust our children in the city and neighboring towns are working busily, to be ready with their offerings on the next Donation Days, De-

ember 11th and 12th, at Powers' Building. We hope every child who has given anything to the Cot Fund will have something for the Children's Pavilion Fund, and that thank offerings and memorial gifts will come in abundantly, and that the fancy table for the Children's Pavilion will be well filled and liberally patronized.

We have now in the Hospital four lame boys who cannot walk; one of these, our little Dutchman, Max Kraus, is motherless. He has injured his spine by falling over a stone and is confined to his bed. When we visited him he was amusing himself with picture books. Beside him sat Tommy Heney and Freddy Lyons. Both of Freddie's hips are diseased, and he cannot walk, but he sits in his wheel-chair, and with Tommy standing on one foot on the foot-rest of the chair, turns the wheel and goes rapidly about the Ward, thus giving Tommy as well as himself a ride. These children were greatly pleased with a little book we took them that was printed by the deaf and dumb boys at the Institute for Deaf Mutes. On its cover was a picture of the alphabet used by the mutes, and the sick children were trying to form the letters on their fingers as the deaf and dumb do.

The fourth little boy is Terrance Martin. He is a very sweet child—a great pet in the household. He is only five years old. He was sliding down the hill on Troup street, when a bigger boy ran onto him, struck him with a sled and crushed his ankle against a tree. He is a most patient little fellow and bears pain like a hero.

Another boy about twelve years old, who lives near the Hospital, comes in often for treatment. He was going through some gymnastic exercises when he turned and broke his elbow. After the fracture the elbow was misplaced, and while healing it became stiff, and he comes to the Hospital to have it moved and made more limber. This, of course, is very painful.

We have said so much about the boys we

have not much room to give to the girls, but we are happy to say that Rosa, the little German girl with abscesses near the knee is improving, as is also Katie, the girl with burnt limb. Minnie Bryant, the girl with diseased heart, has grown so fleshy we hardly knew her.

One little motherless girl has died the past month in the hospital. Hannah Scofield, twelve years old, had been a check girl at Fahy's, and she had tried to keep house for her father. She was a very attractive child, and sang very sweetly. She had often visited the Hospital with her father, who sometimes took part in the Sabbath song-service. Her disease was peritonitis, and she lived but a few days after she came to the Hospital. She was very affectionate and loved to be held in the arms of the nurses when wearied with lying on her cot. One of the nurses became so interested in her, that she promised her if she recovered to send her on a farm in the country.

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Children's Pavilion Fund.

Miss Margaret A. Hayes, Westfield. . . . \$ 50
 Previously acknowledged. 348 53

Total receipts. \$344 03

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, or to any of the managers of the Hospital. Who will help to build this much needed Pavilion?

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Our Sick Friends.

Never since we have been associated with the Hospital have so many of its active workers been laid aside by sickness as at the present time. One of the prominent members of the surgical staff is suffering from a protracted illness, and several of the lady managers are utterly unable to assume their accustomed duties, and beside the sick beds of some of them anxious hearts are earnestly pleading that beloved and useful lives may be spared.

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 We are indebted to Mrs. Carter Wilder for a very nice upholstered invalid's chair.

The Dolls' Fair.

About three hundred dolls, dressed in the latest styles, are making elaborate preparations to receive all the children in the city on Donation Day. They will be at home and happy to show their houses, carriages and appointments. Some of them have come from across the water and are expecting invitations to spend Christmas with our young friends. We hope they will be hospitably greeted by the children of Rochester.

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 The Rochester Book Club, through Mrs. Theodore Bacon, has added five new books to our library—"Memories of Old Friends," "Siege of London," "On the Desert," "Tunis," and "Emma Lathrop, Spinster." We are always glad to receive additions to our library, for an interesting book often absorbs the attention of the convalescent, making him forget his pain, and often does more good than medicine.

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 Carl Hammond, who was two years in the Hospital with an abscess in his side, had the measles after his return home, and his health since then has been greatly improved. He was very anxious to come back to the Hospital and see his nurses and the patients who were so kind to him. He recently visited the institution, bringing with him his photograph for some of his Hospital friends.

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 There are young friends who make weekly visits to the Hospital children, taking with them books, papers, tempting food, flowers, or something to please the sick. It is interesting to note the pleasure manifested by them, and their visits are always welcomed by the Hospital children.

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 The Missionary Society of Calvary Church have sent us, through Mrs. Thomas Olviver and Mrs. Daniel Deming, an album and text bed-quilt. This is quite an elaborate piece of work, and will be interesting and comforting to some of our invalids.

Receipts for the Review.

OCTOBER 1884.

Mrs. J. C. Van Epps, by Mrs. H. H. Morse \$ 68
 Mrs. J. Gray, Chicago, 62 cents; Mrs. E. W. Holmes, Boston, 50 cents; Mrs. A. Manvel, St. Paul, Minn., \$1.00; Mrs. M. Strong, 63 cents, by Mrs. Dr. Strong. 2 75
 Mrs. Chester Dewey, \$1.25; Mrs. Henry J. Moore, \$1.00; Mrs. W. H. Perkins, \$1.25, by Mrs. Perkins. 3 50
 Mrs. W. G. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. L. H. Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Avery, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Bellows, 62 cents, Miss Barton, 62 cents; Mrs. G. C. Buell, 62 cents; Miss Backus, 62 cents; W. H. Benjamin, \$1.86; Mrs. S. M. Benjamin, 62 cents; Mrs. E. J. B. Crittenden, 62 cents; Mrs. C. W. Cushing, 62 cents; W. W. Carr, \$1.86; Mrs. Dr. Collins, 62 cents; Miss L. O. Caldwell, 62 cents; Mrs. D. M. Dewey, 62 cents. Mrs. A. Erickson, 62 cents; Mrs. B. F. Enos, 62 cents; Mrs. E. P. Gould, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Hart, 62 cents; Mrs. Ann Hoyt, 62 cents; Mrs W. Hill, 62 cents; Miss E. P. Hall, 62 cents; Miss C. Howard, \$1.25; Mrs. W. P. Latz, 62 cents; Mrs. A. B. Lambertson; 62 cents; W. C. Morey, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Manderville, 62 cents; Dr. Mallory, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Thomas Oliver, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Porter, \$1.25; Mrs. J. H. Phelan, \$1.25; Mrs. I. F. Quinby, 62 cents; Mrs. S. B. Roby, \$1.25; Geo. S. Riley, 62 cents. Mrs. Thomas Raines, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Sunderlin, 62 cents; Mrs. G. G. Street, 62 cents; Samuel Sloan, \$1.25; Mrs. J. Siddons, 62 cents; Mrs. C. F. Weaver, 62 cents, by Beekman Little. 31 05
 Mrs. William Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. C. H. Angel, 62 cents; Mrs. Charles Achilles, 62 cents. Mrs. E. N. Buell, 61 cents; Mrs. S. L. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. P. Barry, \$1.25; Mrs. Theodore Bacon, 62 cents; Mrs. S. E. Brace, 62 cents; Mrs. H. W. Brown, 62 cents; Mrs. G. Brady, 62 cents; Mrs. C. M. Curtis (two subs.) \$1.87; Mrs. G. G. Clarkson, 62 cents; Mrs. A. E. Crabbe, 62 cents; Miss Cogswell, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Canfield, 62 cents; Mrs. J. G. Cutler, 62 cents; Mrs. Thos. Chester, 62 cents; Mrs. C. T. Converse, 62 cents; Mrs. F. W. Dewey 62 cents; Mrs. D. Deavenport, 62 cents; Mrs. R. K. Dryer, 62 cents; Mrs. E. M. Day, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Furman, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Fisher, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Frick, 62 cents; Mrs. I. F. Force, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Gorsline, \$1.00; Mrs. E. H. Hollister, 62 cents; Mrs. W. R. Hollowell, 62 cents; Mrs. D. T. Hunt, 62 cents; Mrs. C. J. Hayden, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Lowry, 62

cents; Mrs. C. M. Lee, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Luetchford, 62 cents; Miss E. Manvel, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Millman, 62 cents; Mrs. T. A. Newton, 62 cents; Mrs. F. E. Peck, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Proctor, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Palmer, 62 cents; Mrs. G. H. Perkins, 62 cents; Miss Potter, 62 cents, Mrs. Geo. Raines, 62 cents. Mrs. E. J. Raymond, 62 cts.; Mrs. J. Rapalje, 62 cents; Mrs. H. T. Rogers, 62 cents; Mrs. W. N. Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. C. F. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. H. R. Selden, 62 cents; Mrs. J. M. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. J. G. Stoothooff, 62 cts.; Mrs. Nelson Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. E. O. Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. Frank Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Winn, 62 cents; Mrs. G. D. Williams, \$1.25; Mrs. W. H. Ward, \$1 25; Mrs. E. P. Willis, 62 cents, by Miss Hayes. 39 47
 Mrs. J. B. Adams, Geneseo, 50 cents; Mrs. S. Goddard, York, 50 cents; Miss Hattie Hyde, 62 cents; Mrs. Thomas Knowles, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Rowley, 62 cents, by treasurer. . . 2 86
 MRS ROBERT MATHEWS, Treas.,
 96 Spring street.

Donations for September.

Calvary Church Missionary Society, album and text bed quilt.
 Mrs. Thos. Oliver and Mrs. Daniel Deming, two cans of fruit, bowl of jelly, old cotton.
 Rochester Book Club by Mrs. Theo. Bacon, "Memories Old Friends," "Siege of London," "On the Desert," "Tunis," and "Emma Lathrop, Spinster."
 Mrs. S. H. Terry, one barrel apples.
 Mrs. G. C. Buell, basket of grapes.
 Mrs. Ellwanger, " "
 Mrs. Edward Ray, " "
 Miss Saxton, " "
 Mr. Woodworth, peaches.
 Mrs. J. A. Eastman, basket of pears.
 Mrs. Ray, basket of pears.
 Mrs. Pool, old cotton
 Mrs. A. C. Wilder, invalid's extension chair.
 Misses Edith Peck and Julia Robinson, pictorial papers.
 Mrs. A. H. Porter, four new chemises for child.
 Miss Daisy Beach, three years' St Nicholas.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Oct. 1, 1884. 69
 " received during month. 53
 " births during month. 2
 ——— 124
 Number deaths during month 6
 " discharged during month. 51
 " remaining Nov. 1, 1884. 67
 ——— 124

Thanksgiving Day.

Please send our invalids something tempting for their Thanksgiving dinner.

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 4th, effects of an accident, William Frank.

At Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 10th, of old age, Margaret Ray, aged 89 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 14th, of typhoid fever, Elizabeth Hoyle, aged 22 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 16th, of cerebral apoplexy, Isaac J. Dobson, aged 72 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 19th, of typhoid fever, Mrs. Minnie H. Mott, aged 31 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Oct. 22d, of peritonitis, Hannah Scofield, aged 12 years.

Man has evil as well as good qualities peculiar to himself. Drunkenness places him as much below the brutes as reason elevates him above them.—*Sinclair.*

A shrewd, clever doctor once said that he considered a patient's chances of recovery were ninety per cent. better with a trained than with an untrained nurse. She is in the truest sense of the word the physician's assistant, carrying out his orders, seeing that they are obeyed when he is not present, and by her skilful and intelligent care, contributing largely to a successful termination of the case.

**THE CENTURY!
IN 1885.**

A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

PAPERS ON THE CIVIL WAR.

The important feature of THE CENTURY MAGAZINE for the coming year—indeed, perhaps the most important ever undertaken by the magazine—will be a series of separate papers on the great battles of the War for the Union, written by general officers high in command upon both the Federal and Confederate sides—General Grant (who writes of Vicksburg, Shiloh and other battles), Generals Longstreet, McClellan, Beauregard, Rosecrans, Hill, Admiral Porter, and others. The series opens in the November CENTURY with a graphically illustrated article on

The Battle of Bull Run,

written by the Confederate general, G. T. Beauregard. Brief sketches, entitled "Recollections of a Private," papers chronicling special events, descriptions of various auxiliary branches of the service, etc., will supplement the more important series by the various generals.

A strict regard for accuracy will guide the preparation of the illustrations, for which THE CENTURY has at its disposal a very large quantity of photographs, drawings, portraits, maps, plans, etc., hitherto unused. The aim is to present in this series, not official reports, but commanding officers' accounts of their plans and operations,—interesting personal experiences which will record leading events of the war, and possess, at the same time, a historical value not easily to be calculated.

FICTION.

In this line THE CENTURY will maintain its prestige, and furnish the best stories by American writers that can be procured. In November begins

A New Novel by W. D. Howells,

Author of "Venetian Days," "A Modern Instance," etc: This story deals with the rise of an American business man. A novel by Henry James, a novelette by Grace Denio Litchfield, and short stories by "Uncle Remus," Frank R. Stockton, H. H. Boyesen, T. A. Janvier, H. H., Julian Hawthorne, and other equally well-known writers will appear at various times.

MISCELLANEOUS FEATURES.

Under this heading may be included a series of papers on the Cities of Italy by W. D. Howells, the illustrations being reproductions of etchings and drawings by Joseph Pennell; a series on

The New North-West.

being an interesting group of papers by E. V. Smalley, Lieut. Schwatka, Principal Grant (of Kingston, Ontario), and others, descriptive of little-known regions; papers on French and American art,—sculpture and painting, with some exquisite illustrations;—papers on

Astronomy, Architecture and History,

the first being by Prof. Langley and others. Under Architecture are included more of Mrs. VanRensselaer's articles on Churches, City and Country Houses, etc. Colonel George E. Waring, Jr., will describe

Progress in Sanitary Draining,

E. C. Stedman, Edmund Gosse and others will furnish literary essays; George W. Cable will contribute in various ways; several papers on sport and adventure will soon be published, and

John Burroughs

will write from time to time on outdoor subjects.

Readers of THE CENTURY may feel sure of keeping abreast of the times on leading subjects that may properly come within the province of a monthly magazine. Its circulation is now about 140,000 monthly, the November number exceeding that figure. Subscriptions should date from this number, beginning the War Series and Mr. Howells' novel. Price \$4.00 a year, 35 cents a number. All booksellers and newsdealers sell it and take subscriptions, or remittance may be made to the publishers.

A free specimen copy of THE CENTURY will be sent on request. Mention this paper.

THE CENTURY CO., New York, N. Y.

ST NICHOLAS

— FOR —

YOUNG FOLKS

Attractions for 1884-5.

No printed periodical can take the place of parent, pastor, or school teacher; but a good magazine can supplement their work and influence to a wonderful degree. In view of this, it is not extravagant to say that—instead of "Can we afford to take ST. NICHOLAS?"—the question of every earnest household in English-speaking countries, to-day, should be "Can we afford NOT to take ST. NICHOLAS?"

The magazine, during its eleven happy years of existence, under the editorial charge of

MARY MAPES DODGE,

has grown familiar to hundreds of thousands of young readers; and their interest and intelligent employment have constantly inspired the editor and publishers to fresh effort. To-day, its strength is in its wholesome growth, its sympathy with young life, its hearty recognition of the movement of events, and its steadily increasing literary and pictorial resources. The following are some of the good things already secured for future numbers of ST. NICHOLAS.

"His One Fault," a serial story for boys, by the popular author, J. T. Trowbridge.

"Personally Conducted," illustrated papers on famous places in Europe. By Frank R. Stockton.

"Historic Girls," a companion series to "Historic Boys." By E. S. Brooks.
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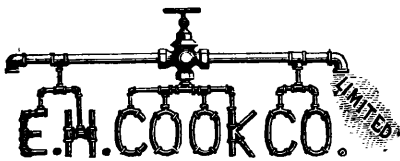
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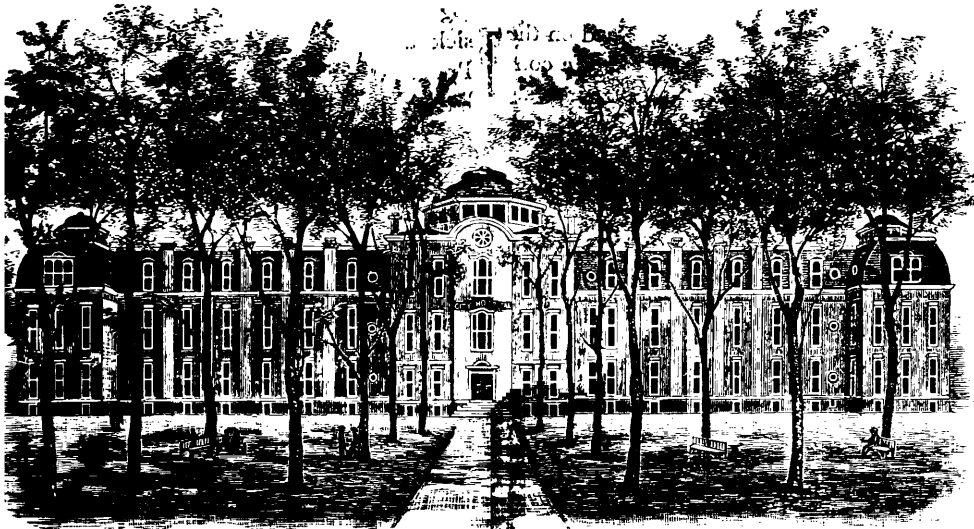
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DECEMBER 5, 1884.

No. 5.

Where is thy Victory?

It is not death to die—
To leave this weary road,
And 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose,
To spend eternal years.

It is not death to bear,
The wretch that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.

It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

Jesus, the Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To ring with Thee on high.

Memorial Tributes

TO THE LATE

HARVEY F. MONTGOMERY, M. D.,

PRESIDENT OF THE MEDICAL AND SURGICAL STAFF
OF THE ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL,

AND TO THE LATE

MRS. NATHANIEL T. ROCHESTER,

ONE OF THE LADY MANAGERS.

◆◆◆
The Medical and Surgical Staff.

At a meeting of the Medical and Surgical Staff of the City Hospital, of which the late Harvey F. Montgomery, M. D., was President, held at the City Hospital November 9th, 1884, the following was incorporated in the minutes :

"The staff of the Rochester City Hospital is called upon to mourn, for the fourth time, the death of one of its members.

Dr. Harvey F. Montgomery died on the morning of November 8, 1884, after a continuous service of over twenty years as attending surgeon of the Hospital, and President of the Medical and Surgical Staff. We desire to note this sad event, and to express the conviction that it will be difficult to fill the position which he adorned. His services were given at all hours, and were of the utmost value. He was one of the original trustees of the institution, and the first appointed member of the staff. His absence will be keenly felt by the remaining members of the staff, and all connected with the Hospital. We deeply sympathise with the members of his family in the irreparable loss they have sustained."

E. V. STODDARD, M. D.,
Sec'y of Staff.

The Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

At the regular monthly meeting of the Lady Managers, held at the City Hospital, December 1st, 1884, Mrs. Maltby Strong, President of the Board, thus alluded to their departed friends:
Ladies:

At our last monthly meeting we were oppressed with anxiety, so many connected with the management of this institution were very sick. Since that time, two of those so highly esteemed have passed within the veil, and we come this afternoon mourning their loss and saddened by the illness of three others, on whom we have depended so much in our Hospital work.

Dr. Harvey F. Montgomery, who died November 8th, was one of the early Trustees of the City Hospital, elected June, 1847, but resigned his office a few years since. He, with Dr.

Henry W. Dean, composed the first Medical and Surgical Staff, both offering their services gratuitously, to the sick and suffering. Dr. Montgomery, President of the Staff since that time, has exerted great influence. For more than twenty years, he has freely and untiringly given his valuable services to those unable to pay for them at the Hospital, and by his unwearied efforts here, and deep interest in the Training School, has manifested his estimate of the importance to the public of this Institution. The loss will be keenly felt by all connected with the Hospital. Four of our beloved and valued Physicians, Drs. Henry W. Dean, W. W. Ely, J. F. Whitbeck, and H. F. Montgomery, have died since the opening of the Hospital, February, 1864.

We, as a Board of Managers, sorrow deeply for the death of one of our number.

Mrs. N. T. Rochester, who, November 19th, after an illness of many months, passed so peacefully to join her loved ones, was one of the original Managers of the Hospital, and excepting for a short time when absent from the city, has ever been connected with this Board. Entering with much zeal into its interests, peculiarly fitted by her own bereavements, she had a heart of sympathy and love for all the sick and suffering, and in her connection with the "Female Charitable Society" had been accustomed to visit among them. The patients at the Hospital always welcomed her, and when absent enquired earnestly for her, with strong expressions of regard, and it was not strange, for with her heart of love she as with magnetic influence drew the love of others. The aged and infirm were very fond of her, as some of them

testified by their presence and grief at her funeral. The children seemed to have a large place in her affections. On Christmas and festival days she was ready with some offering, letter or word of love, to cheer the weary hearts. How sadly we shall miss her! Who can fill her place? 'Tis a rare gift so to minister to the sorrowing. Do we not all desire to express our sympathy with these afflicted families in their bereavements?

The following tribute was then offered by the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. C. C. Mathews:

In Memoriam.

Since last we met, a life has passed from earth, embalmed with the memory and fragrance of good deeds. A life fraught from girlhood with so much of Christian character, so much of the likeness of God, such a striving after holiness, that words are empty and meaningless, as a tribute to her departed worth.

Mrs. Nathaniel T. Rochester, was one of the first committee appointed by the Charitable Society, to take the oversight of the Hospital. Ever faithful in her work she met with us, for the last time February 4th, tho' far from well, but since then was obliged to relinquish her active charities, save by the loving messages written or sent. Her welcome visits within the wards of the Hospital or private rooms, her comforting words to the sorrowing, her gentle reproofs to the erring, joined with her fervent prayers for the afflicted, can never be forgotten, but with the retrospect of many an invalid, she will be remembered with love and affection, and, in years to come, as now, they "will call her blessed."

Her mission is finished. Her work "well done,"

Thus "one by one
The loved and cherished leave us.

On earth's dreary sod
Our hearts are torn with partings,
Thou wilt not sever us, O Lord our God
In Thy blest mansions.

In Thy purpose deep
A blessing lies unscann'd by us who weep
Amid these shadows. Night will soon be past:
The cloudy night of time, that ends at last
In Heaven's bright morning."

The Members of the Board adopted the above tributes as an expression of their sympathy, and, resolved that the articles be entered in their minutes, and published in THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

Death of Dr. H. F. Montgomery.

Since our last issue, we have met with a severe loss in the death of Dr. Harvey Fitzhugh Montgomery, our senior Surgeon, and President of the Medical and Surgical Staff. He had been connected with the Hospital since it was first opened, and as Trustee and Medical officer, had guarded its interests zealously, and labored continuously for the welfare of its inmates. We have known him so long and so well, that it pains us to reflect that his fine presence will never again greet us as we go about the Hospital. He was one of the oldest Physicians in Rochester—one of the oldest members of the Monroe County Medical Society, and but three or four remain of that distinguished band of medical men, who began with him their professional life in our city. The places of such men may be filled, but as they leave us, they must always be missed by those who knew them best. Dr. Montgomery was associated with Dr. Dean and Dr. Whitbeck in the early years of our work. All three are now dead, but they live to mark the success of their labors, and we believe that they have aided in the establishment of an Institution which will go on for all time.

In character, Dr. Montgomery was frank, honest, fearless, of great ability as a surgeon, and possessed of qualities which must

ever command respect. He evidenced an unceasing regard for the Hospital, and not only during his own service, but during that of his associates, regularly devoted Sunday morning to our patients, deeming this attendance in the light of a religious duty. He was also deeply interested in our Training School for Nurses, as those who have listened to his remarks at the graduating exercises can testify.

During the past six months we had noticed with deep anxiety and pain his failing strength. A temporary absence at the sea-shore in the summer did not benefit him, and he came home showing increasing pallor and debility. Still he did not intermit his visits to our wards, until unable to leave his house. Then we found him with his interest in the Hospital undiminished, but calm in the conviction that his end was near. All efforts to prolong his life seemed futile, and he gently sank away, and died early on the morning of the eighth of November. The simple burial service of the Episcopal Church was read at his residence, and quietly and without display, he was laid at rest in Mt. Hope, Nov. 10th.

Socially, Dr. Montgomery was highly esteemed, and his domestic life was an ideal one. To his family, we tender our profound sympathy. For his son, who has taken his father's profession, and carried his name to a distant western city, we cannot express a better hope than that he may prove the worthy successor of such a father.

W. S. E.

The Monroe County Medical Society.

At a special meeting of the Monroe County Medical Society, convened at the office of Dr. E. M. Moore, November 8, 1884, in consequence of the death of Dr. Harvey F. Montgomery, it was resolved to make a record of our feelings upon this melancholy occasion, for we have learned with great sorrow of the demise of our highly esteemed brother, whose high character has been a

bulwark of professional honor to us all. His was a life upon which no slur could be cast; one of uprightness and ability. He was strong in his feelings, strong in his convictions, strong in judgment. He has left a lasting impress of good in this community. The thought that any conduct that swerved from the strict line of duty could ever be imputed to him, seemed a profanation. This great praise can rarely be sustained in the severe struggles in professional life, but it is wholly his due.

Resolved, That these words be placed in our records, and a copy transmitted to the family.

Resolved, That we attend the funeral in a body.

Tributes from the City Press.

The following notices we copy from the *Democrat and Chronicle*:

DEATH OF DR. MONTGOMERY—DYING AFTER SEVERAL WEEKS ILLNESS.

The death of Dr. Harvey F. Montgomery occurred at 8 o'clock, on the morning of Nov. 8th, at his residence, No. 160 Spring st. He had been confined to his bed for some three weeks, suffering from a low fever and general vital prostration. He was born in Rochester, July 21, 1818, and was graduated from Princeton college and from the University of Pennsylvania, taking his M. D. from the latter institution, and soon after commenced the practice of medicine in this city. He has always been devotedly attached to his chosen profession, in which he has achieved eminent distinction as well as substantial reward. He was much sought after in the most difficult cases, and has been consulting physician at the City Hospital since its foundation. He was medical examiner for soldiers recruited here during the war, and since the war has been an examiner for applicants for pensions. He was an honored member of the Monroe County Medical Society and an at-

tendant at St. Luke's Church. His first wife died in 1848, soon after their marriage. His second wife, to whom he was married in 1851, survives him, together with the following children: Mrs. J. Cummings Vail, of Newark, N. J.; Fannie Montgomery, Guy R. Montgomery, of Minneapolis; Alice Montgomery and Katharine Montgomery.

The Dead Physician.

The funeral of the late Dr. Montgomery was held at the residence on Spring street Monday afternoon, November 10th, at 2:30 o'clock. The services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Anstice, of St. Luke's Church, and consisted of the impressive ritual of the Episcopal Church. A large number of physicians of the city were present in a body. Only a few floral designs of a simple character were upon the casket, in accordance with the wishes of the friends of the deceased. The services at Mt. Hope cemetery were attended only by the family and a few personal friends. The pall-bearers were Frederick Whittlesey, and Drs. Mott Moore, Richard M. Moore, Whitbeck, Mallory, Dewey and Farley. The honorary bearers were Drs. E. M. Moore, sr., Rider, Ely, Langworthy, Briggs, Collins, and Adams.

In Memoriam.

MRS. NATHANIEL T. ROCHESTER.

"When one that holds communion with the
skies,
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,
And once more mingles with us meaner things,
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings;
Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied."

Rarely have we been brought into contact with one who daily lived in so holy an atmosphere, and whose very presence was so purifying and inspiring, as that of our departed friend, the late Mrs. N. T. Rochester.

"The blessing of her quiet life,
Fell on us like the dew;
And good thoughts, where her footsteps
pressed,
Like fairy blossoms grew.

"Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds,
Were in her very look;
We read her face, as one who reads,
A true and holy book;

"The measure of a blessed hymn,
To which our hearts could move;
The breathing of an inward psalm,
A canticle of love."

Mrs. Rochester was by nature refined, affectionate and attractive, but her peculiar trials developed rare graces. Early baptized in the waters of affliction, she was eminently fitted to comfort others. Six times she tasted the bliss of motherhood and, at the call of the Good Shepherd, yielded up her treasures, one by one, five in their infancy and one in early manhood. The memory of her little ones in the upper fold made all children dear to her, and her motherly heart responded to the cry of every needy child, and her arms were not empty but widely extended to welcome and bless many a little one. She was indeed the children's friend.

In referring to the funeral of her husband Mrs. R. said: "I saw nothing but the dear little children right in front of me." Meet it was, that beside the sacred chancel, where so often she had knelt to receive the holy emblems, her own casket, bearing the symbolic palms and between them six rose buds, one for each child, should be strewn with flowers, by eighty children, who, in their early years, in the Infant Department of St. Luke's Sunday School, had been directed by her to Him who said: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." It was a touching sight that brought tears to many an eye.

It was Mrs. Rochester who named "The Children's Cot" at the City Hospital. We had selected for it the name of the Lily Bed, but, in deference to her wiser judgment, we called it "The Children's Cot,"

and she loved the sick little ones so much, she would fain have had it large enough to hold all the sick children who need hospital care.

At the bedside of the afflicted, the sick, or the dying, in our Hospital Wards she was indeed a ministering angel. Her tender sympathy, strong faith, blessed counsels, gentle pleadings, and earnest prayers, were indeed a benediction to many a sufferer. Hers was a well rounded character; faith and works abounded. She loved like Mary to sit at the Master's feet and also delighted to bless the needy.

Early in life she became a communicant of the Episcopal Church, but though strongly attached to the forms of her own communion, her charity embraced all who loved her Saviour. In her church work she was most active. For more than twenty years she was a teacher in the Sunday School, and for a large portion of this time at the head of the Infant Department. She was peculiarly happy in interesting children and attaching them to her. She was also at the head of the Mothers' Meeting Chapter of St. Luke's Guild, and when in the city and her health permitted, she would conduct the weekly meetings, explaining in simple language the Bible lesson, reading some moral story, and leading in prayer. When her health declined, she cast her mantle on two nieces, one of whom took her place in the Mothers' Meeting, the other in the Infant Class room.

For some years Mrs. Rochester was an officer in the Female Charitable Society, The Home for the Friendless, and the Church Home. She was one of the original Board of Lady Managers of the City Hospital and with the exception of a short period when absent from the city, she has always been connected with the Board, and all of its members will concede that none of them can fill the place she has left vacant as a bedside visitor. She was also one of the Publishing Committee of THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

Since the death of her husband, in June, 1883, she has been in feeble health. For weeks she had been in the border-land. An insidious disease baffled the skill of her physicians, and slowly, but surely, she approached the dark valley. As the outward man perished the inward grew brighter and brighter. With Christian faith and cheerfulness she looked forward to the day of her departure, when she would meet her Saviour face to face. When passing through paroxysms of distress, up-borne by the everlasting arms, she would often say: "Nothing but mercies and comforts all the way through." Often during the last weeks of her life she would exclaim: "God only knows," "Nobody knows but Jesus." After Bishop C. had prayed with her, she said; "I feel as if the journey down into the valley of death would be very long, but I see a very bright light at the other end." The last weeks of her life were spent at the residence of her nephew, Mr. Thomas C. Montgomery. She greatly appreciated the loving ministries of those around her sick bed, and called this home "a house of rest." When sending a parting message to friends she did not expect again to see, she said: "Tell them you have been in the "Chamber of Peace." She afterwards gave an order for the painting of an illuminated motto for her room, which should bear the inscription, "The Chamber of Peace." This was finished and sent to the house a few hours after her decease, and, it will long hang in the room sanctified by the presence and hallowed by the memories of the departed.

On the morning of November nineteenth, "Just after daybreak, just before it rather, Earth's light grew dim as Heaven's gate oped to her."

How blessed the transition! How joyous to the long childless mother the welcome of her children!

While we have been keeping our Thanksgiving festival, vacant chairs around our festive boards have reminded us of our ab-

sent ones, and caused a minor tone to mingle with our notes of rejoicing, but she has passed beyond earth's partings, and "forever with the Lord," surrounded by her dear ones, gone before, how exultantly can she echo the words of the Psalmist: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

Catharine Ann Cummings was born in New York city in 1813; her father, James Cummings, was a prominent merchant of that city; on June 15th, 1835, she was married by the late Bishop Whitehouse, then rector of St. Luke's Church, to Nathaniel T. Rochester, son of Col. Nathaniel Rochester, for whom our city was named. She at once made Rochester her home, and here, where she is widely known, a host of friends can testify to her saintly, Christian life.

She survived all of her six children, but one of whom reached maturity. Her husband died June 14th, 1883. Her death occurred November 19th, 1884, and on the 21st of November, her funeral services were held in St. Luke's church, Rev. Dr. Anstice officiating. The interment was in the family lot at Mt. Hope. One brother and one sister survive her. The former, Mr. Thomas P. Cummings, resides in Brooklyn, N. Y.; the latter, Mrs. Dana, in San Francisco, California. H. S. T.

The Mothers' Meeting Chapter of St. Luke's Guild.

At the regular meeting of the Mothers' Meeting Chapter of St. Luke's Guild, held November 24th, the following tributes were offered:

Since our last monthly meeting we have met with a severe loss in the death of Mrs. N. T. Rochester, the faithful and efficient "Head of the Chapter" since its organization, six years ago. She died on the 19th of November, after an illness of nine months. With a life entirely consecrated to her Master's work, it has seemed to all

who were so fortunate as to be associated with her in the "Mothers' Meetings," that this work has been her happiest service. Its interest and its success were very dear to her, and she was constantly heard to speak of it as "*my Mothers' Meetings.*" Faithful in her weekly and monthly attendance, faithful in her visiting, overflowing with love and sympathy, she gained access to all hearts, and won them to her, with a devotion seldom witnessed. To the poor, the sick and the afflicted, was she especially constant in her ministrations, and by her wonderful tact and good judgment, she learned the secret of many a sorrowing heart, and brought comfort to many a weary life, teaching both by example and precept, where to find "that peace which the world cannot give." Never did her interest in this work abate or lessen, and when the hand of Death was already upon her, she asked of her Bishop prayers, not for herself, but for her work, the "Mothers' Meeting," and the Infant Sunday School. After a faithful life of "three score years and ten," God laid her upon a bed of suffering. We could not feel that it was necessary for her own perfecting. She seemed already to be "meet to be a partaker of the inheritance of the saints in light." But for ourselves we may rejoice that there has been afforded us another such bright example of the triumph of Christian faith and trust. Not a murmur escaped her lips, but her expressions were constantly breathing of God's goodness to her. Of her we can most truly say "She has fought a good fight, she has finished her course, she has kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for her a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous judge shall give her at that day." To us, who mourn her loss, there remains a blessed and holy memory of loving companionship with her, with the desire to consecrate ourselves anew to this work she loved so well, and the earnest prayer that we may so live here, as to be worthy to

abide with her in God's presence when He shall call us to Himself.

November 24th, 1884.

Mrs. Rochester, so long the head of this, the Mothers' Meetings Chapter of St. Luke's Guild, has passed from earth and entered into the rest of Paradise, where the "souls of those who depart in the faith are in joy and felicity." Our hearts are filled with sadness, for we miss the earnest loving words of Christian counsel and ripe experience, which made her a *mother* indeed to *us all*. Yet through our tears, we rejoice that "she rests from her labors," confident that the clear light of eternity alone will reveal the precious influence of such a saintly life. Her sweet patience and abiding peace, during a weary, lingering illness, and her unwavering faith and trust in view of death, teach us of the power of Christ in the human soul. May the Spirit of God impress the lesson upon our hearts, and make us faithful to do his work with humility and earnestness, knowing "that our labor is not in vain in the Lord."

November 24th, 1884.

The Female Charitable Society

At the monthly meeting of the Female Charitable Society, held on Tuesday afternoon, September 2d, the President alluded to the recent death of Mrs. N. T. Rochester, a former officer of the society. A tribute was offered to her memory, which is to be entered on the minutes of the society.

The Chamber of Peace.

"The Pilgrim they laid in a large upper chamber, facing the sun-rising. The name of the chamber was Peace."—*Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*.

After the burden and heat of the day,
The starry calm of night;
After the rough and toilsome way,
A sleep in the robe of white.

O blessed Pilgrim! We see thy face,
As an angel's face might seem,
For, lying pale in that shadowy place,
Thou dreamest a golden dream.

The stars are watching the sleeping saint,
And lighting the sleeping brow;
But the light of the stars is cold and faint,
To the glory he dreameth now.

For the things that are hid from waking
eyes,
Shine clear to the veiled sight;
From the chamber dim where the Pilgrim
lies,
We can watch the fountains of light.

The journey is over, the fight is fought,
He hath seen the Home of his love;
And the smile on the dreamer's face is caught
From the land of smiles above.

We also have sometimes lain asleep,
In the blessed Chamber of Peace;
Too weary to wrestle, or watch, or weep,
For a while the struggle must cease—

We give thanks for the weakness that makes
us lie,
So helpless and calm for a while,
The roar of the battle goes hoarsely by,
And we hear it, in dreams, with a smile..

Oh, sweet is the slumber wherewith the King:
Hath caused the weary to rest!
For, sleeping, we hear the angels sing,
We lean on the Master's breast.

Mater Dolorosa.

Because of the little low-laid heads all covered
With golden hair,
For evermore all fair young brows to me
A halo wear;
I kiss them reverently,—alas! I know
The stains I bear.

Because of dear but close-shut holy eyes
Of heaven's own blue,
All little eyes do fill my own with tears,
What'er their hue;
And motherly I gaze their innocent
Clear depths into.

Because of little pallid lips which once
My name did call,
No childish voice, in vain appeal, upon
My ear doth fall;
I count it all my joy their joys to share
And sorrow small.

Because of little dimpled, cherished hands
Which folded lie,
All little hands henceforth to me do have
A pleading cry; [birds
I clasp them as they were small wandering
Lured home to fly.

Because of little death-cold feet, for earth's
Rough road unmeet,
I'd journey leagues to save from sin or harm
Such little feet;
And count the lowliest service done for them
So sacred—sweet!

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., DEC. 5, 1884.

Annual Festival.

The Donation Festival of the Rochester City Hospital will be held in Powers' Building Thursday and Friday, December 11th, and 12th, 1884, during the day and evening.

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

Articles for the Fancy Table will be most thankfully received by Miss Annie E. M. Wild, 143 Spring street; Mrs. William Hoyt, 181 Spring street, and Mrs. Myron Adams, Oxford street, near Park avenue; for the Dolls' Fair, by Mrs. Arthur S. Hamilton, 74 South Washington street, and Mrs. Max Landsberg, 22 North Clinton street; for the "Children's Pavilion" Table, by Mrs. C. H. Angel, 87 East avenue; for the Basket Table by Miss Bessie Clarke, 287 East avenue. The Flower Table will be in charge of Miss Cornelia Ely.

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

Mrs. Robert Mathews, Treasurer of THE HOSPITAL REVIEW, will receive with thanks the subscriptions for the paper, also any sums, large or small, for the Children's Pavilion Fund, for the care of children who need Hospital treatment.

Miss A. S. Mumford and Miss S. Hall will have charge of the Mite Boxes.

Dinner will be served from 12 m.; supper from 5 p. m., through the evening.

The tables will be furnished with the most palatable viands, dainties and luxuries which can be procured. Further particulars will be given in the daily papers.

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

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

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

Special Appeal.

The Lady Managers this year make a special appeal to all the friends of the City Hospital, asking that as their needs are peculiarly pressing, the response may be proportionately large. With saddened hearts they come to their Annual Festival, for many who have long been accustomed to labor most actively with them will be missed at their Donation Reception. One has recently been laid with her kindred in the neighboring cemetery; others have long been languishing on beds of sickness; still others are with anxious hearts ministering to their loved ones, and among the older members of the Board, but few will be found at their accustomed posts on Donation Day.

We trust our citizens one and all will rally around us in our hour of weakness, and prove by their personal services and gifts their interest in our charity. This year we make a little departure from our ordinary course, and receive friends two days and evenings instead of one. Three new churches offered to provide refreshment tables, and as our space would not admit of spreading so many boards without crowd-

ing our guests, we shall keep open doors for two days and evenings instead of one.

On Thursday, December 11th, the ladies of the Hebrew, Universalist, St. Luke's, Methodist, Brick, St. Paul's, St. Peter's and Christ churches will welcome their friends, and on Friday, the 12th, we invite our guests to the tables of the Baptist, Plymouth, First Presbyterian, and Central churches, and that of Mrs. J. H. Brewster, Mrs. J. C. Hart and Mrs. H. H. Morse. Ladies sending supplies for the first class of tables, will please send them Thursday morning; those for the second class on Friday morning.

The Dolls' Fair.

We have had a peep at it, but we can't begin to tell half that is in it, and we expect the children will go wild over it. Two houses, each as large as a good sized bureau, are to be fitted up in grand style, with kitchens, dining rooms, parlors and bed rooms; there are to be colored glass windows and satin curtains, chandeliers, and the cunningest little bath-tubs you ever saw. What do you think of turning on a faucet and drawing real water into the bath tub?

We saw a stable with two Jersey cows in it and a dairy beside it, and a milkman on his cart ready to start off for market. Then there are dolls of every kind and description. There are big and little ones, Mother Hubbards, Spanish ladies, brides, widows, colored girls, babies, Lady Washingtons, dolls in tailor-made suits, and a grand lady dressed by our Hebrew friends, that we think would pass for a queen. There are water proofs to keep the dolls' fine clothes from being injured, and beautiful gilded beds, and flower stands, and everything a doll needs. We are going to send a special telegram to St. Nicholas, for we think he will need extra reindeer, there will be so much for him to take home. He thinks we are doing a great business, and he wants

all the children to come to the Dolls' Fair and choose what he shall bring them for Christmas. Some of our young friends may receive special invitations to come to the Fair, but St. Nicholas has told us to invite *all the children in Rochester*, and if any of them should have cousins visiting them, they will be welcomed. The Dolls are to be at home, at Powers' Building, Thursday and Friday December 11th and 12th. Be sure and make them a call.

The Children's Pavilion.

Dear Children, this is the first year we have asked you to bring funds for the Children's Pavilion, but now we want to enlist all who ever worked for the Cot Fund, the endowment of which is now completed, to work for the Children's Pavilion. We know you all want to help us, and you can do so by bringing articles for the Children's Pavilion table, or making purchases there, or giving donations to Mrs. Robert Matthews. Mrs. C. H. Angel, who has so long had charge of the Cot Table, will continue her efforts for the Pavilion. We hope to have memorial offerings from mothers who have lost their little ones, thank offerings from homes that have welcomed infants, or had children preserved in time of sickness. We want small gifts as well as large. Please send us something for bricks for the Pavilion. Twenty-five cents will pay for a brick.

We have just received \$11.64, a Thanksgiving offering for the "Children's Pavilion Fund, the contents of Katie's Bank, from the children." This is the third memorial offering we have received within a year from "Katie's Bank;" the first was money that belonged to the dear child; that was given us last year, the Easter offering and the Thanksgiving one just received are from the sister and brothers of "Little Katie." How precious such memorial gifts! Are there not other homes where the children can make memorial offerings?

Children's Pavilion Fund.

The Sketch Club, by A. W. Lathrop.....	\$ 5 00
Libbie R. Messenger.....	13
Florence M. Messenger.....	12
"Contents of Katie's Bank, from the Children, Thanksgiving, 1884.".....	11 64
<hr/>	
Receipts for the month.....	\$ 16 89
Previously acknowledged.....	\$344 08
<hr/>	
Total Receipts.....	\$360 92

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, or to any of the managers of the Hospital. Who will help to build this much needed Pavilion?

The Little Folks.

We have the same children in the Hospital that we reported last month. The little German boy who fell over a stone is paralyzed, Freddie Lyons has diseased hips, Tommy Heney an abscess, Terrance Martin walks without a crutch. Katy, Rosa and Minnie are improving, and we have another little girl eleven years old, Mabel Ashley, who is recovering from a feverish attack that followed diphtheria.

The Onyx Club.

The "Onyx Club" composed of little girls in the Seventh Ward, held a sale on Monday afternoon and evening, the proceeds, over \$100, to be devoted to the Children's Pavilion. They have been working since August, and hope to have something handsome to give as their contribution to this worthy object on Donation Day. The Sale was held in the Rowley Street Mission Chapel. The older girls who comprise the officers are; Matie Arnold, *President*; Frankie Sage, *Vice-President*; Carrie Arnold, *Treasurer*; Daisy Beach, *Secretary*.

The Mite Boxes.

All persons having mite boxes are requested to bring them on Donation Day, and receive others in exchange.

Touching Tributes.

