

## Section of Social Service

"Look Up, Lift Up."

### A Day with a Deaconess

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The weather was not conducive to cheerfulness, for it was a raw, cold, misty day when we set out. But the beaming with sunshine, made one feel that after all this world was indeed a beautiful place to live in. We trudged along the windy streets together, and visited some of our city homes.

We shall not soon forget the first, which gives shelter to a father, a mother and a daughter. It was in a basement of an old frame house, on one of the busy thoroughfares. Deaconess M. knocked at the door, which was presently opened by a frail-looking man, who was delighted to welcome the visitors.

Following him down a narrow passageway, we entered a rather dark room, for but one small window allows the light to penetrate into that little kitchen, which serves also as dining-room and "recreation" room. We wish someone with a pen of eloquence could picture the circumstances there. The husband and father, on account of ill-health, not being able to retain a permanent position, cannot do much towards the maintenance of the little family, so the mother and daughter work day in and day out in one of our factories, the father being practically the "house-keeper."

The room in which we sat was cold, the small box stove being minus a fire. As the man chatted with the Deaconess, he was busy trying to saw some staves of a barrel which had been given to him, to kindle a fire to cook the evening meal for the tired ones returning after their day's toil.

The kitchen utensils hanging on the wall, the arrangement of the few pieces of furniture, and the neatness of the adjoining bedroom, betokened an honest effort to keep things tidy in the midst of most adverse circumstances. The desire to have the weekly cottage prayer-meeting in his home made one's heart rejoice.

We wonder at times if there is not work for the young men of our clubs and for our Leaguers in addition to what they are seeking to do among their own members. Are we alert as we might be to the needs of humanity? Is it possible that in many instances we have actually become self-centred, and after responding to an earnest appeal for money to further the interests of some worthy cause, we rest satisfied that our services are no longer required? Are we as pastors, presidents and leaders, training in the fullest sense of the term, boys and girls, young men and maidens, to cope with the problems

which every true citizen must necessarily face?

In the eastern section of this great city a number of homes were visited in respectable localities near the downtown section. On a bed in the front room of one, we saw a man suffering from cancer of the eye. His wife was glad to receive a call from the Deaconess, whose words of love and at times of admonition were most timely, and had their apparent effect, for Deaconess M. knew well the difficulties and sin connected with the life of the one with whom she conversed. The Deaconess can enter where others would not dare to tread, bringing the Message of the Cross.

Now, come with us and sit for a while with a dear old lady, whose warm hand-clasp and bright face emphasized the

concess going carrying hope, consolation and joy.

Towards evening we were sitting for a few minutes in the splendid club rooms for the girls of the Fred Victor Mission. Then we witnessed some of the kitchen garden work. A number of little girls entered, soon donned white caps and pinafores, and, sitting on little chairs in a semi-circle, under the direction of Deaconess B., delighted us in song and also in drills. A breakfast table, afterwards re-arranged for dinner, was set by the girls, and we imagined we were eating good things, even though the dishes were empty. Some of the answers to the questions of the Deaconess might be of interest.

"What will we have for breakfast?"  
"Bread, dripping and cold water."  
"Only father gets ham and eggs."  
"Mother serves till all are done, then she eats her dinner of what is left."

Back to girlhood's days we were carried as we joined hands in the ring, and sang heartily, "King William was King George's Son," etc., after which the happy circle was broken, the life of each girl having been brightened by an hour of instruction and recreation.

A few days passed, and one evening the telephone rang. Taking down the receiver with the customary salutation, a voice at the other end of the line was heard to say: "Have you gone into the Deaconess work? I have been told by three different people that you were seen to-day carrying a black nurse's bag in company with Deaconess C." Yes, for that morning, in the clear, crisp, wintry air a number of calls were made with the nurse Deaconess. "Nothing of special interest today, I fear, have we for you," was her pleasant greeting, "but I am glad to have you accompany me."

Special interest, indeed! Every case was intensely interesting. That wee Irish laddie (for the family had been out from Emerald Isle only a year), with his red face and fat fists wonderfully appealed to the visitor after his morning bath. He certainly lustily rebelled at being placed alone for a time on such a hard bed as the dining-room table, even though he was wrapt in soft

garments. As soon as the mother had received the attentions of the nurse, the babe fell asleep in the arms of his benefactor. We tried in vain to make a bargain with his little brother to be allowed to take this "Valentine" baby away. The fact of washing up the breakfast dishes in the kitchen, appeared very fond of his family, though, sad to relate, he forgot his added responsibility the night after the babe was born, and returned at the midnight hour, having imbibed freely of that which drags down to the lowest depths.

Let us keep alert to the fact that in our growing towns and cities we must, even in connection with our churches, have more places into which boys and men may go, to be helped, uplifted and upheld in true nobility of character.

In the tidy cottage of a working man



THE ALLEY SCHOOL

fact that God's love could not but shine through the windows of her soul. No pessimistic note was sounded in all her conversation, and her intense love for the Deaconess was very marked.

Not many blocks away a friendly call was made. Though not a palatial home, the residents therein were rich. A sweet babe was in the carriage in the kitchen, where the good mother of the home has the dinner cooking upon the fire, making one feel hungry. A dear little girl watched our movements. Before leaving, the mother drew our attention to a picture in the parlor of a darling boy, not long since taken from the happy family circle to the Master's School, and in tears she referred affectionately to her treasure, once of earth, now in the Father's Fold. So into the homes of poverty, sickness and sorrow, the Dea-

**"A woman's strength is most potent when robed in gentleness."**