In visiting the Female Wards of the Hospital, since the death of Mrs. Rochester, we were touched by the expressions of sorrow that came from many of the invalids as they spoke of their great loss. One patient said: "If there are double crowns in heaven I am sure Mrs. Rochester will wear one." Another said: "Every week she came and read to us, and we looked forward with great pleasure to her visits. We always prayed that she might be spared." Last Christmas she gave each patient in the Female Wards a Christmas letter, a card, and a handkerchief.

Has She Relatives?

Harriet Paddock, formerly a dress-maker who boarded on Chestnut street, some five weeks ago fell and broke her shoulder. She was taken to the City Hospital, where she died December 1st. It is supposed that she had relatives in Penfield and elsewhere, but thus far the friends in charge of her have been unable to learn their whereabouts in order to communicate with them.

The Charity Club.

A society of twelve young ladies known as the "Charity Club" is now engaged in work for the Children's Pavilion. They are ready to make fancy, useful or artistic articles. They do their work well and are reasonable in their charges. Will not ladies who are interested in this worthy object give them work, and thus enable them to make a more generous offering next Easter? All work will be received at the residence of the President of the Club, Mrs. George M. Sweet, 44 East avenue.

Copies of the REVIEW may be had at Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring St.

A Valuable Gift.

We are indebted to Mr. Henry C. Moore for a very nice invalid's chair, which can be inclined backward or forward. It is of cane, has double wheels and modern improvements, and will be very useful to our sick friends.

We have received a very nice parcel of fine linen from Mrs. Arnold, of Geneseo, and also a package of old cotton from Mrs. L. Dickinson, of the same place. Cotton and linen are always useful at the Hospital.

A dear little girl in Buffalo named Ruth Lewis, has sent us three paper dolls for the Children's Cot. She had heard about our sick children and wanted to make them happy, so she sent a golden-haired girl, and a pair of twin babies. We know our Hospital children will welcome them and thank little Ruth.

Receipts for the Review.

NOVEMBER 1884.

E. H. Cook Company, adv., \$15.00; William Eastwood, adv. \$5.00; B. Herman, adv., \$5.00; Jeffrey's, adv., \$5.00 by Mrs. C. E. Mathews\$30 00
Mr. J. T. Andrews, 62 cents; Mr. H. F. Atkinson, 62 cents; Mrs. E. H. Arnold, 62 cents; Miss E. Della Brown, \$2.48; Mrs. C. S. Baker, 62 cents; Mrs. H. P. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. W. C. Barry, \$1.86; Mrs. M. H. Cotter, 62 cents; Mrs. J. R. Chamberlin, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Durand, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Eastwood, 62 cents; Dr. F. French, 62 cents; M. L. Filkins, 62 cents; Mr. M. Filon, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Gillard, 62 cents; Miss M. E. Gilman, \$1.25; Mrs. J. E. Hulbert, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Howe, 62 cents; Mrs. R. Hart, 62 cents; Miss Husbands, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Kalbfleisch, 62 cents; Mrs. D. H. Little, \$1.25; Mrs. W. P. Lamb, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Little, 62 cents; Mrs. C. R. Morgan, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Moseley, 62 cents; Misses Montgomery, 62 cents; Mrs. A. G. Mudge, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Montgomery, 62 cents; Mrs. N. P. Osburn, 62 cents; Mrs. E. B. Parsons, 62 cents; Mrs. F. P. Robins, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Rennelson, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Sargent, 62 cents; Miss Bella M. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. N. A. Stone, \$1.25; Mr. R. D. VanDeCarr, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Whittlesey, \$1.25; Mrs. J. H. Wilson. \$1.25; Mrs. D. A. .

Woodbury, 62 cents; Mrs. C. B. Woodworth, 62 cents, by Beekman Little.....\$32 20
Mrs. E. Hanford, \$1.25; Mrs. J. Keener, 62 cents; Mrs. Charles McLouth, Palmyra, \$1.00; Mrs. R. Messenger, 62 cents; Mrs. L. H. Northrop, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Wolff, 62 cents by Treasurer.....\$ 4 73
MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS,
Treasurer,
96 Spring St.

Died.

At Rochester, N. Y., November 8, 1884. Harvey F. Montgomery, M. D., aged 66 years.

In this city, November 19th, at the residence of her nephew, Thomas C. Montgomery, Catharine A. Rochester, wife of the late Nathaniel T. Rochester, aged 71 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 6th, of urinary infiltration, Julius E. Rounds, aged 38.

At Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 7th, of paralysis, Miss Libbie Paul, aged 45 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 14th, of croup, Frank Kessler, aged 3 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 30th, of apoplexy, H. I. Lawrance, aged 69 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Nov. 30th, of chronic nephritis, Joseph E. Charlesworth, aged 26 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, suddenly Dec. 1st, Miss Harriet Paddock, aged 63 years.

Donations for November.

Mrs. H. C. Roberts, second-hand clothing.
Mrs. George Gould, old cotton.
Mrs. Riggs, second-hand clothing.
Mrs. Henry C. Moore, new wicker invaled chair.
Miss Benjamin, old cotton, four bushels apples.
Miss Woodbury, dressing gown.
D. W. Powers, Reading matter.
Mrs. Dr. Stoddard, Children's clothes.
Mrs. Dr. White, reading matter.
Mrs. Farrar, old cotton and canned fruit.
Mrs. H. Steadman, reading matter.
Miss S. Mumford, second-hand clothing and reading matter.
Mrs. Landsberg, second-hand clothing.
Mrs. Oscar Craig, one turkey and cranberries.
Mrs. Dr. Mathews, basket of grapes for Training School.
Thos. McBlain, two turkeys.
Mrs. Geo. C. Buell, one turkey.
Miss Julia Robinson, wine jelly.
Miss Edith Peck, Charlotte Russe.
Miss Minnie Peck, fruit.
Miss Cornelia Robinson, fruit.
Miss Mary Butts, quantity of grapes—white and colored.
Mrs. S. H. Terry, *Scientific Americans* and reading matter.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Nov. 1, 1884.....	67
“ received during month.....	38
“ births during month.....	1
	--- 106
Number deaths during month.....	5
“ discharged during month.....	16
“ remaining Dec. 1, 1884.....	85
	--- 106



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Mrs. MALTBY STRONG. Mrs. WM. H. PERKINS,
Mrs. DR. MATHEWS.

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Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. Dr. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary No. 96 Spring Street.

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48 & 50 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

S. ROSENBLATT. GEO. J. OAKS.
S. ROSENBLATT & CO.
DEALERS IN
MILLINERY GOODS,
Dress Trimmings, Buttons, Laces,
Worsted, Hosiery and Fancy Goods, Etc.
42 State and 13 Mill Sts. Rochester, N. Y.

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

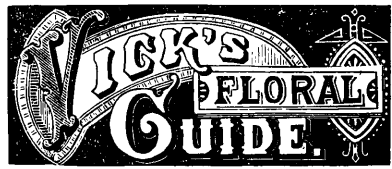
Rochester Savings Bank.
Cor. West Main and Fitzhugh Street.
Incorporated April 21, 1831.

XVI. Interest dividends will be made and declared semi-annually in each year on the first days of June and December, at the rate of not exceeding four per cent. per annum, on all deposits of five dollars and upwards, to the full amount allowed by the law, which shall have been made six months previous to the first days of June and December, and a ratable proportion on all such deposits as shall have been made three months next previous to those days, but no interest shall be paid on fractional parts of a dollar. No interest shall be paid on any sum withdrawn previous to the first days of June or December during the period which may have elapsed since the last dividend.
Adopted June 5th, 1882.

OFFICERS—1883.
MORTIMER F. REYNOLDS..... President
JAMES BRACKETT..... 1st Vice-President
SYLVANUS J. MACY..... 2d Vice-President
CHAS. F. POND..... Secretary.
TRUSTEES:
James Brackett, Mortimer F. Reynolds,
Charles F. Smith, Edward Harris,
Charles C. Morse, Hobart F. Atkinson,
Frederick Cook, George E. Mumford,
Seth J. Arnold, Gilman H. Perkins,
Sylvanus J. Macy, William S. Kimball,
Geo. E. Jennings, James W. Whitney.

THE OLD AND RESPONSIBLE
D. LEARY'S
STEAM
DYEING and CLEANSING
ESTABLISHMENT.
Mill Street, cor. Platt St., (Brown's Race)
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The reputation of this Dye House since 1828 has induced others to counterfeit our signs, checks, business cards, and even the cut of our building, to mislead and humbug the public. **NO CONNECTION WITH ANY SIMILAR ESTABLISHMENT.**
I have NO AGENTS in the country. You can do your business directly with me, at the same expense as through an Agent.
Crape, Brocha, Cashmere and Plaid Shawls, and all bright colored Silks and Merinoes, cleaned without injury to the colors. Also,
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S WOOLEN GARMENTS cleaned or colored without ripping, and pressed nicely. Also, FEATHERS and KID GLOVES cleaned or dyed. Silk, Woolen or Cotton Goods of every description dyed all colors, and finished with neatness and despatch on very reasonable terms. Goods dyed black every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday. Goods returned in one week.
GOODS RECEIVED AND RETURNED BY EXPRESS. Bills collected by Express Co.
Address D. LEARY, Mill Street, corner of Platt Street, Rochester, N. Y.



For 1884 is an Elegant Book of 150 Pages, 3 Colored Plates of Flowers and Vegetables and more than 1000 Illustrations of the choicest Flowers, Plants and Vegetables, and Directions for Growing. It is handsome enough for the center table or a Holiday Present. Send on your name and Post Office address, with 10 cents, and we will send you a copy, postage paid. This is not a quarter of its cost. It is printed in both English and German. If you afterwards order Seeds, deduct the 10 cents.
Vick's Seeds are the Best in the World! The FLORAL GUIDE will tell you how to get and grow them.
Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden—775 Pages, 6 Colored Plates, 500 Engravings. For 50 cents in paper covers; \$1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English.
Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine—32 Pages Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price \$1.25 a year; five copies for \$5.00. Specimen number sent for 10 cents; 3 trial copies for 25 cents.
JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

Established in 1834.
ALLING & CORY,
JOBBERS IN
Printers' and Binders' Stock,
STATIONERY, WRITING, WRAPPING
AND PRINTING PAPER.
47 Exchange Street, Rochester, N. Y.

CURRAN & GOLER'S
Powers Hotel Drug Store.
OPEN ALL NIGHT.

HENRY LIKLY & CO.

Successors to

A. R. PRITCHARD & LIKLY,

TRUNKS AND TRAVELING BAGS.

All Kinds of Traveling Goods.

78 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

HAMILTON & MATHEWS,

DEALERS IN

Hardware and Cutlery,

House Furnishing Goods,

27 EXCHANGE ST.

J. FAHY & CO.,

Importers and Wholesale Dealers in

RIBBONS, SILKS, MILLINERY,

Fancy Dry Good, Notions, Zephyrs, Worsteds, &c.

64 STATE STREET,

And 2 and 4 Market St.

Rochester, N. Y.

WM. MILLER.

S. L. ETTENHEIMER.

E. S. ETTENHEIMER & CO.

WATCHES, JEWELRY,

Diamonds, Clocks and Bronzes.

No. 2 STATE STREET,

(Elwood Building.)

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

GEO. C. BUELL & CO.

Wholesale Grocers

AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

36 and 38 Exchange Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Goods sold in strict conformity to New York quotations.

SCRANTON, WETMORE & CO.

BOOKSELLERS,

Stationers and Engravers.

Fine Fancy Goods for Wedding and Holiday Gifts.

Copper Plate Engraving and Fine Printing

done in the best manner.

Fashionable Stationery in all the Latest Styles.

10 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

SAMUEL SLOAN,

GAS AND STEAM FITTER,

No. 25 Exchange Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

French Crystal Glass Shades

AND ARTISTS' MATERIALS,

EMBRACING

White Frosted Plaques, Composition Plaques, Plain

and Gilt Rim Wood Plaques, Ebonized Wood

Panels, W. & N. Water Colors, Tube

Paints in Oil, Brushes, &c., &c.

OSGOOD & BRIGHAM, No. 4 Front Street

A. W. MUDGE,

UNDERTAKER,

No. 36 FITZHUGH STREET.

K. P. SHEDD,

GROGER,

No. 42 North Fitzhugh St.,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Country Produce a Specialty.

TROTTER, GEDDES & CO.

Dealers in Latest Improved

FURNACES & RANGES.

ALSO, GENERAL JOBBING.

29 Exchange St.

Rochester, N. Y.

JEFFREY'S,

UNDERTAKER,

125 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

HENRY C. WISNER,

IMPORTER,

33 State Street, Rochester, N. Y.

China, Crockery, Glass & Earthen Ware

SILVER PLATED WARE,

Bronzes, House Furnishing and Fancy Goods, Cutlery,

Tea Trays, Kerosene Goods, &c.

ESTABLISHED 1838.

E. B. BOOTH & SON,

JEWELERS,

Sole Agents for the Celebrated Borel & Courvoisier

Watch, and Lazarus & Morris' Perfected

Spectacles.

UNION & ADVERTISER CO.

FINE

Book and Job Printing,

44 EXCHANGE STREET,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

LOVEJOY,

POWERS HOTEL, Next to Main Entrance.

PURE CANDY

And 12 E. Main St.

No coloring or other objectionable matter used.

Mechanics' Savings Bank,

13 AND 15 EXCHANGE STREET,
 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

OFFICERS:

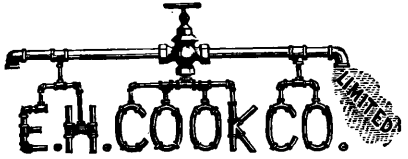
SAMUEL WILDER..... President
 JAS. M. WHITNEY, }
 SAMUEL SLOAN. } Vice-Presidents
 JOHN H. ROCHESTER..... Sec'y and Treas.
 F. A. WHITTLESEY..... Attorney
 ARTHUR LUETCHFORD..... Teller
 GEO. B. MONTGOMERY..... Book-keeper

TRUSTEES:

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

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

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



FINE PLUMBING,

Steam and Hot Water
 Warming.

GREENHOUSE & GAS WORK.

Elmira, Rochester Buffalo, Chicago.

PROMPT SERVICE,
 SKILLED MECHANICS,
 REASONABLE PRICES.

ESTABLISHED 1826.
SMITH, PERKINS & CO.
 WHOLESALE GROCERS.

14, 16 and 18 Exchange Street,
 ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CHAS. F. SMITH. G. H. PERKINS. H. W. BROWN.

C. F. PAINE & CO.

DRUGGISTS,

20 & 22 West Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Drugs, Medicines, Perfumeries and Toilet Goods in great variety.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.

JOSEPH SCHLEIER,

DEALER IN

FRESH & SALT MEATS,

LARD AND HAMS.

36 East Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS,

Embracing materials for

Oil and Water Color Painting, Lead Pencil Drawing,

Porcelain and China Decoration, Wax Flowers,

Decorative Art, Artist's Fine Brushes, &c.

WOODBURY, MORSE & CO.

5 and 7 West Main St.

ROCHESTER CHEMICAL WORKS.

C. B. WOODWORTH & SON,

Manufacturers of

PERFUMERY, TOILET SOAP,

FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

111 113 and 115 West Main Street,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

"Pretty Shoes Make Pretty Feet."

BIG EAST MAIN,

(Osburn House Block,)

SHOE And State Street, No. 22.

Fine Goods and Custom Work a Specialty.

WM. EASTWOOD.

W. H. GLENNY & CO.

IMPORTERS OF

Crockery, China and Glassware,

FANCY GOODS, PLATED WARE, LAMPS, &c.

85 East Main Street.

Don't forget our Bargain Counter.

GEO. B. WATKINS, Manager.

DWIGHT PALMER,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

BULK OYSTERS,

Fresh Fish, Lobsters, Clams, Scallops.

Pickled Figs Feet, Tongue, Trips.

Front Street.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

“ I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME.”

VOL. XXI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JANUARY 5, 1885.

No. 6.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JAN. 5, 1885.

Donation Festival.

According to previous announcement the Donation Festival came off at Powers' Building on Thursday and Friday, December 11th and 12th, and the crowds that flocked to Charity's banquet indicate how high a place the City Hospital holds in the hearts of our citizens. The Treasurer's report testifies to the success of the Festival.

We missed many who have been wont to labor zealously at our Hospital donations, but we welcomed new helpers who efficiently advanced the interests of this charity.

On the south side of Powers' Hall the Treasurer, surrounded by members of the Reception Committee, received cash donations and welcomed guests. In the southwest corner was the treasurer of THE HOSPITAL REVIEW. The returns from the refreshment tables were larger than on any preceding Donation Day. Most of these tables, tastefully decorated and bountifully supplied, were spread in Powers' Hall. Those of the Hebrew ladies, on Thursday, and of Mrs. J. H. Brewster, Mrs. J. C. Hart and Mrs. H. H. Morse, on Friday, occupied a commodious space in the hall south of Powers' Hall, where were also the Children's Pavilion table and Annex, and the Mite Box table. In adjoining apartments were the General Fancy Tables, the Dolls'

Fair, the Basket Table and the Flower and Candy Tables. On the west side of Powers' Hall were the Coffee and Oyster Tables of Mrs. Oscar Craig, Miss F. Alling and Mrs. L. H. Lee. Miss F. E. Hebbard rendered valuable personal services, and Messrs. Scott W. Updike, Mat. Dolanty, A. O. Gordon and A. Wile officiated as carvers. In rooms west of the elevator four young gentlemen from Plymouth Church, Messrs. Hamilton Davis, Samuel Griswold, George Keyes and J. Sherburne Read, exhibited a witty and burlesque Gallery of Fine Arts.

Our space does not allow us to speak in detail of all the tasteful decorations and beautiful work that were contributed to our annual Festival. The Dolls' Fair was a great treat to young and old, and admiring glances were cast on the gilt bedstead, with hand-painted blue satin and lace spread and pillow-cases, the wire bedsteads, the dolls' houses, the dolls personating Lady Washington, the Queen, the bride, the Quakeress, the widow, the twin babies, a Scotchman, a nun, a Spanish lady. There were French dolls, and wax dolls, and Heath dolls, and dolls of every description, and we are sure that Santa Claus was indebted for many of his gifts to the Dolls' Fair. At the General Fancy Table were two very beautiful bed quilts of rich silk and ribbons, made and donated by Mrs. S. G. Andrews; a very handsome sofa pillow, of velvet and satin, in oriental pattern; a baby carriage, with canopy and cover of hand-made lace over pink silk; a baby's afghan with Kensington embroidery and trimmed with antique lace. At the Basket Table were baskets of every shade and form, useful and ornamental. Beneath a verdant bower, fragrant with the sweet odors of roses and bright with gay cacti, bouvardias, and poinsettias, fair young damsels dispensed their floral treasures. At the Childrens' Pavilion Table was an immense baby doll, also a child's afghan knitted by a lady over eighty years old,

who is nearly blind. The bridal party attracted a good deal of attention at the Annex.

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Thanks.

The managers of the City Hospital tender their grateful acknowledgments to Mr. D. W. Powers, for the free use of Powers' Hall and other apartments in Powers' Building, and the services of his employes on Donation Days; to Trotter, Geddes & Co., for the use, putting up and taking away of two ranges and cooking utensils, and the services of Joseph Geddes and Harry Trotter for two days; to the Municipal Gas Company, for the use, putting up and removal of two gas stoves that worked admirably; to Mr. C. H. Carroll, for assistance at the General Fancy Table; to Mr. Howard A. Smith, for valuable personal services; to C. J. Hayden & Co., Hayden & Havens, and Minges, Shale & Co., for the use and cartage of tables; to J. W. Martin & Bro., for the use of piano and the moving of the same to and from Powers' Building; to Mr. Charles Hansen, for ice; to Mr. W. C. Dickenson, for coal; to Messrs. Hugh Dempster and Wm. Torkington, for personal services; to Mr. K. P. Shedd, for baskets and cartage; to Mr. L. P. Ross, for cartage; to Miss Burtis, for giving up her dancing school afternoon and evening; to the editors and proprietors of the city papers, for gratuitous advertisements and notices; and to all who in any way, by their donations, services or presence, contributed to the success of the Donation Festival.

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Omissions.

We have endeavored to acknowledge every donation, but past experience teaches us that there may have been some omissions. If notice is given of any such Mrs. S. H. Terry, 6 Tremont street, they will be inserted in next month's REVIEW.

RECEIPTS AT THE DONATION FESTIVAL

HELD AT

Powers' Hall, Dec. 11 and 12, 1884.

CASH DONATIONS.

D. W. Powers.....	\$ 300 00
The Butts Estate.....	200 00
Sibley, Lindsay & Curr.....	200 00
M. F. Reynolds.....	150 00
W. S. Kimball.....	150 00
Hamilton & Mathews.....	100 00
Smith, Perkins & Co.....	100 00
Brewster, Gordon & Co.....	100 00
George E. Mumford.....	100 00
Samuel Wilder.....	100 00
W. H. Gorsline.....	100 00
Samuel Sloan.....	100 00
L. H. Ross.....	100 00
Dr. W. S. Ely.....	100 00
Julius T. Andrews.....	100 00
Freeman Clarke.....	100 00
Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co.....	100 00
George Ellwanger.....	100 00
D. A. Watson.....	100 00
George C. Buell.....	100 00
A Friend.....	100 00
Hough & Ford.....	100 00
A Friend.....	100 00
W S. Osgood.....	100 00
Doran & Thompson.....	100 00
Hollister & Co.....	100 00
J. C. Hart.....	75 00
Mrs. James, Bean, Ogdensburg.....	50 00
Mrs. Abelard Reynolds.....	50 00
Mrs. Helen M. Halsey.....	50 00
Alfred Wright.....	50 00
Dr. E. V. Stoddard.....	50 00
C. B. Woodworth.....	50 00
H. B. Hathaway.....	50 00
K. P. Shedd.....	50 00
A. G. Yates.....	50 00
Roby & Co.....	50 00
S. F. Hess.....	50 00
Howe & Rogers.....	50 00
Wm. Corning.....	50 00
Chas. M. Everest.....	50 00
J. W. Gillis.....	50 00
Steam Gauge & Lantern Co.....	50 00
James Field.....	25 00
J. W. Canfield.....	25 00
Henry W. Pryor.....	25 00
James E. Booth.....	25 00
E. F. Woodbury.....	25 00
H. A. Strong.....	25 00
John A. Reynolds.....	25 00
H. H. Craig.....	25 00
D. A. Woodbury.....	25 00
Estate of J. Woodbury.....	25 00
Mrs. Chester Dewey.....	25 00
Miss H. S. Mumford.....	25 00
Mrs. Alfred Ely.....	25 00
Mrs. H. G. McKennan.....	25 00
Miss Dunlap.....	25 00
Mrs. A. H. Rice, Boston.....	25 00
Mrs. Carter Wilder.....	25 00
S. J. Arnold.....	25 00
Curtis & Wheeler.....	25 00
J. Fahy.....	25 00
Michaels, Koch & Stern.....	25 00

J. C. Wickes.....	\$ 25 00
A. S. Mann & Co.....	25 00
Wm. B. Douglas.....	25 00
A. Eric. Perkins.....	25 00
B. E. Chase.....	25 00
James Laney.....	25 00
F. A. Whittlesey.....	25 00
C. F. Pond.....	25 00
Isaac Willis.....	25 00
E. M. Upton.....	25 00
J. J. Bausch.....	25 00
Geo. S. Riley.....	25 00
Fred. Cook.....	25 00
Philip Will.....	25 00
G. H. Thompson & Co.....	25 00
Dr. Whitbeck.....	25 00
Hayden & Havens.....	25 00
Nathan Stein.....	25 00
Scrantom, Wetmore & Co.....	25 00
C. J. Hayden.....	25 00
L. S. Graves.....	25 00
Henry Likly & Co.....	25 00
R. S. Kenyon.....	25 00
Bishop McQuade.....	25 00
Mrs. Maltby Strong.....	20 00
Estate of Wm. Churchill.....	20 00
Mrs. J. F. Gordon.....	20 00
Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bell.....	20 00
Oscar Craig.....	20 00
Henry Lomb.....	20 00
C. A. Hayden.....	20 00
Whitmore, Rauber & Vicinus.....	15 00
B. Herman.....	15 00
Wm. Loop.....	12 00
Cash.....	10 00
C. H. Stanton.....	10 00
C. T. Moore.....	10 00
E. K. Warren.....	10 00
J. L. Stewart.....	10 00
Edward Brewster.....	10 00
W. C. Dickinson.....	10 00
R. H. Farman.....	10 00
Cash.....	10 00
F. L. Durand.....	10 00
Glen Brothers.....	10 00
E. H. Vredenburg.....	10 00
Ladies' Benevolent Society.....	10 00
Mrs. H. Osgood.....	10 00
Mrs. C. C. Merriman.....	10 00
Mrs. J. E. Little.....	10 00
Mrs. Geo. Weldon.....	10 00
Miss Celeste Gardiner.....	10 00
Mrs. Daniel K. Robinson.....	10 00
Miss Newell.....	10 00
Mrs. Wm. Alling.....	10 00
Mrs. Lewis H. Lee.....	10 00
Mrs. C. M. Curtiss.....	10 00
J. H. Stedman.....	10 00
W. H. Ward.....	10 00
M. D. L. Hayes.....	10 00
A. W. Mudge.....	10 00
Eugene Satterlee.....	10 00
F. Goetzmann.....	10 00
Cash.....	10 00
Louis Ernst & Son.....	10 00
Caspar Wehle.....	10 00
Charles Rau.....	10 00
M. Rondolf.....	10 00
Clague, Schlicht & Field.....	10 00
H. C. Gorton.....	10 00

C. W. Gorton.....	10 00
Mrs. E. Loop.....	5 00
Mrs. Theo. Bacon.....	5 00
Mrs. M. Galusha.....	5 00
Mrs. Chas. E. Robinson.....	5 00
Mrs. W. C. Rowley.....	5 50
A Friend.....	5 00
Mrs. M. B. Anderson.....	5 00
Mrs. W. N. Sage.....	5 00
Mrs. J. A. Collier.....	5 00
A Friend.....	5 00
Mrs. A. D. Blair.....	5 00
A Friend.....	5 00
John Mogridge.....	5 00
William Mudgett.....	5 00
E. S. Ettenheimer.....	5 00
J. R. Chamberlin.....	5 00
H. S. Hanford.....	5 00
Mr. M. Greentree.....	5 00
Mr. Haas.....	5 00
Geo. C. Maurer.....	5 00
Sohn Siddons.....	5 00
Barr & Creelman.....	5 00
Schaefer Bros.....	5 00
Eureka Steam Heating Co.....	5 00
Lindsay M. Gould.....	5 00
Wm. Willetts.....	5 00
A Friend.....	3 00
A Friend.....	3 00
A Friend.....	3 00
Mrs. James Nichols.....	2 00
Mrs. Wm. H. Pitkin.....	2 00
Cash.....	2 00
Cash.....	2 00
A. Vogt.....	2 00
Cash.....	2 00
S. Bier.....	2 00
Wm. Willingham.....	1 00
Miss Cornelia Saxton.....	1 00
Mrs. T. D. Wright.....	1 00
Mrs. John Moore.....	1 00
Louis Fien.....	1 00
Cash.....	1 00
Mrs. Calvin Waite.....	1 00
Cash.....	1 00
Cash.....	1 00
Total.....	\$5,814 00

RECEIPTS FROM LUNCH TABLES.

Thursday, Dec. 11th.

Hebrew Ladies.....	\$254 50
St. Paul's Church.....	150 00
St. Luke's.....	201 02
St. Peter's and Christ Church table.....	128 68
Brick Church.....	119 10
Universalist Church.....	120 25
Methodist..... (including \$10 from N. Osborne).....	128 30
Total.....	\$1,101 85

Friday, Dec. 12th.

Mrs. J. H. Brewster's table.....	\$175 00
Plymouth Church.....	109 00
Central Church (including a donation of \$5 by Rev. T. W. Hopkins).....	154 00
First Presbyterian Church.....	102 10
Baptist Church.....	103 15
Total.....	\$643 25
Total.....	\$1,745 10

RECEIPTS FROM FANCY ARTICLES.

Miss Anna E. M. Wild's Table.....	\$610 23
Mrs. A. S. Hamilton's Dolls' Bazaar.....	450 00
Miss Clarke's Basket Table.....	100 00
Miss Ely's Flower and Candy Table.....	227 46
Art Exhibition, S. B. Griswold, Treasurer.....	21 35
Total.....	\$1,409 04

RECAPITULATION.

Cash Donations.....	\$5,814 00
Lunch Tables.....	1,745 10
Fancy Articles.....	1,409 04
Total.....	\$8,968 14
Expenses.....	342 02
Nett.....	\$8,626 12

Mite Fund received since May 1st.....	\$374 77
Children's Pavilion Fund.....	378 88
Legacy from the late Nathaniel T. Rochester.....	500 00

DONATED BILLS.

Democrat and Chronicle.....	45 00
Morning Herald.....	12 20
Union and Advertiser.....	17 50
Evening Express.....	
J. W. Martin, loan of piano.....	
Hill & French.....	2 75
Trotter, Geddes & Co.....	17 00
C. J. Hayden, loan of tables, labor, etc.....	25 00
Boston, on oyster bill.....	3 50
Hayden & Havens, loan of tables.....	
Minges & Shale, " " " ".....	

MRS. WM. H. PERKINS, Treasurer.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Emily Brewster.....	\$ 1 05
Sallie Brewster.....	45
Carrie Brewster.....	45
Mrs. C. J. Caltin, Elizabeth, N. J.....	2 00
Jewish Young Ladies' Sewing Society.....	20 00
Collected by Georgie and Rosie Gray.....	3 00
Mrs Maltby Strong.....	10 00
Miss E. A. Story, Salem, Mass., by Mrs. Maltby Strong.....	10 00
Grace B. Terry.....	2 00
Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, Brockport.....	5 00
"The Onyx Club".....	100 00
Emily, Sallie, Carrie and Franklin.....	5 00
Miss C. L. Rochester.....	2 00
Maggie Ashley.....	2 00
Mrs. John Durand.....	25 00
Cornelia G. Robinson.....	1 00
Jane Porter Robinson.....	1 00
Grace, Elliot and Mary Louise Lawrance.....	1 00
Jeannette.....	1 00
Mrs. George D. Williams.....	1 00
Mrs. J. A. Eastman.....	5 00
Amon Bronson, jr., "one brick".....	25
Margery Bronson, "one brick".....	25
Mary B. Dodds, "one brick".....	25
Arthur C. Dodds, "one brick".....	25
"Children's Pavilion Fund" Table at Donation Festival, by Mrs. C. H. Angel, including "Children's Annex".....	157 57
Mrs. C. E. Mathews.....	1 05

Mrs. Benjamin Brown.....	1 25
"Even-up".....	1 37
Memorial offering of Olive Joy Williams, died December 2nd, 1884, aged 8 years.....	1 38
Marie, Esther and Augusta Laney.....	1 00
Isabel Hart.....	5 00
Miss Florence Osgood.....	1 00
"Odd Pennies".....	14
Albert C. Walker, by Mrs. Benjamin Brown.....	1 00
Mr. James Brackett.....	3 88
Interest on deposit.....	5 29

Total since last acknowledgment..\$378 88
Previously acknowledged..... 360 92

Total receipts.....\$739 80

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, or to any of the managers of the Hospital. Who will help to build this much needed Pavilion?

Donations for Refreshment and Fancy Tables.

The Hebrew Table of Mrs. L. Adler, Mrs. T. Meyer, and Mrs. J. Michaels.

- Mrs. L. Adler, Saratoga potatoes.
- " A. Adler, lobster salad.
- " S. Adler, biscuits.
- " D. Abeles, 50 cents.
- " S. Abeles, \$1.00.
- " A. Beir, \$1.00.
- " I. J. Beir, \$2.00.
- " L. Block, Charlotte Russe.
- " M. Bronner, \$2.00.
- " A. Brittenstool, \$1.00.
- " L. Blum, \$1.00.
- " S. M. Benjamin, puffs.
- " I. A. Baum, \$2.00.
- " H. Bachman, \$3.00.
- " M. Brickner, \$1.00.
- " J. Cauffman, \$3.00.
- " S. Cohn, \$1.00.
- " M. David, \$1.00.
- " M. Dinkelspiel, \$2.00.
- " J. Ettenheimer, \$2.00.
- " Elias Ettenheimer, \$3.00.
- " L. Ettenheimer, cake.
- " A. Fechenbach, 50 cents.
- " S. Fechenbach, \$1.00.
- " Henry Goodman, \$1.00.
- " J. Goodman, 50 cents.
- " L. Garson, \$2.00.
- " M. L. Garson, cake.
- " M. Garson, celery, confectionery.
- " David Garson, wine jelly.
- " Garland, 50 cents.
- " S. Goldsmith, \$1.00.
- " M. Goldsmith, \$1.00.
- " S. Goodman, \$1.00.
- " Moses Hayes, two dozen oranges.
- " A. Hayes, \$1.00.
- " F. Hays, cranberry jelly.
- " I. M. Hayes, lobster salad.
- " L. Heckinger, pies.
- " H. Hochstetter, six pies.

- Mrs. B. Herman, two turkeys, four tongues, chickens.
- " S. Hays, marmalade.
- " J. Hecht, \$2.00.
- " I. Hanauer, \$1.00.
- " Jacoby, \$1.00.
- " Kerstein, \$3.00.
- " Joe Katz, two ducks.
- " W. Kersburg, \$1.00.
- " N. Levi, chicken salad.
- " R. Lichenstein, \$2.00.
- " M. Lowenthal, \$1.00.
- " Lipskey, \$3.00.
- " H. Leiter, puffs.
- " Levison, \$1.00.
- " H. Lempert, \$1.00.
- " E. Moore, \$1.50.
- " Louie Moore, \$1.15.
- " William Miller, \$1.00.
- " T. Meyer, turkey.
- " H. Michaels, chicken salad.
- " Joe. Michaels, four bottles olives, cake-papers, flowers.
- " S. Meyer, \$1.00.
- " Jack Meyers, bananas, oranges.
- " M. Meyer, mixed nuts, figs, oranges.
- " Max Mock, \$1.00.
- " Fred. Mock, \$1.00.
- " Marks, waffles.
- " Jack Marks, \$1.00.
- " Bettie Myer, two cheese pies, sweet pickles.
- " M. Myer, \$1.00.
- " Maeler, \$1.50.
- " B. Monk, \$1.00.
- " Newhafer, waffles.
- " N. Newhafer, \$1.00.
- " A. Oppenheimer, \$1.00.
- " A. Picard, two ducks.
- " Pincow, \$1.00.
- " Ike Rosenthal, \$1.00.
- " J. W. Rosenthal, \$1.00.
- " B. Rothschild, \$2.00.
- " H. Rosenberg, \$5.00.
- " D. Rosenberg, \$1.00.
- " A. Rosenberg, \$2.00.
- " Herman Rosenberg, \$2.00.
- " Simon Rosenberg, \$1.00.
- " H. Rice, Charlotte Russe.
- " S. Rice, confectionery.
- " George Rosenberg, fruit.
- " J. Steifel, \$1.00.
- " B. Steifel, \$1.00.
- " L. Steifel, \$1.00.
- " Simon Stern, \$1.00.
- " Morey Stern, \$5.00.
- " E. Steinfeld, fruit.
- " N. Stein, cake, cranberry sauce.
- " S. Stein, twist.
- " Abr. Stern, \$1.50.
- " M. Swartz, \$1.00.
- " H. Swartz, \$1.00.
- " Elias Strauss, ornamented cake.
- " I. M. Sloman, puffs.
- " Leo Stein, \$2.00.
- " Savage, \$1.00.
- " S. Sichel, ornamental cake.
- " J. Shatz, lobster salad.
- " Joe. Shrier, \$1.00.
- " I. Thalheimer, \$1.00.
- " Van Berg, wine jelly.

Mrs. A. Wanstadt, \$1.00.
 " Julius Wile, biscuits.
 " G. Wile, two ducks.
 " I. Wile, \$2.00.
 " J. M. Wile, \$2.00.
 " E. Wolff, \$5.00.
 " Felix Wolff, \$2.00.
 " Wald, \$1.00, cookies.
 Mr. G. Cooper, one dozen heads celery.
 Mr. Wisner, six loaves of bread.
 Charles Salmon & Co., two bottles olives.
 Shaefer Brothers, pickles.
 Mr. Kruckner, flowers.

The Universalist Church Table of Mrs. E. B. Chace, Mrs. F. M. McFarlin, Mrs. H. O. Hall, Mrs. G. M. Sweet, Mrs. D. Bly, and Mrs. H. S. Hanford.

Mrs. James Sargent, turkey, seventy-five rolls.
 " Lewis Chase, turkey.
 " Moses, turkey, cake.
 " Thomas Bolton, turkey.
 " E. B. Chace, turkey, cranberry jelly, turnips, flowers.
 " Stephen Remington, chicken pie, grape jelly.
 " M. N. Van Zandt, chicken pie.
 " Benjamin McFarlin, chicken pie.
 " Irving Van Zandt, chicken pie.
 " Benjamin McFarlin, chicken pie.
 " D. Palmer, chicken salad.
 " S. E. Brace, chicken salad.
 " Seth Green, chicken salad.
 " Murray, chicken salad.
 " George Crouch, chicken salad.
 " Fred. Cook, chicken salad.
 " George Crouch, Jr., pair ducks.
 " F. McFarlin, pair ducks.
 " K. Clinton, six cans of fruit.
 " George Loder, scalloped oysters.
 " R. Milliman, scalloped oysters, Charlotte Russe.
 " George M. Sweet, scalloped oysters, higgdom.
 " I. F. Force, two dishes scalloped oysters.
 " George Montgomery, two dishes scalloped oysters.
 " Jacob De Vos, ham.
 " H. S. Hanford, lemon jelly, three loaves cake.
 " H. O. Hall, lemon jelly, Charlotte Russe.
 " B. Southard, fig cake.
 " W. F. Balkam, angel's food, fifty biscuits.
 " Garrison, Cake.
 " Kennedy Clinton, chocolate cake.
 " James Stuart, orange cake.
 " W. R. Gray, cake.
 " J. F. Reichenbach, cake.
 " John Carey, one dozen celery.
 Mr. B. D. Campbell, one dozen celery.
 Mr. W. E. Woodbury, one dozen celery.
 Mrs. Jas. S. Benton, Saratoga potatoes.
 " Wm. Eastwood, Saratoga potatoes.
 " P. B. Smith, mashed potatoes.
 " E. J. Sugru, squash, Charlotte Russe.
 " E. H. Miller, Charlotte Russe.
 " J. Z. Culver, Charlotte Russe.
 " H. S. Ballou, Charlotte Russe.
 " Douglas Bly, Charlotte Russe.
 " J. A. Hinds, two dozen oranges, five pounds Malaga grapes.

Mrs. J. B. Hanna, one dozen bananas, one dozen apples.
 " C. C. Stebbins, pork and beans.
 " S. G. Ardrey, 100 biscuits.
 " S. Vanderbeck, brown bread.
 " S. J. Gifford, pickles.
 John A. Seel, bottle of olives.
 R. W. West, 150 paper napkins.
 Salter Bros., flowers.
 Mrs. George Clapp, four mince pies.
 " Chauncey Perry, four pumpkin pies, four berry pies.
 " H. S. Greenleaf, \$5.00.
 " H. W. Streeter, \$1.00.
 " P. B. Smith, \$1.00.
 " F. Schoeffel, \$1.00.
 A. S. Mann, \$5.00.
 T. W. Wark, \$1.00.
 Mrs. James Bruff, 50 cents.
 J. A. Stull, \$200.

The St. Luke's Church Table of Mrs. Charles Ford and Mrs. Josiah Anstice.

Mrs. Robert Mathews, biscuits, ducks.
 Misses Saxton, wine jelly.
 Mrs. N. Ayrault, Russian cream, oysters.
 " J. C. Moore, pears, oranges, cream.
 " Milton Clarke, flowers.
 " A. Erickson, pears, grapes.
 Scrantom, Wetmore & Co., 75 Japanese napkins.
 Mrs. Wm. Churchill, cranberries, tongue.
 " Charles Ford, scalloped oysters.
 " W. C. Rowley, chicken pie.
 Miss Sarah Frost, flowers, cake.
 Mrs. Alfred Ely, Charlotte Russe.
 Miss F. Whittlesey, cake.
 Mrs. Charles T. Chapin, olives.
 " H. M. Dayfoot, wine jelly, Saratoga potatoes.
 " Kingman, chicken salad, Saratoga potatoes.
 Miss F. Gregory, cake.
 Mrs. H. Anstice, \$3.00.
 " Charles Fitch, chicken salad.
 " E. D. Smith, \$2.00.
 " Howard Osgood, \$2.00.
 " Charles H. Babcock, Charlotte Russe.
 " S. B. Raymond, Charlotte Russe.
 " A. J. Johnson, Charlotte Russe.
 " Porter Farley, celery.
 " Wm. Emerson, ducks, cake.
 " G. H. Perkins, butter balls, celery.
 Miss Minnie Bellows, rolls.
 Mrs. Howard, ducks, Saratoga potatoes.
 " George Fisher, pork and beans, apple sauce.
 " Starr Hoyt, Charlotte Russe.
 " H. P. Brewster, Charlotte Russe.
 " H. B. Hathaway, chicken salad.
 " F. Gorton, chicken salad.
 " J. Medbery, chicken salad.
 " J. Anstice, turkey.
 " H. M. Montgomery, rolls, cream.
 " J. M. Whitney, turkey.
 " John Ely, chicken pie.
 Miss P. Ely, chicken pie.
 Mrs. J. M. Backus, oranges, grapes.
 Miss M. W. Montgomery, rolls.
 Mrs. Edward Williams, rolls.
 " H. J. Moore, sandwiches, bread.

Mrs. Q. Van Voorhis, chicken pie.
 " Clinton Rogers, turkey.
 Miss Julia Barton, Graham bread.
 Mrs. Joseph Eastman, scalloped oysters.

**The Methodist Church Table of Mrs. C. W. Gray,
 Mrs. N. L. Button, Mrs. E. T. Green, Mrs. R.
 C. Brownee, Mrs. S. A. Lattimore, Mrs.
 Frank Tulley, Mrs. Dr. Mandeville,
 Mrs. J. W. Wright, Mrs. W. G. Bell,
 Mrs. D. W. Dunham, Mrs. James
 Gray, and Mrs. Barton.**

Mrs. C. W. Gray, Charlotte Russe.
 " N. L. Button, chicken pie, cranberries,
 milk, baked potatoes.
 " E. T. Green, angels' food.
 " J. H. Vick, two cakes.
 Mr. James Vick, flowers, plants, turkey.
 Mrs. Cochrane, cheese.
 " Geo. Leat, turkey, tapioca pudding.
 " Frank Fulton, two chickens.
 " Kate Schultz, celery.
 " John Baker, two glasses jelly.
 " Coolin, biscuits.
 " Frank Tulley, two dishes lobster salad,
 Saratoga potatoes.
 " P. V. Hawley, two cakes.
 Mr. J. G. Cramer, 100 napkins.
 Mrs. L. Merriam, cake.
 " L. T. Foote, cake.
 " S. R. Moore, biscuits.
 " D. W. Wright, turkey, biscuits.
 " Wm. Davis, chicken.
 " Daniel Peacock, 20 heads celery.
 " D. Davenport, three dozen oranges.
 " H. Thayer, turkey.
 " Dagg, two chickens.
 " W. S. McMillan, Charlotte Russe, cake.
 " Richard Trenaman, Charlotte Russe.
 " C. E. Ross, chicken salad.
 " Alvin Loomis, jelly.
 " J. E. Phelps, cream, biscuits.
 " J. W. Wright, Charlotte Russe.
 " W. H. Bascom, Charlotte Russe.
 " S. A. Lattimore, lemon jelly, chicken
 salad.
 " S. M. French, Charlotte Russe.
 " E. Prizer, Charlotte Russe.
 " W. G. Bell, turkey.
 Mr. Zimmerman, bananas, mandarins, pome-
 granates.
 Mrs. I. Gibbard, chicken pie.
 " Wm. Witherspoon, three mince pies.
 " M. Filon, cake.
 " James Barton, pickles, chicken pie.
 " W. J. Osborn, tongue.
 " J. McKelvey, cranberries.
 " Shand, fruit.
 " C. Craig, fruit.
 " James Gray, chicken pie.
 " A. B. Lamberton, celery, chicken pie.
 " R. W. Chambers, mince and pumpkin
 pies, cabbage salad.
 " N. Osburn, turkey.
 " L. Coffee, scalloped oysters.
 " H. S. Hebard, chicken pie.
 " E. Ocumpaugh, ham.
 " Philander Davis, mashed potatoes.
 Miss Mamie Ellison, chicken salad.
 Mrs. W. F. Baker, two dozen oranges.

Mrs. H. C. Jones, Charlotte Russe.
 " A. L. Austin, Charlotte Russe.
 " E. D. Webster, brown bread.
 " L. A. Stevens, chicken pie.
 " Ruth Teall, tapioca pudding.
 " Charles Shelley, turkey.
 Mr. Charles Jeffords, two turkeys.
 Mrs. Hiram Davis, turkey.
 " Albert Backus, biscuits.
 " Enos Laney, \$1.00.
 " D. W. Dunham, Charlotte Russe.
 " George Maxon, cake.
 " Fred Beach, Charlotte Russe.
 " J. Howland, biscuits.

**The Brick Church Table of Mrs. T. A. Newton,
 Mrs. D. T. Hunt, Mrs. S. J. Arnold,
 and Mrs. F. W. Embry.**

Mrs. John Hill, Saratoga potatoes.
 " F. E. Shaw, 100 biscuits.
 " A. G. Whitcomb, turkey, flowers, chicken
 salad.
 " T. A. Newton, two dishes Charlotte Russe,
 pickles, celery.
 Miss Julia Page, Saratoga potatoes.
 Mrs. Alex. Lindsay, \$3.00.
 " E. Lyon, \$2.00.
 " J. L. Sage, Charlotte Russe.
 " Disbrow, \$1.00.
 " J. Marsh, \$1.50.
 " Thomas S. Johnston, \$1.00.
 " George Motley, Charlotte Russe.
 " F. W. Embry, chicken pie, scalloped
 potatoes.
 " D. T. Hunt, chicken salad, squash pies.
 " M. L. Kentner, cocoanut cake.
 " A. J. Gibbons, angel food, 6 heads celery.
 " P. Ford, two tongues.
 " J. K. Culross, brown bread, lemon
 crullers.
 " H. H. Babcock, two lemon pies.
 " Leavenworth, spiced grapes, cranberry
 sauce.

Mr. T. F. Aldrich, large basket of fruit.
 Mrs. E. M. Upton, ham.
 " P. M. Bromley, Charlotte Russe.
 Curtice Brothers, six glasses currant jelly.
 Mrs. E. A. Webster, six heads celery.
 Rev. J. B. Shaw, \$3.00.
 Mrs. J. B. Shaw, Charlotte Russe.
 " S. J. Arnold, chicken pie.
 " C. F. Weaver, turkey.
 " T. F. Aldrich, two pies.
 Miss S. Aldrich, cocoanut cake.
 Mr. C. Hetzberger, two chickens.
 Mrs. J. W. Hatch, canned fruit, nut cake.
 " Mary A. Carson, ham.
 " A. T. Shaffer, jelly.
 " Julia Davis, chocolate cake.
 " A. S. Clarke, cranberry jelly.
 " S. Steele, chicken salad.
 " C. L. Wetmore, mashed potatoes.
 " D. W. Powers, mince pies and cake.
 Mr. Schleyer, turkey.
 Mr. Comfort, two chickens.
 Mrs. H. Briggs, pies and biscuits.
 " H. N. Northrup, cake.
 " Lewis Chapin, five pumpkin pies, 100
 biscuits, cranberry sauce.

Mrs. G. B. Miller, two dishes home-made candies.
 " A. V. Smith, scalloped oysters.
 " David Upton, chicken pie.
 " Martin Briggs, rolls, fried cakes.
 " Henry Lampert, preserved pine apple.
 White Brothers, floral center piece.
 J. G. Roberts, candy center piece.
 Mr. J. H. Wickes, \$10.00.
 M. F. W. Embry, \$5.00.

The St. Peter's Church and Christ Church Table of
 Mrs. J. W. Stebbins, Mrs. C. C. Mirrman,
 Mrs. D. W. Powers, Mrs. S. Wilder,
 Mrs. J. Moreau Smith, Mrs.
 L. W. Clarke, Mrs. D.
 Hoyt, and Mrs.
 S. H. Briggs.

Mrs. Freeman Clarke, salad, turkey, two ducks, chickens, lobster salad.
 " L. A. Ward, chicken pie.
 " A. D. Smith, turkey, biscuits.
 " Wm. S. Kimball, chicken salad.
 " Geo. Selden, cranberries, biscuits.
 " H. R. Selden, ducks.
 " T. Bacon, Charlotte Russe. olives.
 " Dr. Collins, turkey.
 " J. G. Cutler, two bottles olives.
 " Herbert Ward, chicken salad.
 " F. A. Newman, biscuits.
 " F. D. W. Clarke, two dishes Charlotte Russe.
 " D. W. Powers, chicken pie.
 " George Thompson, two ducks.
 " Whittemore, rolls.
 " J. Siddons, cake.
 " George Belden, turkey, mince pie.
 " H. P. Curtis, two moulds lemon jelly.
 " H. H. Morse, cake.
 " D. Little, raw oysters.
 " M. H. McMath, four glasses jelly.
 " Frank Ward, chicken salad.
 " J. E. Hayden, ham.
 " Samuel Wilder, chicken salad.
 " W. J. Ashley, wine jelly, pickles.
 Miss Atkinson, brace of birds.
 Mrs. O. H. Pratt, scalloped oysters, cake.
 Mr. I. Teall, chicken salad, Charlotte Russe.
 White Brothers, floral center piece.
 Mrs. J. Van Voorhis, two ducks, turkey, celery.
 " H. D. Wilkins, cake.
 Miss Oothout, celery.
 Mrs. I. Averell, ducks.
 " A. A. Morgan, turkey, cranberries.
 " Sanford, cake.
 Miss Royce, three moulds lemon jelly.
 Mr. Harvey W. Brown, Malaga grapes.
 Mr. Shake, one dozen celery.
 Mrs. Carter Wilder, turkey.
 Miss Dunlap, red grapes, white grapes, oranges, four gallons ice cream, one dozen celery.
 Mrs. H. Scrantom, one dozen celery.
 " D. Wing, celery.
 " Mrs. Clifford Kalbfleisch, lemon jelly.
 " Mrs. Winn, cranberry jelly.
 " David Hoyt, Charlotte Russe, Saratoga potatoes, biscuits.
 Mrs. C. Merriman, turkey, 2' glasses jelly, cake.
 Miss Cogswell, cake.

Mrs. J. Moreau Smith, pair ducks, butter rolls, biscuits.
 Master Wm. Aikenhead, cake, pickles.
 Mrs. Aikenhead, white grapes.
 " John Morgan, turkey, pickies, jelly.
 Mr. S. Millman, oranges, celery.
 Mrs. James W. Whitney, turkey.
 " E. W. Osborne, chicken pie.
 " J. A. Biegler, chicken salad.
 " L. A. Ward, chicken pie.
 " L. Ward Clarke, Saratoga potatoes.
 Miss C. Ely, two bottles cream.

The St. Paul's Church Table of Mrs. H. E.
 Greene, Mrs. B. E. Chase, Mrs. A. G. Yates,
 Mrs. T. G. Moulson, Mrs. G. Weidon, Mrs.
 J. Woodbury, Mrs. J. Jones, Mrs. H.
 M. Ellsworth, and Mrs. H. Hills.

Ernest Hart, bill-of-fare.
 White Brothers, flowers.
 Mr. Schlegel, center piece.
 Mrs. E. Curtis, turkey.
 " B. E. Chase, turkey, pickles.
 " N. P. Pond, turkey.
 " T. Evershed, turkey.
 " J. Comerford, turkey.
 " Collins, turkey.
 " H. H. Warner, turkey, mince pies, Charlotte Russe.
 " W. L. Halsey, turkey, cake.
 " George Weldon, turkey, cranberries.
 " N. Foote, ducks.
 " C. B. Hatch, ducks, pickles.
 " Eugene Glen, chicken pie, celery, cake.
 " T. G. Moulson, chicken pie, squash pies, cream, butter.
 " D. B. Beach, chicken pie, mince pies.
 " Merchant, tongue.
 " P. B. Hulet, tongue, cake.
 " E. Putman, ham.
 " W. H. Platt, ham.
 " Jonas Jones, shell oysters.
 " Archer, scalloped oysters, cake.
 Buck & Sanger, Powers Hotel, salad and vegetables.
 Mrs. R. Furman, Saratoga potatoes.
 " C. Amsden, cranberries.
 " Lovecraft, cheese.
 " H. M. Ellsworth, Charlotte Russe, nuts, cranberries.
 " N. Thompson, cake, pickles.
 " H. Hills, cake, mince pies, pickles.
 " E. Gillis, crackers, olives.
 " Ira Pratt, cabbage salad.
 Mr. S. Millman, oranges, pineapple.
 Mrs. S. G. Andrews, bread, jelly.
 " Frank Amsden, rolls.
 " Williams, bread.
 " Northrup, biscuits.
 " G. Elliott, mince pies, lemon jelly.
 " H. Stevens, cake.
 " Wheeler, cake.
 " S. G. Doran, cake.
 " Hiram Sibley, two dishes Charlotte Russe, oranges, grapes.
 " James Kelly, Charlotte Russe.
 " E. Perkins, Charlotte Russe.
 " Barker, Charlotte Russe.
 " A. G. Yates, lobster salad.
 " E. Raymond, chicken salad.

Mrs. John Woodbury, chicken salad.
 " Andrew Hatch, chicken salad.
 " James L. Hatch, chicken salad.
 Miss L. H. Northrop, pickles.
 Mrs. T. G. Moulson, chicken salad.

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

Mr. James Pitkin, grapes.
 Mrs. James C. Hart, pickled oysters, oranges.
 " H. H. Morse, ducks, pickles.
 Miss Jennie Benjamin, chickens, cream.
 Mrs. John H. Brewster, pickles, chicken pie, mince pies.
 Mr. S. Millman, oranges, bananas.
 Mrs. J. C. Van Epe, currant jelly.
 " John Hill, cake.
 " Wm. Little, turkey.
 " Charles F. Pond, Charlotte Russe, pies.
 " David Gordon, cake.
 " A. S. Mann, ham.
 " John Ely, lobster salad.
 " T. D. Snyder, cake, olives.
 Miss Butts, turkey.
 Mrs. Simon L. Brewster, turkey.
 " A. S. Hamilton, salads.
 Mr. Isaac Teall, salads.
 Mrs. J. F. Danforth, ducks.
 " Eugene T. Curtis, biscuits.
 " E. Raymond, cake.
 " Joseph Curtis, cake.
 " S. B. Roby, turkey.
 " H. P. Brewster, Charlotte Russe.
 " Edward Harris, grapes, chicken salad.
 " Wm. H. Perkins, Saratoga potatoes.
 Miss Butts, grapes.
 Miss A. S. Mumford, salad, chicken pie.
 Mrs. George C. Buell, salad.
 Mr. E. M. Higgins, grapes.
 Mrs. James M. Whitney, cranberries, biscuits.
 " E. Frank Brewster, biscuits.
 " C. E. Robinson, jelly.
 " J. R. Chamberlin, biscuits.

The Plymouth Church Table of Mrs. L. P. Ross, Mrs. E. V. Stoddard, Mrs. E. W. Peck, Mrs. D. E. Clarke, Mrs. Geo. W. Wanzer, Mrs. Henry Brewster, and Mrs. J. B. Moseley.

Mrs. George W. Wanzer, turkey.
 Miss M. Smith, two loaves of cake.
 Mr. C. W. Gray, oranges, olives.
 Mrs. Galusha Philips, ham.
 " D. R. Clark, cake, pickles.
 " John Hills, Saratoga potatoes.
 " Jerome Keyes, two dishes Charlotte Russe.
 " E. W. Peck, two dishes chicken salad.
 " Joseph Farley, turkey.
 Mr. Fred. Boorman, one gallon count oysters.
 Miss Booth, three dishes Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. F. A. Sherwood, scalloped oysters.
 " H. M. Moseley, chicken pie.
 Miss Hyde, two dishes Charlotte Russe.
 Miss Alice Johnson, cake.
 Mrs. M. D. L. Hayes, turkey.
 " J. C. Bertholf, chicken salad.
 " C. E. Hoyt, chicken salad.
 " S. F. Hess, scalloped oysters.

Mrs. W. A. Williamson, Saratoga potatoes, scalloped oysters.
 " Henry Brewster, chicken pie.
 " B. H. Clark, turkey.
 Miss Helen Hooker, celery.
 Mrs. W. R. Seward, turkey.
 " S. W. Gage, mince and cranberry pies.
 " A. M. Moser, chicken pie, mashed potatoes.
 " Fred. Griswold, 100 biscuits.
 " Edward Wellington, two moulds jelly.
 " J. H. Kent, pair of ducks.
 " S. G. Hollister, cake.
 " E. Stilwell, scalloped oysters.
 " E. V. Stoddard, chicken salad, snow pudding, two moulds jelly.
 " L. P. Ross, chicken salad, pies, cheese, jelly, paper napkins.
 Messrs. White Bros., smilax and flowers.
 Mrs. J. N. Tubbs, \$1.00.
 " Samuel Porter, \$1.00.
 Miss M. Porter, \$1.50.

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

Mrs. Oscar Craig, chicken pie.
 " J. Durand, plum pudding.
 " W. H. Perkins, turkey.
 Misses Nichols, Charlotte Russe.
 Mrs. A. Backus, 75 biscuits.
 Miss Celeste Gardner, turkey.
 Mrs. B. D. McAlpine, 100 biscuits.
 " A. W. Riley, turkey.
 " H. Williams, Charlotte Russe, four pies.
 " H. C. Roberts, six pies, Saratoga potatoes.
 " C. J. Hayden, cake.
 " S. R. Morgan, cake.
 " J. F. Gordon, 100 biscuits.
 Miss Ross, turkey.
 Mr. F. Schlegel, flowers.
 Mr. Higgins, olives.
 Mr. K. P. Shedd, olives.
 Mr. Huyler, candies.
 Mr. D. Palmer, lobsters.
 Mr. S. Williamson, lobsters.
 Mrs. J. T. Fox, Saratoga potatoes, olives.
 " G. McAllaster, cranberries, bread.
 " W. Webb, Charlotte Russe, pickles.
 " E. P. Gould, chicken salad, grapes, wine, jelly, pickles.
 " H. F. Bush, cranberries, pickles.
 " A. Robinson, cake.
 " A. M. Bennett, one-half bushel Saratoga potatoes, chickens, pickles.
 " A. A. Wood, Saratoga potatoes.
 " Elmer Smith, flowers, chicken salad.
 " B. L. Sheldon, turkey.
 " G. Gould, Charlotte Russe.
 " Spencer, ducks.
 " E. Furman, ducks.
 " D. M. Hough, ducks.
 Mr. H. Frost, flowers.
 Mr. M. H. Zimmerman, grapes, candies.
 Mrs. G. Brady, turkey, cranberries.
 " G. Jennings, mince pies.
 " T. Ives, cake.
 Miss C. Gould, pudding.

- Mrs. T. D. Spencer, turkey.
 " L. Farrar, chicken pie.
 " G. E. Ripson, cake.
 " C. E. Robinson, wine jelly.
 " J. Pardee, Charlotte Russe.
 " W. H. Ross Lewin, wine jelly.

**The Baptist Church Table of Mrs. H. L. Achilles,
 Mrs. Charles Galusha, Mrs. H. Munn.
 Mrs. James Baker, Mrs. A. S. Lane.
 Mrs. J. Stewart, Mrs. K. P.
 Shedd, Mrs. J. Sage, and
 Mrs. A. H. Cole.**

- Mrs. L. S. Chapin, roast pig.
 " H. Arnold, shell oysters.
 " A. H. Pomeroy, turkey.
 " C. T. Crouch, turkey.
 " Wm. N. Sage, chicken pie.
 " E. H. Davis, scalloped oysters, cranberry
 jelly.
 " A. Brownell, scalloped oysters.
 " A. J. Barnett, scalloped oysters.
 " George Wetmore, chicken pie.
 " D. A. Woodbury, turkey.
 " M. A. Culver, pair ducks.

P. J. Cogswell, turkey.

- Mrs. C. W. Havens, turkey.
 " Otis Robinson, turkey.
 " F. E. Glen, scalloped oysters.
 " M. B. Anderson, scalloped oysters.
 " C. A. Phillips, hot vegetables.
 " W. McGuire, hot vegetables.
 " E. Galusha, vegetables, cider jelly.
 " R. Hill, Saratoga potatoes.
 " Donnelly, baked beans.
 " J. Stewart, fifty biscuits, wine jelly.
 " H. L. Achilles, jr., fifty biscuits.
 " James Baker, fruit.
 " J. W. Whitbeck, chicken salad.
 " E. H. Shedd, fifty biscuits.
 " A. W. Mudge, chicken salad.
 " A. S. Lane, turkey, olives.
 " C. F. Paine, salad.
 " L. Sunderlin, Charlotte Russe, jelly.
 " H. Munn, pies.
 " E. R. Andrews, chicken salad.
 " A. H. Cole, two dishes Charlotte Russe.
 " J. B. Moseley, chicken salad.
 " A. G. Mudge, Charlotte Russe.
 " A. H. Stevens, fancy salad, currant jelly.
 " Fry, pickles.
 " H. Grant, plum pudding.
 " B. F. Harris, pies.
 " D. C. Rumsey, celery.
 " E. O. Sage, mince pies, Charlotte Russe.
 " A. Leutchford, fruit.
 " A. P. DeNeve, celery.
 " F. B. Bishop, Charlotte Russe.
 " J. Marden, fifty cents.
 Miss Stella Booth, \$1.00.
 Mrs. A. S. Lane, bottle olives.
 " Charles Mathews, two bottles olives.
 " H. L. Achilles, jr., peck sweet potatoes.
 " C. B. Woodworth, Charlotte Russe.
 " E. Curtice, cake.
 J. E. Morgan, one quart cream.
 Mrs. E. Tuttle, cake.
 " S. R. Robinson, cake.
 " John Seel, five pounds cut sugar.
 " T. Hibbard, cake.

- East Avenue Baptist Church, seventy cents.
 Mrs. Rider, two cakes.
 " A. Morse, cake.
 " J. Jameson, cake.
 " K. P. Shedd, cheese, fruits.
 " Wm. Crennell, lemon jelly.
 " B. F. Calkins, cake.
 " C. Converse, \$1.00.
 " H. Arnold, pies.
 " Delany, cake.

**The General Receiving Table of Miss F. Whit-
 tlesley and Mrs. Arthur Robinson.**

- Mrs. C. C. Beman, fourteen quarts cream.
 " A. Erickson, pickles.
 " D. A. Watson, cake, grapes, cream,
 biscuit.
 " D. B. Beach, chicken pie.

The Central Church Table.

The Central Church Table was tastefully arranged and bountifully supplied. It was liberally patronized, and contributed to the Treasurer on Donation Day, \$154.

**The General Fancy Table of Miss Anna E. M.
 Wild, Mrs. Henry Anstice, Mrs. Myron Adams,
 Mrs. William H. S. Hoyt, Mrs. Emma Hay-
 wood, Mrs. W. H. Ward, Mrs. Erickson
 Perkins, Mrs. Charles Burt, Misses
 Danforth, Wild, Ives, and
 Daisy Montgomery.**

- Mrs. H. C. Roberts, Christmas banner.
 Miss Williams, 4 paper mats, pair baby slippers.
 Miss A. S. Mumford, 2 pairs of leggings.
 Mrs. John H. Brewster, 7 flower vases.
 Mrs. Henry Anstice, 6 small pin cushions, 3
 3 cakes of toilet soap.
 Miss Lambert, 3 wash cloths.
 Miss Fannie Whittlesey, Dorothy hood.
 Mrs. Elvira Allen, pair of mittens.
 " E. Huntington, baby wrapper.
 " E. D. Smith, 18 dish mops.
 " S. G. Andrews, large silk quilt, valued at
 \$100, small silk quilt, broom case, 3
 bags, child's hood.
 " Thomas Chester, tea caddy, tray cover,
 hem stitched apron.
 Miss Thompson, Ballston Springs, sachet.
 " Fannie Gregory, decorated cup and
 saucer.
 " Annie Anderson, pin hassocks.
 Mrs. Calvin Wait, knitted trimming for skirt.
 " Myron Adams, 3 card cases, brass tray,
 pin cushion, 38 packages of waxed
 paper.
 A Friend, pair silk stockings.
 Mrs. H. L. Churchill, work-bag.
 Miss Lillie Gaffney, work bag.
 " Jessie Rumsey, 3 pin cushions.
 " Maud Humphrey, picture.
 " Lydia Rumsey, paper weight.
 " Alice Churchill, lamp shade.
 Mrs. M. Strong, lamp shade.
 " W. W. Dewey, picture.
 Miss Danforth, 2 picture frames.
 Helen Osgood, sachet.
 Miss Osgood, sachet, needle book.

Miss Hattie Fairchild, 3 hand-painted Christmas cards.
 " Saxton, 3 pairs mittens.
 Mrs. Bowman, 6 holders.
 " B. Smith, 2 decorated ladies.
 Miss Glen, cradle comfortable, apron.
 Mrs. P. S. Frost, pair mittens.
 " James C. Hart, infant's wrapper.
 Miss Whitney, fancy articles.
 " Fannie Smith, N. Y., 2 party bags, work bag.
 Mrs. A. D. Fiske, N. Y., baby afghan.
 " W. H. Ward, brush broom case, satchel.
 " Erickson Perkins, decorated mirror.
 Miss Bessie Gilman, decorated cup and saucer.
 Mrs. Seymour; pair reins.,
 " H. D. Willson, black cat.
 " H. M. Mayer, 4 infants' sacques.
 " Eliot, infant's knit skirt, lady's hood.
 B. Lawrance, 2 infants' knit skirts, 3 Japanese sachets.
 Grace Lawrance, stocking bag.
 Miss Edith Peck, painted plush blotter.
 " Davis, dolls' hoods, skirts and sacques.
 Mrs. Fowler, 2 knit hoods.
 " C. Dewey, knit hood.
 Miss J. Porter, crash bureau scarf.
 Mrs. Henry Huntington, infant's wrapper.
 Miss Jeffrey, painted transparency and painted thermometer.
 Mr. Wm. Lycett, N. Y., half dozen decorated plates that sold for \$35
 Miss Alice Peck, brass tray, paper flowers.
 Mrs. G. A. Furness, apron.
 Miss Nellie P. Wild, 6 key boards, 2 infants' sacques, 5 children's aprons, pair leggings.
 Miss Wild, sofa pillow and other fancy articles.

**The Dolls' Fair of Mrs. A. S. Hamilton,
 Mrs. Max Landsberg, Mrs. L. Ettenheimer,
 Mrs. C. H. Babcock, Mrs. C. F. Paine,
 Mrs. Henry C. Brewster, Mrs. Henry M. Mathews,
 Mrs. Jennie Dodds, Mrs. David Gordon, Misses Minnie Bellows,
 H. E. Hollister, J. A. Hamilton, Wald, Clara Landsberg
 and Henrietta Hamilton.**

Dolls dressed by Mrs. C. H. Babcock and Miss A. Bronson, 12; Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, 12; young ladies of Miss Bliss' school, 17; Mrs. W. C. Dickinson, 4; Mrs. S. L. Ettenheimer, Misses Celia Stern, M. Howard, and Lillie Michaels, 3 each; Mrs. Sara Wile, Mrs. D. Resenberg, Mrs. D. Hirschfeld, Mrs. S. Beir, Misses Wald, Clara Beir, Hattie Garson, Julia Kirstein, Annie Bausch, Fannie Benjamin, Bella Rice and Harris, 2 each; Mrs. Milton Clarke, Mrs. Henry C. Brewster, Mrs. D. M. Hough, Mrs. J. Bertholf, Mrs. C. F. Paine, Mrs. Whittemore, Mrs. E. A. Pratt, Mrs. F. B. Bishop, Mrs. David Gordon, Mrs. Furness, Mrs. Henry Churchill, Mrs. E. C. Warren, Mrs. Charles Ford, Mrs. H. Howard, Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. J. Cauffmann, Mrs. M. Solomon, Mrs. E. Strauss, Mrs. Jul. Wile, Mrs. N. Levi, Mrs. Abe Rosenberg, Mrs. Mark David, Mrs. Vickery, Mrs. S. V. McDowell, Misses Frances Munger, Ella Gould, Madge Erquhart, May

Smallidge, Ruth Quinby, Lois Quinby, Minnie Bellows, Alice Ives, Frankie Sage, Sallie Hall, A. S. Mumford, J. Hamilton, Breck, H. E. Hollister, Stevens, Belie Brewster, Hathaway, May Blanchard, Lemon, Clara Wolff, Dora Guggenheimer, Hanna Steinfeld, Rosa Fechenbach, Ada VanBergh, Fannie Hays, Sara Adler, Sara Sloman, Schaefer, Lempert, Britenstool, T. Hays, Minnie Sichel, Minnie Hochstadter, Rose Neuberger, Linda Morse, Mary Moser, Alida Lattimore, and Marion Lattimore, one each.

Beds dressed by Mrs. Henry Mathews, 3; Mrs. John Canfield, Mrs. B. Hermann, Mrs. Amon Bronson, Mrs. David Hoyt, Mrs. Quinby, Mrs. James Kelly, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. E. V. Stoddard, Mrs. Arthur Robinson, Misses Clara Wales, Lottie Dewey and Alice Sage, one each.

Miss C. Carpenter, mattresses and pillows for twenty bedsteads.

Mrs. H. C. Brewster, furnishing doll house.

Mr. B. I. Horseman, one large dairy. Hamilton & Mathews, material for twenty bedsteads.

Mr. J. Haddleton, one brass bedstead, making nine bedsteads.

Mrs. M. Dinkelspiel, Mrs. T. Meyer, Mrs. Solomon Wile, Mrs. Leopold Block, Mrs. Isaac Stern, Mrs. N. Newhafer, Misses Lempert, Brunswick, Clara Landsberg, R. Savage, B. Lichenstein, Maud Stockbridge, Pauline Myers and Hattie Blumenthal, crocheted and knitted goods.

Mrs. B. Herman, bedstead.

Mrs. M. A. Phelau, Mrs. H. Leiter, Mrs. J. Weinberg, Misses Backus, Morton and Cauley, dolls' hats.

Misses Heath, Buffalo, nine Heath dolls.

Miss Mary Seward, twelve paper dolls.

Mrs. C. F. Paine, 400 cornucopias.

Mr. L. C. McNeal and Miss Laura McNeal, help on doll-house.

Mr. H. D. Blackwood, painting dolls' house.

Tower & Ross Lewin, papering dolls' houses.
 Mr. J. D. Pike, furniture in dolls' dining-room.

Howe & Rogers, carpets for doll houses.

Hollister & Co., lumber for dolls' houses.

Mrs. F. G. Ranney, brush broom case dressed as a Topsy.

Mrs. C. H. Babcock, three dolls.

Mrs. M. Lipsky, Mrs. I. Wile and Miss Clementine Cauffman, each, one doll.

Miss Wald, dressing table.

Mr. M. Savage, doll's trunk.

Mr. J. R. Chamberlin, six pairs dolls' arctics.

Mr. M. Lowenthal, six pairs knitted stockings.

Mr. F. Rosenberg, two pairs kid gloves.

Miss Minnie Bellows, two dolls' baby baskets.

Mrs. J. R. Chamberlin, four dolls' cardigans.

Mrs. Jennie Dodds, four dolls' shell combs.

Mrs. Henry Mathews, dolls' hoods, caps, &c.

Misses Hooker, dressing cradle.

Mrs. Byron Smith and Miss Hyde, dressing cradle.

Mrs. George Walbridge, two pairs dolls' silk stockings.

Mrs. E. A. Beekman, five pairs dolls' silk stocking.

Miss Miriam Otis, four dolls' Afghans.
 Mrs. M. A. Phelan, dolls' beads, pin cushion set.
 Mrs. Klepish, basket, three pen wipers.
 Miss Jennie Ramsey, six pen wipers.
 Miss Jennie Brewster, painted plaque.
 Mr. Oaks, use of wire standard.
 Scrantom & Wetmore, 1,000 envelopes.
 Alling & Corry, note paper for invitations.
 Rochester Printing Co., printing invitations.

The "Children's Pavilion" Table of Mrs. C. H. Angel, Mrs. H. L. Ward, Miss M. Cogswell, Miss Fannie Wilder, Miss Bessie Watson, Miss Eliza Little, and Miss Laura Page Ward.

Mrs. J. Collier, 4 pairs slippers.
 " T. D. Wright, pair socks.
 " Van Veck, set toilet mats.
 " George Selden, rag doll.
 " Theo. Bacon, sofa pillow.
 " L. A. Ward, table scarf.
 " Roscoe Ashley, pin cushion.
 " H. L. Ward, 3 sachet bags.
 " A. V. Pells, silk tidy.
 " P. Frost, 1 pair infant's socks, doll's socks.
 " Oscar Craig, pair mittens.
 " Maltby Strong, lamp shade.
 " C. Tompkins, 2 pairs silk mittens.
 " E. Mather, Sodus, 6 lake stones painted for paper weights.
 " Carter Wilder, \$10.00.
 " Wm. Averell, \$1.50.

A Thanksgiving Offering, \$5.00.

Miss Edith Watson, tidy.
 " Culver, tidy.
 " Hammond, 3 book marks.
 " Backus, 6 dolls' hats.
 " Fannie Wilder, dish.
 " Bessie Watson, bon bon box.
 " Cogswell, vase.
 " Linda Morse, 2 baby's rattles.
 " Eliza Woodbury, 10 books.
 " Jessie Bacon, hood.
 " Pagie Ward, hood, silk bag.
 " Breck, pair mittens.
 " Laura Selden, hand-painted book.
 " Emily Hunter, child's apron.
 " Eliza Little, bag, doll's apron.
 " Fannie Ward, fan, baby's silk socks.

Mrs. Mary Frost, pair mittens.
 Mary Louisa Moore, set of mats, key rack.
 Mrs. C. H. Angel, fancy articles.
 M. A., worsted shirt, 2 pairs stockings.
 Master Fred C. De Puy, a child's afghan knitted by his great auntie, who is nearly blind and over eighty years old.
 Miss Dunlap, \$5.00.
 Onyx Society, fancy articles.

The "Annex" of Laurance Angel and Bessie and Madge Backus.

Mrs. John Hills, 2 sets of dishes and tray.
 Agnes B. Raines, 12 doll's caps and 2 hoods.
 Miss Lillie Blair, toys.
 Mrs. Robert Mathews, mittens, rattle set.
 Annie McEwen, china doll.
 Mrs. W. D. Fitzhugh, 1 pair baby's socks.
 Miss McDonald, 2 dolls' Angora hoods.
 Mrs. Wilbur Griffin, Rhinestone button.

Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co., lace and satin for doll.

Mrs. Cross O'Reilley, doll's hoop skirt.
 Miss Backus, flowers for doll.
 West & Moses, 1 small chair.
 Scrantom & Wetmore, paper dolls.
 Mrs. Dr. Saunders plush button hook holder.
 " O. M. Cooley, 1 child's knit shirt.
 " C. E. Mathews, 2 pairs mittens.
 Bessie Raines, half dozen shell necklaces.
 Ninety-nine cent store, dolls.
 Jacobs & Hughes, dolls.
 Laura Williams, tidy, paper dolls.
 Madge Backus, plush pin cushion.
 Steele & Avery, 2 pencil cases
 Grace Kennedy, 1 panel.
 F. Ward, 3 boy's reins, worsted ball.
 Miss Titus, worsted pig.
 Laurance Angel, 8 pairs reins, 2 worsted balls, balls, toy pump, \$3.00 worth of toys.
 Mrs. A. Ward, 2 pen wipers.

The Basket Table of Misses Clarko, Brewster Powers, Atkinson, Frances Cogswell, and H. C. Granger.

Mr. E. M. Higgins, 4 hampers, 1 basket.
 Miss Frances H. Cogswell and Miss Atkinson, each 5 baskets.
 Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins, 4 baskets.
 Mrs. L. Ward Clarke, 3 baskets, quantity of decorated flasks.
 Brewster, Crittenden & Co., 1 dozen small market baskets.
 Burke, FitzSimons, Hone & Co., quantity of baskets.
 Mrs. Thomas O'Hare and Mrs. George Raines, each two bon-bon baskets
 Mrs. James G. Cutler and Mrs. Wm. H. Averell, each 2 baskets.
 Misses Mabel and Ethel Waters, Mrs. Levi F. Ward, Miss Powers, Miss Helen H. Brewster, Carroll, Southard & Co., Mrs. Wm C. Barry, Miss Butts, Miss Mary Ward, and Mrs. Clinton Rogers, each one basket.
 Mrs. C. E. Mathews, 2 basket rattles.
 Mr. Henry C Frost and Salter Bros., each a basket of flowers.
 Mrs. Freeman Clarke, lady apples.
 Democrat and Chronicle, \$3.75.

The Flower and Candy Tables of Misses C. Ely, C. P. Brewster, Clara Wilder, Maud Bush, Ruth Hart, Bessie Harris and Maggie Roby.

Flowers from Mrs. J. Anstice, Mrs. James C. Hart, Mrs. W. L. Halsey, Mrs. Wm. S. Kimball, Mrs. S. Wilder, Mrs. C. F. Paine, Miss Wales, Newdale & Holmede, Salter Bros., White Bros., and Messrs. F. D. W. Butts, C. A. Hayden, Howard A. Smith and George C. Hollister.
 Flowers and baskets from Frost & Co., Mrs. Wm. H. Ward, Mr. George C. Buell, and Messrs C. A. Hayden, George C. Hollister, John Neugent, H. A. Smith and Edmund Lyon.
 A quantity of candy from Huyler's.
 Baskets, cups and saucers, from Miss Whitney.

Receipts for the Review.

DECEMBER, 1884.

S. E. Tompkins, by Mrs. W. H. Perkins \$ 75
 D. Leary, adv., by Mrs. M. M. Mathews, 10 00
 Mrs. A. D. Blair, 63 cents; Mrs. S. L. A. Fullam, 62 cents, by Mrs. S. H. Terry... 1 25
 Mrs. W. Aikenhead, 62 cents; Mrs. E. G. Billings, 62 cents; Mrs. K. Delano, 62 cents; H. L. Fish, 62 cents; Mrs. S. B. Raymond, Rev. P. Ritter, 62 cents; Mrs. John Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. T. H. Turpin, \$1.25, by Beekman Little..... \$5 59
 Mrs. B. F. Angel, Mrs. H. M. Arnold, Mrs. C. Beach, Mrs. B. Church, Miss M. Cottrell, Rev. W. A. Coale. Mrs. L. Dickinson, Mrs. A. Goodwin, Judge Hubbard, Mr. T. Hanby, Mrs. R. A. Kneeland, Mrs. George Mercer, Mrs. Dr. Milne, Mrs. Millspaugh, Mrs. M. E. Norton, Mrs. T. F. Olmstead, Mrs. E. J. Oaks, Miss C. Paul, Miss Grace Richmond, Mrs. L. Root, A. J. Strang, Mrs. J. Vanderbelt, Mrs. M. A. Walker, Mrs. Andrew Willard, each 50 cents, and all of Genesee; Mrs. C. Alverson, Moscow, 50 cents; Mrs. J. O. Guthrie, Moscow, 50 cents; Mrs. B. Lyon, Simpson, Kansas, 50 cents, by Mrs. L. Dickinson, Genesee... \$13 50
 Mrs. R. B. Ashley, 62 cents; Miss J. Adams, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Adler, 62 cents; Mrs. N. Ayrault, 62 cents; Mrs. S. J. Arnold, 62 cents; Mrs. F. D. Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. S. G. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Adams, 62 cents; Mrs. M. B. Anderson, 62 cents; Mrs. F. P. Allen, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Bausch, 62 cents; Mr. J. J. Bausch, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Bertholf, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Briggs, 62 cents; Mrs. Benj. Brown, \$1.25; Mrs. C. H. Babcock (2 subs.), \$1.62; Mrs. H. Bush, 65 cents; Mrs. Beebe, for Mrs. Buell, Holley, 50 cents; Mrs. S. M. Benjamin, 62 cents; J. H. Boucher, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Brewster, 63 cents; Mrs. E. F. Brewster, 62 cents; Miss Butts, 62 cents; Mrs. H. A. Brewster, 62 cents; Mrs. D. Cole, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Churchill, 62 cents; Mrs. E. T. Curtis, 62 cents; Mrs. E. B. Chase, 62 cents; Mrs. Freeman Clarke, (5 subs.), \$4 12; Mr. J. Craighead, 62 cents; Mrs. B. E. Chase, 62 cents; Mrs. J. A. Collier, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Corning, 62 cents; Mrs. G. F. Danforth, 65 cents; Mrs. C. Depuy, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Durand, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Ely, 62 cents; Mrs. William Emerson, 62 cents; Mrs. G. Ellwanger, 65 cents; Mrs. J. A. Eastman, 62 cents; Mrs. L. D. Ely, 62 cents; Mrs. R. H. Furman, 62 cents; Mrs. G. A. Furness, 62 cents; Mrs. C. P. Ford, 62 cents; Miss S. Frost, 62 cents; Mrs. A. D. Fiske, N. Y., \$1.00; Mrs. J. Farley, jr., 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Grant, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Gorton, 65 cents; M. Greentree, 70 cents; Mrs. E. Glen, 62 cents; Mrs. D. M. Gordon, 62 cents; Miss A. K. Green, 62 cents; Mrs. H. F. Huntington, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Hart, for Mrs. D. B. Ellis, Cleveland, Ohio, 62 cents. Mrs. J. H. Hill, 62 cents; Mrs. J. O. Howard, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Hazeltine, 62 cents; Mrs. H. E.

Hooker, 62 cents; Mrs. D. M. Hough, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Hamilton, 62 cents; Miss A. Jeffrey, 62 cents; Mrs. W. S. Kimball, 62 cents; Miss L. King, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kelly, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Lattimore, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Luetchford, 62 cents; Mrs. P. B. Lee, 62 cents; Miss C. C. Levett, 62 cents; Miss A. S. Mumford, 62 cents; Mrs. H. C. Munn, 62 cents; J. McCabe, 62 cents; Mrs. L. S. May, Pittsford, \$1.00; Mrs. C. C. Merriman, 62 cents; Mrs. S. A. Merriam, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. H. M. Montgomery, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Mathews, 62 cents; Mrs. T. Meyer, 62 cents; Mrs. C. C. Morse, 62 cents; Miss L. H. Northrop, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Nichols, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Osgood, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Oothout, 62 cents; Miss H. Oothout, 65 cents; Mrs. E. W. Peck, 62 cents; Mrs. C. F. Pond, 62 cents; Miss Martha Porter, 62 cents; Miss Rochester, 62 cents; Mrs. W. M. Rebasz, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Rochester, 62 cents; Mrs. A. M. Riley, 62 cents; Mrs. L. Rogers, 62 cents; Mrs. O. H. Robinson, \$1.25; Mrs. Geo. Raines, 62 cents; M. F. Reynolds, \$1.00; Dr. J. O. Roe, 62 cents; Mrs. D. K. Robinson, 62 cents; Mrs. B. Rothschilds, 62 cents; Mrs. L. P. Ross, \$1.25; Mrs. H. F. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. G. M. Sweet, 62 cents; Mrs. S. C. Steele, 62 cents; Mrs. J. L. Sage, 62 cents; Mrs. E. V. Stoddard, 62 cents; Miss E. Tompkins, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Telfer, 62 cents; Mrs. George Taylor, 62 cents; Miss C. S. Wales, 62 cents; Mrs. L. A. Ward, 62 cents; Mrs. Geo. Weldon 62 cents; Mrs. J. E. Wolcott, 62 cents; Mrs. J. B. Whitbeck, 62 cents; Mrs. E. F. Wilson, 62 cents; Miss M. J. Watson, 62 cents; Mrs. J. M. Whitney, \$1.00; Mrs. C. Wait, 62 cents; Mrs. A. G. Yates, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Zeeveld, 75 cents; sale of papers, 15 cents—Donation Days..... \$83.33
 James Brackett, 62 cents; Mrs. G. L. Beardslee, St. Paul, Minn., 50 cents; Mrs. W. L. Halsey, 75 cents; Mrs. A. J. Johnson, 62 cents; Mrs. A. W. Mudge, 62 cents; Mr. G. T. Palmer, East Avon (4 subs.), \$2.00; Mrs. M. L. Reid, 62 cents; Mrs. F. S. Webster, Washington, D. C., \$1.25; sale of papes, \$1.89, by Treasurer..... \$8 87
 Mrs. ROBERT MATHEWS,
 Treasurer, 96 Spring st.

We hope to receive more notes like the following:

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 11, 1884.

Mrs. Robert Mathews:

DEAR MADAM:—The Jewish Young Ladies' Sewing Society, of this city, send the enclosed twenty dollars as their donation to the "Children's Pavilion Fund," and trust that the ladies who have undertaken this great charity will be able to soon fulfil their plans.

Very respectfully,
 LILLIAN D. WALD,
 Secretary.

Contents of Mite Boxes.

No.	Am't.	No.	Am't.
660.....	\$30 78		1 21
728.....	1 22	758.....	26
679.....	3 00	536.....	2 15
617.....	4 69	757.....	60
664.....	47	723.....	1 10
653.....	16 18	686.....	68
649.....	2 75	685.....	2 09
513.....	10 00	771.....	1 16
711.....	21	224.....	2 46
752.....	78	755.....	2 54
695.....	2 52	748.....	1 95
734.....	1 00	276.....	65
725.....	26	613.....	2 85
703.....	1 30	741.....	1 08
619.....	51	732.....	1 58
706.....	1 26	714.....	1 20
657.....	2 63	592.....	1 02
270.....	1 20	666.....	45
514.....	11	698.....	19
690.....	5 35	756.....	2 57
545.....	1 15	747.....	5 00
669.....	27	220.....	50
722.....	83	670.....	12 74
751.....	1 15	322.....	11 75
671.....	51	294.....	1 00
720.....	1 08		

Persons who have not yet returned their mite boxes will please send them to Miss A. S. Mumford, No. 139 Troup street.

Dishes Left at Powers' Hall.

One standard glass dish.
Four large tin pans.
One small tin pan.
One black waiter.
One granite pie plate.
Three white pie plates.
Four small white pie plates.
One small platter.
Three red bordered towels.
Three yards blue towelling.
One dinner napkin, initial F.
Four market baskets.

Articles Left at Powers' Hall.

One silk umbrella.
One ladies' muff.
Three black veils.
Two brown veils.
One embroidered handkerchief.
One red bordered handkerchief.
One small round fringed napkin.
One pair black gloves.
One pair brown gloves.
One pair black mittens.
One gold dollar with monogram.
One gilt watch chain.
One red fan.

Lost at the Hall.

One black Spanish lace scarf, three-cornered.
One cut-glass dish.

The articles left at the hall are at the residence of the Treasurer. Any one finding the lace scarf or the glass dish will please return them to the Treasurer, 174 Spring street.

It is pleasant to the managers of the City Hospital to receive such recognition of their work as is indicated by the following notes:

Bishop McQuaid begs the managers of the City Hospital to accept of twenty-five dollars in grateful acknowledgment of kindly acts by the hospital officials towards its Catholic patients. Christmas—1884.

Managers City Hospital:

Please accept the accompanying basket of flowers from the Rochester Newspaper Guild, with the sincere wish that the fragrant flowers may brighten the faces of our brothers and sisters with you.

Yours, on behalf of the Guild,

I. D. MARSHALL,
IRVING WASHINGTON.
D. L. HILL,

Committee.

The following invitation to our Hospital Donation was received by many of the little ones:

DOLLS' FAIR.



CITY HOSPITAL DONATION,
POWERS' HALL,
Thursday and Friday, Dec. 11th and 12th.
1884.

GRAND OPENING.

You are cordially invited to attend our grand display of

DOLLS' FURNISHING GOODS,
on Thursday and Friday, Dec. 11th and 12th, at Powers' Hall.

We have the most complete assortment of Dolls' Goods ever shown in this city, including all that a doll can want, from a cake of soap to a furnished house.

We have secured the services of M'lle Roitelet, successor of Miss Jennie Wren, dolls' dress maker, and will be pleased to take orders to be delivered on our opening day.

Orders may be sent to Mrs. Arthur S. Hamilton, 71 South Washington street, or Mrs. Max Landsberg, 22 Clinton street.

Help the Charity Club.

Twelve young ladies, known as the "Charity Club," are working for the Children's Pavilion. They are ready to make fancy, useful or artistic articles. They do their work well and are reasonable in their charges. Will not ladies who are interested in this worthy object give them work, and thus enable them to make a more generous offering next Easter? All orders for work will be received at the residence of the President of the club, Mrs. George M. Sweet, 44 East avenue.

A Liberal Offer.

The entrance to the Hospital from West avenue is very muddy just now. A kind friend, who has waded through it, has offered to pay half the expense of putting a flag walk from the sidewalk to the north door if some other gentleman or gentlemen will pay for the other half. Who will accept the offer?

Christmastide.

The inmates of the Hospital were not forgotten at Christmas. Kind friends sent a Christmas tree for a patient in one of the male wards, with presents for all the inmates of that ward and for all the children in the Hospital.

A class of young ladies from the First Presbyterian Church Sabbath School took gifts for all the Hospital children. The Flower Mission brought their acceptable offerings. The patients who had long been inmates of the hospital received gifts. Ice-cream and cakes were provided for all. One of the most touching gifts was that of Mrs. James B. Shaw, who, prostrated by severe sickness and suffering, remembered the sick in our Hospital wards and sent oranges for all the patients.

A German boy, who is motherless, had his little sister spend the day with him, and a thoughtful friend sent a large doll to be put on the Christmas tree for her.

Nurses' Training School.

The third course of lectures, before the Training School for Nurses at the City Hospital, was commenced on Saturday evening, December 20th, 1884, with an introductory lecture by Dr. W. S. Ely. The lecturer explained the object of the school, the ends aimed at in the instruction given, the importance of sense education to the nurse, the qualifications requisite for admission to the Training School, the relations of nurses to the supervising nurse, to visiting physicians and surgeons and to visitors to the Hospital.

This is the first of the third series of one hundred lectures to the nurses of the Training School. A lecture is given each week by some member of the Hospital staff. Different subjects are treated, all of which aid in the education of nurses for their responsible duties.

Our space this month does not allow us to give anything like an outline of the lecture. We hope next month to make some extracts from it.

On Saturday evening, December 27th, the second lecture of this course was delivered by Dr. W. S. Ely. The subject was, "Pulse, Temperature and Respiration."

Donations to the Hospital.

- Mrs. J. C. Shelmore, reading matter.
 "Willing Workers," Brighton. N. Y., 4 bed ties.
 Brighton Sunday School, 18 volumes books.
 M. J. Z. Wood, reading matter.
 A Friend, 12 pounds honey.
 Miss Paul, old cotton.
 " W. C. Dickinson, second-hand clothing, reading matter.
 Miss Sherman, old cotton.
 Mrs. G. C. Buell, old cotton.
 James Brackett, hair mattress, 2 pairs feather pillows.
 Mr. Greenwood, 2 turkeys.
 Mr. McBlain, 2 turkeys
 R. D. Charles, 55 pounds cheese.
 Mrs. Dr. Shaw, quantity of oranges.
 " Huntington, 3 dozen oranges.

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, Dec. 30th, 1884,
 George Clarke, aged 28 years.

Rochester City Hospital.

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

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- | | |
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- David Little, M. D., H. H. Langworthy, M. D.

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- C. E. Rider, M. D., Ophthalmic and Au. Surg.
Assistant Visiting Physician and Surgeon.

C. A. Dewey, M. D.

Resident Assistants.

- H. H. Bingham, M. D., Wm. Oliver, M. D.

Matron.

- Miss Frances E. Hebbard.

Recorder.

- Mrs. Mary Gilman.

Supervising Nurse.

- Miss L. A. Markham.

Thanks.

We are indebted to Mrs. L. Dickinson, Geneseo, for sending us receipts from a large number of subscribers to THE HOSPITAL REVIEW. We wish other friends in neighboring towns would imitate her good example.

Some touching offerings were made to the Children's Pavilion Fund, of which notice will be given in our next paper.

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Adopted June 5th, 1882

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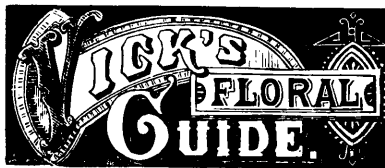
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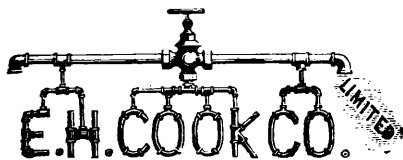
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XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum will be allowed on the first days of March, June, September and December in each year, for all sums that shall have remained on deposit since the preceding quarter-day, and such interest shall be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

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



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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW



DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEBRUARY 16, 1885.

No. 7.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., FEB. 16, 1885.

Growing Old.

The following poem, sent us by an aged aunt, eighty-four years old, was given us a few days since by her niece, one of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital, with the request that we should publish it as peculiarly appropriate to our departed friend, the late Mrs. Chester Dewey. The next morning another friend handed us a treasured copy of the same poem, asking us to use it in connection with a notice of dear Mrs. Dewey, and to say that it was contributed by one who fondly cherished her welcome.

Those who of late years have been wont to receive the cheerful greeting of our revered friend, as she sat in her accustomed place near the spot where her casket was placed, at her funeral, will feel that her life was a beautiful illustration of the following lines:

Softly, O softly, the years have swept by thee,
Touching thee lightly, with tenderest care :
Sorrow and death they have often brought
nigh thee,
Yet they have left thee but beauty to wear.
Growing old gracefully,
Gracefully fair.

Far from the storms that are lashing the ocean,
Nearer each day to the pleasant Home-light;
Far from the waves that are big with commo-
tion,
Under full sail, and the harbor in sight :
Growing old cheerfully,
Cheerful and bright.

Past all the winds that were adverse and chilling,
 Past all the islands that lured thee to rest,
 Past all the currents that lured thee unwilling,
 Far from thy course to the Land of the Blest:
 Growing old peacefully,
 Peaceful and blest.

Never a feeling of envy nor sorrow
 When the bright faces of children are seen ;
 Never a year from the young wouldst thou
 borrow—
 Thou dost remember what lieth between :
 Growing old willingly,
 Thankful, serene.

Rich in experience that angels might covet,
 Rich in a faith that hath grown with thy
 years,
 Rich in a love that grew from and above it,
 Soothing thy sorrows and hushing thy fears:
 Growing old wealthily,
 Loving and dear.

Hearts at the sound of thy coming are light-
 ened,
 Ready and willing thy hand to relieve ;
 Many a face at thy kind word has brightened—
 "It is more blessed to give than receive ;"
 Growing old happily,
 Ceasing to grieve.

Eyes that grow dim to the earth and its glory
 Have a sweet recompense youth cannot
 know ;
 Ears that grow dull to the world and its story
 Drink in the songs that from Paradise flow ;
 Growing old graciously,
 Purer than snow.

◆◆◆

The Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

At the monthly meeting of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital, held February 2, 1885, the President, Mrs. Maltby Strong, thus alluded to the recent bereavements :

LADIES:—We meet this afternoon with sorrowing hearts ; not three months have elapsed, since we were called upon to record the deaths of two, who assisted in the opening and management of the City Hospital, Dr. H. F. Montgomery, and Mrs. N. T. Rochester. Another who soon united with us has fallen asleep. Mrs. George F.

Danforth, who died after a short illness, on Sunday, Jan. 25th, has been since 1865 a manager in this institution. Mrs. Danforth, for many years, was very efficient in her efforts to promote its interests ; for the few years past, feeble health, and absence from the city, have prevented her, except occasionally, from meeting with us, thus depriving us of her counsel and co-operation.

Shall we not express to her family our sympathy in the great loss they have sustained ?

Sorrow has shadowed other homes. Mrs. Myron Adams is mourning the loss of a loved mother, who died Jan. 23d, in a neighboring city.

Our beloved Treasurer is also bereaved by the death of her honored mother, Mrs. Chester Dewey, who, early Sabbath morning, Jan. 25th, closed her earthly pilgrimage of more than four score years and entered into rest.

Mrs. Dewey, though not a manager of this Hospital, was deeply interested in its success. She was Vice-President of the "Female Charitable Society at the time of its organization, and through the official relations of her family to the Hospital, her daughter always holding the office of Treasurer, and a son for sometime on the medical staff, has been conversant with its operations, and manifested her interest by generously contributing to its support.

Four of those on whom we have relied so much for advice and assistance still remain very sick.

We would earnestly desire that God would grant to all these families his sustaining grace. May they rest in His promise that "as thy days, so shall thy strength be."

In Memoriam.

How fast the shadows are falling on the homes of the officers of the Rochester City Hospital! How often of late have we been reminded that

"Time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

Who that mingled with us at our last Donation Festival, and witnessed the zeal, vivacity, and interest, with which Mrs. George F. Danforth entered into the duties of the day, fancied that before the first month of the new year had passed, she would cease from her labors and take her place beside the three treasures that, years before, were so suddenly removed from her, and within ten days laid side by side in Mt. Hope?

We have gazed on the peaceful sleeper robed for her burial, but no trace of pain or anguish lingered on her brow. We could hardly realize we were in the presence of death, that the soul had left its earthly tenement, and the home that for years had been brightened by her sunny presence would no more welcome her.

Memory recalls the hour when she sat at our bedside as a comforter, during the funeral services of our own darling, when we were too ill to be present, and we would fain minister now to her bereaved ones as she then did to us in our sorrow.

For more than forty years Mrs. Danforth has resided in Rochester. Genial and social in her nature, her home was the abode of hospitality, taste, and refinement, and she drew around her a large circle of friends who will greatly deplore her death.

Mrs. Danforth has been a member of the Board of Lady Managers of the City Hospital since 1865, when she took the place of her cousin, the late Mrs. Isaac Elwood. In the early years of her connection with the Board she took an active part in Hospital work, but more recently, delicate health and

frequent absence from the city prevented her co-operating with her associates as zealously as formerly.

Frances Jeannette Wright was the daughter of Dr. Orrin Wright of Pittsfield, Mass., where she resided till the death of her father, when she came to Rochester, and made her home with the late Charles M. Lee, whose first wife was her aunt. In 1844 she was married to Mr. George F. Danforth, now one of the Judges of the Court of Appeals. After a brief illness her death occurred on the 25th of January last, and on the 28th her remains were interred at the family burying place at Mt. Hope.

Another of the homes of the Hospital workers has been visited by the Angel of death, and an aged pilgrim, fourscore and four years old, honored and loved by all who knew her, has entered her heavenly home.

Mrs. Olivia Hart Dewey, who died early Sabbath morning, January 25th, was born May 18th, 1801. She was the oldest of the eleven children of Lemuel Pomeroy of Pittsfield, Mass. One sister, Mrs. George T. M. Davis of New York, and two brothers, Messrs. Robert and Edward Pomeroy of Pittsfield, Mass., survive. In 1825, she was married to Rev. Chester Dewey, then professor of mathematics and natural sciences in Williams College. In 1836 they removed to Rochester, where Dr. Dewey took charge of the Rochester Collegiate Institute, and in 1850 became professor of chemistry and natural philosophy in the University of Rochester. Dr. Dewey died in 1867. For many years Mrs. Dewey has made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, Treasurer of the City Hospital, and her son, Dr. Charles A. Dewey is one of the physicians of the City Hospital. Both of these survive her. She leaves also one other daughter, Mrs. Henry Fowler of this city, and a son, Mr. Chester P. Dewey of Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Dewey was a typical New England

woman. Intelligent, refined, and self-reliant by nature; pronounced in her religious character; full of life and animation; with a heart responsive to every call of charity; keeping herself posted on the events of the day, she was a most delightful companion, and filled a large place in the hearts of her kindred and associates.

For many years she was conspicuous in the charitable organizations of the city, and to the last, by her contributions and labors of love, manifested her continued interest in them. She was Directress, Vice-President and President of the Female Charitable Society, and for twenty years President of the Board of Managers of the Rochester Orphan Asylum. When the infirmities of age compelled her to remit her duties, she delighted in her quiet home to make articles for the fancy tables on Donation Day, and among the list of contributions to the Orphan Asylum, at its recent donation, held since her death, we notice the accustomed offering that her forethought had provided.

The funeral services of Mrs. Dewey, at the house of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. H. Perkins, on the 28th of January, were conducted by her pastor, Rev. Myron Adams, assisted by Rev. Joseph A. Ely and Rev. Dr. C. E. Robinson.

For some years Mrs. Dewey has been in delicate health, but we always found her bright and cheerful, ripe for the Heavenly garner, but patiently

“Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
Waiting till the Master should bid her rise and come,
To the glory of His presence, to the gladness of His home!”

With reverent step we approached the sacred casket placed near the spot where last we had greeted our beloved friend. The lid was closed, and the placid face veiled from our view, but the palm fronds of victory, the wreath of ripened grain, the pure lilies, and the floral crown, were appropriate and suggestive symbols of the

departed, and at the head of the casket were two memorials of loved ones gone before, the one in marble, the other on canvas, that seemed as guardian Angels to be keeping ward over the peaceful sleeper, and we could but feel that their originals, at the “Gates Ajar,” had already welcomed the aged pilgrim to the Father’s house above, where forever with the Lord, there will be no more partings.

The interment was at Mt. Hope. The bearers were Chester P. Dewey of Brooklyn, Charles A. Dewey and George H. Perkins of this city, Dewey Fowler of Buffalo, William P. Fowler of Pittsfield and Theodore Pomeroy of Pittsfield—all members of the family.

Still another home of the Managers of the City Hospital has been desolated by the death of Mrs. M. I. Hopkins, wife of Professor S. M. Hopkins of the Auburn Theological Seminary, and mother of Mrs. Myron Adams of this city. Mrs. Hopkins was supposed to be convalescing from a recent sickness, when, suddenly, on the 23d of January, the summons came.

To all these bereaved households we tender our sympathy and trust that in their fulfilment they will realize the preciousness of God’s promises to his afflicted ones.

◆◆◆

Our Sick Friends.

The Hospital patients are not the only invalids for whom our hearts are burdened. Two of the Lady Managers of the Hospital are still prostrated by sickness; our Recorder has also been very ill, but we hope now she is convalescing; one of the Hospital physicians has also been laid aside by sickness and other members of his family are on the list of invalids. Another physician has sickness in his family, and one of our Lady Managers, who started with her feeble husband for a more genial clime, has decided to retrace her steps and seek in her own home the comforts that are so grateful to those in delicate health.

The Hospital Inmates.

At this inclement season of the year the hospital lawn is generally deserted, for sick people are more comfortable in doors than out this frosty weather. The pavilions are both occupied, the one with a scarlet fever patient, the other with two suffering from erysipelas. It is a great blessing to be able in these pavilions to care for patients who have diseases requiring isolation, and the buildings are so constructed that they can easily be disinfected when the patient is removed.

In the Male Surgical Ward were sixteen patients. Five of these were the little boys elsewhere noticed. Three patients were confined to their beds; one of them fell through a trap door in a basement and broke his leg; another had his leg crushed by the street cars. The burglar who shot himself after he was arrested and who died last month, giving his name as George Clarke, proved to be William Herrick.

Seventeen were under treatment in the Male Medical Ward. An aged man, eighty-three years old, had paralysis. A Hebrew, brought to the hospital on the 3d of January, had been and still was very sick with typhoid fever; he has been delirious most of the time. One young man who had been very ill with pneumonia was convalescent. Two were confined to their cots; one with diseased lungs has since died. A patient who had been suffering from malaria was improving.

In the Lying-in Ward were two babies and one mother.

We found twenty patients in the Female Medical Ward. Two were convalescing from pneumonia; one had a diseased stomach; two others were suffering from diseased hearts. Two had sore limbs; one aged woman was infirm, deaf, and had also a bad cold. Mrs. M. was still troubled with swollen limbs.

Fifteen were under treatment in the Fe-

male Surgical Ward. Six were confined to their cots, some of them were afflicted with chronic diseases; one woman had fallen in the street and fractured her leg, another had rheumatism in the shoulder; one was suffering acutely from cancer; one had paralysis.

The Sick Children.

There are lots of young folks in the Hospital just now. We found five boys in the Male Surgical Ward when last we visited it. Freddy Lyons, who has diseased hips and cannot walk was in his rolling chair. Tommy Heney who also has trouble with his hips was going about on two crutches; Max Kraus, the German boy, with paralyzed limbs was in a rolling chair with paint box and pictures before him; John Wolford who broke his arm while trying to hitch a horse was almost well; Alfred Bradley, who crushed his left hand in a rolling machine in November, has been obliged to have one of his fingers cut off, and the others are so bent that they are almost useless. These little fellows had taken possession of the corner of the Ward and seemed very happy. They amuse themselves with games, and sometimes hitch their rolling chairs together and play they are driving horses. In the Lower Female Ward is another little boy, Terrance Martin, he hurt himself while coasting down a hill last winter; some other boy with a sled ran into him and injured his ankle. Rosa who has had abscesses near her knee is better, and goes out to walk every pleasant day; very often we find her busied with her needle and dolls about her. Dr. Langworthy calls her little Jennie Wren, because she is so often making dresses for her dolls. Katy H., who nearly two years ago set fire to her clothes while carry-out hot ashes, and was so badly burnt that she has been obliged to keep her bed most of the time since, reports that she is gaining and that now the sore that has not healed on her limb is only eight inches long and

two wide. She has to be very patient and I think very few children would look as cheerful as she does, if they had had to keep still so long. Minnie Bryant whose heart is diseased, has been very sick but she is now improving. Annie McEwan is a new comer; she is fifteen years old; when she was two years and a half old, she was very sick and when she recovered one of her limbs was shorter than the other, and she has had to wear a very high heeled shoe and walk lame for a long while. Annie was very anxious to have something done to straighten her foot, so about the middle of January, she came to the Hospital, and when the operation was to be performed, she was very brave. The foot was cut in three places and she wears a plaster of Paris bandage on it, and already it is improved in form. Mabel Ashley is still suffering from the effects of diphtheria. These little children are very fond of company. They love to have children who are bright and well visit them, and there are quite a number of young folks who bring them flowers, or fruit, or picture books to amuse them: The other day a lady told us she was going to let her children subscribe for a magazine for them. It is for such as these we want a Children's Pavilion, and again we ask all the children in Rochester, or any who may see our paper elsewhere, to send twenty-five cents to Mrs. Mathews, 96 Spring street, for a brick for the Children's Pavilion.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

The list of donations took up so much space in our last month's REVIEW, that we could not thank the little folks, as we desired to do, for their noble work for the Pavilion fund. We were very much pleased at the result of their efforts. The "Annex," of Laurance Angel, Bessie and Madge Backus, gave us \$75, and this is not the first offering for the sick children from these kind friends. We rely upon them every year for some substantial offering,

and they never disappoint us. The bridal party at their table was beautifully dressed by Mrs. Azel Backus, Mrs. James Backus and Mrs. Day, and netted \$35.

One snowy day two little twin babies, Carrie and Sallie Brewster, came with their older sister Emily to the treasurer of the Pavilion Fund and each brought a little purse with a gift "for the sick babies," and when their father found the little brother had not been represented, he sent a five-dollar gold piece as another gift from them and Franklin. Then there were the \$20 from the Jewish Young Ladies' Sewing Society, and two little children, George and Bessie Gray, who had been accustomed every year to bring something for the cot, collected from their friends, an offering of three dollars. A large gift of \$100 came from the Onyx Club, and our little friends, Maggie Ashley, Cornelia G., and Jane Porter Robinson, Jeannette Huntington, and Isabel Hart, each brought a gift. Amon Bronson, jr., and his sister Margery, and Mary B. Dodds and her brother Arthur, each gave a brick, and all this helped raise a valuable offering for the Pavilion fund. There was another gift that was very touching. This was a frog bank with all its contents, \$1.38, as a memorial offering for Olive Joy Williams, an only child who died on her birthday, December 2d, 1884, aged eight years. A grandmother offered a thank offering for a dear little girl baby that had brightened her home. Marie Laney came with her auntie and brought an offering for herself and her twin baby sisters. Wentworth Hoyt, a little fellow about two years old, brought \$5 as his offering. The Eighth Ward Mission Sunday School sent a Christmas offering of \$7.50. A sister gave two bricks in memory of "Sister Libbie," who had died in the hospital. The "Primary Department of First Baptist Sunday School" sent \$10.

You see, dear children, how many hands and hearts are associated with the Children's Pavilion that we hope some day to have

erected on our Hospital lawn. You have commenced working for it nobly. We hope none of you will grow weary. We would like a brick from every child in Rochester who can spare twenty-five cents for the Pavilion Fund. Send in your names and twenty-five cents to Mrs. Robert Matthews, 96 Spring street, and you will feel you have given a brick for the Children's Pavilion. The more bricks we get the better. We would like to have a cart load of them any day landed at Mrs. Mathews.

The Charity Club are still working for this object, and orders for work may be sent to Mrs. George M. Sweet, 44 East Avenue. This Club is to make us an Easter offering, and others we hope will do the same.

Correction.

We regret that in the notice of the death of Mrs. N. T. Rochester, in the December REVIEW, we gave the name of but one of her brothers as surviving her. She left three brothers, Mr. Thomas P. Cummings, of Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. Alfred H. Cummings, of San Francisco, Cal., and Mr. Theodore B. Cummings, of Oakland, Cal. One of Mrs. Rochester's children was named for Mr. Alfred H. Cummings, and her last postal was addressed to him.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Sale of articles left from Pavilion table at donation festival, by Miss Hebard.....	\$ 9 00
A friend.....	1 00
Wentworth Hoyt.....	5 00
Christmas offering from the Eighth Ward Mission Sunday School.....	6 50
"Sister Libbie" for two "bricks".....	50
Miss H. J. Paul, for one "brick".....	25
Primary department, First Baptist Sunday School.....	10 00
Mr. W. B. Brown, Norfolk, Va.....	50
Mrs. A. Devos.....	38

Receipts for the month.....\$ 33 13
 Previously acknowledged..... 739 80

Total receipts.....\$772 93

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, or to any of the managers of the Hospital. Who will help to build this much needed Pavilion?

Additional receipts from Mrs. A. S. Hamilton's Dolls' Bazaar.....	\$20 00
Donation from W. S. Lee, London, Eng.....	8 00
Donated bill Evening Express.....	12 00

MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treasurer.

Receipts for the Review.

FOR JANUARY, 1885.

Mrs. A. B. Kimball, Haverhill, Mass., by Mrs. S. H. Terry.....	\$ 1 00
Mrs. R. L. Field, 62 cents; Miss M. Hotto, 50 cents; Mrs. F. Hinchey, 62 cents; Miss K. Patten, 63 cents; Mrs. J. L. Pixley, 62 cents; Mrs. Clarke Woodworth, 62 cents, by Miss Pixley.....	3 61
R. D. Charles, Cuba, 50 cents; Miss M. Foulds, 62 cents; Mrs. S. S. Gould, jr., Seneca Falls, 63 cents; Miss E. Long, 62 cents; Miss H. Paul, 62 cents; Mrs. J. E. Patton, Brockport, 50 cents; Miss E. M. Thomas, Cuba, 50 cents, by Miss Hebbard.....	3 99
Miss Bliss, 62 cents; Miss Badger, 62 cents; Mrs. C. W. Dodd, 62 cents; Mrs. R. F. Hopwood, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Kent, 65 cents; Mrs. H. B. Knapp, \$1.25; Mrs. H. C. Roberts, 65 cents; Mrs. E. D. Smith, 63 cents; Mrs. Alex. Thompson, 62 cents, by Albert Snow.....	6 28
J. V. Alexander, 62 cents; Mrs. C. H. Angel, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Bennett, \$1.25; Mrs. H. C. Brewster, \$1.25; Mrs. Louis Chapin, \$1.25; Miss Dunlap, 62 cents; C. M. Everest, \$1.25; Mrs. J. W. Goes, 62 cents; Mrs. G. D. Hale, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Harris, \$1.25; H. Hermann, 52 cents; Mrs. D. Hoyt, jr., 62 cents; Mrs. A. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. O. S. Stull, \$1.25; Mrs. G. G. Street, 62 cents; Mrs. G. H. Thompson, 62 cents; Mrs. L. F. Ward, 62 cents, by Beekman Little.....	14 32
W. B. Brown, Norfolk, Va., 50 cents; Mrs. Wm. Burke, 62 cents; Mrs. E. T. Corey, 62 cents; Mrs. Curtis Clarke, Boston, Mass., \$2; Miss P. S. Frost, for Mrs. L. B. Cash, Little Falls, Minn., 50 cents; Mrs. L. F. Lawton, Olean, 50 cents; Mrs. W. J. Mandeville, 62 cents; Mrs. Q. Van Voorhis, 62 cents; sale of papers, 33 cents, by Treasurer.....	6 31

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

Donations for Month of January, 1885.

Mrs. W. H. Perkins, 3 glasses jelly and reading matter.
 K. P. Shedd, 1 bbl. crackers.
 Mrs. W. H. Perkins, second-hand clothing.
 Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, second-hand clothing.

Mrs. Wm. Ayerell, infants' clothing.
 Mrs. Josiah Anstice, box oranges.
 Mrs. Wm. Churchill, reading matter and old cotton.
 Mrs. John Z. Wood, newspapers.
 A Friend, old cotton.
 Mrs. S. L. Brown, reading matter.
 Mrs. Carter Wilder, second-hand clothing and old cotton.
 Mrs. Corning, 1 bbl. apples.
 Mrs. Brady, 1 bbl. apples.
 Mr. Theo. McBlair, carving set, knife, fork and steel.
 Mrs. L. Farrar, 1 pr. knit slippers.
 Judge Danforth, flowers.
 Holmes & Coutts, N. Y., by K. P. Shedd, 1 bbl. apples,

Sheets and Pillow Cases.

There is great demand for old bed quilts or bed tidies and new sheets and pillow cases. Perhaps some of the sewing societies in the neighboring towns will supply us. We need changes for from eighty to one hundred beds, as in some cases beds have to be changed very frequently. The sheets need to be two yards wide, and when hemmed two yards and a half long. The pillow cases should be a yard long by a yard and an eighth wide. Almost anyone could send us a pair of sheets and pillow cases, and they would be very useful at the Hospital. Old cotton is always useful.

Vick's Floral Guide.

The name of James Vick is a household word in almost every section of the country where flowers or vegetables are cultivated. The reputation won by the father seems likely to be sustained by the sons. Vick's Floral Guide for 1885 has, besides its colored plate of Asters, more than 1,000 illustrations of choice flowers, plants and vegetables. Its practical and successful hints make it an invaluable companion for the amateur or practical gardener. It costs but ten cents, and Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine, with 32 pages of reading matter, is only \$1.25 a year. Send for both of them to James Vick; Rochester, N. Y.

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 11, 1885,
 Catharine Krouse, aged 36 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Jan. 26, 1885,
 Anne McGee, aged 23 years.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Dec. 1, 1884.....	75	
“ received during month.....	43	
“ births during month.....	3	
		121
Number deaths during month.....	3	
“ discharged during month.....	42	
“ remaining Jan. 1, 1885.....	76	
		121

Number in Hospital Jan. 1, 1885.....	76	
“ received during month.....	42	
“ births during month.....	6	
		124
Number discharged during month.....	38	
“ deaths during month.....	2	
“ remaining Feb. 1, 1885.....	84	
		124

Carpets.

We are indebted to Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins for a Brussels carpet which is very acceptable. We need one now for the dining-room. Is there not someone who in making spring changes will send us one?

For the HOSPITAL REVIEW.

“The Lord and I.”

Every Wednesday evening regularly as the evening came, Grandma Bruce, as she was known by all the country folk around, might have been seen wending her way to the little red school house that stood on the bank of the peaceful Susquehanna. Could we have followed her within we would have heard the trembling voice raised in earnest petition, for Grandma led the prayer meeting, always held, even though on stormy nights there were often only the “two or three gathered together.” One evening, coming home through the rain and darkness, a neighbor greeted her with: “Well,

Grandma, did you have a good meeting?"

Oh, yes," she answered, warmly, "we had a very good meeting." "Why, who was there this stormy night?" "Only the Lord and I," she said, with face still beaming, as though, indeed, like the loved one of Bethany, she had been sitting at the feet of her Master. "The Lord and I." Never, then, left quite alone and comfortless—not even in the darkest and loneliest hour we could ever know; never quite desolate and helpless, when we can feel that our gracious Savior is near at hand, nearer than the tenderest earthly friend could ever be.—*F. B. Fairman.*

After the funeral of Mrs. Danforth a profusion of beautiful flowers, roses and hyacinths, were sent by her husband, to the City Hospital and the patients in the wards prized them highly.

"A Green Christmas."

Some one writes to the Brooklyn *Eagle* as follows: "About this season every year one may look for the remark, 'A green Christmas makes a fat churchyard.' The old proverb, it seems to me, ought to read 'lean' instead of 'green,' first because those words are in antithesis, and second because leanness or 'short commons' at Christmas would imply poor harvests in the preceding summer, and consequent poverty and scarcity among those who celebrate that holiday. Beside, on more than half the globe the earth is green at Christmas-tide. It is orange harvest now in California and Florida, and on the Mediterranean and south of the equator it is mid-summer." To the inquirer the *Eagle* makes the following reply: "The proverb in question is not quoted accurately. In Hazlett's 'English Proverbs,' it reads: 'A black Christmas makes a fat churchyard,' meaning a Christmas without snow. Another proverb, in the same collection, reads: 'A green winter makes a fat churchyard.' This has more elements of truth in it than the one our correspondent objects to. There is still another in Hazlett, to this effect: 'A hot May makes a green churchyard.' This saying, however applicable to England, does

not include a large part of the globe. Growing weather in May, with the attendant heat, is rather desired in the United States and under many other skies. The facts of experience and observation show that many popular sayings are popular fallacies."

The Presbyterian Hospital.

The sixteenth anniversary of the Presbyterian Hospital was observed at the West Presbyterian church (Dr. Paxton's) on Sunday evening. Dr. T. S. Hastings offered prayer, the pastor then preached a most appropriate sermon, and at the conclusion Dr. John Hall led the devotions of the crowded audience, which was partly made up from other churches interested in the hospital, there by invitation. The showing of this fine charity is a good one. Of the patients treated last year 693 were Roman Catholics, and of the 840 Protestants who experienced the blessings which such an institution alone can give, not 1 in 20 was of the Presbyterian faith. Dr. Paxton said that we are rather too catholic and diffuse in our charities. We weed our neighbors' gardens thoroughly, and are prone to neglect to plant a vine in our own. The work of the institution has gone on in uninterrupted prosperity during the past year. The suggestion made at the last anniversary that the Presbyterian charities of New York should endow free beds in the hospital, has proved a real inspiration from heaven. Five such beds representing an endowment of \$25,000, have thus been provided, and thirteen churches and chapels are now providing funds for additional beds. Dr. Paxton called attention to the necessity of increasing the facilities of the hospital by the erection of a building to be used for accident and children's wards. For this \$150,000 is required, and a lady who had requested her name to be withheld, had agreed to subscribe \$50,000, provided a similar amount should be raised in the denomination. The speaker called upon his auditors to help furnish this sum.

Animals as Barometers.

Says a writer in the *Cincinnati Enquirer*: I do not know of any surer way of predicting the changes in the weather than by observing the habits of the snail. They do not drink, but imbibe moisture during a rain and exude it afterward. The animal is never seen abroad except before a rain, when you will see it climbing the bark of trees and getting on the leaves. The tree snail, as it is called, two days before a rain will climb up the stems of plants, and if the rain is going to be a hard and long one, then it gets on the sheltered side of a leaf, but if a short rain on the outside.

Then there are other species that before a rain are yellow; after it, blue. Others indicate rain by holes and protuberances, which before a rain rise as large tubercles. These will begin to show themselves ten days before a rain. At the end of each tubercle is a pore, which opens when the rain comes, to absorb and draw in the moisture. In other snails deep indentions, beginning at the head between the horns, and ending with the jointure of the tail, appear a few days before a storm.

Every farmer knows when swallows fly low that rain is coming; sailors, when the sea gulls fly toward the land—when the stormy petrel appears, or Mother Carey's chickens, as they are called, predict foul weather.

Take the ants; have you never noticed the activity they display before a storm—hurry, scurry, rushing hither and you, as if they were letter carriers making six trips a day, or expressmen behind time? Dogs grow sleepy and dull, and like to be before a fire as rain approaches; chickens pick up pebbles, fowls roll in the dust, flies sting and bite more viciously, frogs croak more clamorously, gnats assemble under trees, and horses display restlessness.

When you see a swan flying against the wind, spiders crowding on a wall, toads coming out of their holes in unusual numbers of an evening, worms, slugs, and snails appearing, robin red-

breasts pecking at our windows, pigeons coming to the dovecote earlier than usual, peacocks squalling at night, mice squeaking, or geese washing, you can put them down as rain signs. Nearly all the animals have some way of telling the weather in advance. It may be that the altered condition of the atmosphere with regard to electricity, which generally accompanies changes of weather, makes them feel disagreeable or pleasant. The fact that the cat licks herself before a storm is urged by some naturalists as proof of the special influence of electricity: Man is not so sensitive. Yet many people feel listless before a storm, to say nothing of aggravated headaches, tooth-aches, rheumatic pains, and last, but not least, corns.

Rules for Winter.

The following rules published in *Farm and Fireside*, are worth heeding by those who believe that "an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure:"

Never lean with the back upon anything that is cold. Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

Never take warm drink and then immediately go out in the cold air.

Keep the back—especially between the shoulder-blades—well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the mouth open.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet.

Never omit regular bathing, for unless the skin is in active condition the cold will close the pores, and favor congestion or other diseases.

After exercise of any kind never ride in an open carriage, or near the window, of a car for a moment; it is dangerous to health and even to life.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible until the hoarseness is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost, or difficulties of the throat be produced.

Merely warm the back by a fire, and never continue keeping the back ex-

posed to heat after it has become comfortably warm. To do otherwise is debilitating.

When going from a warm atmosphere into a cooler one, keep the mouth closed so that the air may be warmed by its passage through the nose ere it reaches the lungs.

Never stand still in cold weather, especially after having taken a slight degree of exercise; and always avoid standing on ice or snow, or where the person is exposed to a cold wind.

John Quincy Adams and His Mother.

One of the old dramatists wrote,—

“The mother in her office, holds the key
 Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
 Of character, and makes the being, who would
 be a savage
 But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.”

The mother of John Quincy Adams said in a letter to him, written when he was only ten years old: “I would rather see you laid in your grave than grow up a profane and graceless boy.”

Not long before the death of Mr. Adams, a gentleman said to him, “I have found out who made you.”

“What do you mean?” asked Mr. Adams.

The gentleman replied, “I have been reading the published letters of your mother.”

“If,” this gentleman remarks, “I had spoken that dear name to some little boy who had been for weeks away from his mother, his eyes could not have flashed more brightly, nor his face glowed more quickly, than did the eyes of that venerable old man when I pronounced the name of his mother. He stood up in his peculiar manner, and said,—

“‘Yes, sir; all that is good in me I owe to my mother.’”

John Quincy Adams could say, with Dr. Bethune,—

“I’ve pored o’er many a yellow page
 Of ancient wisdom, and have won,
 Perchance, a scholar’s name,—but sage
 Or bard have never taught thy son
 Lessons so dear, so fraught with holy truth,
 As those his mother’s faith shed on his
 youth.”

Flowers preach to us if we will hear.
 The rose saith in the dewy morn,
 “I am most fair,”
 Yet all my loveliness is born
 Upon a thorn.”
 The lilies say, “Behold how we
 Preach, without words, of purity!”

But not alone the fairest flowers:
 The merest grass
 Along the roadside where we pass,
 Lichen and moss and sturdy weed,
 Tell of His love who sends the dew.
 The rain, and the sunshine too,
 To nourish one small seed.

—G. D. Rossetti.

A Boy Who Became Famous.

A boy, only six years old, was sailing with his father down the Danube. All day long they had been sailing past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hidden away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow, and its loneliness and stillness stirring the boy’s heart like some dim and vast cathedral. They stopped at night at a cloister, and the father took little Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. It was the first *large* organ he had ever seen, and his face lit up with delight, and every motion and attitude of his figure expressed a wondering reverence.

“Father,” said the boy, “let me play!” Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and when his father had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals. Now the deep tones woke the somber stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvelous child.

The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard it, and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them, but never had he played with such power. They listened; some crossed themselves, till the prior rose up and hastened into the chapel. The others followed, but when they looked up into the organ loft, lo! there was no organist to be seen, though the deep tones still massed themselves in new harmonies, and made the stone arches thrill with their power. “It is the devil,” cried one of the monks, drawing closer to his companions,

and giving a scared look over his shoulder at the darkness of the aisle.

"It is a miracle!" said another. But when the boldest of them mounted the stairs to the organ loft, he stood as if petrified with amazement. There was the tiny figure, treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching at the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides; his eyes beamed, and his whole face lighted up with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind-harp, and all was still.

The boy was John Wolfgang Mozart.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

—♦♦—
The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation; and it makes no difference whether our dissipations are coarse or fine.—*Emerson.*

—♦♦—
The true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are often concealed; while the gilded and hollow pretext is pompously placed in front of the show.

—♦♦—
The mind of a scholar, is you would have it laige and liberal, should come in contact with other minds. It is better that his armor should be somewhat bruised by rude encounter than hang forever rusting on the wall.—*Longfellow.*

—♦♦—
One of the readiest methods of loosening a rusted screw is to apply heat to the head of the screw. A piece of iron, flat at the end, if reddened in the fire and applied for two or three minutes to the head of the screw, will, as soon as it heats the screw, render its withdrawal by the screwdriver as if it were only lately inserted. A kitchen poker would answer the purpose very well.

Leaf Albums.

A leaf album is among the newest fancies. To make one, only requires the exercise of a little care and patience. First, get a slab of plate-glass and spread upon it a daub of printer's ink; then get a small roller, such as printers use, and roll it over the ink till the glass is equally covered; then lay the leaf (clean and freshly gathered) on the inked glass, and carefully draw the roller over it. Next lift the leaf by the stalk (using considerable tenderness because of the fragility of the subject) and place it between a folded sheet of paper; press and rub gently all over it, being careful not to let it alter its position. Then take the leaf out, and you should have a beautifully clean impression of both the front and back. The same effect might be got to a certain extent with lampblack, oil color, or anything of that kind; but when it is done with printing ink it is not only far more clear and distinct, but permanent. A bit of common plate-glass, or a bit of marble, or even a china palette, will suffice to put the ink upon—anything, in fact, so long as it presents a smooth surface, is non-metallic, and non-absorbent. But let no one undertake this, especially a novice with ink and roller, without first calculating the cost of well and somewhat permanently inked fingers!

—♦♦—
Among the articles which are found among the Japanese merchants' samples is a silvery powder. This powder glistens from the surface of modern wall paper, imparting a beautiful appearance, and it serves to enhance the charming snow scenes depicted on Prang's Christmas cards. The substance is Japanese mica, ground to powder, and when used as described gives the article it is spread upon all the sparkling beauty worn by the surface of snow under the moon's rays.

—♦♦—
Honesty sometimes keeps a man from becoming rich, and civility from becoming witty.—*Chesterfield.*

B. HERMAN,

DEALER IN

Fresh and Salt Meats.

Special attention given to choice selections for family use.

140 East Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.

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Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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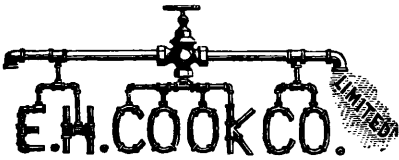
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XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum will be allowed on the first days of March, June, September and December in each year, for all sums that shall have remained on deposit since the preceding quarter-day, and such interest shall be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

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

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

“I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME.”

VOL. XXI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 14, 1885.

No. 8.

A Voice from Heaven.

I shine in the light of God,
His image stamps my brow ;
Through the shadows of death my feet have
trod,
And I reign in glory now.
No breaking heart is here,
No keen and thrilling pain,
No wasted cheek where the burning tear
Hath rolled, and left its stain.

I have found the joys of heaven,
I am one of the angel band :
To my head a crown is given,
And a harp is in my hand ;
I have learned the song they sing,
Whom Jesus hath made free,
And the glorious walls of heaven still ring
With my new-born melody.

No sin, no grief, no pain—
Safe in my happy home ;
My fears all fled, my doubts all slain,
My hour of triumph come ;
Oh, friends of my mortal years !

The trusted and the true,
You're walking still in the vale of tears,
But I wait to welcome you.

Do I forget? Oh, no,
For memory's golden chain
Shall bind my heart to the hearts below,
Till they meet and touch again ;
Each link is strong and bright,
While love's electric flame
Flows freely down, like a river of light,
To the world from whence I came.

Do you mourn when another star
Shines out from the glorious sky ?
Do you weep when the voice of war
And the rage of conflict die ?
Why, then, should your tears roll down,
Or your heart be sorely riven,
For another gem in the Savior's crown,
And another soul in heaven. !

Copies of this paper may be had at
Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring St.

Memorial Tributes to the Late Mrs. George J. Whitney.

THE LADY MANAGERS OF THE CITY HOSPITAL.

At the monthly meeting of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital, held at the hospital Monday afternoon, March 2d, 1885, the President, Mrs. M. Strong, thus alluded to the death of Mrs. George J. Whitney :

LADIES—It becomes my painful duty this afternoon to announce the death of another of the Managers of the City Hospital.

Mrs. George J. Whitney, on the morning of February 26th, after many months of suffering, entered into rest. Mrs. Whitney was elected a member of the Board of Managers in July, 1867, and was appointed on the Executive Committee in 1872, and has been a Directress in the Female Charitable Society since 1870, efficiently and acceptably discharging her various duties.

She was distinguished for her executive ability and judicious counsel. With her large heart, generous purposes and ample means to execute what she devised, and aided by her family equally liberal, she was a most valuable helper in our hospital work.

Whenever the hospital made a public appeal she has been among the foremost to suggest, arrange and execute those measures that have been so productive of benefit to this institution.

It was Mrs. Whitney who suggested the "Mite Boxes," which have enabled us to do many things for the comfort of the hospital inmates. On Christmas, Thanksgiving and other public days the patients were most generously remembered by her.

One year since she went abroad, hoping to return with renewed health, but came back in October more enfeebled, never to meet with us here again. We have missed her so much during her absence, we more fully realize the value of her services and

how great is our loss by her death, and we who have been associated so long in this management are again admonished that the time is short, and we must work with renewed activity while the day lasts. We would tender our heartfelt sympathy to her family in their great bereavement, and may God grant them His abiding presence.

The above tribute was accepted and entered on the minutes as embodying the sentiments of the managers, and the Corresponding Secretary was requested to send a note of sympathy to the bereaved family.

FOR THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. George J. Whitney.

Again death has invaded our Board of Lady Managers and taken from it one of its most efficient and useful members. The active brain that so long devised plans to benefit the sick and suffering in our City Hospital has rested from its labors, the warm heart has ceased its pulsing, and the busy hands have forgot their cunning.

Seldom do we find so rare a combination of useful characteristics in one person as were centred in our departed friend, the late Mrs. George J. Whitney, and the places in the City Hospital and the Female Charitable Society made vacant by her death cannot easily be filled.

Mrs. Whitney has been associated with the City Hospital since 1867, and could its walls echo the blessings that have flowed through channels opened by her loving ministries, they would indeed be jubilant with praise. She devised large and liberal things for the permanent usefulness of this institution, and forgot not the little attentions and favors that brighten and cheer the pathway of those whose lives are shadowed by disease and suffering.

Mrs. Whitney was eminently practical, and her great common sense, executive ability, energy, and untiring zeal, enabled

her to plan and successfully execute work that would have daunted many a more timid nature.

At the annual Donation Festivals, and at special entertainments for the benefit of the Hospital, she took a prominent part, and by her generous donations and personal services contributed largely to their success. She was also an invaluable member of the executive committee—a tower of strength in time of need.

The mite boxes that have been scattered widely throughout the city, collecting through the year small offerings, and on Donation Day pouring them into our Treasury, were circulated at her suggestion. The *jardinieres* that have brightened the Hospital Wards have been filled with flowers provided by her, and many a lonely heart has been gladdened by her kind attentions on Christmas day, when, for successive years, she has donated to each inmate of the Hospital Wards a pretty basket or tray, filled with oranges, grapes, and flowers, and often some useful article of dress. We have watched the gift bringers scatter her gifts on Christmas morning, and many hearts have been brightened by knowing that a kind friend remembered them. Many years since Mrs. Whitney furnished a room in the mansard in memory of her mother, the late Mrs. Fisher Bullard.

Mrs. Whitney was at one time an active manager of the Rochester Orphan Asylum, and was on the building committee at the time of the erection of the west wing.

Since 1870 she has been a directress of the Female Charitable Society, and those who have long been associated with her there bear honorable testimony to her faithful and valuable services.

Not only through public organizations, but in the privacy of her own hospitable home, was she the friend and helper of the poor and needy. For the benefit of the hungry and homeless who often applied to her for food and shelter, she had a standing

arrangement, by which she could send such to a temperance inn in her neighborhood, where, on presenting an order from her they could be fed and cared for over night.

Mrs. Julia Whitney was born in Rochester in 1824; she was a daughter of Fisher Bullard, a pioneer of the city. She was a communicant of St. Paul's Church. In 1843 she married George J. Whitney. Four children survive her: James W. Whitney of this city, Mrs. Arthur D. Fiske of New York, and Misses Lois and Julia Whitney of this city. She leaves also one sister, Mrs. George W. Smith of New York.

For several years Mrs. Whitney has been at times somewhat of an invalid, but she bravely combated with disease, and actively engaged in her charitable work, till last year, when she visited Europe. While there she had several attacks of severe sickness, and on her return trip last fall she was again taken ill, and for weary months she has been nearing the dark valley. The welcome attentions of kindred, and the watchful care of Hospital nurses and skilful physicians could not restore her, and on the morning of February 26th, she breathed her last.

The funeral services occurred at the family residence on State street, on Saturday afternoon, February 28th. The impressive burial service of the Episcopal church was conducted by Rev. Dr. Platt of St. Paul's church, and Rev. James Hogarth Dennis of St. James' Church. The music was by Mr. and Mrs. E. Satterlee, Mr. VanZandt, and Mrs. J. H. Stedman. Enshrined by a profusion of roses, callas, annunciation lilies, maiden hairs, lilies of the valley, palm branches, violets, and other floral offerings, the fragrance of which, like the memory of the kindly ministries of the departed, filled the house. The casket was placed in the centre of the drawing room, where so often she, who had been the life and joy of the home, had welcomed her friends. The bearers were Mortimer F. Reynolds, Edward Harris, D. W. Powers,

T. C. Montgomery, Samuel Wilder, J. H. Rochester, A. B. Hone and W. H. Ward. The interment was at Mt. Hope, and a thoughtful care, characteristic of the family, had provided against exposure during the committal service, by enclosing the family lot in a carpeted pavilion.

To the bereaved family who have imbibed the spirit of their mother, and so assiduously co-operated with her in raising funds for the City Hospital, we tender our heartfelt sympathy, and we trust the memory of her unselfish life will strengthen and comfort them as they walk in her footsteps, and find their happiness in ministering to the afflicted.

H. S. T.

The following tribute we copy from *The Churchman* of March 7, 1885:

JULIA WHITNEY.

Died in Rochester, N. Y., February 26th, 1885, Julia Whitney, aged 60 years, widow of the late George J. Whitney.

Julia Whitney was one of those rare women, the impress of whose finished lives is not speedily obliterated. The influence of her earnest, emphatic nature will long be felt in the community where she was admired and respected by all who honor unflinching truth and integrity, justice and broad charity.

Her executive ability was such that her boundless hospitality never encroached upon a benevolence which was discreet and painstaking to an extraordinary degree. Her zeal and generosity as one of the Board of Managers of the Rochester City Hospital were untiring, as was her energy in every enterprise for the relief of suffering. But only those who gained her friendship knew her heart. She was as liberal to her friends as to the recipients of her bounty, extending to their children's children her warm and steadfast allegiance. In their hearts her memory will be kept green.

K.

Officers of Rochester City Hospital, March 1, 1885.

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D. W. Powers, President.	
M. F. Reynolds, Vice-President.	
H. S. Hanford, Secretary and Treasurer.	
Samuel Wilder,	} Executive Committee.
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L. P. Ross,	
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A. J. Johnson,	
Jno. H. Brewster,	} Auditing Committee.
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W. S. Kimball,	
S. J. Macy,	} Com. on Membership.
G. H. Perkins,	
Jno. Greenwood,	
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" Wm. H. Perkins, Treasurer.	
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" Freeman Clarke,	" Myron Adams,
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Miss L. A. Markham.

The following lines, written for and sent to Mrs. Henry W. Longfellow, after the death of one of her children, were by her friend Mrs. Maria Lowell, who died in 1853, and who was the first wife of James Russell Lowell:

The Alpine Sheep.

TO F— L—.

When on my ear your loss was knelled,
And tender sympathy upburst,
A little rill from memory swelled,
Which once had soothed my bitter thirst.

And I was fain to bear to you
Some portion of its mild relief,
That it might be as healing dew,
To steal some fever from your grief.

After our child's untroubled breath
Up to the Father took its way,
And on our home the shade of death
Like a long twilight haunting lay.

And friends came round with us to weep
Her little spirit's swift remove,
This story of the Alpine sheep,
Was told to us by one we love :

"They in the valley's sheltering care
Soon crop the meadow's tender prime,
And when the sod grows brown and bare,
The Shepherd strives to make them climb

To airy shelves of pasture green,
That hang along the mountain's side,
Where grass and flowers together lean,
And down through mist the sunbeams slide.

But naught can tempt the timid things
The steep and rugged path to try,
Though sweet the shepherd calls and sings,
And seared below the pastures lie—

Till in his arms their lambs he takes,
Along the dizzy verge to go,
Then, heedless of the rifts and breaks,
They follow on o'er rock and snow.

And in those pastures lifted fair,
More dewy soft than lowland mead,
The shepherd drops his tender care,
And sheep and lambs together feed !"

This parable, by nature breathed,
Blew on me as the south wind free,
O'er frozen brooks, that float unsheathed
From icy thralldom to the sea.

A blissful vision through the night
Would all my happy senses sway,
Of the good shepherd on the height,
Or climbing up the stony way,

Holding our little lamb asleep,
And like the burden of the sea
Sounded that voice along the deep,
Saying "Arise and follow me."

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 14, 1885.

The Hospital Patients.

On the first Tuesday of March we visited the Hospital and found in the Male Surgical Ward a man confined to his bed having fractured a bone in the foot; another had fractured one of his legs, but was doing well. One man who had fallen down cellar had sustained a bad fracture of the right limb, below the knee, but was rapidly improving, the splints had been removed and he was sitting up. A patient with a broken hip who had some time before had his foot amputated, was doing well. An aged man who last month was occupying one of the pavilions and suffering from erysipelas had improved and returned to the Male Surgical Ward. George, the colored paralytic had rheumatism in arm and hand. An aged man, 81 years old, was infirm and feeble. The assistant nurse was in, the pavilion suffering from erysipelas. The scarlet-fever patient had recovered and left the pavilion.

Ten persons were receiving treatment in the Male Medical Ward. A consumptive had died, and only one person was confined to the bed. A new patient with banded eyes had just come in, but he had not received treatment. There were no fever patients, one man the night before had died of typhoid fever; an aged man with crutches had painful limbs, and another had diseased lungs. One inmate was receiving treatment for a disease of the skin.

There were twenty inmates of the Upper Female Ward. One of these, a German woman was convalescing from pneumonia; another had a diseased heart. One patient had died during the month of February, and a new patient was receiving tonic treatment. A young woman had suffered acutely from a gathering in the throat, but she was

much better, the gathering having discharged freely. Another woman had a gathering which had been lanced several times.

In the Lying-in Ward were four babies, four mothers, and one waiting patient.

In the Lower Female Ward there was a general expression of sorrow at the death of Mrs. Sophia Prosch, who had been in the Hospital since December 14, 1874. She died on the 21st of February. She had greatly endeared herself to the inmates of the Ward by her kind attentions and efforts to make others happy. She had at times been a great sufferer but was sustained by a Christian faith, and her patient and grateful spirit have often won our admiration. We recall many pleasant hours we have spent at her bedside, and many expressions of thankfulness for the attentions of the Hospital nurses and physicians. Her departure at last was sudden, but we can but rejoice with her that she has entered the blessed home where sorrow, sickness and pain never come. An eye patient occupied the place made vacant by the death of Mrs. Prosch. She had had a cataract removed and was doing well, expecting the next week to return home. A woman with some disease of the bowels was rapidly improving. Another who had fractured her limb by falling when getting out of a street car was doing well. A cancer patient was confined to her bed, and a colored paralytic had changed but little.

The Young Folks.

There are plenty of little folks in the Hospital. We found five of them in the Male Surgical Ward. Eddy Tickenburg, nine years old, was a new patient; he had had a tumor removed from his left shoulder ten days before and was doing well. Tommy H. was not so well as we found him the month before; another abscess was forming and he was forced to keep quiet. Max Kraus, the paralyzed boy, had been

confined to his bed for a week. Freddy, the boy with diseased hip does not change much. Johnny, the boy with broken arm, fifteen years old is much better; he makes himself useful, he does a great many errands about the house, but needs shoes and a hat. Perhaps some of the children can supply him. Albert, whose finger has been amputated, is so well he expects soon to leave the Hospital; his former employers are ready to give him any work that he can do. In the Male Medical Ward a new patient, Peter Dukelow, a boy fifteen years old, was confined to his cot with pleurisy. Little Terrance Martin is still in the Lower Female Ward and seems bright and happy. Mabel Ashley has improved and left the Hospital. Katie H. was having her burnt limb dressed with bandages of sticking plaster, and under this treatment it is slowly healing. Minnie B., the girl with diseased heart is better than she was in January. Annie was in the mansard; she was walking on her foot which was encased in a plaster of Paris bandage, and she said she was going to walk out doors next day; she was receiving a visit from Rosa who has abscesses near the knee; Rosa looked better than she has done and was making lace for her amusement. Pauline Kirsch, a German girl, fourteen years old had sore eyes but was improving.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

We hear that the Charity club are making special efforts to raise money for an Easter offering to this fund, and we hope they will be very successful. A thank offering of ten dollars has come to us for the convalescence of a little sister; this was started by a brother, and other members of the family including a faithful nurse, contributed to it. We have received five dollars as an offering in memory of Mrs. S. W. Updike. Three dollars that belonged to Johnny Sage Darrow, who died last fall, have been taken

from the bank and sent for the Pavilion Fund. We hope next month to be able to report many Easter offerings.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

A Young Friend.....	\$ 0 88
M. A. C	10 00
"Earned pennies," from the infant class of Plymouth Church Sunday School.....	3 00
"A thank offering for the convalescence of a little sister".....	10 00
Mrs. M. H. Rochester, Cincinnati, O.	1 00
In loving memory of E. A. U., entered into rest, March 7th, 1883.....	5 00
From the bank account of John Sage Darrow, died Sept. 28, 1884.....	3 00
<hr/>	
Receipts for the month.....	\$ 32 38
Previously acknowledged.....	772 98
<hr/>	
Total receipts	\$805 31

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, or to any of the managers of the Hospital. Who will help to build this much needed Pavilion?

The Third Annual Commencement of the Training School for Nurses connected with the City Hospital will be held in the chapel of the First Presbyterian Church, Thursday evening, March 26, 1885, at 8 p. m. The address on the occasion will be delivered by Dr. J. W. Whitbeck.

The final examination of the pupils who have completed the course will be held at the Hospital, Tuesday, March 17, at 3:30 p. m., and will be conducted by the members of the Hospital staff.

After the final examinations of pupils for graduation, the programme of the graduating exercises will be printed and distributed.

Both of our Pavilions have been in constant use for many months, and the need of another similar building for the treatment of cases of contagious diseases has been seriously felt. No cases of contagious diseases are, under any circumstances, admitted to the hospital proper, and any cases originating in the hospital are immediately transferred to the pavilions.

The George J. Whitney Free Bed.

A codicil to the will of Mrs. Julia Whitney, dated May 4, 1880, directed that \$3,000 be given to the Rochester City Hospital, that it be used to endow the "George J. Whitney bed," and that the proceeds be devoted to maintain the bed.

Hospital Changes.

Dr. Henry H. Bingham, senior house physician at the City Hospital has resigned his position to take charge of the Erie County Almshouse, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Bingham has most acceptably discharged his duties at the hospital, and doubtless will be successful in his new position, on which he enters April 1st.

His place will be filled by Dr. Wm. A. Oliver, who since last September has been junior house physician. Dr. Edward Townsend, a graduate of the Buffalo Medical University, will take the place of Dr. Wm. A. Oliver.

It will gratify the many friends of Mrs. Gilman, the Recorder of the hospital, to hear that she is considered much better, and is now able to ride out.

The Trustees held their recent meeting in the parlor of the hospital, and later inspected the building from cellar to dome, expressing great satisfaction with the general condition of the institution.

The following new pupils have recently been admitted to the Training School for Nurses: Misses Helen T. Jones, Ezma R. E. Jones and Anna Greenwood.

A new fire alarm box has recently been erected at the Troup street entrance of the hospital. The number of the box is 163. The keys to the same are hung in the office of the hospital.

We are indebted to Mrs. H. C. Roberts for a large furnished crib, and to little Caroline Stoddard for another crib with furniture. The dear child was delighted to send this to the Hospital, and wanted to know if her little brother was not old enough to send his.

A supply of beautiful flowers was sent to the Hospital by Mrs. John W. Canfield.

In response to our appeal we have received one pair of sheets and pillow cases. We need many more; they are always acceptable.

Receipts for the Review.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1885.

Mr. Edward Brewster, by Mrs. C. E. Mathews	\$	50
Mrs. C. P. Beaman, Coldwater, 50 cents; Thomas Roe, 62 cents, by Miss Pixley		1 12
Mrs. D. B. Beach, 62 cents; Mrs. P. M. French, 62 cents, by Mrs. Beach		1 25
Mrs. C. P. Boswell, 62 cents; Mrs. P. W. Jennings, 63 cents; Mrs. A. B. Lambertson, 60 cents; Mrs. Wm. McKennan, 62 cents; Odenbach & Shale, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Phelan, 62 cents; Mr. Geo. Ross-Lewin, 62 cents; Mrs. T. D. Snyder, 62 cents; Mr. R. A. Sibley, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. White, 62 cents, by Albert Snow		6 19
Mrs. Wm. Averill, Ogdensburg, \$1.50; Mrs. H. G. Baker, Geneseo, \$1; Miss Booth, for Miss M. E. Graves, Vergennes, Vt., 50 cents; Mrs. George Cummings, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Devos, 62 cents; Miss F. Hooker, \$1.25; Mrs. E. S. Hayward, 62 cents; Mrs. B. R. Laurance, 62 cents; Miss S. P. Mather, Sodus Center, 50 cents; Mrs. M. H. Rochester, Cincinnati, O., \$2.50; Mrs. A. M. Smith, Kansas City, Mo., \$1.25; Arthur G. Sill, Sodus Point, 50 cents; sale of papers, 10 cents, by Treasurer		11 58

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

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital Feb. 1, 1885	84
“ received during month	36
“ births during month	2
Number deaths during month	— 122
“ discharged during month	6
“ remaining Mar. 1, 1885	24
	— 122

Contents of Mite Boxes.

No.		Amt.
786	\$ 95/764	\$ 36
795	1 21/792	10
791	25/707	57
674	90/678	1 05
606	1 00/701	1 26
665	1 13/409	1 16
645	2 68/729	2 31

Donations for Month of February, 1885.

- Mrs. Meyers, newspapers.
- Mrs. Gilman H. Perkins, a very acceptable and nice Brussels carpet.
- Mrs. H. C. Roberts, a child's cot with mattress, pillows, sheets, quilt, also second-hand clothing.
- Mrs. Hopkins, old cotton.
- Mrs. Wisner, two dozen oranges.
- Commercial Travelers' Association, basket of flowers.
- Mrs. S. S. Gould, infants' clothing and old cotton.
- Mrs. Robert Mathews, one pair new sheets and pillow cases.
- Miss Jeffrey, reading matter, papers and books.
- Little Caroline Stoddard, a crib for children's ward, with its furniture, pillow, mattress, etc.
- Mrs. Charles Chapin, two bottles catsup.
- Mrs. Taylor, reading matter.
- Mrs. Mudge, reading matter.
- Mrs. W. H. Perkins, reading matter.
- Mrs. L. Ward, reading matter and sacque.
- Mrs. E. H. Davis, old cotton.
- Miss Barton, old cotton.
- Mrs. J. W. Canfield, flowers.

Died.

At Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 25, 1885, Julia, wife of the late George J. Whitney, aged 60 years.

So not alone we land upon that shore;
'Twill be as tho' we had been there before:

We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet below,
And find our rest like some returning dove,
And be at home at once with our Eternal Love.

At Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 3, 1885, Alexander Tytler, aged 36 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 4, 1885, Walter B. Reynolds, aged 57 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 8, 1885, John George Shaeffer, aged 24 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 9, 1885, Mrs. Alvina Caveer, aged 58 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 21, 1885, Mrs. Sophia Prosch, of Lyons, aged 42 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, Feb. 24, 1885, Mr. Balthayer Rice, aged 64 years.

Marion's New Society.

"Can you help me a few minutes, daughter?"

"I would like to but don't see how I can." The tone was not impatient but hurried. "I have this essay to finish for the society this evening, I must go to our French history class in an hour, then to a church committee meeting, and be back for my German lesson at five o'clock."

"No, you can't help me, dear. You look worn out yourself. Never mind; if I tie up my head in Pond's extract, I guess I can finish this."

"Through at last," said Marion, wearily, giving a finishing touch to the "Development of the Ideas of Religion among the Greeks," at the same time glancing quickly at the clock. Her attention was arrested by a strange sight, which made her forget the lateness of the hour. Her tired mother had fallen asleep over her sewing.

That was not surprising, but the startled girl saw bending over her mother's pale face two angels, each looking earnestly at the sleeper.

"What made that weary look on that woman's face?" asked the stern, strong looking angel of the weaker, sadder one. "Has God given her no daughters?"

"Yes," replied the other, "but they have no time to take care of their mother."

"No time?" cried the other. "What do they do with all the time I am letting them have!"

"Well," replied the Angel of Life. "I keep their hands and hearts full. They are affectionate daughters, much admired for their good works; but they do not know they are letting the one they love most slip from my arms into yours. Those gray hairs came from overwork and anxiety to save extra money for the music and French lessons. Those pale cheeks faded while the girls were painting roses and pansies on velvet or satin."

The dark angel frowned.

"Young ladies must be accomplished now," explained the other, "Those eyes grew dim sewing for the girls, to give them time to study ancient history and modern languages. Those wrinkles came because the girls hadn't time to share the cares and worries of every day life. That sigh comes because this mother feels neglected and lonely, while the girls are working for the women of India. That tired look comes from getting up so early, while the poor exhausted girls are trying to sleep back the late hours they gave to study, or spent at the musicale. These feet are so weary because of their ceaseless tramp around the house all day."

"Surely, the girls help too?"

"What they can; but their feet get weary enough going around begging for the charity hospital and the church, and hunting up the poor and the sick."

"No wonder," said the Angel of Death, "so many mothers call me. This is indeed sad. Loving, industrious girls giving their mother to my care as soon as selfish, wicked ones!"

"Ah, the hours are so crowded," said Life, wearily. "Girls who are cultured or take an active part in life, have no time to take care for the mothers who spent so much time in bearing and rearing them."

"Then I must put my seal on her brow," said the Angel of Death, bending over the sleeping woman.

"No! no!" cried Marion, springing from her seat. "I will take time to care for her if you will only stay."

"Daughter; you must have nightmare. Wake up, dear; I fear you have missed your history class."

"Never mind, mamma; I'm not going to-day. I am rested now, and I will make those button holes while you curl up on the sofa and take a nap. I'll telephone to the committee and professor that I must be excused to-day, for I'm going to see to supper myself, and make some of those muffins you like."

"But, dear, I hate to take your time."

"Seeing you have never given me

any time! Now go to sleep, mamma, dear, as I did, and don't worry about me. You are of more consequence than all of the languages or church socials in the world."

So, after having been snugly tucked in a warm afghan, with a tender kiss from the daughter, usually too busy for such demonstrations, Mrs. Hanna fell into a sweet, restful sleep.

"I see we might have lost the best of mothers in our mad rush to be educated and useful in this hurrying, restless day and generation," Marion soliloquized, as she occasionally stole a glance at the sleeping mother. "After this, what time *she* does not need I shall devote to outside work and study. Until she gets well rested I will take charge of the house, and give up all the societies except one, that I'll have by myself, if the other girls won't join—a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Mothers."

And Marion kept her word. A few months later one of the woman suffragists remarked to her:

"We miss your bright essays so much Miss Marion. You seem to have lost all your ambition to be highly educated. You are letting your sisters get ahead of you, I fear. How young your mother looks to have grown up daughters! I never saw her looking so well."

Then Marion felt rewarded for being a member of what she calls the "S. P. C. M."—*Parish Visitor*.

A Great Heart.

It is a fact, account for it as we may, that not a few of the world's reformers have been moved by a love for humanity rather than by love for man. Even among those who applaud Burns' sentiment,

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that.

there will be found many who lift their hat to the "belted knight" and pass the man in "hodden gray" with a curt nod. George Washington, so tradition says, lifted his hat to a poor slave who

had removed his cap out of respect to the venerable man, because "he would not be outdone in politeness." Many men who are courteous to social inferiors and will give money and work to elevate them, yet fail to treat them as man should treat a brother man. They do not realize that it is not patronage for which man seeks, but justice.

Wendell Phillips was born a patrician, yet by nature he was a democrat. He advocated political and social reforms not only with eloquent words, but by acts that showed to those for whom he spoke that he was with, for, and of them. He linked himself to men not for their intellect, nor money, nor for their applause, nor even because they were wretched, but on account of their being fellow men.

One day during the war, Mr. Phillips was returning home by the cars from a town where he had delivered a lecture the night before, for which he had been paid fifty dollars. At a way-station a lady got upon the train. She was a Southern refugee, who, having been reduced from affluence to poverty, was supporting herself and her fatherless children by lecturing.

Mr. Phillips asked her to take a seat beside him, and said:

"Where did you speak last night?"

On her telling him, he said—

"I would not be impertinent, but how much did they pay you?"

"Five dollars, and the fare to and from Boston."

"Five dollars!" he exclaimed. "Why, I got fifty; and your lecture must be worth more than mine."

Then putting his hand into his pocket he drew out a roll of bills, and said, with his deferential courtesy—

"I don't wish to give offence, but you know I preach that a woman is entitled to the same as a man if she does the same work. Now, my price is fifty dollars; and if you will let me divide it with you, I shall not have had any more than you, and the thing will be even."

She refused; but a little gentle urg-

ing persuaded her to put the bank notes into her pocket book.

When, on arriving home, she counted the money she found she had fifty dollars.

Some Native Orchids.

Perhaps these days, when the Orchid mania is raging, and the uttermost parts of the earth are "investigated" to discover new species of this wonderful flower wherewith to adorn the Orchid houses of wealthy amateurs, a few remarks about our native varieties may interest those who, not having an abundance of this world's goods, are fain to content themselves with such specimens of the genus as inhabit the fields or groves of our native land.

The various kinds of Cypripedium are among the most showy of Orchidaceous plants in this section, and the beauty of their blossoms rivals that of some of their more favored sisters occupying conspicuous places in the greenhouse. The Cypripedium acaule, with its large, purple flower, nodding on the slender, graceful scape, is a veritable floral gem, and the more common Cypripedium pubescens, or Indian Moccasin Flower, with its golden blossom, so like a gigantic Calceolaria, is a plant which no one who loves the wild beauties of the forest would pass unheeded. The loveliness of both the preceding species pales, however, beside that of the Cypripedium spectabile, or Tall Lady's Slipper, a denizen of swamps in this part of the world.

There is something marvelous in the appearance of these great, white flowers, which have markings on the inner surface, delicate as if the tiny flecks of color were laid on with a brush held by a fairy's hand. The large sepals of these blossoms are white, or nearly so, which adds greatly to their beauty. Indeed, when looking at a cluster from a little distance one would not find it very difficult to imagine that the angel of the flowers had appeared to mortal vision.—Mrs. H. R. L., Hoosac, N. Y., in February Number *Vick's Magazine*.

"Come Home!"

A poor woman lost her only daughter in the vicious whirlpool depths of London life. The girl left a pure home to be drawn into the guilf of guilt, misery and abandonment. The mother, with a breaking heart, went to Dr. Barnado, and telling him the story, asked if he could help to find the lost one. The genial doctor said, "Yes, I can; get your photograph taken, frame a great many copies, write under the picture, 'Come home!' and send them to me." The doctor sent the photograph to the gin palaces, music halls, and other places where outcasts are in the habit of frequenting, and got them hung in conspicuous places. One night the girl, with some companions in sin, as she entered one of these dens of iniquity saw her mother's *carte*. Struck with astonishment, she looked closely at it and saw the invitation written beneath. To whom was it addressed? To her? Yes. She saw by that token that she was forgiven, and at that time she returned to her mother's arms just as she was.

Do not talk too much. Somebody must listen, and it is well for us all to take our turn at it. It is a petty self-conceit to imagine that we have more ability than any one else to interest the circle of friends about us. It is the privilege of everyone to share in a general conversation; but no one should try to have more than a proper share. By talking too much we prevent some one else from talking who has an equal right to speak, and who might possibly say something worth hearing. If we expect others to listen to us, we might respectfully listen to them.

How Camphor is Made.

Camphor is made in Japan in this way. After a tree is felled to the earth it is cut up into chips, which are laid in a tub or a large pot partially filled with water, and placed over a slow fire. Through holes in the bottom of the tub

steam slowly rises, and, heating the chips, generates oil and camphor. Of course, the tub with the chips has a closely fitting cover. From this cover bamboo pipes lead to a succession of other tubs with bamboo connections, and the last of these tubs is divided into two compartments, one above the other, the upper floor being perforated with small holes to allow the water and oil to pass to the lower compartment. The upper compartment is supplied with a straw layer, which catches and holds the camphor in crystal in deposit as it passes to the cooling process. The camphor is then separated from the straw, packed in wooden tubs and is ready for market. The oil is used by the natives for illuminating and other purposes.

Wings By-and-By.

'Walter,' said a gentleman on a ferry-boat to a poor, helpless cripple, 'how is it, when you cannot walk, that your shoes get worn?'

A blush came over the boy's pale face, but after hesitating a moment, he said:

'My mother has younger children, sir; and while she is out washing, I amuse them by creeping about on the floor and playing.

'Poor boy!' said a lady standing near, not loud enough, as she thought, to be overheard. 'What a life to lead! What has he in all the future to look forward to?'

The tear started in his eye, and the bright smile that chased it away, showed that he did hear. As she passed by him to step on shore, he said in a low voice, but with a smile:

'I am looking forward to have wings some day, lady.'

Happy Walter! Poor, crippled, and dependent on charity, yet performing his mission; doing in his measure, the Master's will, patiently waiting for the future, he shall by-and-by 'mount up with wings as eagles; shall run and not be weary, shall walk and not be faint.'

A Quaker Sermon.

It was the first-day meeting,
And the group of gathered folk
Sat touched by the hush of a voiceless spell;
No sound the silence broke.

Until, in her place on the woman's side,
With a sweet and tender face,
That bore the true and peaceful sign
Of the inward spirit's grace,

A white-haired woman rose with the word
That was on her heart to say—
The word that the gathered people
Were waiting that sunny day.

"Sister Tabitha, all to pieces,
My best china teapot broke;
But I kept my soul in patience,
Nor a word of anger spoke."

That was all; and down with the sunshine
The silence again fell sweet,
Till the elder people gave the sign
That the service was complete.

Do you say that the hour was wasted?
That the sermon was trivial, vain,
Textless, devoid of logic,
Uthrilled by one eloquent strain?

Not so; for that gospel is sweetest
That is won through life's fret and its pain,
That softens the jar of its friction,
And lightens the stress of its strain;

And the love that is over the erring,
The peace untouched by surprise,
The quiet that keeps its sweet patience,
Are dear in the Master's eyes.

While many a rhetorician
Might learn from this homely brief
A truth that the wearied people
Would hail as a glad relief—

That the lesson is most enduring
Close to life's practical lines,
And not the length but the fitness—
The heart of the hearer inclines.

And we all in our plain home duties
Find the thought in this first-day word,
That the least of our trials and triumphs
Has a worth in the sight of our Lord.

[*Christian at Work.*]

The Father Pigeon.

A writer in the *Scottish Naturalist* tells a story of a pigeon which illustrates the truth of the saying that God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and the high power of instinct prompted by parental love. Two pigeons had built their nest in the top story of the dove cote, and had hatched their young, which came out

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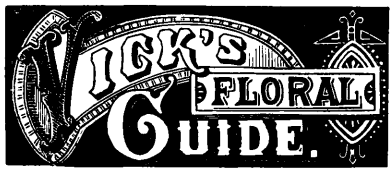
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Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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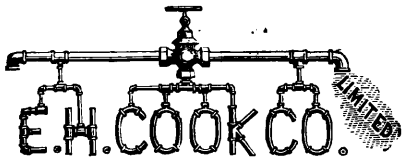
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XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum will be allowed on the first days of March, June, September and December in each year, for all sums that shall have remained on deposit since the preceding quarter-day, and such interest shall be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

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



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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

“I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME.”

VOL. XXI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1885.

Nò. 9.

THIRD ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

Of the Training School for Nurses.

The third annual exercises of the Training School for Nurses connected with the Rochester City Hospital, according to previous announcement, came off in the Chapel of the First Presbyterian Church, on Thursday evening, March 26th, 1885, and the close attention manifested by the large audience, and the comments of the city press, indicate how deeply the public are interested in this department of Hospital work.

The rostrum of the chapel was tastefully decorated with plants and cut flowers donated by White Brothers. A basket of

beautiful flowers was sent by Mr. H. Frost. The graduating class was composed of Misses Mary B. Bullard, Carlena Müller, Mrs. Elizabeth L. Spencer, Misses Margaret L. Foulds, Dora M. Hull, Frances E. Thorne and Mary R. Thorne, four of whom read essays. Besides the graduates, seated in the northwest corner of the chapel were eighteen undergraduates, “who looked particularly attractive in their dainty white caps.” Many of the officers of the City Hospital were also present.

The exercises were opened by Pinsuti's “The Sea Hath its Pearls,” by a quartette composed of Miss Kittie Tyrell, Miss Louise Griswold, Mr. Eugene H. Arnold, and Mr. C. S. Hill, followed by a prayer by Rev. C. W. Cushing, D. D.

The following address was then made by John W. Whitbeck, M. D.:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen, Young Ladies of the Graduating Class:

Two years ago, at the first public exercises of our Training School, and again one year ago, the lamented Dr. Montgomery, with characteristic dignity occupied the place now graced by the President of the evening. For many years as the presiding officer of the Hospital staff, as a conservative counselor, as a trusted family physician and as an esteemed friend, we loved to honor him, and as a man distinguished for integrity and for sterling common sense we revere his memory.

Four years ago last, September the school, whose third commencement we celebrate today, was organized in behalf of suffering humanity. That the best interests of the sick demanded a higher degree of skill in the nurse there could not have existed the slightest doubt. Physicians and untrained nurse alike felt the need of this step forward. The history of established training schools confirmed the belief that such an advance was justifiable. Though there were many good nurses who had been trained in the simple school of experience alone, and though there were many willing hands ready to smooth the ruffled pillow, to moisten the parched lips, to feed the wasting body, to bind the bleeding wound, to watch the fleeting breath, yet the form was too often bowed by weight of years, or the eyes were dim, or the touch unskilled, while the thermometer, the pulse, the respiration, the palid cheek, the contagious germ, spoke to them in unknown terms and they heeded not the warning. For two full years these young women, with elastic step, keen sight, quick ears, deft fingers and disciplined minds devote some of the most receptive years of their lives to the acquirement of unusual skill in the art of nursing. During the two years allotted to study and preparation, no less than one hundred lectures are delivered by members of the Hospital staff. The nurses are thereby instructed in anatomy, physiology, surgery, obstetrics, taking temperature, counting pulse and respiration, observing intelligently the secretions and excretions of the different organs of the body, administering drugs, applying electricity and massage, using various instruments, managing emergencies, and keeping records of the course of disease. Without this varied knowledge, without care-

ful training, under the supervision of those who know the needs of the sick and the requirements of the nurse, how could we secure the highest degree of skill? Patient and physician, theorist and practical thinker, are in accord that the best nurse is the one who is best qualified to guard the interests of the sick, to anticipate their wants and to avoid those digressions and those outward influences which are hurtful or retard recovery. Necessity of employment and willingness to serve in the capacity of a nurse do not and cannot constitute the essential requirements of this highly important vocation. It is indeed a pity that the numerous company of willing nurses could not have added more universal knowledge to experience. But these worthy women who, to their great credit be it said, have nobly responded to the call for help at the bedside, and who, from no fault of their own, have come but meagrely equipped for the conflict with disease, will find ample opportunity for ministering to the sick. In the progress of the age, all nurses will some day be trained nurses, and will add to knowledge, experience, and to experience, skill, and to skill, the merited reward.

To acquire even the tact and practical knowledge which the average nurse possesses, many years of patient plodding are required, and, after *all*, the want of preliminary instruction is a constant source of embarrassment to the nurse who seeks that self reliance and resource which inspire the patient with confidence. On the other hand, the experienced graduate of the training school is competent to employ the approved methods which physicians themselves apply, and that, not only for the comfort, but also for the safety of her patient. The use of delicate instruments, the apprehension and treatment of functional necessities and dangerous emergencies could not be intrusted to the uninitiated. The experience of observation alone will not suffice for that promptness of action which will meet the exigency of the case. The nurse who is guided by experience only might originate means if she knew the method, but she is powerless to execute measures, until she has been taught how to interpret causes and effects, as well as to use instruments and apply remedies.

For the information of those who are not already familiar with the history of our school I may state, that since its foundation the school has steadily advanced in the estimation of the public. Already the graduates have acquired a reputation for skill and efficiency which is

highly complimentary to the Hospital, as well as to the nurses themselves. That the practical importance and success of the school are assured, I think may be reasonably inferred from the fact that not less than 216 applications for admission have been made, and owing to the discriminating care exercised in the selection of pupils only fifty-two of the applicants have been received. Nineteen pupils have graduated after a successful examination by the Hospital staff. Four pupils were discharged after the usual month of probation. Eleven have resigned, and one only has been dismissed.

There are now in the school seventeen pupils and one probationer. Eighty-six patients in all have been supplied with private nurses (from the school.) Two pupils have died. Before the training school was called into existence three or four nurses attempted to perform the work now accomplished by seventeen nurses. The few did their part well, and enjoyed the confidence of the managers. But there was too much for four pairs of hands to do, and you need not be told that seventeen pairs of hands can take better care of the Hospital sick.

But with increased facilities for treating disease successfully there came also increased expenditure of money to support the band of willing workers. We can now take care of a greater number of patients and we can now take better care of our patients, but the pecuniary resources of the Hospital are deplorably deficient. About \$160 have been generously given by a few devoted friends of the Training School, but a much larger sum is urgently needed. We look pleadingly to a liberal public to contribute to the maintenance of this commendable institution. Do you not think that the community at large is the one most benefited and best served by the graduates of this Training School? Are not these devoted nurses in the Hospital laboring in the interest of humanity? Are they not striving to fit themselves to serve the public? Are they not risking their health and even their lives to mitigate the misery of mankind? They are arming themselves in their unselfish toil to combat disease in your house and at your fire-side. Therefore, in sustaining a Training School for Nurses you provide for the common weal, and make provision for the tender, skillful care of yourselves and of those dearer to you than self, when inevitable disease shall lay its heavy hand upon you.

And now, young ladies of the graduating

class, before the relations of instructor and pupil are exchanged for those of the practical physician and nurse, we would offer words of encouragement and advice.

The function of nurse is one of undoubted importance and responsibility. Your services are indispensable to the highest good of the sick who may come under your care. It will be a part of your legitimate duty to do all in your power for the relief of bodily pain, to so influence the minds of your patients as to favorably modify and shorten the course of disease, and even to ward off approaching death. You will be able to take away or to conceal a part of the sum of human misery. For your kind words and sympathy, for your gentle care of feeble bodies, words of gratitude will be spoken, and again, and again you will be made happily conscious that your labors have been appreciated. But coupled with the immunities of your profession there are grave responsibilities. The comfort and safety of your patient will depend largely upon your fidelity to the principles which we have endeavored to teach you. And the standing of the school in which you received instruction will be judged by the degree of your attainments and capabilities. Be not discouraged if your efforts appear to be unrecognized. The desire for your superior services will increase year by year, and ere long the supply of nurses will be inadequate to the demand. But do not let this assurance of future thrift mislead you or dwarf your energies. Attend to your duties faithfully and conscientiously, and be not over confident of success, but rather strive toward a higher end better standard of excellence.

The quartette again favored the audience with Kucken's "Swiss People's Song," after which three of the following original essays were read by members of the graduating class:

Air and Sunshine.

BY MISS MARY B. BULLARD.

As air may be said to be the pabulum of life, it is very essential that it should be pure. Any deterioration of it affects the blood, and through it the whole system. The physiology of the respiratory function explains the relation of an abundant supply of fresh air to the maintenance of health and the attainment of long life.

Fresh air is so immediately essential to life, that most animals deprived of it, in less than one minute become unconscious and appear as dead. There are at least two objects to be accomplished by breathing—the renewal of the blood, and the warming of the body. That the blood receives oxygen from the air we breathe, can be proved by the fact that the ingoing breath contains one-fourth more oxygen than the outgoing, the lungs taking out of all the air we breathe one-fourth of its oxygen. If we breathe air over the second, third or fourth time, it not only has less oxygen each time and is less useful for the purpose of respiration, but is rendered more hurtful by reason of the carbonic acid it contains. We cannot have pure air without free ventilation. Unless there is an entrance and an exit to our sleeping rooms, air must be the second time respired.

Every disease is aggravated by the breathing of bad air, which is just as poisonous as bad food, yet it is common to close all the doors and windows in a room where sick people are confined, lest they take cold. The windows should be arranged so as to admit fresh air frequently. Grates and fire-places may be utilized as a means of ventilation. The dreaded draft bears upon its wings the elements conducive to the health of both patient and nurse. Lamps and gas burners are so many methods of consuming oxygen and rendering the air less fit for respiration.

It is said more colds are taken in overheated rooms containing bad air than in cold and well-ventilated places. The so-called fever poison is weakened by the admixture with pure air. The drinking water should be frequently changed, as it absorbs some of the gases of the room, so that the patient, if allowed to drink it, may put back into his stomach something that his body has exhaled. Always give fresh water when the patient wants to drink.

In connection with a full supply of

atmospheric air to every human being, the importance of plenty of sunshine is not to be overlooked. Pure air for the lungs and sunshine for the eyes is a physiological maxim which should not be forgotten. In our large cities, some of those who occupy the shaded side of streets are more or less diseased, and show signs of imperfect development.

It is said that during epidemics, such as cholera, etc., the shaded side of narrow streets shows an increase of mortality. A certain amount of shade is good, but entire exclusion of sunshine is an evil. Let us always welcome the visits of the healthful air and glowing sunshine, and let us be as a ray of sunshine stealing into homes, cheering and brightening by our presence, those with whom we come in contact, leaving lasting impressions by our faithfulness to duty.

Work for Young Women.

BY MISS DORA M. HULL.

“Life is real! Life is earnest!” It was never meant to be frittered away by the pursuit of selfish pleasures and individual plans. Every person, I believe, was made by our Creator for some particular purpose. Each one has a work to do—a place to fill in this great universe of ours, and whether we find our mission or not, depends on how hard we strive, and how much anxiety we have about it. I also believe that it is the duty of every young woman to find her own particular sphere, and having found it, to persevere until she has reached, therein, the highest standpoint possible. Think a moment, if you will, of the many naturally noble, true hearts among your own friends and acquaintances, that are becoming dwarfed, being made selfish and egotistical, just for lack of that independence and ambition that one needs to overlook the sneers of those, who prefer to spend their lives in idleness, rather than to make others happier and better by having known them.

Just because any one has plenty of this world's goods is no excuse for idleness. No truer happiness can be found than that which ever comes by self-forgetfulness and the effort to make others happy. Some, it is true, have parents depending upon them, needing all their tender ministrations. Their work, therefore, is found and can only be supplemented by a cheerful and obedient deportment; for does not a merry heart, oftentimes, do good like a medicine? But how many others would be thought much more of, if they would do something for themselves and for humanity?

For *success* in any undertaking, however, we need to give earnest thought and questioning on all sides of the subject.

Suppose, for instance, that some young lady in the audience, this evening, had thought of becoming a nurse. Ought she to decide at once or make application upon the impulse of the moment? Surely not. Ask yourself these questions, my friends—Would you feel it your duty to do this work? Cannot you think of something more agreeable to you than being with sick people all of the time, ministering to the wants of body and mind? It is nice and comparatively easy to care for our *own*, but could you have the same gentle consideration for strangers of all grades of society? If not, *do not think* for one instant of being a nurse. Think of the strength, both physical and mental, that is needed to stand by surgeons, assisting as they amputate a limb or remove a tumor; also to patiently endure being called, at times, by the ignorant and uncultured, "Nothing but a Hospital nurse."

Remember that practice is far different from theory, in this profession as in any other, and although there are many bright places, and we often find oases by the way, in the shape of dear friendships formed with those with whom we come in contact day after day; yet we ever have to taste the "bitter with the sweet." So, in whatever place we are, whatever kind of work we

decide upon, we may remember that labor is dignified by our love for it, and our endeavors to succeed in it. Also, that we should do with our might whatever our hands find to do, and strive to realize what has been so faithfully impressed on the minds of the graduating class before you to-night that "What is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

Florence Nightingale.

BY MISS MARGARET L. FOULDS.

Florence Nightingale was an English philanthropist, born in Florence, Italy, in 1823. As the child of educated, refined and wealthy parents, her youth was passed under circumstances favorable to her intellectual development. Under the instruction of her father, she became proficient in the languages, mathematics, science and art. She also became a good musician.

From early childhood the nursing of the sick was her favorite occupation, and no reading possessed such attractions for her as that which treated of institutions for the sick and afflicted. In her girlhood she often visited the hospitals in Lea Hurst, where she resided, and subsequently those in larger towns, devoting much time to those in London.

She was very much impressed with the need of trained nurses. How should she obtain for herself the necessary knowledge and be able to fit others for this great work? After much inquiry, she found an institution on the Rhine, in which the desired instruction was given. To this school she went in 1849, as a voluntary nurse, going through the regular course of training. To those not initiated, this conveys little meaning. It is not play, but earnest, faithful work, with many things to try temper and patience, and the performance of many a duty that is repugnant. But she never faltered, remembering the divine commendation, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto *Me*."

She remained a little more than six months in this school, when she returned home in feeble health.

In 1851 she learned that a sanatorium in London was in need of competent management; she took charge of it, and in little more than a year, brought it to a high state of efficiency. She again returned home, and about two years later, hearing the great need of nurses and efficient hospital service in the Crimea her sympathies were aroused. A corps of volunteer women nurses was proposed and at the request of Mr. Sidney Herbert, the Secretary of War, Miss Nightingale consented to go out as their superintendent. Forty-two went with her and fifty followed subsequently. Many of these were ladies of high social position, moved to devote themselves to this noble work, solely by patriotism and philanthropy.

In the beginning of November, Miss Nightingale and her assistants arrived at Constantinople and took up their quarters in the barrack hospital of Scutari. Two days later six hundred wounded soldiers were sent to them from the battle of Inkerman. By the last of the month there were 3,000 sick and wounded in that city, and within six weeks 10,000 in the different hospitals on the Bosphorus. The disorders and the want of beds, food, and medicine would have appalled any one less brave hearted, but as she possessed rare executive ability as well as a thorough knowledge of what was needed, she made the hospital a model in comfort and in the perfection of its appointments. The other hospitals were made to conform to this plan. This involved an immense amount of labor, both physical and mental, on her part.

She always had a bright smile and a pleasant word for the sick, and the soldiers among whom she walked as an angel of mercy idolized her.

It would seem as if she was sustained by more than human strength. Of a delicate

constitution, she not only endured that climate but witnessed operations which would make the bravest quail. Who can measure the good she did or guess to how many souls she carried comfort and peace? She had an intuitive perception of the feelings and wishes of her patients, as is seen in this extract from her "Notes on Nursing:" "I have seen in fevers and felt when I was a patient myself the most acute suffering produced from not being able to see out of the window, when the view was nothing but a clump of woods. I shall never forget the rapture of the sick over a bunch of bright colored flowers. I remember in my own case a nosegay of wild flowers being sent me, and from that moment my recovery became more rapid."

What a world of good is done by the Flower Mission to the Rochester City Hospital, and what joy the flowers bring to weary homesick hearts!

Florence Nightingale returned to England in September, 1856. Her health, never very robust, was seriously impaired. She secured the deepest gratitude and affection of the British people, and a name of world-wide renown.

The Queen sent her a letter of thanks accompanied by a superb jewel. The soldiers of the army, by a penny contribution, raised a sum for the purpose of erecting a monument in her honor, but she refused.

One of her last works, with the assistance of others, was the building of an institution for the training of nurses.

A glimpse of such a life is an inspiration urging us on in our work.

The Nursing of Typhoid Fever.

BY MISS CARLENA MULLER.

In the treatment of nearly all diseases, the nursing forms a very important part, and in none is this more marked than in the case of typhoid fever. The comfort of the patient, and the success of the treatment

depend very much upon the careful attention to the directions of the physician, and the intelligent appreciation of all the wants of the patient. In selecting the room a large, light, easily ventilated upper room should be chosen. All unnecessary ornaments can be removed, as they only serve to catch the dust. The bed should be large, or better, if possible, there should be two single beds, so that the patient can be changed from one to the other, night and morning. This can be done, in most cases, without greatly disturbing the patient, by placing the beds side by side and lifting the patient by the lower sheet, afterwards removing it, thoroughly airing the bed and clothing previously used before re-making it. In making up the bed, a mattress is preferable. If no mattress can be had, a good straw bed with a thick blanket or comforter spread upon it can be used. Feathers are objectionable, as they serve to retain the heat. For covering, flannel blankets are best. The covering should be as light as possible. The patient's clothing also should be changed night and morning. A single garment should be worn, open entirely down the front to facilitate removal, and also to make it more convenient to sponge the chest. If no special bathing is ordered, the patient ought to be bathed at least once a day. If temperature is high, use tepid or cool water; but if the temperature is low, warmer water can be used, the nurse being very careful that the patient does not take a chill. The position of the patient should be changed frequently, to avoid any tendency to bed-sores. The thighs and shoulders may be bathed with alcohol. The tongue is apt to become dry and cracked, and the teeth are covered with thick secretion. This should be carefully removed. Great relief may be afforded the patient by swabbing out the mouth with a weak solution of borax or bi-carbonate of soda. Considerable tact is often necessary in the

administration of food. Nourishment given is usually in the fluid form. Very often the patient cannot take the quantity prescribed at one time, without distress; a small quantity given more often may be retained without discomfort. As waste goes on much more rapidly than repair in this disease, it becomes necessary to give the nourishment with regularity and exactness as to time and quantity. As pure air also helps the nutritive process, the room must be kept well ventilated by open windows, at both top and bottom; an open fire is a very good ventilator. Disinfectants should be used in all vessels used for the patient.

When the patient is convalescing, care must be taken that he does not injure himself by over-eating, and injudicious exercise. The food given at first should be very light and in small quantities—the quantity gradually increased as the patient grows stronger. The craving for food generally becomes so great that the patient must be watched to prevent injurious effects from over-eating. Try to keep the surroundings of the patient as cheerful as possible.

Woman's Work, or Higher Education.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH L. SPENCER.

What is woman's work? To understand what our duty is, we should first consider our capabilities. Our lives are circumstanced so differently that we find it difficult to determine just what department of work is woman's duty. It is not necessary for her to wait for something to happen to open the way for her, for by so doing some might spend the best part of their lives in idleness, and idleness is a source of misery—perhaps the greatest cause of misery and wretchedness in social life. The want of something to do is one thing that makes people wicked and miserable. It breeds selfishness, mischief-making, envy, jealousy and vice. A well-educated moral sense

prevents idleness and develops a well-regulated character which will preserve from excess those tender emotions and deeper passions of woman, which are potent in her for evil or for good, in proportion as they are undisciplined, or are trained and developed into a noble and harmonious self-restraint.

Women who are obliged to take care of themselves know how necessary it is that they should have a thorough knowledge of some occupation or business, by which they can maintain themselves and others dependent upon them. Women are capable of and adapted to a large number of employments, which have hitherto been kept from them, and some of these they are slowly wrenching from the hands of the sterner sex.

In order that woman may enter the ranks of labor which she is forcing open to herself, she needs a special education and training to fit her for these new employments. This special education, when sought with pure motives, dignifies and exalts the mind of woman. How many women think that it is of little consequence what they are themselves, if the world is all right about them, the state of society good, and the winds of fortune blow from the right quarter. But all this is not the half of life. These surroundings do not supply us with anything but fields and opportunities. It is in outgiving and forthgoing that blessedness consists. Our lives bring us good, therefore, in proportion to our personal investments. We must impart and hand over ourselves in all possible directions. If there is nothing in us, or if we fail to put forth the ability we have, we are miserable failures and miserable in our failing.

Let us consider the importance of fulfilling the small duties of our own individual life, and by so doing shall we not find a field of labor open before us,

Binding up the wounded,
Healing of the sick:
Bravely marching onward
Through dangers dark and thick.

After the singing of "Nursery Rhymes" by the quartette, in the absence of H. H. Langworthy, M. D., the following remarks were made by Wm. S. Ely, M. D., who presented to the graduates their diplomas:

Members of the Graduating Class:

In the unexpected absence of Dr. Langworthy I have been requested to present to you your diplomas. It is not my purpose to detain you with any lengthened remarks. Permit me simply to remind you that these documents attest only what you have been, and what you have done. They can give no evidence of what your future may be. The time has gone by when the mere possession of a diploma from any school or college is considered proof of the character of the holder. Active participation in the conflict of life can alone determine this. It remains therefore for you to decide what use you will make of the knowledge you have gained while in the Hospital. There can be no higher mission than the one you have chosen. It is in very truth, a life-saving service. Every occupation, the aim of which is to improve the welfare of our fellow-man, demands self-sacrifice. Of no calling is this more true than that of nursing, and if you would succeed, your lives must be made up of hard service and self-denial. You will receive the gratitude and benediction of many to whom you minister, while some may fail to appreciate your best efforts in their behalf. The average estimate of faithful work, however, will, I am sure, be equal to your deserts. In going from us, you have the best wishes of all connected with the Hospital for your success. I now take pleasure in presenting to you your diplomas.

The exercises closed with a benediction by Rev. C. J. Baldwin.

We trust that the commencement exercises will deepen the interest of this community in the Training School for Nurses and that means will be provided to sustain this important branch of Hospital Work.

Copies of this paper may be had at
Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring St.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., APRIL 15, 1885.

The Hospital Patients.

On a cold March morning we visited the City Hospital and found both pavilions occupied by patients requiring isolation.

Fourteen were under treatment in the Male Surgical Ward. Two men with broken limbs were in their cots, but one of these was able to sit up several hours a day, and both were improving. A third patient, with broken leg, had left a few days before, being able to use his limb quite well. One man had a dislocated hip, but had waited a long time after the dislocation before coming to the Hospital, but was improving somewhat under hospital treatment. George, the colored paralytic, is always cheerful and happy, and receives many kindnesses from his former employers. There are six boys in the Ward of whom we speak elsewhere.

The Male Medical Ward had thirteen patients. An aged man was confined to his cot with swollen feet and limbs; a consumptive patient was quite weak and feeble; a blind man, somewhat deaf, was slowly improving. Most of the other patients were convalescing. An eye patient had had a surgical operation and was doing well.

In the Lying-in Ward were one mother, one baby, and one waiting patient. The blue-eyed baby, five weeks old, was quietly sleeping in a pretty willow cot, lined with blue, the gift of little Caroline Stoddard. Another infant's bed was an iron rocking cradle on a standard, large enough for two babies; this was covered with white dotted muslin over pale blue, and was given some time since by Mrs. Charles Fitch. A larger cot came from Mrs. H. C. Roberts.

Of the eighteen patients in the Upper Female Ward none was very sick and most of them were convalescing. A patient who had been very sick with pneumonia was still sick but able to walk about a little. A

German woman was suffering from indigestion. Another patient who had sore limbs was improving, and a patient with cancer in her face had died the day before.

Seventeen were receiving Hospital treatment in the Lower Female Ward. A number of these were children. Mrs. J., the colored paralytic, was quite feeble, and a cancer patient had been very sick since October last. One woman was confined to her bed with rheumatism. An aged German woman was looking very comfortable in her rocking chair beside the register, where she was receiving a friendly visit; another patient who eight weeks before had fallen and broken her hip was sitting near her, free from pain and rapidly gaining. A patient who had diseased eyes was doing well under Dr. Rider's treatment, and the sight of the eye was greatly improved.

The Children's Hospital.

We must have a place for the little folks, said two of our physicians, when last we visited the Hospital. On going the rounds we found sixteen who were scattered in the Hospital wards who really should be placed in a Children's Hospital. The children are coming forward with a great deal of zeal and interest to help raise the Pavilion Fund, but we also want some large donations from the grown people, to enable us speedily to erect on our ample grounds, a suitable Hospital for children.

We wish we could bring all our sick children before our readers and let them plead for themselves. The youngest child in the Hospital was a wee baby five weeks old; the next older was Terrance Martin, who was hurt while coasting down hill. He has just had a surgical operation near his ankle and is now in his cot all the time. Little Emma Bates, who has a curvature of the spine, has come back from Geneva, and had another plaster of Paris jacket and was in bed when we saw her. Anna Galligan is a new patient. She is fifteen years old, and

on the 5th of March, while skating on the Clinton street rink she fell and broke her right leg near the ankle, and is kept in bed. Rosa, the little girl with abscesses, is so well she goes out doors a good deal, and Anna Mc E., who had an operation performed on her foot has left off the plaster of Paris bandages and gone home greatly benefited. Minnie Bryant, the girl with diseased heart, is much better, and Katy H., who is now seventeen years old, the girl with burnt limb, though confined to her bed keeps up good courage and always seems cheerful. Pauline Kirsch, who had diseased eyes is improving. A new patient six years old has a tape worm.

We have a large number of boys who are receiving Hospital treatment. In the Male Surgical Ward two of them were in their rolling chairs, one, Freddy Lyons, has diseased hip and cannot walk, and the other, Max Kraus, the German boy, is paralyzed. Tommy Heney has six abscesses and of course at times suffers a good deal. These three children need a great deal of patience and good care. John Woolford has recovered from his broken arm and we hope to find a good home for him in the country. Peter Dukelow, who was very sick with pneumonia, is almost well; and Albert, who had one finger amputated and has but little use of the others, makes himself very useful at the Hospital. George Doane, fifteen years old, has come from Lyons to be under Dr. Rider's care.

You see, dear children, how many of tender years who need Hospital care are coming to us for treatment, and I know you want a Children's Hospital for them; therefore send in all you can, the pennies and the dollars are all welcomed. Twenty-five cents buys a brick.

The smallest effort is not lost,—
 Each wavelet on the ocean tossed
 Aids in the ebb-tide or the flow;
 Each rain-drop makes some floweret blow,
 Each struggle lessens human woe.

—[Mackay.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Mrs. Clark Johnston, for one and a half bricks.....	\$	38
Mrs. L. S. Chapin, for one brick.....		25
Agnes B. Raines, for one brick.....		25
Alice E. Rebasz, for one brick.....		25
Mortimer T. Rebasz, for one brick.....		25
Florence Bates, New York, four bricks.....		1 00

Receipts for the month.....\$ 2 38
 Previously acknowledged..... 805 31

Total receipts.....\$807 69

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, or to any of the managers of the Hospital. Who will help to build this much needed Pavilion?

An Advertisement Answered.

The other day two eager little darlings, a boy and a girl, five and seven years old, appeared at the City Hospital and thus announced their errand to the Matron: "Miss H., we have come to get the baby." "But you are not big enough to take the baby." "Oh! yes we are, we can carry her." So persistent were the little pleaders that they would not be denied, and their importunity was so amusing that they gathered quite a group around them, and, at last, to appease them, the Matron told them to go home and ask their mother, and if she were willing she could send some one, and the children should have the baby. Miss H. knew the children, and following them home, learned that the father had read in the morning paper that there was a baby at the Hospital to be given away, and the children were so eager for a baby that their own promptings led them to the Hospital. As there were quite a number of "children like olive plants round about" their "table" the parents did not follow out the suggestion of the little ones, and we saw the blue eyed baby gently reposing in the wicker cradle donated by Carrie Stoddard.

The advertisement was noticed by another child, a girl twelve years old, and she hunted up some of the clothing she had worn in her own infancy, and went out to

borrow a sleigh to go to the Hospital for the baby. She was so eager to get possession of the coveted treasure, she could with difficulty be restrained from carrying out her plans.

The Gem of the City Hospital.

In visiting the northeast room of the East Mansard at the City Hospital, just furnished by Mrs. Wm. McKennan, we almost felt that we were on enchanted ground, that the wand of some magician, by some secret spell, had brought together, from far and near, a collection of the most useful, beautiful, and artistic articles that could be selected for a sick room, and the whole atmosphere of the place was pervaded with taste, refinement and harmony.

We have heard of water cures, and air cures, but this room deserves the name of the æsthetic cure, and if the patients who occupy it show marvellous progress in recovering from disease, we think they must thank some one else as well as the physicians and nurses.

When everything is so beautiful it is hard to particularize. The carpet is of old gold and peacock blue; the upholstered lounge and chairs are of golden brown color. The French bedstead, bureau and washstand are of black walnut. The bedding is luxurious and dainty. An oriental table spread, fancy lamp, and carved Swiss wood bookholder with choice volumes ornament the center table. The marmere covered mantel piece is adorned with a clock, vases, pictures and bric-a-brac. The walls are hung with choice, classic pictures, such as the "Venus de Milo" and the "Sistine Madonna." The soft cream-colored lace curtains, rich mats, tasteful toilet-set, and other appointments make the room the gem of the City Hospital. In every minute detail the taste and kindness of the donor are manifest. The match-box is an exquisite light wood carved birds' nest with two birds guarding it. Choice cologne fills the toilet bottles, and we are sure that many an invalid will revel in the beautiful surroundings supplied by one who has so kindly remembered the City Hospital.

Easter Offerings.

Several Easter offerings have been made to the Children's Pavilion Fund, and others are promised. These will be acknowledged in the next number of the HOSPITAL REVIEW.

Thanks.

The officers of the City Hospital tender their graceful acknowledgment to Miss Kattie Tyrell, Miss Louise Griswold. Mr. Eugene H. Arnold and Mr. C. S. Hill, for their acceptable musical services at the Commencement exercises of the Training School for Nurses.

New Books.

We are greatly indebted to the Rochester Book Club for a valuable addition to our library of fifteen new and interesting volumes. Among these are: "Chronicles of the Cid," "Weighed and Wanting," "Beyond the Gates," "Diane Coryval," "Wanderers in Spain," "A Day in Athens with Socrates," etc.

We have also received nine new books from Mrs. Charles Fitch. Among these are: "Sinner and Saints," "Friends, A Duet," "My College Days," etc. These gifts to the library are very acceptable and the convalescing patients are greatly cheered by them.

Sheets and Pillow Cases.

We have had several responses to our appeals for sheets and pillow cases, twelve pairs of sheets have been sent in, but many more are needed.

We are indebted to Mr. Emil Kuichling for handsomely lettering the nurses diplomas.

Ten tastefully illustrated calendars, and a variety of pretty scrap book pictures that will please the little folks, have come to us from our young friends Grace, Elliot and Mary Louise Lawrance.

Miss Florence Bates, of New York, has sent the children at the Hospital a beautiful picture scrap book, her own work.

Afflictions are but the shadow of God's wings.—[George MacDonald.]

Receipts for the Review.

MARCH, 1885.

Dr. A. J. Campbell, Warsaw, by Miss Hebbard50
Mrs. L. Hewitt, Cortland, by Mrs. Dr. Strong50
Mrs. C. Johnston, 62 cents; Mrs. J. S. Killip, 75 cents; Mrs. M. Landsberg, 62 cents; Joseph Schleyer, adv., \$5; by Mrs. M. M. Mathews	6.99
Mrs. J. W. Archer, 62 cents; C. H. Amsden, 62 cents; Mrs. W. J. Ashley, 62 cents; Mrs. E. R. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Anderson, 62 cents; Miss H. H. Backus, 62 cents; Mrs. J. M. Backus, 62 cents; Mrs. N. L. Button, 62 cents; Mrs. F. B. Bishop, 62 cents; Mrs. F. M. Bottum, 62 cents; Mrs. M. W. Cooke, 62 cents; Mrs. J. W. Canfield, 62 cents; Mrs. Fred. Cook, 62 cents; Mrs. J. M. Davy, 62 cents; Mrs. P. Epstein, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Fitch, 62 cents; Mrs. J. T. Fox, 62 cents; Mrs. J. H. Frick, 62 cents; Miss C. Gardiner, \$1.25; Mrs. W. H. Gorsline, 62 cents; Mrs. Hiram Hoyt, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Howard, 62 cents; Dr. M. L. Mallory, 65 cents; Mrs. Geo. McAllaster, 62 cents; Mrs. O. W. Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. M. Mock, 62 cents; Mrs. T. Oliver, 62 cents; Mrs. E. Prizer, 62 cents; Mrs. D. W. Powers, 62 cents; Mrs. A. V. Pells, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Reynolds, 62 cents; Mrs. C. Rogers, 62 cents; Mrs. H. T. Rogers, 62 cents; Dr. J. Requa, 62 cents; Dr. C. E. Rider, 62 cents; Miss S. Shelton, 62 cents; Mrs. C. B. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. J. N. Smith, 62 cents; Mrs. A. Teall, 62 cents; Mr. M. Van Voorhis, for Mrs. L. Van Voorhis, Fishers, 50 cents; Mrs. S. Wilder, 62 cents; by Albert Snow and Beekman Little	25.93
Miss H. Carleton, Cambridge, Mass., \$2; Mrs. R. K. Dryer, \$1.25; Mrs. L. Farrar, 62 cents; Mrs. H. F. Hart, 63 cents; Mrs. H. H. Morse, 62 cents; Mrs. Patience Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. F. Roderick, East Pembroke, \$1; Mrs. James Sproat, 62 cents; sale of papers, 50 cents; by Treasurer	7.86
MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treas., 96 Spring street.	

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital March 1, 1885.....	92
“ received during month.....	40
“ births during month.....	0
	— 132
Number deaths during month	3
“ discharged during month.....	37
“ remaining April 1, 1885.....	97
	— 132

Lay hold upon Christ with both your poor, empty hands.—[Elizabeth Prentiss.

Died.

- At Rochester City Hospital, March 2, 1885, of typhoid fever, Maurice Simon, aged 25 years,
- At Rochester City Hospital, March 21, 1885, of acute diffuse peritonitis, August Sipple, aged 23 years.
- At Rochester City Hospital, March 24, 1885, of carcinoma of antrum, Mrs. Frances A. Atkinson, aged 74 years.

Donations for Month of March, 1885.

- Miss A. Mumford, second-hand clothing.
- A Friend, old cotton.
- Mrs. Breck Perkins, pickles and jelly.
- Mrs. C. Siebenpfeiffer, six new sheets.
- Mrs. Cuming, old cotton.
- Mrs. Henry Benton, newspapers.
- Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, two shirts.
- A Friend, old cotton.
- Young Ladies of St. Peter's church, bouquets.
- Miss Hays, can fruit.
- Mrs. William Little, old cotton and reading matter.
- Miss Bessie Elwood, two books.
- Miss Julia Whitney, second-hand clothing.
- Mrs. Amelia Brooks, Ballou's Pictorial.
- Mrs. H. C. Wisner, second-hand clothing and reading matter.
- Miss Long, old cotton.
- Mrs. Robinson, second-hand clothing.
- Mrs. C. Pomeroy, second-hand clothing.
- A Friend, second-hand clothing.
- A Friend, six new shirts.
- Mrs. Carter Wilder, Brussels carpet.
- Mrs. Judge Sill, old cotton.
- Mrs. H. C. Riggs, pair slippers.
- Mrs. Bloss, old cotton.
- Mrs. J. R. Page, old cotton.
- Mrs. Fenner, old cotton.
- Mrs. Wm. Corning, beets, parsnips and apples.
- Miss Florence Bates, scrap book.
- Mrs. Max Landsberg, shoes, new.
- Dr. Stoddard, medicine spoon.
- Mrs. McNeil, reading matter.
- Mrs. E. D. Smith, reading matter.
- Mrs. L. Rogers, old cotton, shoes, pickles and jelly.
- Mrs. Wm. McKennan, complete furniture of a room.

Easter.

O, Easter, queen of all the days
That wear the Church's crown,
Upon our troubled human ways
Thy calm, fair face looks down.

Thou cam'st this morning through the fields
And spoke some magic word,
And all the plain, where harvest yields,
With pulsing life was stirred.

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XII. Interest dividends at the rate of not exceeding four per cent per annum, computed from the first quarter day next succeeding the date of deposit, or from the date of deposit if made on a quarter day, to the first quarter day next preceding the date of withdrawal, will be paid to depositors on all sums of \$5 and upwards, which shall have remained on deposit for three months or more preceeding a quarter day. No interest will be paid on the fractional part of a dollar or on money withdrawn between quarter days, except that money may be drawn on the three last days of a quarter without loss of interest. The quarter days shall be the first days of March, June, September and December, and deposits made on or before the third day of those months, will draw interest as if made on the first day of the month. Interest will be payable on the twentieth days of June and December, and if not drawn on or before those days will be added to the principal as of the first days of those months. Transfers of money on deposit, from one account to another, may be made at any time with the same effect in all respects as if made on the first day of the quarter in which such transfer is made. No interest or interest dividends will be allowed on the excess of any deposit over the legal limit.
Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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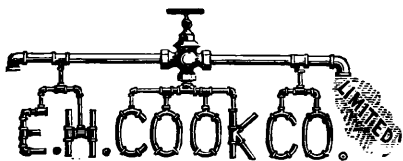
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XVI. Interest not exceeding four per cent. per annum will be allowed on the first days of March, June, September and December in each year, for all sums that shall have remained on deposit since the preceding quarter-day, and such interest shall be credited on the first days of June and December in each year. Interest will be credited on all amounts deposited on or before the third day of any quarter as if it were on the first day of such quarter.

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



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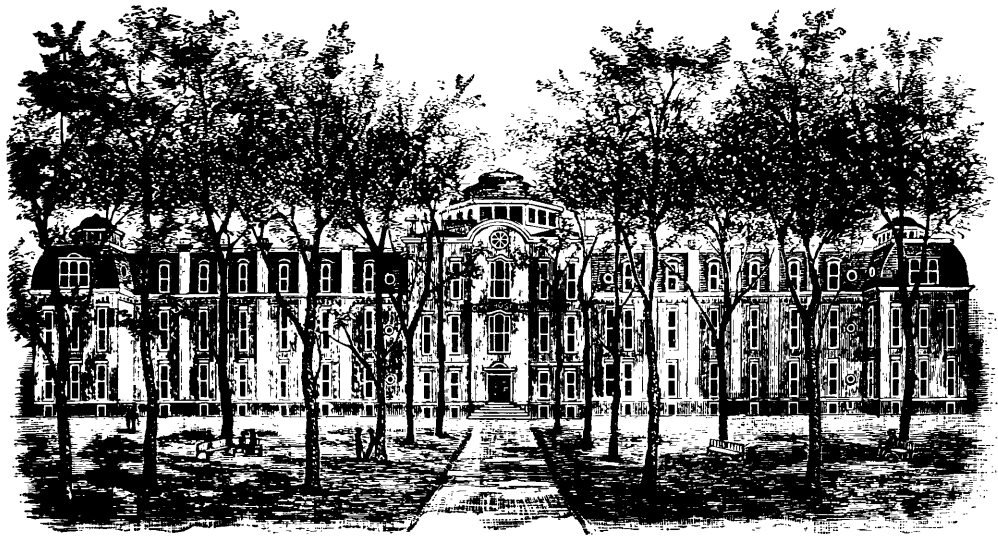
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE
INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE
ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

“ I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME.”

VOL. XXI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1885.

No. 10.

A Story of Faith.

A rustle of robes as the anthem
Soared gently away on the air—
The Sabbath morn's service was over,
And briskly I stepped down the stair ;
When, close in a half-illum'd corner,
Where the tall pulpit's stairway came down,
Asleep crouched a tender, wee maiden,
With hair like a shadowy crown.

Quite puzzled was I by the vision,
But gently to wake her I spoke,
When, at the first word, the sweet damsel
With one little gasp straight awoke.
“ What brought you here, fair little angel ? ”
She answered with a voice like a bell ;
“ I tum tos I've dot a sick mamma,
And I want oo' to please pray her well.”

“ Who told you ? ” began I ; she stopped me ;
“ Don't nobody told me at all ;
And papa can't see, tos he's cryin' ;
And 'sides, sir, I isn't so small ;
I've been here before with my mamma—
We tummed when you ringed the big bell—
And ev'ry time I've heard you prayin'
For lots o' sick folks to dit well.”

Together we knelt on the stairway
As humbly I asked the Great Power
To give back her health to her mother,
And banish bereavement's dark hour.
I finished the simple petition,
And paused for a moment—and then
A sweet little voice at my elbow
Lisp'd softly a gentle “ Amen ! ”

Hand in hand we turned our steps homeward ;
The little maid's tongue knew no rest ;
She prattled and mimicked and carolled—
The shadow was gone from her breast ;
And lo ! when we reached the fair dwelling—
The nest of my golden-haired waif,
We found that the dearly loved mother
Was past the dread crisis—was safe.

They listened amazed at my story,
And wept o'er their darling's strange quest,
While the arms of the pale, loving mother
Drew the brave little head to her breast.
With eyes that were brimming and grateful
They thanked me again and again
Yet I know in my heart that the blessing
Was won by that gentle “ Amen ! ”

Memorial Monuments.

FOR THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

We find ourselves once more in the old Bay State, at Haverhill, on the north bank of the Merrimac, whose waters, after turning more mills than those of any other New England stream, here flow peacefully on towards the mouth of the river at Newburyport.

Since last we visited Haverhill two memorial monuments have been erected, each in honor of a woman. The one, the Hannah Duston monument, illustrates the perils and heroic graces typical of the life of the New England pioneer settler nearly two hundred years ago; the other, the Elizabeth Home, for destitute children, is an echo of the blessed evangel, "On earth peace, good will towards men." Near the Duston monument stands the High School of Haverhill, a substantial brick edifice, and we almost wonder that the citizens have not made this a memorial of another woman, for it is erected on ground once occupied by the Atwood house, the birth place and early home of Harriet Atwood Newell, the youthful pioneer missionary.

The Duston monument, erected in 1879, the gift of one of Haverhill's wealthy citizens, occupies a conspicuous place in one of the public parks. A spirited bronze figure representing Hannah Duston with a tomahawk in her right hand surmounts a granite base, on the sides of which are bronze tablets, illustrating scenes associated with her captivity. On one of these, Mrs. Duston and her nurse, guarded by Indians, are near the door of the Duston house from which the flames are issuing. On another, the husband is defending his children from the pursuing Indians. The third, depicts the slaying of the savages, and the fourth, the escape of the captives in an Indian canoe.

The sad details, of which these tablets give us the outlines, are no fiction. March

15, 1697, is a day memorable in the early history of Haverhill, for then about twenty savages made a descent upon the settlers, capturing about thirty-nine of them, and burning six of their houses. The home of Hannah Duston was one of the early scenes of their cruelty. On the first alarm, the husband, Thomas Duston, hurried to the relief of his family, and sending seven of his eight children in the opposite direction from which the Indians were approaching, sought to warn his wife of her peril, but the Indians were too near for him to succor her; so, leaving her with her infant a week old and her nurse, he hastened on horseback to his defenseless children, intending to take "*that which he should in this extremity find his affections to pitch most upon, and leave the rest unto the care of Divine Providence.*" About forty rods from his door he overtook them, and unable "to distinguish any one of them from the rest," he decided "to live or die with them all, and manfully kept at the rear of his little army of unarmed children, while they marched off with the pace of a child of five years' old;" he defended them with his gun till they reached a place of safety, probably a garrison.

Meanwhile a sad tragedy was enacted at his home. The nurse attempting to escape with the infant was captured by the savages who bade Mrs. Duston rise immediately from her bed. She did so, and saw the Indians rifle her house of all they could carry away, and then set it on fire. Before they had gone many steps from the house, the Indians dashed out the brains of the infant against a tree. Afterwards other captives who were with them as they grew weary on the journey, were killed by the savages, who buried their hatchets in the brains of the captives and left their bodies a prey for beasts and birds. On the day of their capture, Mrs. Duston and her nurse traveled about twelve miles, and before their journey was over, one hundred and fifty. They

at last found themselves in an Indian family of twelve persons. Two of these were stout men, three were women, and seven children. While they were at Contoocook island, not very far from the present site of Concord, N. H., the Indians informed them that when they arrived at an Indian town, "they must be strip't and scourg'd, and run the gantlet through the whole army of Indians." To escape this peril, while the Indians were in a "dead sleep," Mrs. D., her nurse and a youth who had previously been captured, took hatchets and killed all of the party of Indians except a squaw who escaped wounded, and one boy. They scalped the Indians, scuttled all the canoes except the one in which they escaped, took provisions from the wigwam, and the gun and tomahawk of the chief Indian, and started for Haverhill; but, remembering their story might not be believed, they returned, wrapped the scalps in a linen cloth that had been stolen by the Indians, and started again in the canoe, and after a long, perilous and tiresome journey reached Haverhill in safety. The reunion of the Duston family was a joyous one, as Mrs. D., supposed her family had been massacred, and they that she had been put to death.

The second memorial monument, "THE ELIZABETH HOME," is the tribute of a brother and sister, Mr. J. J. Marsh and Mrs. M. F. Ames, to the memory of a beloved sister, Miss Elizabeth Chandler Marsh, who was formerly interested in a children's home of which this is the successor. The memorial gift amounted to \$11,500.

At the time of the dedication of the Elizabeth Home, after the delivery and acceptance of the keys, another memorial offering was made by Mr. A. P. Nichols, who, after speaking of Miss Elizabeth Chandler Marsh, thus alludes to another, "who attended school with her, and who afterwards became his wife, and whom he

had for so many years called by the dear name of Mary. The names Elizabeth and Mary were honored ones in the new Testament and suggested to his mind noble lives. To-day he was present as the almoner of Mary, and had brought her basket bearing her thank offering to the Home, which in her name he took great pleasure in presenting to the president of the society. In it were two pears, the first fruit of a tree in his garden, beneath these was the deed of the house on Sixth street, which was given to the society, to hold or to sell, and the income of which was to be used to help in defraying the expenses of the Home. Accompanying the deed was the rent of the house for six months." Within the Elizabeth Home is a room beautifully fitted up as a children's hospital. This is a gift of a Haverhill woman, who has since died.

How beautiful to associate with our departed loved ones, an edifice so attractive and useful as the Children's Home. The benediction of Him who said "Suffer little children, and forbid them not to come unto Me" must surely rest upon it. As we looked at the group of happy little ones within it, our thoughts wandered to the sixteen sick children we left in the Wards of the Rochester City Hospital and we thought too of the noble women who had worked for that Institution, and had rested from their labors, and we could but pray that some friends might be found, who, in memory of the early laborers of the Hospital would erect "on our ample grounds" a memorial Children's Hospital, as worthy of them as is the Elizabeth Home of Haverhill, of the saintly women it immortalizes. H. S. T.

New Nurses in the Training School.

The following pupils have been admitted to the Training School for Nurses connected with Hospital, as probationers: Miss C. H. Worcester, Miss E. Meade, Miss Isabel Casson.

A Little Cynic.

BY MAY RILEY SMITH.

Dandelion and Clover-top growing close together
Bobbed their bright young heads and talked,
in the new spring weather.

Just across the little path in a grassy hollow,
Buttercup was coquetting with a noisy swallow.

"Do you know," said Dandelion, growing stiff
and sullen,

"Buttercup, who used to rank with Milkweed
and Mullen,

"Goes to parties, matinees, and all such queer
places?
And is quite the rage, they say, with her silly
graces."

"Well," laughed Clover, merrily, "this we
will agree on—
That she wears her honors well, for such a
plebian!

"I should surely cross my knees, spill my dew
at dinner—
When it comes to etiquette, I'm a *dreadful*
sinner!

"As for you—you sleep so much, they say—
without malice—
That you steal the opium from the poppy's
chalice."

"There is Madam Hollyhock," still pursued
the other,"

"Used to be on friendly terms with my great-
grandmother.

"Then she wore the plainest skirt, with a sim-
ple tunic,
Now she looks like some grand dame just
arrived from Munich.

"Then she stood beside the wall, or the lattice,
may be,
Now she rings the front door-bell, just like any
lady."

"Why, you must be jealous, dear!" Clover
said, serenely,

"For her colors are superb, and her manners
queenly.

"Her quaint bodice of pale green fits her to
perfection,
And a ruffle more or less is no great objection."

Just then Violet passed by in her soft, blue
bonnet;
Dandelion's face grew dark, with the frown
upon it.

"See!" she cried, "the whole bright world
grets her as she passes,
While our lives are hidden here in the weeds
and grasses.

"How I hate her artless ways! hate her queer
poke bonnet!
Hate her modest drooping face, with the soft
smile on it!

"Modest Violet," indeed! e'en her vainest
glory
Is the meek humility granted her in story!

"Tell me, does God love her best? Count her
blue gown fairer?
Is her perfume sweet to Him? or her graces
rarer?"

"Hush!" said Clover, sweetly grave, "God is
God forever!
Doubt whatever else you will, but His good-
ness never.

"Violet gives lavishly of her wealth of sweet-
ness,
And the world requites the debt from its own
completeness.

"Do not wrong the God above, and our brown
earth-mother;
Why not like your own life best, sighing for
no other?"

"I'd not change my happy lot with my wild-
bee lover
For the world of violets: No, not I!" laughed
Clover.

"Humph!" that little cynic said, with her
bright eyes closing,
And the rest I never heard, for she fell a-dozing.

◆◆◆
A Spring Reverie.

FOR THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

Twilight and the mystical gloaming of
the poets have waned and deepened into
night, and the midnight hour still finds me
lost in a reverie which, begun in dejection,
is now ending in a holy rest born of sweet
communion with the great Giver of Peace.

From my open window, simple frame-
work for the works of such a master, my
eyes have gazed in entranced delight on an
ever-varying panorama—such tones! such
lights and shadows! How can my feeble
pen do justice to such perfection? The
last rays of the sun, which filled the west-
ern sky with a softened radiance, seemed to
me, indeed, like God's smile on the face of
Nature.

Then the glowing tints merged into the
soft greys of twilight—gentle zephers kissed
the tender leaflets—one star gleamed on

high—twittering birds hushed into silence, and then another picture was added to complete the whole—majestic Night, in all her sable plumes, upheld by the jewels of the Infinite.

Deeply impressed, I exclaimed, "How great and wondrous are Thy works," and how lavish Thy benefits!

All these wonders, beauties, these blessings and privileges crowded into the life, which I, but a few hours ago, deemed so empty, so void of every joy. My exceeding bitter cry had been answered in His way. In the silent contemplation of the master-strokes of the great artist His spirit had entered into my heart and dispelled the gloom, and the same Hand which had spread Night's mantle o'er the earth, had filled my soul with light and radiance, and my lips cry out: "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

MARIE —————

From a letter from Dorothy Dudley to Miss Esther Livingstone, of Philadelphia, dated Cambridge, Mass., August 30, 1775, which was published in *The Cambridge of 1776*, we copy the following amusing anecdote, of Rev. Dr. Appleton and the Harvard students:

You remember Dr. Appleton, with his kindly eyes and benevolent smile. I must tell you an anecdote characteristic of him, in the days when Harvard College harbored roguish students within its walls, in place of its present occupants. The Doctor had a number of hens. Some mischievous boys, thinking to have a feast at his expense, one night made a visit to his hen-roost. The good Doctor had an inkling of their errand, and stationed himself in the friendly shadow of a tree to watch and listen. There were two of them—one remained below as sentinel, the other climbed to procure the game. One by one he wrung the necks of the astonished and unresisting fowls, and tossed them to the ground. At last he came to the old rooster, and called down in a whisper: "Say, Jack, here's the old rooster. Shall we take him?" Jack, meanwhile had

been alarmed by a rustling noise behind him, and turning, discovered his pastor. Without a word, he perceptually departed, leaving his friend alone. He too, had heard the sound, though ignorant of its cause. Again he cautiously spoke: "Quick, Jack, say shall we take him?" A voice in same tone replied, "Yes, we'll have him. He'll make a nice stew; hand him down." Down he came and, with him the thief, who in consternation, recognized, not the partner of his guilt, but the good man whom they were robbing. Not a word was spoken; silently each went his way. In a day or two the whole class of which these were members, received a cordial invitation to dine with the Rev. Doctor. Every one complied, and they sat down to a dinner fit for a prince. There were roast fowls, and fricasseed fowls, and broiled fowls, with all sorts of tempting dishes to sharpen the appetite. The Doctor was in his pleasantest mood, and chatted socially. When they had eaten to their satisfaction, he ordered another dish to be brought on saying: "You must every one have some of this nice stew, made from the old rooster. It is very good." No one dared refuse, and in no other way was an allusion made to the occasion, which furnished this admirable dinner. The Doctor, you may be sure, was not troubled afterwards by thieves.

In the diary of Dorothy Dudley, under date of July 20th, 1775, we find the following interesting statements:

Our need of ammunition is so great that we are called upon to give our window weights to be melted into bullets; and even the tombs in the old cemetery are robbed of their leaden coats-of-arms, and Christ Church of its metal organ-pipes for the same purpose. The very mention of powder sets every one in a shiver.

One Way Out.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

"I have had a season of pure refreshment," said a friend the other day. "I have had two days in a house in which there was absolutely not a piece of bric-a-brac to be seen, save some Barye bronzes, and a bust or two in the library. Not a fan, or dragon, or screen, or easel, or mantel hanging; no

china, no plaques, no mysterious rags of drapery floating from unexpected points; but one or two fine engravings in each room, a few valuable paintings—American landscapes—in the drawing-room, and, for the rest, native woods, and furniture to match. The house stands on a high hill overlooking a lovely rolling farm country; great windows, broad piazzas, wide hall, give a sense of such generous space, such sweep for air and sunshine, that there is exhilaration in even a look, and solid comfort in a stay. Who shall deliver us from this craze that turns every house into a museum, and refuses you a clear space in any direction? I wish the Decorative Art Society was drowned, and all its doings with it!"

Hardly desiring these energetic measures, and being quite certain that this society, and every other one working in the same direction, has done invaluable work in developing a sense of harmony in color, and teaching unseen eyes their natural uses, it is certain that reaction is a necessity, and that, if we are to live in our houses, we must proceed to claim some of the space wrested from us. And a recent experience in the house of a friend, in one of the loveliest of the New England hill-towns, had determined the conclusion that the women who cry for more time must find it in the partial abolition of bric-a-brac.

Mother and daughter are alike in their beauty-loving natures. Both sketch and paint with fair ability, and the results of their work were everywhere visible. Embroidery, too, was a passion, and *portieres* and sofa-pillows, mantels and brackets were covered with it. Years abroad had given the usual store of treasures, and the wall was a mosaic of valuable and valueless engravings, photographs, sketches, and everything that a wall could be made to hold, while little tables stood everywhere, loaded in turn with all that could not be hung. An incautious movement would bring destruction, and though the general effect was most charmingly picturesque, one at least experienced a

wild desire to make a clean sweep of every thing. Delightful talk claimed their aggressive state, and the prospect of space in the upper rooms consoled one for the sense of limitation below.

A sigh of relief, as the bedroom was reached, turned to one of patient endurance, as its nature was revealed. The bed was a miracle of daintiness; blue satin and lace in cover and shams, and exquisitely embroidered linen pillow cases on the enormous pillows. The bureau rejoiced in painted satin cover and cushion—a cushion that pin had never touched, these adjuncts reposing in a Japanese saucer at the side. The towel rack had its heavily embroidered sham; the table, a cover on which no mortal would dream of placing inkstand, or work of any sort. Chairs had each a painted satin and lace tidy, and, standing in the midst of this untouchableness, I held my traveling-bag, utterly uncertain where it would be safe and appropriate to put it. Careful search the next day developed the fact that, in the great house, there was just one spot in which a child might move unchecked, and weary women find an undecorated lounge—the master's private den, with which I retreated with longing, and sighed for as Eve sighed for Paradise. The exhausted mistress perpetually extracted silk handkerchiefs from mysterious hiding places to dust something that had escaped vigilance, or possessed special facilities for accumulation; and as I looked, the fire burned within me, and I spake with my tongue.

"Send away your doctor, and pitch your tonics out of the window, Sophia Jane; they will do the toads and crickets just as much good as they do you, so long as you allow yourself to choke to death slowly under this mountain of bric-a-brac. You used to walk and ride, botanize, and make a good time generally for yourself and other people, but you have turned yourself and Sophy into mere embroidering, decorating and dusting machines, and are so busy living up to your tea-pots and dragons that you have stopped

living up to the Lord's gifts altogether. You say you have no time for anything. Make it, by packing up this mass of littleness into a cupboard, and asserting your right to freedom. A wise man, who knows through and through what real art is, said a little while ago, 'Believe me, if we want art to begin at home, as it must, we must clear our homes of troublesome superfluities that are forever in our way; conventional comforts that are no real comforts, and do but make work for servants and doctors.' He was right. You have only one servant, and are sacrificing your life to this new Moloch. Wake up and see if it is not so."

Did she believe me? Not a bit. The house remains as charmingly uncomfortable as ever, and is likely soon to be in waiting for a new mistress, its present one having given up all hope of health and accepted the role of invalid created by herself. On her tombstone shall be written, if any voice is allowed me: **DIED OF BRIC-A-BRAC.**

The Willow Pattern.

There were various 17th and 18th century decorations of Chinese porcelain which included islands, trees, a bridge, etc. The English potters of the 18th century, finding oriental styles of decoration popular, copied them in various combinations. Turner, a potter at Caughley, is credited with originating "The Willow Pattern." This name applies specifically to the Caughley decoration, and has no special reference to any Chinese pattern. The border, an important part of it, was an odd mixture of Greek, Chinese and English taste. It suited so well that the sales were immense, and as it was not copyrighted all potters used it. Probably no decoration in any branch of art ever had such wide sale. Chinese potters reproduced it, but as it is an elaborate pattern, and all Chinese decorations are painted by hand, they could not make it cheap enough for the foreign market. It is printed, not painted on English potteries.

Praxiteles and Phryne.

A thousand silent years ago,
The starlight, faint and pale,
Was drawing on the sunset glow
Its soft and shadowy veil.

When from his work the sculptor stayed
His hand, and turned to one
Who stood beside him, half in shade,
Said, with a sigh, "'Tis done."

"Phryne, thy human lips shall pale,
Thy rounded limbs decay.
No love nor prayers can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay;

"But there thy smile for centuries
On marble lips shall live—
For art can grant what love denies,
And fix the fugitive.

"Sad thoughts! nor age nor death shall fade
The youth of this cold bust,
When the quick brain and hand that made,
And thou and I are dust!

"When all our hopes and fears are dead,
And both our hearts are cold,
And love is like a tune that's played,
And life a tale that's told.

"This counterfeit of senseless stone,
That no sweet blush can warm,
That same enchanting look shall own
The same enchanting form.

"And there upon that silent face
Shall unborn ages see
Perennial youth, perennial grace
And sealed eternity.

"And strangers, when we sleep in peace,
Shall say not quite unmoved
So smiled upon Praxiteles
The Phryne whom he loved."

The other evening a traveler endeavored to walk into a country hotel, temporarily closed for repairs, but was unable to effect an entrance. "That house is closed, mister," said a pedestrian, as he passed along. The traveler banged away on the door, and the pedestrian called out again. "You there, the house is closed." The traveller twisted away at the knob, and the pedestrian once more called out, "I say sir, that house is closed." "Don't you suppose I know it, you idiot?" roared the traveller. "What I'm trying to do is to open it."

Bakers are generous. They never keep all the bread they knead.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., MAY 15, 1885.

Our Sick Friends.

No class of persons rejoice more in the advent of Spring than the inmates of the Hospital, who long for bright skies and balmy airs, when they can leave the Hospital Wards and enjoy the greater liberty of the lawn. The past week our thoughts have often turned to the invalids, for we have been revelling in the country, where

"The woods
Grow misty green with leafing buds,
And violets and wild flowers sway
Against the throbbing heart of May."

Within the Hospital the spring cleaning is progressing, and soon will be completed. Our private Wards are full and the sick and suffering are enjoying the blessed ministries that are so welcomed to the afflicted. There are eleven patients in the Female Medical Ward, only one of whom is confined to her cot, and she is suffering from rheumatism. Another inmate is convalescing from rheumatism and another from prostration. The other persons are most of them chronic invalids, whose cases have often been reported.

Seventeen are under treatment in the Female Surgical Ward. One has recently been brought in who was formerly for a long while in the Hospital. She has received injuries from the falling of a wall, beneath which she was quietly painting. No bones are fractured and it is hoped there are no internal injuries. There has been one death in the Ward. Most of the patients are comfortable.

In the Lying-In-Ward are three mothers, three babies and three waiting patients.

In the Male Surgical Ward are fourteen patients, three of whom are confined to their cots with fractured thighs. One man with an abscess on his thigh has had a surgical operation and is doing well. One inmate has had a contusion of the right thigh; another has had an operation on the

arm, removing a portion of the humerus at the lower extremity. The injury was the result of a gun shot wound.

Of the seventeen patients in the Male Medical Ward one is confined to the bed and is quite sick with senile gangrene, another with tuberculosis. Most of the other patients are up and dressed. One consumptive has died.

The Little Folks.

The little folks are still with us, and our need for a Children's Hospital grows more and more pressing. Emma B., the little girl from out of town, with curvature of the spine, has come back, and had another plaster of Paris jacket. Terrance, who was injured in the ankle while coasting down hill, and who had a surgical operation, has not improved much, he was confined to his bed for a time, but now in the bright spring days he goes out doors on his crutches. Katie Hogle, who was burned so about two years since, is so much better that she is up, dressed and walking around. Anna G., with a broken leg, has had the plaster cast removed and is quite lively on her crutches. Rosa, our little Jennie Wren, who has abscesses near the knee, is bright and happy as usual.

A very-much-needed improvement in the Hospital has been completed since our last issue. We refer to the change in the Main Building, by which the elevator has been made more accessible to patients in the East Mansard. Formerly in passing from the elevator it was necessary to descend eight steps and ascend fourteen steps to reach this Mansard. The ingenuity of the Trustees was taxed to suggest a plan by which the unnecessary steps could be removed. We are indebted to Mr. W. H. Gorsline, one of our Trustees, for the solution of the problem. Patients and visitors appreciate the change which has been made, for now the Mansard is reached by six easy steps.

The Children's Pavilion Fund.

We regret that our absence from the city this month prevents our giving as full reports of the donations to this fund as we would like to do. We must refer to the report of our Treasurer, and if there are any omissions, we hope in our June Review, to make amends. Just before we left the city we looked in upon a fair which was held by the members of the Charity Club for our benefit. They had lots of pretty and useful articles, and seemed full of zeal and good works, and we hear they have made us a splendid donation of a hundred dollars. We rejoice to find we have so efficient helpers. An Easter offering comes to us from a little fellow about two years old, Paul C. Wild, who sends us \$10.00. Then another of \$5.00, comes in memory of dear little "Katie;" the Church of the Epiphany sends us from the Sunday School an offering of \$20.00 and the Lake Avenue Baptist Sunday School one of \$16.00. The Mothers' Meeting of St. Luke's sends \$4.20 and St. Luke's Church Sewing School, \$2.00, and the "Busy Bee Society," \$1.40 for bricks. A great many bricks have come to us from the little folks. For all these gifts we thank our young friends and hope they will enlist others to work for us. The Hospital for the Children we must have and the sooner the better.

The Hospital Library.

One of the ladies interested in the Hospital Library has given us a list of excellent books and monthlies, received this past week from friends out of town. Mrs. S. S. Gould, Jr., of Seneca Falls, has very kindly contributed fifty bound books and one hundred and fifty (150) monthlies. Through Miss Julia Whitney, we have received four volumes of Harper's Monthly, newly bound, the gift of Mrs. Smith, of New York. There are now in the library eleven hundred (1,100) books, embracing a variety of subjects, from the simplest child's story, to

the deepest and most solemn religious teachings. Standard works of fiction and poetry are great features of the collection. These books are found scattered in every room and ward, among nurses and patients and they all are grateful and thankful for this means of beguiling many a weary hour.

As soon as these books are received, they are labelled and catalogued, and the names of the donor written on each label. We thank our friends for their interest, and we trust that many more good books will be sent to fill our shelves.

ROCHESTER, April 9th, 1885.

Mrs. Robert Mathews Treas.,
96 Spring Street :

Enclosed please find One Hundred Dollars (\$100.00), an Easter Offering to the "Children's Pavilion Fund," from the "Charity Club" of this city.

The amount above mentioned being the result of earnest efforts made by this Society in behalf of so worthy and needful a charity as this Annex undoubtedly is.

We are, respectfully,

Mrs. GEORGE M. SWEET, *Pres.*
Miss LOUISE STONE, *Vice Pres.*
Miss JOSIE OSGOOD, *Secretary.*
Miss FANNY MCFARLIN, *Treas.*
" EDITH MOSELY,
" CARRIE TIPTON,
" KATE DEWEY,
" MATIE ARNOLD,
" GERTRUDE COLT,
" JOSIE SARGENT,
" FANNIE SAGE,
" ZETTA MURRAY,
Mrs. F. M. MCFARLIN,
" E. J. SUGRU,
" J. H. STEWART,
" S. H. MURRAY.

We were very grateful to Miss Elwood for Easter cards for all the Ward patients. It is very pleasant for the invalids to know that on festive days they are not forgotten

New Flag Walk.

It was a delightful surprise to many visitors the other day to see some very fine flag stones in the Hospital yard and to find on inquiry, that they were intended for a walk from the north entrance to West avenue. Any one who has been compelled to wade through the ice and snow in the winter or through the slush and mud of the early spring, will surely consider this walk one of the greatest improvements to the Hospital.

Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Mandeville, of Olean, N. Y., recently visited the Hospital. Mrs. Mandeville was one of our former patients, and continues to feel an interest in our work.

New Pavilion.

The Trustees, Lady Managers and Medical Staff met at the Hospital last week, and the decision was reached to begin the erection of a new Pavilion Building (30x80 ft.), on the west side of the lawn.

With thanks to the friends who have sent us sheets and pillow cases, we would say we can use many more pairs of them.

We must apologize for the tardy appearance of this month's REVIEW. Sickness and necessary absence from the city caused the delay.

Donations for April.

- Mrs. P. S. Wilson, Our Continent Magazine. George and Laura, cards.
- Mrs. M. H. Rochester, Easter cards.
- Miss Bessie Elwood, Easter cards.
- Flower Mission, Easter cards.
- A Friend, flannel wrapper.
- Hathaway & Gordon, barrel Scotch Porter.
- Mrs. C. M. Lee, reading matter.
- Mrs. C. B. Hatch, reading matter, books and dominoes.
- Mrs. Chester, reading matter, old cotton, pictures and worsted.
- Mrs. Dr. Bennett, old cotton.
- Mrs. Oscar Craig, two sheets and one pair pillow cases.
- Mrs. E. Bryan, one pair sheets and one pair pillow cases.

- Mrs. Oscar Ashley, reading matter.
- Mrs. Eugene Glen, reading matter, jar berries and old cotton.
- Mrs. Dr. Anstice, second hand clothing.
- Mrs. Cravell, reading matter.
- Mrs. Booth, basket of soap and catsup.
- Mrs. Lansberg, old cotton.
- Miss Frost, old cotton and reading matter.
- Mrs. Dr. Davis, old cotton.
- Mr. C. J. Wood, \$13—one-half the proceeds of his children's party in the City Hall.
- Mrs. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Frank and Alice Little, for twelve bricks.....	\$ 00
"In Memoriam," Katie, Easter, 1885....	5 00
Mr. & Mrs. Wm. A. Woodworth, for two bricks.....	50
Joseph A. Johnson, for six bricks.....	1 50
Easter offering from the Sunday School of the Church of the Epiphany, by Rev. Mr. Skeele.....	20 00
Lucy G. and Allan Arnold, Geneseo, for two bricks.....	50
H. M. A., Geneseo.....	1 00
James, Frederick, Katharine and Harriet Oliver.....	1 25
Katie L. Rogers, for one brick.....	25
Beatrice and Alice Rogers, for two bricks.....	50
Easter offering, from the "Charity Club".....	100 00
Easter offering, St. Luke's Church, from Paul C. Wild.....	10 00
Mother's Meeting Mite Box, St. Luke's Church, Easter offering.....	4 20
"Busy Bee" Society, Kittie Seymour, Pres., Grace Ocumpaugh, Treas., for bricks.....	1 40
St. Luke's Church Sewing School Mite Box, by Mrs. M. L. Reid.....	2 00
Easter offering, with the love and sympathy of the Infant Class of the Lake Avenue Baptist Church.....	16 00

Receipts for the month.....\$167 10
 Previously acknowledged..... 807 69

Total receipts.....\$974 79

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, or to any of the managers of the Hospital. Who will help to build this much needed Pavilion?

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital April 1, 1885.....	97
" received during month.....	51
" births during month.....	1
	— 149
Number deaths during month.....	6
" discharged during month.....	81
" remaining May 1, 1885.....	113

Receipts for the Review.

FOR APRIL, 1885.

Mrs. C. E. Ostrander, Brockport, by Mrs. Dr. Strong.....	50
Alling & Cory, Adv., \$5.00; E. S. Ettenheimer & Co., Adv., \$5.00; Mrs. W. E. Hoyt, 62 cents; Howe & Rogers, Adv., \$5.00; Mechanics Savings Bk, Adv., \$15.00; D. Palmer, Adv., \$5.00; C. F. Paine & Co., Adv., \$5.00; Smith, Perkins & Co., Adv., \$5.00; S. Sloan, Adv., \$5.00; James Vick, Adv., \$10.00; Woodbury, Morse & Co., Adv., \$5.00; C. B. Woodworth & Sons, Adv., \$5.00; by Mrs. M. M. Mathews.....	70 62
Mrs. Dr. Armstrong, 62 cents; J. T. Andrews, 62 cents; Mrs. H. W. Brown, 62 cents; Mrs. J. T. Briggs, 62 cents; Mrs. D. W. Bush, 62 cents; Miss Barton, 62 cents; Miss L. O. Caldwell 62 cents; Mrs. J. Castleman, 62 cents; E. Darrow, 62 cents; Mrs. Wm. Eastwood, 62 cents; Mrs. D. T. Hunt, 62 cents; Miss A. A. Jennings, 62 cents; Mrs. Thomas Knowles, 62 cents; Mrs. P. McConnell, 62 cents; Mrs. A. S. Mann, \$1.25; Mrs. H. S. Mackie, 62 cents; Mrs. H. McQuatters, \$1.25; Prof. W. C. Morey, 75 cents; Mrs. J. McDonald, \$1.25; Mrs. S. A. Newman, 62 cents; Mrs. N. P. Osborn, 74 cents; Mrs. J. G. Stoothoff, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Shatz, 62 cents; Mrs. A. C. Wilder, 62 cents; Mrs. L. G. Wetmore, 62 cents, by Beekman Little and Albert Snow.....	17 64
Mrs. G. W. Archer, 62 cents; Mrs. W. V. Baker, 62 cents; Mrs. Oscar Craig, 62 cents; Mrs. W. B. Douglas, 65 cents; Mrs. J. Edwards, Dansville, \$2.00; Mrs. J. P. Pitkin, Portage, \$1.00; Mrs. Julia A. Stevens, 62 cents; Sale of papers, 20 cents; Union and Advertiser, Adv., \$5.00, by Treasurer.....	11 33
MRS. ROBERT MATHEWS, Treas., 96 Spring street.	

Mental stimulus has much to do with endurance. Sergeant Fredericks says: "It was on our *minds* that did it. We kept up our spirits. We wouldn't give in, but kept talking and telling cheerful stories, and making believe that we had no doubt about our rescue." Greely himself says: "It was the feeling of responsibility that sustained me. I felt that I *had* to live, anyhow. I felt that I must stand by the men and fulfill the object of the expedition. A hundred times I should have been glad to die, so acute were my sufferings, but, in fact, I had too many things to attend to." The writer from whom we quote says: "The sum of the matter is that *all* the virtues, mental and moral, tend to strengthen our hold upon life, and all the vices to lessen it." So the writer of these notes has proved by experience, and helped others to prove, by stirring them up, to make one more fight for life.

Last week we quoted it saying, attributed to Lieutenant Greely, that "of the seventeen who died, sixteen were smokers, and the non-smoker died last, while of the seven who survived, *none* were smokers." This seemed so wonderfully concise, cleancut, and conclusive, that we waited two weeks to see if we were contradicted, and then put in, "If this be correct." But the editor of the *Youth's Companion* has had an interview with Lieutenant Greely, and finds the exact truth to be as follows: Of the *six* who lived to see their country again, all were men of the most strictly temperate habits in every particular. *Four* of them never used tobacco. The two others would sometimes, on festive occasions, to oblige friends, smoke a cigarettee or a part of a cigar. They took no tobacco with them among their private stores, and cared nothing for it. Of the other *nineteen* who perished, the larger majorities were users of tobacco, some in moderation, some to excess. The first man to die was one who had been in former years a hard drinker, and there is reason to believe that the deaths of several others were hastened by pre-

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, April 7, 1885, of Pththis Pulmonalis, Dennis Mayner, aged 24.

At Rochester City Hospital, April 9, 1885, of Pleuro Pneumonia, Amanda Shaffer, aged 60.

At Rochester City Hospital, April 13, 1885, of Stricture of Rectum and Epitheleoma, Elizabeth Dunn, Aged 33 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, April 15, 1885, of Disease of Kidneys, Lungs and Liver, Disease of left hip, John McGee, aged 15 years.

At Rochester City Hospital, April 18, 1885, of Pelvic Cellulitis, Ester Mary Kimble, aged 24.

At Rochester City Hospital, April 21, 1885, of Peritonitis, Effie Bunto, aged 21 years.

vious habits of excess. The case is almost as well established by the above version, while it is rather more reasonable than the other, which did not seem to allow enough for exceptional vital endurance which occasionally defies rum, exposure, and other excesses, down to old age.—*The Christian Advocate*.

A Precious Pillow.

Dr. Judson, one of the earliest missionaries in Burmah, completed the translation of the New Testament in 1823. The manuscript was destined within a year to enter on a strange history. The Judsons went to Ava, the capital of the empire, very hopeful of doing effective missionary work there. War, however, broke out between England and Burmah, and all foreigners were soon regarded with suspicion. On the 8th of June, 1824, Dr. Johnston was apprehended, and with cruel violence and gross indignity was cast into the death prison. In a few days, through a money payment, he and other prisoners were removed from that awful place to an open shed within the prison bounds. There they lay, with irons upon their limbs. When her husband was thrown into prison, one of the first acts of Mrs. Judson was to bury the manuscript of the New Testament under the house in the soil, lest it should be found and destroyed by their prosecutors. When Dr. Judson was permitted to receive a visit from his brave wife, and they could speak together a little, naturally one of his earliest inquiries related to the safety of the work which had cost him so much time and toil. The rains had set in, and the manuscript would be destroyed, if it remained long in the ground. A plan for the preservation of this priceless treasure was soon devised. Mrs. Judson sewed it up in some cotton stuff, which she further encased with matting, thus making a pillow for her husband, so unsightly and so hard that she supposed no one would care to take it from him.

After about seven months had passed

the prisoners were suddenly thrust again into the inner prison and loaded with extra fetters. The few mattresses and pillows which had scarcely seemed to ease their aching bones were taken from them, and among these the rough bundle on which Dr. Judson was wont to lay his head. The first night of this new misery, the prisoners expected speedy execution, and Dr. Judson's thoughts dwelt a good deal on the contents of the strange pillow he had lost. He thought of passages in that New Testament which might be more perfectly translated. He wondered what the future of the manuscript would be. Would Mrs. Judson ever see it again? Would it in some future year be found and be a source of light and blessing to the benighted heathen of Burmah? The jailer, however, to whose share the pillow fell, found it so uncomfortable and apparently worthless that he flung it back into the prison. Tastes differed; and if the prisoner liked that sort of thing to rest his head upon, he might have it for all the jailer cared. Presently came a day when the prisoners were stripped of nearly all their clothes, "tied two and two," and driven barefooted, over sharp gravel and burning sand, to a wretched prison some miles away. When, on that occasion, the fierce Burmahs were seizing all the spoils they could, the mat was unfastened by one of them from Dr. Judson's pillow; and, as the hard stuff within seemed to be of no value, it was thrown away. A Christian convert picked it up as a relic he would keep in memory of the dear teacher whom he feared he would never see again. Little did he imagine what the mean-looking cotton roll contained. Months afterwards, when the troubles were over, and the Judsons were free again for their loved work, the New Testament was found no worse for the perils through which it had passed. In due time it was all printed, and to-day the men and women of Burmah read in it "the wonderful works of God."

Books and papers thankfully received.

Monkeys and Spectacles.

A man with pebble eye-glasses leaned close to the bars of the monkey-cage in a Bowery museum recently, watching two who were doing a trapeze act.

As he watched, a young monkey stole slyly up, and thrusting his paw out between the bars, suddenly snapped off the glasses from the man's nose, jabbed them into his mouth and danced away chattering.

The keeper recaptured the glasses after considerable difficulty, and as he returned them to the owner said:

"You have learned something curious about monkeys, sir. Don't wear glasses when you go near them. They excite either their ire or their cupidity, and they'll grab them every time. When they find they can't chew them up, they smash them."

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW,

IS PUBLISHED EVERY MONTH, BY

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Mrs. M. M. MATHEWS, Mrs. A. S. HAMILTON,
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Letters of inquiry, and all business letters, are requested to be sent to Mrs. M. M. Mathews, Corresponding Secretary, No. 96 Spring Street.

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Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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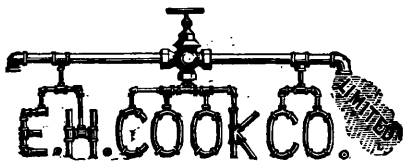
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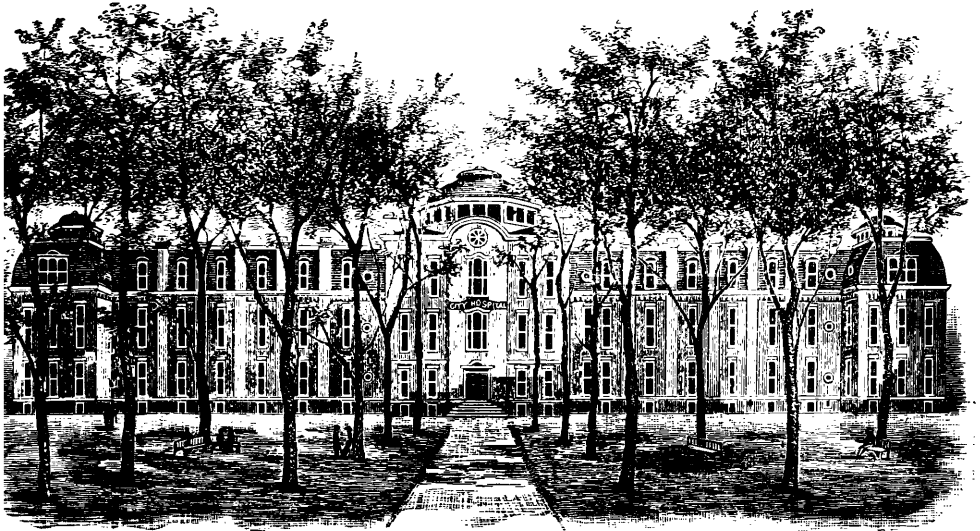
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THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.



DEVOTED TO THE

INTERESTS OF THE SICK AND SUFFERING.

AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

“ I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME.”

VOL. XXI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1885.

No. 11.

Lines by the late Dean of Westminster.

I.

“Till death us part.”
So speaks the heart,
When each to each repeats the words of doom ;
Thro’ blessing and thro’ curse,
For better and for worse,
We will be one, till that dread hour shall come.

II.

Life with its myriad grasp,
Our yearning souls shall clasp,
By ceaseless love, and still expectant wonder ;
In bonds that shall endure,
Indissolubly sure,
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

III.

Till Death us join !
O voice yet more divine !
That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime ;
Thro’ lonely hours
And shattered powers
We still are one, despite of change and time.

IV.

Death with His healing hand,
Shall once more knit the band
Which needs but that one link which none
may sever ;
Till thro’ the Only Good,
Heard, felt and understood,
Our life in God shall make us one forever.
Spectator.

—♦♦♦—
Miramonte.
—

June finds us loitering restfully in one of the charming homes of Annandale, whose wooded hills slope gently to the Hudson, where its waters are divided by Cruger’s Island.

Here, removed from the strifes and conflicts that are surging in the outer world, we seem brought into closer contact with

the heart of nature, and

"Sweetly to her worshipper she sings,
And the grace and glow she doth inherit
'Round her trusting child she fondly flings."

Copious showers have given a fresher beauty to the many tinted forest trees that mantle our eastern and southern horizon and form a pleasing back-ground to the nearer hawthorns, dogwoods, wild azaleas, and snow balls. Invigorating mountain breezes come to us laden with the sweet odors of new mown hay, honey locust, lilac and sweet brier. Beneath the swaying arches of the elms, we have glimpses of the Hudson and the lakelike coves that indent its eastern bank. The veteran oaks and white pines cast their long morning shadows on the green hillsides, and the slender red cedars stand like sentinels keeping watch and guard. The old hickories are the play-ground of the squirrels. The robins, cat-birds, orioles and other songsters waken us with their matin chorus, and sometimes the shy wood-robin pours forth his liquid melody. Now and then we catch sight of the blue-jay, the flame bird, and the gold-shafted woodpecker. We are on most friendly terms with the robins; a pavilion-like piazza, facing the Catskills, is the morning trysting place of the household; here, between the wide spreading antlers, on the skull of a deer, a robin has built her nest, laid her eggs, and is now feeding her nestlings.

Roundtop, Overlook, Kaaterskill, and other peaks of the Catskill range are the conspicuous objects that bound our western horizon and give to this country seat its appropriate name, Miramonte. A long residence in South America has familiarized its owner, our hostess, with the Spanish tongue, and as Miraflores was the suggestive name of her Peruvian home so, associated with that, Miramonte pays its tribute to the grandest feature of our landscape. In their ever varying moods the mountains are always attractive; now green in the early morning sunlight, then cloud-

capped or shadowed by passing clouds; now, mist-veiled, blue, mysterious and far away, or wholly obscured from view; then with golden sunset clouds behind them, they stand out boldly against the western sky. In a clear day we see the new Hotel Kaaterskill, nearly three thousand feet above the level of the sea and lowerdown, nestling on the mountain side, the Old Mountain House.

But we must not linger on the mountains. Let us turn our thoughts and steps to the interior of the hospitable home at Miramonte, where beneath its many gabled roof, Mrs. B—— our hostess, has collected rare treasures that are the delight of the antiquary or art student.

A large, very spirited picture by Snyder, hunting the wild boar, depicts the conflict between ferocious dogs and the savage beast; the landscape is supposed to be the work of Rubens. A smaller picture of a beggar girl feeding her dog is a Murillo.

Tapestries, framed as pictures or screens, reveal to us the exquisite work of the Beauvais looms; others serve as portieres, curtains or lambrequins. Between blue tapestries, inwrought with garlands of roses and soft tinted flowers, which serve as portieres to the adjoining library, with a mirror for a back ground, stands a quaint antique cabinet, eight feet high by six feet long, and nineteen inches broad. It is supposed to be at least two hundred years old, and was brought in 1840 from Lima, Peru, where a few specimens of similar work were in the possession of the grandees. Its history is not known, but it may have been made by the Peruvian Indians under the auspices of the early Spaniards. The cabinet may be divided into three portions, the lower one of very black wood supports the others, the surfaces of which are almost entirely covered with a ground work of tortoise shell inlaid with patterns in mother-of-pearl, which is silvery in the shade and iridescent in the sunshine.

A small oil painting of Saint Francis d'Assisi with the crucifix and the stigma is the centre ornament.

In an adjoining room is a relic of Napoleon—a lock of hair cut from his head the day before he landed at St. Helena. This is displayed on white satin, enclosed in an oval frame between a gilded crown, laurel branches and the initial N. These are surrounded by a black walnut frame elaborately carved with appropriate devices, beneath which is a medallion, bearing on one side a bas-relief of Napoleon and on the other one of his tomb at St. Helena. The whole is mounted on a dark velvet in an octagonal frame of oak and gilt, designed and made at Paris. In front of this stands a bronze model of the memorial monument in the Place Vendome made from cannon captured by Napoleon. An interesting story is associated with the lock of hair. Mr. Edwin Bartlett, the late husband of our hostess, was for a long while Consul and *charge d'affaires* at Lima, Peru, and there entertained Admiral Ross. When Mr. and Mrs. B.— were returning to the United States, in February, 1840, they stopped at Valparaiso, when the squadron under command of Admiral Ross was stationed off Valparaiso bay. The admiral gave Mr. and Mrs. B.— a dinner and a toast to "*The Homeward Bound.*" As a parting gift Mrs. R.— gave Mrs. B.— the lock of Napoleon's hair. Her husband was captain of the Northumberland when it took Napoleon to St. Helena. Orders were given that the captive should not be addressed as Emperor or Sire, but as General. The officers and men treated Napoleon with great respect, and he was very popular with them. The day before he landed at St. Helena, the captain went to his room to inform him he would probably reach his destination and they should part company the next day. He found Napoleon seated in a chair and a barber cutting his hair; some of this had fallen on the floor behind

him, and the captain stooped to pick it up. Napoleon noticed this, and, learning that Captain Ross designed to preserve it as a memorial, held up a lock of his hair while it was cut off for the captain, and as a parting gift presented the silver knife he was accustomed to use. The lock of hair given to Mrs. B. — in 1840 has since been carefully cherished by her, and never allowed to go out of her possession.

The companion piece to the Napoleon relic is an ivory handled pen, and a letter from Washington Irving, secured on a maroon velvet, encased in a black walnut frame appropriately carved and bearing Washington Irving's monogram; the whole is mounted on dark velvet, in an octagonal frame, like the one containing the Napoleon mementos. The following is a copy of the letter :

SUNNY SIDE, March 14, 1859.

My Dear Mrs. B. —:—At your request I send you a pen with which I have this day written the last page of my concluding volume of "*The Life of Washington.*" You will perceive from the looks and condition of the pen that it has seen hard service. I wish it was fitter for the hand of a fair lady, but I trust you will not like it less for its being a veteran.

With great regard,
yours very truly,
WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the library we find a historic relic. In a plain frame are fragments of the red, white and blue stripes of the flag of Fort McHenry, worn during its bombardment by the British, September 13 and 14, 1814. These were presented by the late Admiral George H. Prebble, U. S. N. who received them from Mrs. Georgiana Armistead Appleton, whose father, Commodore Armistead, commanded the fort during its bombardment. Beneath the tattered old bunting is a photograph of the old flag and a *fac simile* of a copy of our National song, "*The Star Spangled Banner,*" in the hand writing of its author, the original of which was given by him to General George Keim. The song was suggested by the flag, and commenced by Key on the deck of the vessel while watching the bombardment of the fort. In an oak frame on the library

wall hangs a letter by Lafayette, written at Washington, and bearing date of November 30, 1824.

Our space will not allow us to describe the rare books; the chair of Washington, from his dining room at Mt. Vernon; the old Japanese plaques and vases; the Sevres table with its classic head, surrounded by fruit, painted in 1832, and framed in ebony and gilt; nor the exquisite Sevres vases that adorn the parlor mantel; nor those bearing the monogram of Louis Phillippe; nor the delicate silver filigree baskets and birds, the work of the Peruvian Indians near Quito; nor the stuffed birds from South America, nor an endless variety of *bric-a-brac* that attracts the eye and tempts us to linger too long at Miramonte.

H. S. T.

[The following lines, written in a young lady's album, have never before been published.]

To Miss Caroline H——.

Lady—were Freedom mine and youth,
To win thy heart should be my care;
And I might vow eternal Truth
And I could tell thee thou art fair,
So thou would'st reign, my soul's delight
And all my being should be thine,
And not a hand should dare to write
One page upon thy book, save mine.

But Youth alone the tender Tale
Of Love is privileged to tell—
And I, descending in the vale
Of years, have lost the soothing spell--
How then my tribute shall I pay?
Thy fond attention how engage?
Debarr'd from *Love's* ecstatic lay
Shall Wisdom moralize the page?

Yes—but from *mortal* lips how weak,
And cheerless Wisdom's accents flow,
Compared with what the heart can speak,
When Passion's vivid fervors glow.
Then from the Holy Fount of Truth
Draw streams of never-dying love;
And for the transient charms of youth
Eternal Wisdom from above.

“Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but
“a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be
“praised.”
“And now I beseech thee lady, not as though
“I wrote a new commandment unto thee,
“but that which we have from the beginning,
“that we love one another.”

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

Quincy, October 10, 1825.

Millais' Huguenots.

(To H—playing Mendelssohn's "Lied ohne Worte," No. 18.)

Your favorite picture rises up before me,
When'er you play that tune.
I see two figures standing in a garden,
In the still August noon.

One is a girl's, with pleading face turned up-
wards,
Wild with a great alarm;
Trembling with haste she binds her brodered
kerchief
About the others' arm,

Whose gaze is bent on her in tender pity,
Whose eyes look into hers
With a deep meaning, though she cannot read it,
Hers are so dim with tears.

What are they saying in the sunny garden,
With summer flowers ablow?
What gives the woman's voice its passionate
pleading?
What makes the man's so low?

“See, love!” she murmurs; “you shall wear
my kerchief,
It is the badge, I know;
And it will bear you safely through the conflict,
If—if, indeed you go!

You will not wear it? Will not wear my
kerchief?
Nay! Do not tell me why.
I will not listen! If you go without it,
You will go hence to die.

Hush! Do not answer! It is *death*, I tell you!
Indeed I speak the truth.
You, standing there, so warm with life and
vigor,
So bright with health and youth.

You would go hence out of the glowing sun-
shine,
Out of the garden's bloom,
Out of the living, thinking, feeling present,
Into the unknown gloom!”

Then he makes answer; “Hush! oh, hush,
my darling!
Life is so sweet to me,
So full of hope, you need not bid me guard it,
If such a thing might be!

If such a thing might be!—but not through
falsehood—
I could not come to you,
I dare not stand here, in your pure sweet
presence,
Knowing myself untrue.”

“It is no sin!” The wild voice interrupts him,
“This is no open strife.
Have you not often dreamt a nobler warfare,
In which to spend your life?

Oh, for my sake—though but for my sake,
 wear it!
 Think what my life would be,
 If you, who give it first true worth and
 meaning,
 Were taken now from me.

Think of the long, long days, so slowly passing!
 Think of the endless years!
 I am so young! Must I live out my lifetime,
 With neither hopes nor fears?"

He speaks again, in mournful tones and
 tender,
 But with unswerving faith—
 "Should not love make us braver, aye and
 stronger,
 Either for life or death?"

And life is hardest! Oh, my love! My treasure!
 If I could bear your part
 Of this great sorrow, I would go to meet it
 With an unshrinking heart.

Child! Child! I little dreamt in that bright
 summer,
 When first your love I sought,
 Of all the future store of woe and anguish,
 When I, unknowing wrought.

But you'll forgive me? Yes, you will forgive
 me,
 I know when I am dead!
 I would have loved you—but words have
 scant meaning;
 God loved you more instead!"

Then there is silence in the sunny garden,
 Until, with faltering tone,
 She sobs, the while still clinging closer to him,
 "Forgive me!—go—my own."

So human love and faith, by death unshaken,
 Mingle their glorious psalm,
 Albeit low until the passionate pleading
 Is hushed in deepest calm.



For the HOSPITAL REVIEW.

Books previously acknowledged 1,135. During the month of May we received through Mrs. S. S. Gould, Jr., 50 books and 150 monthlies from Mrs. F. P. H. Falzinger and Miss A. S. Hoskins, all of Seneca Falls. Four new Harper's magazines were also sent by Mrs. Smith, of New York.

June 1st, 1885, our generous friend, Mrs. Chas. Fitch, has again contributed eleven books, for which we extend cordial thanks.

Memorial Tributes.

The Lady Managers of the City Hospital.

At a meeting of the Lady Managers of the City Hospital, held June 9th, 1885, the President, Mrs. Maltby Strong, thus alluded to the recent death of Mrs. Mary A. Gilman.

LADIES :—Our monthly meetings have so often during the past year borne such a sad record that I have looked forward to them with dread, and now again we have to record the death of another, one who for five years has been associated with us, earnestly working for the interests of this Hospital.

Mrs. Mary A. Gilman, who died on Saturday, June 6th, was elected Recorder of the City Hospital October 6th, 1879, but was compelled by sickness to relinquish her work last October, making five years that she has filled that office.

By the death of Mrs. Gilman we have sustained a great loss, for aside from her personal worth she was enriched by an unusually varied experience, which, with her sterling integrity and facility for attending to business, fitted her eminently for the position of Recorder.

All who have been associated with Mrs. Gilman as managers or officers of this institution, all connected with the household, as well as patients, those having business relations with the hospital, or who have been visitors merely, will bear testimony to her courtesy, kindness, patience and untiring zeal in behalf of its interests. Mrs. Gilman hoped till quite recently to be able to resume her duties here, and we had entertained the same desire, but her Heavenly Father has called her to a higher and nobler work.

The following was adopted as an expression of the sentiments of the Board, and was sent, accompanied by a note of sympathy, to her bereaved family :

In Memoriam.

MRS. MARY AUGUSTA GILMAN

Again we are called to weep with those that weep, to wreath the cypress and offer our tribute to the memory of one, the late Mrs. Mary A. Gilman, whose useful earthly life has just closed, whose sun went down while it was yet day.

As men count years, her life was short, but, doubtless, in the great harvest day she will reap more sheaves than many whose seed time has spanned the three score years and ten of human pilgrimage.

“ He liveth long who liveth well,
All other life is short and vain ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for Heavenly gain.

“ He liveth long who liveth well !
All else is being flung away ;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.”

Early trained in the school of affliction Mrs. Gilman developed and matured rare graces, and so modestly did she hide them that only those who were familiar with her daily life knew how true and unselfish it was. She seemed to live to bear others burdens, and, forgetful of self, found her happiness in ministering to others, and as daughter, sister, wife and mother, beautifully illustrated those things that are lovely and of good report.

Rarely have we been brought into contact with one who more earnestly, conscientiously and faithfully discharged life's duties or more bravely met its trials. Possessing rare executive ability, and eminently practical and self-possessed, she successfully and acceptably discharged the varied duties that devolved upon her in private life, and in the places of public trust so long filled by her. The records of our city as well as those of the City Hospital, bear enduring memorials of her fidelity, accuracy and faultless chirography, and pages touched by her graceful pen will long testify to her untiring industry.

Mary Augusta, daughter of William Baron and Elizabeth R. Williams, was born at Rochester, N. Y., July 11th, 1832 ; she married the late Thomas C. Gilman, Feb. 24th, 1853. She had three children, Minor, Francis and Elizabeth, the first died in infancy, the second, when thirteen years old ; the third is still living. Four brothers and one sister survive her.

Mrs. Gilman was for twelve years a most indefatigable teacher in the House of Refuge, going very early in the morning to discharge her duties. For five years she assisted in the Assessor's office and for a shorter period in that of the County Clerk. For five years she was Recorder at the City Hospital. She was a teacher in the Industrial School. She was earnest and conscientious in her work in the Sabbath school of her church, and also in the mission Sabbath school. Her life motto seemed to be “ Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.”

H. S. T.

The following notice we copy from the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* of Sunday, June 7th, 1885 :

DEATH OF MRS. GILMAN.

In the death of Mrs. Mary A. Gilman, which occurred at three o'clock yesterday afternoon, this community has lost a woman of sterling worth and integrity. Descended from one of the finest of the families identified with the early history of Rochester, she has ever been known as a woman of rare mental and social qualities and great strength of character. For several years she had filled the office of recorder of the Rochester City Hospital, in which capacity nearly all who visited this institution or transacted business with it had occasion to meet her. In her relations to lady managers and trustees, to physicians and nurses, to patients and visitors, she was uniformly polite and satisfactory and proved herself untiring in her efforts to

meet the numerous demands made upon her time and patience. Her many friends have felt a deep sympathy for herself and family in her protracted illness, and have watched its progress with solicitude. Though her death was deemed inevitable it will be none the less deplored.

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JUNE 15, 1885.

The Hospital Patients.

After a two months' absence from the city, we, on the 16th of June, again visited the invalids. As soon as we left the street car we were attracted by the new flag stone walk that extended from the West Avenue gate to the steps of the hospital. Having often felt the need of it we fully appreciated the improvement.

The Hospital lawn was dotted with groups of the ward patients, who, on settees, lounges, chairs and hammocks, were enjoying the exhilarating air. No Child's Hospital rose before our delighted gaze, but there were plenty of little folks. Rosa, the little girl with abscesses near the knee, was swinging in a hammock, with crutches near by. Max, the German boy, whose lower limbs have been paralyzed, was sitting in a rolling chair, his head was encased in a sort of harness that is designed to support his head and lessen the curvature in his spine, and he under that treatment is regaining the use of his legs. Near by, in another rolling chair, were Freddy Lyons and Tommy Healy. Three abscesses on Freddy's right side have healed and those on the left side are improving, only one of them is now discharging. Tommy's abscesses were better but his finger had a bandage on it as he had crushed it between stones. An aged man who five months before had fallen and broken his hip was reclining on a lounge and said he

could walk a little with the use of a crutch. An aged rheumatic patient was slowly moving about availing himself of his cane. Two men were chatting, side by side on a settee, the one was recovering from lung fever, the other was waiting to have his eye operated upon for cataract.

On the opposite side of the lawn was Katy H—, dressed and busy with her needle. She has been in the hospital two years and three months, suffering from the effects of a burn. The wound is now only about five inches long and not more than one wide, and she is so much better she expects soon to leave the Hospital. She says: "I shall hate to go, I have been here so long it seems like home to me. The physicians are surprised that I can walk off as well as I now do." Beside Katy was a patient who has had a surgical operation and is slowly gaining.

In the Male Surgical Ward were two aged men with broken hips, each confined to his cot, one had fallen on the ice, and the other had been knocked over by a refractory cow. A boy thirteen years old had fallen from the cars and crushed his foot, it had been amputated and he was free from pain. His name is Augustus Grunst. He is doing well. A man in the Cross ward, a Hebrew, was very sick with ulcers. Of the twelve patients in this ward, four were in their cots.

Fourteen were under treatment in the Male Medical Ward. One man was covered with eczema, the worst case of the disease the physicians had ever seen, but the patient was improving. One man was a consumptive. A sailor who came from Florida had been very sick with rheumatism, his heart had been affected by it, he had recovered and gone to the West Indies. One man had had an eye taken out and was to have a cataract removed from the other. A patient, deaf, blind and paralyzed, had gone home to end his days with his friends. One man who assisted in the

ward had had an attack of fever. Another had suffered from the rupture of a blood vessel in the eye.

In the Upper Female Ward were thirteen patients, four of whom were confined to their beds. One of these had been injured by the falling of a building and was very much bruised. Another, little Mamie Bryant, had been very sick with a disease of the heart, a third had peritonitis, and the fourth was suffering from debility. Of four who had been under Dr. Rider's care two had left. One woman had had a cataract removed and her sight was restored.

In the Lying-In Ward were two mothers, two babies and four waiting patients.

In the Lower Female Ward were ten patients. Terrence Martin, the little boy who was injured by a boy sliding down hill, had had a surgical operation that had benefited him and he went about on his crutches. A cancer patient was delirious and very sick. The paralytics were not much changed in condition. One patient had died the previous night.

Afflictions.

Since we left the city two months ago, shadows have been resting on the homes of some of the prominent Hospital workers. Our beloved Recorder has been borne to her last resting place, and the brother of one of our most efficient and devoted physicians no longer needs the tender and skillful ministries that cheered his pathway to the dark valley. Three members of our Board of Lady Managers have been forced to remit their labors. One for many months has been prostrated by sickness, another has for a shorter time been tarrying in the border land, and a third has been afflicted with acute suffering. We rejoice that death has not invaded our Board of Managers and that useful lives have been spared, and we trust those who have so long and so faithfully labored for the Hospital

may again in health and renewed vigor return to their respective duties.

So many of the active workers of the Hospital have within the past year been removed from us, that at times we feel as if we were walking beside open graves. May we heed the frequent admonitions and work while the day lasts.

Acceptable Gifts.

A kind friend has donated a set of chess men and board. The Third Presbyterian Church contributed a beautiful floral ladder tall enough to reach to the top of the folding doors. This had been used in their church on the children's Sunday. It was of evergreen, decorated with flowers. The letters F A I T H were formed of daisies and placed, each letter by itself, between the rounds of the ladder.

Sixteen young ladies and gentlemen came from the First Methodist church with bouquets and baskets of flowers and distributed them in the different wards.

Correspondence.

The following note explains itself. We would be happy to receive more of the same type :

CHRIST CHURCH RECTORY, }
May 18th, 1885. }

My Dear Mr. Hanford, Treasurer :

Within please find my check for sixteen dollars, (\$16) it being a collection from Christ Church at the time of the annual sermon before the Alert Hose Co. last evening for the City Hospital.

Respectfully yours,

WM. D'ORVILLE DOTY.

Henry S. Hanford, Treasurer City Hospital.

Cash Donations.

ROCHESTER, June 1st, 1885.

Donation :

Collection from Christ Church.....	\$16 00
Donations on bills :	
L. S. Graves & Son	6 68
F. Van Doorn.....	50
MRS. W. H. PERKINS, Treas.	

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Mr. C. J. Wood, from children's party in City Hall.....	\$	13	00
Miss M. L. Foulds.....		1	00
St. Mark's Mission Sewing school, for one brick.....		25	
Blanche Howard, for six bricks.....		1	50
"Annie's box for the Pavilion".....		1	00
Interest on deposit.....		11	65

Receipts for the month.....	\$	28	40
Previously acknowledged.....		974	79

Total receipts.....\$1,003 19

Contributions to this fund are urgently solicited, and may be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, or to any of the managers of the Hospital. Who will help to build this much needed Pavilion?

Receipts for the Review.

FOR MAY, 1885.

Mrs. L. H. Alling, 62 cents; Mrs. C. P. Achilles, 62 cents; Mrs. S. L. Brewster, 75 cents; W. F. Balkam, 62 cents; Mrs. E. T. Cory, 62 cents; Miss Cochran, 62 cents; Mrs. J. P. Cleary, 62 cents; Mrs. B. H. Clark, 62 cents; Mrs. G. G. Clarkson, 62 cents; F. L. Durand, \$1.25; Mrs. W. K. Daggs, 62 cents; Michael Filon, 62 cents; Mrs. H. B. Hathaway, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Hazeltine, 62 cents; Mrs. S. Hamilton, 62 cents; Mrs. H. S. Hanford, 62 cents; Mrs. C. E. Hart, 62 cents; Mrs. G. E. Jennings, 62 cents; D. Leary, 62 cents; Mrs. W. P. Latz, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. S. J. Macy, 62 cents; Mrs. W. D. McGuire, 62 cents; Mrs. W. F. Morrison, 62 cents; Mrs. Dr. Mandeville, 62 cents; Miss E. Manvel, 62 cents; Mrs. J. C. Moore, 62 cents; Mrs. J. Z. Newcomb, 62 cents; Mrs. F. E. Peek, 62 cents; Mrs. E. B. Parsons, 62 cents; Mrs. Arthur Robinson, 62 cents; Geo. S. Riley, 62 cents; Mrs. W. H. Ross Lewin, 62 cents; Mrs. James Vick, 62 cents; Mrs. E. W. Williams, 62 cents; Mrs. G. G. Wanzer, \$1.25; Mrs. S. D. Walbridge, 62 cents; Mrs. H. Wray, 62 cents; Mrs. D. A. Watson, 62 cents; Mrs. G. D. Williams, 62 cents; Mrs. W. Wallace, \$1.25, by Beekman, Little and Albert Snow..... \$27 44

Mrs. Dr. Bly, \$1.25. Miss M. A. Daniell, 93 cents; Mrs. A. McVean, 62 cents, by Treasurer..... \$ 2 80

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

Donations for Month of May, 1885.

Schmidt & Kaelber, Lactometre.
Mrs. S. D. Mayer, reading matter.
Mrs. Jenkins, reading matter.
Mrs. L. S. Chapin, second-hand clothing.
Mrs. Oscar Craig, two books.
Mrs. Robert Mathews, pickles and old cotton.
Mrs. C. Field, old cotton.
Mrs. S. S. Gould, jr., Seneca Falls, three pairs of new sheets, three pairs of new pillow cases and second-hand linen.
Mrs. F. P. H. Falzinger, Miss A. S. Hoskins, Seneca Falls, fifty books and one hundred and fifty monthlies.
Mrs. Dr. Riggs, set of furniture and carpet.
Mrs. G. W. Smith, New York, four volumes of Harpers.
Mr. Thomas McBlain, Geneva. Croquet set.
Mrs. J. Sargent, magazines,
Mrs. A. W. Mudge, three jars of fruit and reading matter.
Mrs. J. M. Pitkin, counterpane, old cotton and reading matter.
Mrs. C. G. Starkwether, quilt and old cotton.
Lula Belle McAllister, child's crib, bed, pillows and sheets.
Miss Ophelia Eaton, West Brighton, old cotton and reading matter.

Died.

At Rochester City Hospital, May 4, 1885, of Pneumonia. Charles Weaver, aged 35.

At Rochester City Hospital, May 11, 1885, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, Paul H. Kahse, aged 27.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 17, 1885, infant of Mary Brown.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 20, 1885, of Erysipelas, Mrs. Nancy Davis, aged 65.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 22, 1885, of Erysipelas, involving arm and trunk, and a gun-shot wound, George Cooper.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 23, 1885, of Pelvic Peritonitis, Mrs. Madelin Dale, aged 47.

At the Rochester City Hospital, May 24, 1885, of Tuberculosis, Charles H. Babbet, aged 47. His remains were taken to Massachusetts.

At Rochester City Hospital, June 6, 1885, of Pneumonia, Mrs. Mary Augusta Gilman, aged 52 years.

Hospital Report.

Number in Hospital May 1, 1885.....	112	
" births during month.....	3	
" received during month.....	42	
		157
Number deaths during month.....	7	
" discharged during month.....	39	
" remaining June 11, 1885.....	111	
		157

We have received from Mr. Thomas McBlain, of Geneva, a set of croquet. Last month he donated a carving set that was by mistake credited to Mr. Theodore McBlair.

♦♦♦
Striking Epitaphs.

In modern days a supervision is exercised over the inscriptions upon tombstones erected in English burial grounds. But a hundred years ago epitaphs were cut which violated orthography, metre and sense, showing that the old maxim, "Say nothing but good of the dead," then received a liberal interpretation. The following specimens of ancient epitaphs are copied from an English periodical :

The wedding day appointed was,
And wedding clothes provided ;
Before the wedding day, alas !
He sickened and he die did.

The following punning verse is on a tombstone in a Sheffield churchyard, erected above the grave of John Knott, a scissors-grinder :

Here lies a man that was Knott born,
His father was Knott before him,
He lived Knott, and did Knott die,
Yet underneath this stone doth lie.

A Cornwall churchyard is enriched with the following dainty verses :

Here lies entombed one Roger Morton,
Whose sudden death was early brought on ;
Trying one day his corn to mow off,
The razor slipped and cut his toe off.

The toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to ;
The parts they took to mortifying,
And poor dear Roger took to dying.

A Welsh husband thus sings over the grave of his better-half :

This spot is the sweetest I've seen in my life,
For it raises my flowers and covers my wife.

An Irishman wrote the following oft quoted lines for his epitaph :

Here I lays,
Paddy O'Blase,
My body quite at its aise is,
With the tip of my nose
And the points of my toes
Turned up to the roots of the daisies.

A tailor has the following epitaph :

Fate cuts the thread of life, as all men know.
And Fate cut his, though so well could he
sew.
It matters not how fine the web is spun,
'Tis all unravelled when our course is run.

At Ockham, Surrey, a wood-cutter thus describes his final exit :

The Lord saw good ; I was lopping off wood,
And down fell from the tree ;
I met with a check, and I broke my neck,
And so Death lopped off me.

In a French cemetery there are the following concise inscriptions on one tombstone. The epitaph is on husband and wife ;

I am anxiously expecting you.—A. D. 1827.
Here I am !—A. D. 1867.

A photographer has this rather pat inscription over him :

Here I lie, taken from life.

♦♦♦
Gold and Silver Ferns.

L. G. Doane says, in *The Microscope* : Upon a slip of glass put a drop of liquid auric chloride or argentic nitrate, with half a grain of metallic zinc in the auric chloride, and copper in the silver. A growth of exquisite gold and silver ferns will grow beneath the eye.

♦♦♦
Her Weakness.

Some surprising facts concerning the novelist, George Eliot, are brought to the light in the memoir just published by her husband, Mr. Cross. The pliability with which she yielded to the influence of others amounted to weakness. In her youth, she was surrounded by strict members of the Evangelical dissenting churches, and she was as orthodox as they in her opinions, and apparently as devout in her conduct.

She was then thrown into the society of a clever family of deists, and in two weeks after the perusal of a book written by one of them, was induced to renounce Christianity and all belief in the immortality of the soul. The singular part of this change is, that, judg-

ing from her letters, it was made with careless indifference, as lightly as she might change her opinion on any matter of transient interest.

She had reached middle life when she met Mr. Lewes, and in a very short time was persuaded to break legal laws and to live with him as his wife, he being already married. While he lived, his influence over her was unbounded, but two months after his death she turned for consolation to another man.

The brilliancy of George Eliot's intellect has blinded young people to the errors in her life and opinions. Genius in this case has gone far with the world to justify in her a total disbelief in all that we hold most sacred, and a full gratification of her own will regardless of any restriction, either of society or of religion.

Her life, as written by her husband, shows that the cause of these errors lay in a certain weakness which made her, as she herself says, "a chameleon," that reflected the opinion and will of whatever persons were closest to her at the time.

Young girls who are influenced by her powerful intellect should remember that what was wrong for George Eliot must be wrong for all women. If all young girls were to renounce Christ and disregard the laws of social life, what face will the world wear to the next generation?

The writings of George Eliot are brilliant and introspective, and to those who know how rightly to use them, are helpful to intelligence. They are, as it were, her better self. But she owed to her profession a better personal example, and this the young reader should remember. Genius may be a false light, if it lead one from the safe ways of obedience to moral law and essential faith.

If a bright beacon light lead us into a quagmire, let us not gaze upward to the light, but in justice to ourselves see how deep and fatal the quagmire is.—
Youth's Companion.

Pointed Answers.

The French excel in those pointed witticisms which prick but do not inflame. A Parisian artist was painting the portrait of a pretty but vain woman, who, whenever he worked at her mouth, kept screwing it up to make it as small as possible. "Don't distress yourself, madam," said the painter; "if you wish it, I can draw you with none at all." Englishmen and Yankees have also made rejoinders whose aptness and point have caused them to be chronicled in periodicals. The following are good specimens of answers to the point:

A railroad engineer saying that the usual life of a locomotive was only thirty years, a passenger remarked that such a tough-looking thing ought to live longer than that.

"Well," responded the engineer, "perhaps it would, if it didn't smoke so much."

There is a story of a gentleman when advocating the utility of public schools saying,—

"Byron was a Harrow boy."

"What of that?" said an opponent. "Burns was a plowboy."

Equally neat and ready was the woman's answer to an enquirer, who, seeing "This cottage for sail" painted on a board, politely asked a woman in front of the house when the cottage was to sail.

"Just as soon as the man comes who can raise the wind," was her quick reply.

A youth asked at a city restaurant, "What have you got?"

"Almost everything, sir," was the reply.

"Well, give me a plate of that."

"Yes, r—Hash!" shouted the waiter down the speaking-tube.

More good-natured and quite as much to the point is the following. A man was hurrying along the street the other night, when another man, also in violent haste, rushed out of an alley, and the two collided with great force.

The second man looked angry; while the polite man, taking off his hat, said,—

"My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame for this violent encounter, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran in to you, I beg your pardon; if you ran into me, don't mention it;" and he tore away at redoubled speed.

Well matched in politeness and readiness was a gentleman whose button caught hold of the fringe on a lady's shawl.

"I'm attached to you," said the gentleman, laughing, while he was industriously trying to get loose.

"The attachment is mutual," was the good-natured reply.

The Ornithorhynchus.

In the *SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN* of March 15, 1884, appeared illustrations and a very interesting description of this queer little animal with an unpronounceable name, prepared by Mr. L. P. Gratacap, an attache of the American Museum of Natural History in this city. Dr. H. A. Ward, collector of zoological specimens, has recently returned from Australia, where he has been in behalf of the museum, and brought back thirty of the ornithorhynchus. This strange animal is the connecting link between birds and mammals. It looks like the beaver, but instead of having hair on its back it has scales, and in place of scales on its tail it has hair. This in itself would not constitute a missing link, but after long investigation we find, says Dr. Ward, that it lays an egg like a bird, but suckles its young like a mammal. Its habits are like the beaver's, but it is an utterly heterodox creature, and entirely the most unnatural known.

Sleeplessness.

We have lately met with a case showing the danger of overworking the brain. It was a lady who had inherited great cerebral activity, her three nearest ancestors having been graduates of Harvard, and men of eminent professional success. Her father had

shown the effects of overculture in extremes of feeling, in the eagerness with which he devoured books, in the number of hours spent in his work, rising to it at four in the morning the year around, in his thinness of flesh, and early death.

The child of such an heredity should have been stoutly held back in her intellectual development, she being sure of all desirable attainments from her own inward impulses and unaided energy. But the father brought to bear the full power of his own mind to stimulate her mind.

One result was an irresistible intellectual momentum, and attainments in range, variety and extent seldom surpassed. But another, a little later, and onward to her death, after years of inexpressible nervous suffering, during which she felt herself on the verge of insanity — was such unconquerable wakefulness that she wrote, "All temporal blessings seemed to be expressed by the one word sleep."

We have thus detailed the case as above, that we might emphasize it by the somewhat similar experience of her sister, the author of an intensely interesting and helpful work. As this lady was only six years old at her father's death, she escaped the untimely stimulus to which her sisters had been subjected. Moreover, her unbounded joyousness and love of nature were some check to undue mentality. Still, her mental activity was great, and the use of her pen became as natural to her as her breath. Besides her many published works in prose and poetry, other volumes might be added from her unpublished poems and letters.

Moreover, her intense sympathies and yearning for usefulness were exhaustively drawn upon in her position as the wife of a prominent pastor in New York city. Though her beloved summer residence did much toward repairing her nervous exhaustion, yet even here her benevolence filled her house with company, — and what is more exhausting? — while her piety

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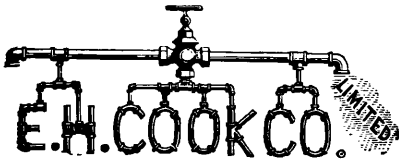
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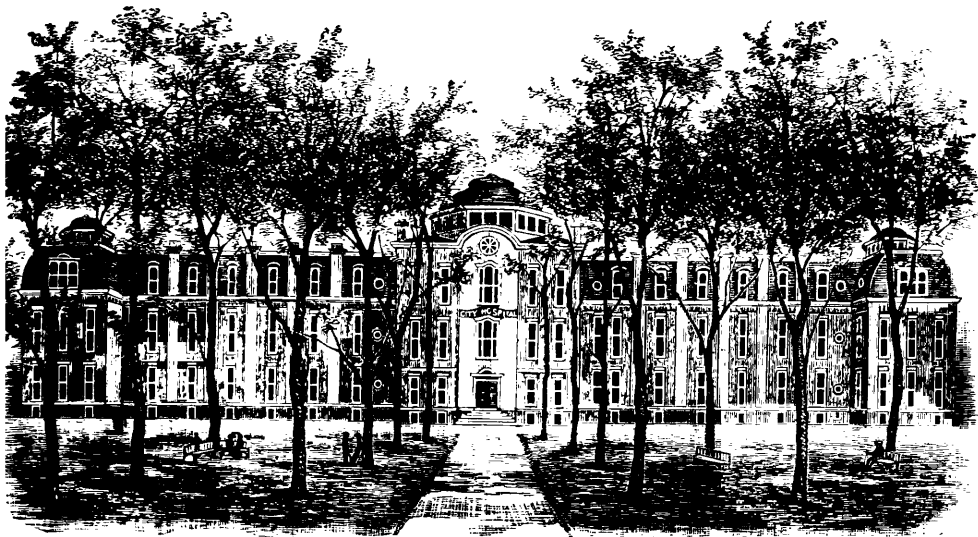
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AT THE

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

"I WAS SICK AND YE VISITED ME."

VOL. XXI.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1885.

No. 12.

Lines by Susan Coolidge.

When nursery lamps are veiled and nurse is
singing
In accents low,
Timing her music to the cradle's swinging,
Now fast, now slow.—

Singing of Baby Bunting soft and furry
In rabbit cloak,
Or rock-a byed amid the toss and flurry
Of wind-swept oak ;

Of Boy-Blue sleeping with his horn beside him ;
Of my son John
Who went to bed (let all good boys deride him)
With stockings on :

Of sweet Bo-Peep following her lambkins
straying,
Of Dames in Shoes ;
Of crows, considerate, mid the Piper's playing,
Which tune to choose ;

Of Gotham's wise men bowling o'er the billow,
Or him, less wise,
Who choose rough bramble-bushes for a pillow,
And scratched his eyes,—

It may be, while she sings, that through the
portal
Soft footsteps glide,
And, all invisible to grown up mortal,
At cradle side

Sits Mother Goose herself, the dear old mother,
And rocks and croons,
In tones which Baby hearkens, but no other,
Her old—new tunes !

I think it must be so, else why, years after,
Do we retrace
And mix with shadowy, recollected laughter
Thoughts of that face ;

Seen, yet unseen, beaming across the ages,
Brimful of fun
And wit and wisdom, baffling all the sages
Under the Sun ?

A grown-up child has place still which no other

May dare refuse;

I, grown up, bring this offering to our mother
To Mother Goose;

And standing with the babies at that olden,
Immortal knee,
I seem to feel her smile, benign and golden
Falling on me.

(Introduction to "Nine Little Goslings.")

Ennobling Life.

"Yes, it's all very well for a minister to talk about ennobling every-day work. But I would like to see him ennoble my work," said a dry goods clerk to his employer, with whom he was dining by special invitation.

"Why?" asked his employer with a kindly smile. "Is your work so peculiar that you can't dignify it?"

"I don't complain, sir, of my work, but—well, you know what it is," answered the clerk, tempted to frankness by his employer's manner. "There I stand, day after day, selling spools of thread; there's nothing ennobling, is there, sir? I've tried to feel as the minister says we ought to feel, if we are doing any honest work. But the work is so small that it belittles me."

"Ah! I see," said his employer, kindly, as if he was talking to a younger brother. "You have not yet discovered the secret of getting much out of little. Look at my partner; honored and loved by all who know him. And yet he began life in our very store, doing what, do you think? Why, selling pins! And he was discouraged, as you are, by what seemed the smallness of his work. Pins, morning, noon and night! That was all he had to sell at his counter.

"Well, he went to the store on Monday morning, after hearing such a sermon as you heard, about taking our Christianity with us everywhere and putting it into our every-day life. And he noticed what he might have noticed a hundred times before, that nearly all his customers were women, and the majority of them poor. He took to studying their faces, and thereby

learned from the care-worm furrows of their self-denial, patient suffering and mother-love.

"Well, he was not a thoughtless young man, and he found a feeling of respect and real chivalry for women growing up in him. Later on, he noticed what a large number of customers called for black mourning pins, and that led him to think of his own mother, who had been dead for several years. That thought did him good, for she had been a Christian woman.

"Then, one day, he found among his customers a woman who had been cheated by a clerk who sold pins at another store. And he resolved that he would try to restore her confidence in clerks, as a class, by honest dealing.

"He began to take a new and deeper interest in his own work. He made a point of being on hand punctually, and his customers found him always good natured and obliging. In short, he so dignified pin-selling, that one day his employers discovered that they had a clerk too valuable for that counter, and advanced him to a higher place, with an increase of salary. He dignified his new position, as he had ennobled his old one.

"Ten years after he found himself in the position of confidential clerk, and to-day he is half-partner in the concern. All this good luck was the natural result of doing his best where he was.

"Don't make the mistake," the old merchant continued, "of saving your talents for a bigger place. Use all you have where you are. Fill the place you are in and you will grow too large for it. You can ennoble even the humblest, every-day work if you are determined to do your best where God has put you.

"Why, I knew a poor, lame, half-witted creature, who was obliged to stand in a close hot room ten hours a day, stitching harness. He had heard from some preacher that every-day work could be ennobled, but he had only a dim idea of the man's meaning.

"One day he looked out of his dirty window and saw a horse dashing madly

by with a slight carriage in which were a woman and child. A bold man leaped from the curb, caught the horse by the bridle, and was dragged along by the infuriated animal. But the bridle held, the horse was stopped, the mother and child were saved.

"The thought passed through the mind of the poor leather-stitcher: 'Suppose the sewing on that bridle had been poorly done, with bad thread? Then the bridle might have broken, and the man as well as those in the carriage would have been injured. How do I know but what that sewing was some of my work?'

"Animated by the grand thought, he stitched away like a hero, determined to do his humble work well, for the sake of others. From that time on he ennobled his calling, as every one may do that has the spirit of the Master, whose life has made our lives worth living."

The clerk thought over this talk, and went to his store the next day with his eyes open, and a new resolution in his heart. He found the following statements to be true, and wondered that he had not discovered them before.

I can ennoble my business of selling spoils of thread by first ennobling myself.

I can do this by exercising patience, honesty, industry and faithfulness.

There is abundant opportunity in my place to use all the politeness and gentleness required of a gentleman in any station of life.

In my relations with the other clerks near me I can indirectly or directly ennoble my own work.

I can find a use for almost every Christian grace I possess, without going outside of my own work.

That clerk is still selling thread. But his employer has his eye on him. The after-dinner talk did the clerk so much good that he is capable of filling a higher place. And he will get it before long, if he continues to live up to his discovery, that life is worth living, provided we ennoble it, even when environed by small duties.

THE LORD NEEDETH THEE.

Horatius Bonar, D. D.

Jesus, thou needest me,
Even me, thou light divine;
O Son of God, thou needest me,
Thou needest sins like mine.

Thy fulness needs my want,
Thy wealth my poverty;
Thy healing skill my sickness needs,
Thy joy my misery.

Thy strength my weakness needs,
Thy grace my worthlessness;
Thy greatness needs a worm like me
To cherish and to bless.

Thy life needs death like mine,
To show its quickening power;
Infinity the finite needs,
The eternal needs the hour.

Earth, with its vales and hills,
Needeth the daily sun;
This daily sun of ours,—it needs
An earth to shine upon.

This evil, froward soul
Needeth a love like thine;
A love like thine, O loving Christ,
Needeth a soul like mine.

Thy fulness, Son of God,
Thus needy maketh thee;
Thy glory, O thou glorious One,
Seeketh its rest in me.

It was thy need of me
That brought thee from above;
It is my need of thee, O Lord,
That draws me to thy love.

THE Bible and Fruit Mission visits Bellevue Hospital, the Charity Hospital and Penitentiary on Blackswell's Island; the Emigrant and Homœopathic Hospital on Ward's Island; the Children's Hospital on Randall's Island, and the Hospital for Incurables far down the Bay—a last refuge, in all respects, for diseased and suffering humanity. To all these places delicate women carry fruits and flowers, as well as appetizing and nourishing articles of food, which the means of the visitors supply, or have been sent to them by outside contributors. While thus caring for the needs of the body, the visitors improve the opportunity to minister to the greater needs of the soul; often teaching the ignorant and sinful patient how to find the way to a better life.

Weary Women.

Nothing is more reprehensible and thoroughly wrong than the idea that a woman fulfills her duty by doing an amount of work that is far beyond her strength. She not only does not fulfill her duty, but she most signally fails in it; and the failure is truly deplorable. There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken-down, over-worked wife and mother—a woman who is tired all her life through. If the work of the household cannot be accomplished by order, system, and moderate work, without the necessity of wearing heart-breaking toil—without making life a tread-mill of labor, then, for the sake of humanity, let the work go. Better to live in the midst of disorder than that order should be purchased at so high a price—the cost of health, strength, happiness, and all that makes existence endurable.

The woman who spends her life in unnecessary toil is by this very labor unfitted for the highest duties of home. She should be the haven of rest to which both husband and children turn for peace and refreshment. She should be the careful intelligent adviser and guide of the one, the tender confidant and helpmate of the other. How is it possible for a woman exhausted in body, as a natural consequence in mind also, to perform either of these duties? It is not possible. The constant strain is too great. Nature gives way beneath it. She loses health, and spirits, and hopefulness, and more than all, her youth, the last thing that a woman should allow to slip from her; for, no matter how old she is in years, she should be young in heart and feeling, for the youth of age is sometimes more attractive than youth itself. To the over-worked woman this green old age is out of the question. Her disposition is ruined, her temper is soured, her very nature changed, by the burden which, too heavy to carry, is dragged along. Even her affections are blunted, and she becomes merely a machine—a woman without the time to be womanly, a mother without time to train and

guard her children, a wife without the time to sympathize with and cheer her husband, a woman so over-worked during the day that when night comes her sole thought and most intense longing are for the rest and sleep that probably will not come, and even if they should, that she is too tired to enjoy. Better by far let everything go unfinished, and live as best she can, than entail on herself and family the curse of overwork.—*Sanitary Magazine.*

Clever Crows.

While treading "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan," Miss Bird found the silence broken in many places by the discordant notes of thousands of crows, who were both sagacious and impudent. She says:

"Five of them were so impudent as to alight on two of my horses, and so be ferried across the Yurapugawn. In the inn garden at Mori I saw a dog eating a piece of carrion in the presence of several of these covetous birds.

"They evidently said a good deal to each other on the subject, and now and then one or two of them tried to pull the meat away from him, which he resented.

"At last a big, strong crow succeeded in tearing off a piece, with which he returned to the pine where the others were congregated.

"After much earnest speech, they all surrounded the dog, and the leading bird dexterously dropped the small piece of meat within reach of his mouth.

"He immediately snapped at it, letting go the big piece unwisely for a second, on which two of the crows flew away with it to the pine, and with much fluttering and hilarity they all ate, or rather gorged it, the deceived dog looked vacant and bewildered for a moment, after which he sat under the tree and barked at them in vainly.

"A gentlemen told me that he saw a dog holding a piece of meat in like manner in the presence of three crows, which also vainly tried to tear it from him.

"After a consultation they separated, two going as near as they dared to the meat, while the third gave the tail a bite sharp enough to make the dog turn round with a squeal, on which the other villains seized the meat, and the three fed triumphantly upon it on the top of a wall.

"In many places they are so aggressive as to destroy crops, unless they are protected by netting. They assemble on the sore backs of horses and pick them into holes, and are mischievous in many ways.

"They are very late in going to roost, and are early astir in the morning, and are so bold that they often came 'with many a stately flirt and flutter' into the veranda where I was sitting.

"I never watched an assemblage of them for any length of time without being convinced that there was a Nestor among them to lead their movements.

"Along the sea-shore they are very amusing, for they 'take the air' in the evening, seated on sandbanks facing the wind, with their mouths open."

Mullein Leaves in Consumption.

Dr. Quinlan, of Dublin read before the International Medical Congress at Copenhagen last year an interesting paper on the medical qualities of the mullein. It has attracted widespread attention, and among the more recent articles confirmatory of Dr. Quinlan's statements is one by Dr. Wilfert, of Cincinnati, which appears in the last number of the *Lancet and Clinic* of that city. From the results obtained in 127 cases of pulmonary consumption treated by Dr. Quinlan with mullein alone, he draws the following conclusions, which are condensed from the original article, viz :

1. In the earlier and pretubercular state of pulmonary consumption, mullein has a weight-increasing and curative power greater than that of cod liver oil, and equal to that of Russian koumiss.

2. In cases where tubercles are well established or cavities exist, the mullein

has great power in relieving cough—a great boon to consumptives, whose weak stomachs too frequently cannot tolerate the usual cough remedies.

3. Phthisical diarrhœa is completely obviated by the mullein.

4. Mullein has no power or effect on the night sweats of consumption, which should be combated by atropia sulphate.

The method of using the mullein, which originated among the Irish peasantry, and was adopted by Dr. Quinlan just as he found it, is as follows: Three ounces of the fresh green leaves, or about ten times that much of the dried, are boiled in a pint of fresh cow's milk. After boiling a moment the infusion is allowed to stand and "sipe" for ten minutes, when it is strained, sweetened, and drank while warm. This quantity is taken twice or three times a day. It is generally much relished by the patients, who regard it as a pleasant article of diet rather than as a medicine. The smoke of the mullein leaves inhaled into the respiratory passages relieves irritation and spasmodic cough.

Dr. Wilfert states that he has followed Dr. Quinlan's method in twenty cases of undoubted pulmonary phthisis, all of them more or less advanced, and all improved during the administration of mullein, no other drugs being used. These results are certainly very encouraging, and should be followed up.

A Hard Name.

"I've the hardest name in this town," said a workingman to a citizen the other day.

"I'll bet a dollar you haven't," replied the citizen.

"Done," said the workingman. "My name is Stone."

"Pass over the coin," said the citizen. "My name is Harder."

"WAS Rome founded by Romeo?" inquired a pupil of the teacher. "No, my son," replied the wise man. "It was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."

THE HOSPITAL REVIEW.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., JULY 15, 1885.

The Hospital Inmates.

On the first of July we visited the City Hospital, and, entering by the Troup street gate, we saw in a pile of lumber near the east wing the suggestion of the work of the carpenter, and on opening the door from the hall to the Male Surgical Ward we found the painters busy oiling a very handsome new floor, made of narrow strips of soft maple, that was a decided improvement on the old worn out floor that had long been trodden by Hospital inmates.

The regular occupants of the ward had been removed to other quarters. Some were in the Cross Ward, others in a tent on the lawn, and still others on settees and rolling chairs on the lawn. Four of the fifteen patients were in a tent. One of these, a Hebrew, had an abscess on the thigh but was getting better; a second had been waylaid at night, robbed and pounded, his head and eye had been injured, but he was gaining. In the Cross Ward, the man whose hip had been injured by a refractory cow was doing well, and able to be up. The man with a broken hip of whom we spoke last month was so well that he had gone home. The rheumatic, aged and chronic patients were not much changed. The four boys we have spoken of elsewhere. No death had occurred during the month.

Fourteen were under treatment in the Male Medical Ward. Five of these were confined to their cots. One was very feeble with diseased lungs; another had partially recovered from peritonitis and had left the Hospital, but was not so well and had returned for treatment; a third had ossification of the cartilages of the throat and could not swallow anything and was very feeble; a fourth was a new patient who was suffering greatly from rheumatism in the feet. The patient who was so

severely afflicted with eczema was slowly improving, his skin was more healthy, he had been up and walked the length of the ward. One man had had one eye taken out and a cataract removed from the other. Dr. Rider thinks the operations will be successful and sight will be restored to the eye from which the cataract was removed. A rheumatic and paralytic patient was more feeble than he had been, his appetite was poor and he could get out but little. An aged man afflicted with asthma and a diseased heart was weaker than he had been. One man was waiting to have a cataract removed, and George D., the boy with weak eyes had been home for a month and returned to the Hospital, as his eyes were worse than they had been.

One of the pavilions was unoccupied, the other had a patient under treatment for erysipelas.

There were twelve inmates in the Female Medical Ward; one of these had been about six weeks in the Hospital and was recovering from peritonitis; another, who was injured by the falling of a building, was so much better that with a little assistance and the aid of crutches she could get about the ward. A new patient, a German woman, had a diseased liver. Another new patient was slowly improving from some chronic disease. Mrs. McI. who had so long suffered from swollen limbs was little changed. The woman from Lodi was successfully operated upon for cataract and returned home. There was no death in the ward.

The inmates of the Female Surgical Ward, numbered eleven. The colored paralytic patient and the cancer patient, in the cross wards, were both very feeble. Mrs. J. the colored woman, said she felt as if she was almost through. Her utterance was so indistinct we could hardly understand what she said. The cancer patient has been delirious, but was quiet and under the influence of morphine when we saw her.

Tilly, the young woman with ulcerated sore on her limb, had had four surgical operations and was more comfortable than she had been. An aged German woman was very childish; she had a passion for flowers, she welcomed fresh ones but could not bear to have the faded ones taken away. Mrs. B., the model of patience and resignation, was as usual cheerful and happy and busying herself with her pen.

In the Lying-In-Ward were four babies, four mothers and two waiting patients. Three babies were born in one night at the Hospital.

In one of the Cross Wards we saw a pretty cane crib, with mattress, pillows, bedding, a canopy of white dotted muslin over a blue lining and trimmed with lace and blue ribbon. This had been used by the little McAllasters and donated to the Hospital. In the nursery were two very pretty cradles that had held little darlings in their own homes, where fond mothers had watched their slumbers before sending their cradles to the Hospital. We know when we have a Children's Pavilion there will be many little cots given to furnish it.

The Little Folks.

There are plenty of them in the Hospital and doubtless many others that would be greatly benefited by going there. Our new flag walk that extends from the West avenue gate to the front door of the Hospital, is a grand place for the little lame boys to exercise. They can roll their chairs over it with much less effort than it would take to move them on the soft ground.

As we were leaving the Hospital, on our last visit, we saw at the gateway a group of seven boys, all but one of whom were Hospital patients. We wished all the children who have worked for the Cot or the Child's Hospital could have joined us for it was an interesting sight. Three of these boys were in rolling chairs; one of them, Gust Grunst, seven weeks before had

jumped from the cars and had a piece cut out from his foot, which was so injured that it had to be amputated, but he was up, dressed and seemed to enjoy his rolling chair. The second rolling chair was occupied by Max, the little German paralytic boy, and by Lawrence Martin the little fellow who was injured by a boy who was coasting down hill. Max was seated in the chair, and Lawrence got a ride by holding on to the back of the chair, placing his feet on a rest beneath it. Poor little Max has a curvature of the spine and wears a plaster of Paris jacket and a sort of harness to support his head, and under this treatment the curvature in the spine is decreasing and his legs that were paralyzed are improving, so that he can now move them considerably. Lawrence had a surgical operation on his ankle and is much better. The third rolling chair held Freddy Lyons who has had five abscesses, but he is improving as is Tommy Heney, whose abscesses are healing. The sixth boy in the group was George Doane who has trouble with his eyes; at one time he could not see anything, he came to the Hospital for treatment and went home improved, but he is back again as his eyes are still weak and need the care of a physician. He had on colored glasses.

We have told you children about the Hospital boys but we must not forget the girls.

We are happy to say that most of them are improving. Katy H. who more than two years ago set fire to her clothes while she was carrying out hot ashes, and who has been confined to her bed most of the time since, is so well now that she is up, dressed and goes about wherever she likes; she writes a good hand, and the other day was copying papers. Rosa, our little Jennie Wren, is also quite active; she moves about nimbly with her crutches; she has been making a table cover out of crazy patch work, as a birthday gift to her mother.

She had made this very neatly, and I dare say she will be glad to receive pieces of silk to make more patch-work. Her abscesses are much better. Minnie Bryant still looks very pale, though she is better than she was last month. She has had trouble with her heart and has to be very careful, but pleasant days she goes out on the lawn. Emma Beach, who has curvature of the spine and wears a plaster of Paris jacket, has gone home for a while.

These, dear children, are the little ones for whom we ask your help, so that we may build for them and others who are sick and helpless a Child's Pavilion. We hope *soon* to be able to build one, and we know there are hundreds of children in Rochester who will want to put bricks in it. Twenty-five cents pays for a brick, and Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, is ready to receive any that are sent for the Pavilion, whether they come singly or in cart loads.

Now is the time when the city children are free from school and have plenty of time to earn money, by doing little things for their parents, and mothers and sisters. We know that many mothers would be glad to help their children earn something for Pavilion bricks. Let us see how many children next month will send Mrs. Mathews twenty-five cents, with their names, and say, "*I earned this money for a Pavilion brick.*"

Now, too, is the the time for the little folks to begin fancy and useful articles for the Pavilion Fund table on Donation Day. Then we must have a grand benefit.

A Splendid Benefit.

We congratulate our young friends, Julia Robinson and Edith Peck, on the success of their parlor sale, that came off for the benefit of the Children's Pavilion, at the house of Mr. Arthur Robinson on South Washington street, on Saturday evening, June 20th. For months these little girls had worked earnestly, patiently and lovingly

to prepare articles for the sale. They hemstitched, and outlined in indelible ink, a set of finger bowl doilies, painted dinner cards, gilded and bronzed baskets, painted and decorated hair receivers, canvas cases for photographs, and made a great many fancy articles. They decorated mallets and rolling pins and supplied them with hooks; and attached to them the following lines :

Your glove hooks, shoe buttoners,
And any small keys,
Will never get lost
If you hang them on these.

Pretty brass trays were hammered by Alice Peck, and a basket for gilding was given by little Jane Robinson.

At the time of the sale friends manifested their interest in the work, by contributing cake, home-made candy, and flowers, and by patronizing the little folks.

Those who saw the fancy table say there was a great variety of pretty fancy and useful articles upon it.

The Fancy table was in the front parlor in charge of Edith Peck and Julia Robinson ; in the back parlor Charlie Robinson had his candy table, and Cornelia Robinson and Minnie Peck had their flower table. In the dining room Alice Peck and Julia Porter, of Niagara Falls, dispensed their cake and ice cream.

The whole affair was a very pleasant one, and our young friends must receive our sincere thanks for their labors of love, and we hope others will imitate their example.

The following notes indicate the result of the sale :

67 South Washington Street, }
June 25, 1885. }

DEAR MRS. PERKINS :—Enclosed, please find one hundred and five dollars and fifty cents (\$105.50) the proceeds of our Parlor Sale, held last Saturday evening, for the benefit of the Children's Pavilion.

Yours respectfully,
EDITH PECK,
JULIA ROBINSON.

ROCHESTER, July 9, 1885.

DEAR MRS. ROBINSON :—I am sure that your daughter Julia and the " little women "

who, with her, have done so much for the Children's Pavilion, are delighted to know that work has already commenced on the structure. A large sum must yet be raised to complete the building, and I believe the children will be encouraged to make still greater efforts to secure the necessary funds, so that *all* the glory of so fine an achievement may be theirs. I beg to enclose a small check, for your daughter, by way of congratulation, and as an incentive to new exertions in so good a cause.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES A. DEWEY.

(The above was accompanied by a check for Twenty Dollars).

Annual Subscription.

As the funds raised for the benefit of the City Hospital, on Donation Day and at other times are inadequate to the payment of current expenses, and as usually about six months after Donation Day the Managers are perplexed to know how to increase their resources, at a monthly meeting of their Board, held at the Hospital in June, one of their members proposed that there should be an annual subscription of five dollars for the benefit of the Hospital. Many Hospitals are thus aided. In accordance with this suggestion, some of the Managers at the July meeting reported that several persons had signified their willingness to become subscribers for that amount. It is very desirable that the subscription should become general. If one thousand persons would contribute this amount annually, this would secure to the Hospital an additional income of \$5,000, which would greatly relieve the Managers and benefit the afflicted.

Persons who are willing to contribute five dollars annually are requested to send their names and money to the treasurer, Mrs William H. Perkins, 174 Spring street, or to any of the Lady Managers.

The following list, sent us by the Treasurer, indicates those who have already subscribed :

Mrs. Wm. Hoyt	\$10 00
Mrs. C. E. Mathews.....	5 00
Mr. Robert Mathews.....	5 00
Mr. Robert Mathews.....	5 00
By Mrs. C. E. Mathews	
Miss Wild.....	5 00
Miss Nellie Wild.....	5 00
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gorsline.....	10 00
Mr. D. W. Powers.....	5 00
Mr. Vredenbrug.....	5 00
Mr. H. Hawks.....	5 00
By Miss Wild.	
Mrs. John H. Brewster	5 00
Mrs. Frank Brewster.....	5 00
By Mrs. Brewster.	
Mrs. Maltby Strong.....	5 00
Mrs. Oscar Craig.....	5 00
A Friend.....	5 00
By Mrs. Craig.	
Mrs. W. H. Perkins.....	5 00
Mrs. B. R. Lawrance.....	5 00
Mrs. W. S. Kimball.....	5 00
Mrs. E. B. Putnam	5 00
Mrs. K. P. Shedd.....	5 00
By Mrs. Perkins.	
Mrs. G. H. Perkins	5 00
Mrs. E. V. Stoddard.....	5 00
Mrs. A. Thompson	5 00
Dr. W. S. Ely.....	5 00
Mrs. E. Peck.....	5 00
Mrs. Charles Smith.....	5 00
Mrs. John Oothout.....	5 00
Mrs. Thomas J. Devine.....	5 00
Mrs. George C. Buell.....	5 00
Haskin & Smith.....	5 00
A. S. Mann.....	5 00
By Mrs. B. R. Lawrance.	
Miss Mumford.....	5 00
A Friend.....	5 00
By Miss Mumford.	

A Children's Pavilion.

Good news, dear children! Good news, for all of you! We know you will rejoice to hear that we are soon to have a Children's Pavilion. You have worked faithfully and lovingly for this, and we think your warm hearts will be made happy by the thought that ere long your hopes are to be realized.

The children have increased so fast on our hands, and the importance of separating them from older people is so apparent, that it is at last decided to take all the money that has been given for the children, and some that the Hospital Board are at

liberty to use as they think best, and with this start a Children's Pavilion.

All who visit the Hospital feel how much this is needed, and, on the afternoon of Tuesday, the seventh of July, there was a large meeting of Trustees, Physicians and Lady Managers, at the Hospital, and they decided at once to commence work.

Mr. J. R. Church, the architect, has most kindly and gratuitously drawn beautiful plans for the building, which are approved by the officers of the Hospital. The building is to be two stories high, of brick, and will be erected northwest of the west wing of the Hospital, and will have an entrance from the northwest corner of the Hospital, as well as from the Hospital lawn. It will extend north of the root house.

This building will cost about twelve thousand dollars, and there are seven thousand dollars that can be appropriated for it. This you see will leave five thousand dollars more to be raised. It is proposed to erect and enclose the building and finish the lower story, and as funds are raised the building can be completed.

Now dear children you see we shall need a great many bricks from the children, and we hope there are older persons, who will love to send in memorial offerings for dear children who have gone where there are no sick children, and thanksgiving offerings for little ones who have brightened their homes, and birthday offerings, and offerings for the recovery of little ones who have been sick.

We have told you elsewhere what two little girls have made from a parlor sale, and we want every month to have reports from other girls, and some also from the boys, and *bricks from all the children in Rochester*. We think you will all want shares in the Pavilion, and when it is finished and you come to visit the sick, the lame, the helpless little ones in it, you will love to think I earned money that paid for one of the bricks in the Pavilion.

Twenty-five cents pays for a brick, and Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, has room for cartloads of them, but she will also be grateful for a single one.

Would not some of the children like to send in bricks every month till the building is completed? Let us hear at once from some of you. We would like to have letters from you telling how you can earn brick money. I dare say some of you can take care of the baby, or do errands, or help in some way.

Children's Pavilion Fund.

Proceeds of Parlor Sale, given by Edith Peck and Julia Robinson, June 20th.	\$ 105 50
Mabel and Walter Goss	2 10
M. Ellen Blair, by H. S. Hanford	2 00
Mrs. H. F. Huntington	10 00
Miss Lucy H. Torrey, Ithaca, for bricks	50
Dr. Charles A. Dewey, by Julia Robinson	20 00

Receipts for the month	\$ 140 10
Previously acknowledged	1,008 19

Total Receipts.....\$1,148 29

Contributions to this fund are **urgently** solicited, and should be sent to Mrs. Robert Mathews, 96 Spring street, the Treasurer of the Fund, or to any of the Lady Managers of the Hospital.

Timely Gifts.

Two friends of the Hospital, who for the present wish their names withheld, have contributed through Dr. Ely. \$100 and \$1,000 respectfully, as an evidence of their interest in our work. They attach no conditions to the disposition of their gifts by the Lady Managers.

The fourth and fifth grades of children, from number two public school, brought an acceptable donation of cake and biscuit that were left after an entertainment at their school. We are glad to receive frequent tokens of interest from the children of our city.

Flowers in the different wards indicate that the Flower Mission has not forgotten the City Hospital.

Died.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 5, 1885, John Talman, aged 74 years.

At Rochester, June 6, 1885, of Pneumonia, Mrs. Mary Augusta Gilman, aged 52 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 11, 1885, of Phthisis Pulmonalis, Henry Wandtke, aged 32 years.

At the Rochester City Hospital, June 14, 1885, Riga Meyer, aged 50 years.

Donations for Month of June, 1885.

Miss A. S. Mumford, three dozen jars of fruit, second hand clothing and reading matter.

- Mrs. A. S. Hamilton, reading matter.
- A friend, chess men and board,
- Mrs. Henry Moore, eight second-hand shirts.
- Mrs. E. D Smith, reading matter.
- Mrs. J. M. Smith, reading matter.
- Mrs. Crowley, reading matter.
- Mrs. Thompson, reading matter.
- Miss Frost, old cotton and reading matter.
- M. A. —, old cotton and reading matter.
- Mrs. H. C. Arnold, Geneseo, reading matter.
- Mrs. Dean, Vick Park, reading matter.
- Mrs. Jones, reading matter.
- Mrs. E. S. Miller, Geneva, Chinese calendar, 1885.

Mrs. S. H. Terry, Scientific American and reading matter.

Fourth and fifth grades of No. 2 school, cake and biscuit.

First M. E. Church association, flowers.

Third Presbyterian church, ladder of flowers.

We are greatly indebted to Dr. John Whitbeck, through whom we have obtained new floors for the Male Surgical and Lower Cross Wards in the City Hospital. These are very fine, are made of narrow strips of soft maple, and will greatly improve the wards. When we saw them they were being oiled and would soon be ready for use.

Happy little children, skies are bright above you,
 Trees bend down to kiss you, breeze and blossom love you.
 Praise the Lord while playing in the field paths mazy,
 Swinging with the hare-bell, dancing with the daisy,

Misses A. F Frink and A. M. Hyatt, have entered the Training School for Nurses.

We are indebted to Mrs. B. R. Lawrance, for a new and complete set of Jane Austen's novels, and to Mrs. G. C. Buell, for nine interesting novels. Our library is fast increasing, and it is a great source of amusement and instruction to patients and others in the Hospital.

In England women are obliged to pay a premium for the privilege of being trained as nurses. In this country, not only are they taught without payment, but they receive some compensation for the time they give. The first year about ten dollars a month is usually paid, and fourteen dollars the second year. If a nurse passes the examination successfully, proves herself efficient, and conducts herself in a manner satisfactory to the authorities, she graduates at the end of two years and receives a diploma testifying to these facts. With this in her hand she is tolerably certain of obtaining employment from any physician to whom it is shown.

There are three courses open to the graduate of a training-school. If she has been well educated, and has good natural abilities, a capacity for governing, and some knowledge of the world, she may become herself the superintendent of a training school.

If she feels that this is beyond her powers, she may get a position as head nurse of a ward; or as matron in a hospital where there is not a training school; or as a superintendent of an asylum or some similar institution.

The demand for trained persons to fill these important and responsible situations is in excess of the supply. Should she feel incapable of the supervision and management of others, she can take up private nursing; and, if she gives satisfaction, she is *sure of employment*.

"THE way to sleep is to think of nothing," says a scientist. All an editor has to do is to ruminate over his bank account.

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Adopted January 5th, 1885.

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SILVER PLATED WARE,
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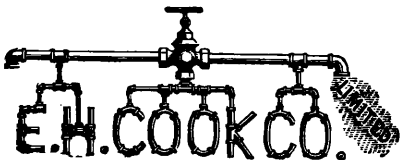
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James M. Whitney,	Ezra R. Andrews,
Oliver Allen,	John J. Bausch,
George G. Cooper,	Charles E. Fitch,
Edward M. Smith,	Emory B. Chace,
F. A. Whittlesey,	Ira L. Otis,
Samuel Wilder,	Isaac W. Butts,
	A. G. Yates.

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

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



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Steam and Hot Water
 Warming.

GREENHOUSE & GAS WORK.

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PROMPT SERVICE,

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