

bed, the dusty shelves and the tiny cradle close by, that I hastily pushed aside the dark quilt which was hung as a curtain, and entered the living room or kitchen.

There, where smoke and disorder prevailed, a helpless-looking woman of 54, gaunt and pale, gave me a rather doubtful welcome, and with scarcely a word, disappeared into another room, leaving me with her 17-year-old daughter, who held in her arms her own little child of 6 weeks. I took the baby and sent the girl to her mother, for I wanted that mother's consent to my taking Bessie and her nameless baby to other surroundings.

Scarcely three minutes had passed when there entered the room another young girl, just 15, and—will you be surprised to hear it?—a baby of 3 months dancing in her arms. A child still herself in mind and body, she so sorely needed mothering and was instead a mother. A certain pride in the healthy baby, with a small measure of affection and a great wish to be free of responsibility was all her motherhood meant to her. "Will you help me to get my baby adopted? He is so fat and pretty, he ought to adopt easily," she said.

But I turned to meet that other mother, the mother of both these fallen girls, bent with the burden of failure in her life's one work. Separated for eleven years from her liquor-drinking husband, sickly and irritable herself, she had been utterly incapable of guarding her girls from disaster. She had tried to get them safely home at night from exciting picture shows and skating rinks, but her motherhood was largely a failure as is that of every woman who, whatever else she may do or be, fails to send out into the world in her children's hearts a strong and unselfish choice of what is good and pure and beautiful. Now she could only fold her hands and weep and stubbornly refuse to let the younger girl leave home.

I brought the older girl, Bessie, and her baby that same day to the place our Church has provided for the uplifting and saving of these to whom Christ always offered His infinite kindness. Our Church calls this place the Presbyterian Social Service House, but to us, workers and girls together, busy with housework, sewing, gardening, games, laughter, songs, and tears, it is just "home." It opened its doors to receive us first in October, 1913, and has kept them so wide ever since that 27 girls have found shelter there.

It is a very small house, or rather pair of houses, for it is made up of two tiny bungalows connected by a passageway between the two cellars. Inconvenient it is in many ways and lacking most of all a dining room large enough to seat us all at once, so that the parlor could be kept for its own purposes. But nowhere in all Vancouver is the "welcome home" sweeter to the one who works outside all day, and nowhere is the joy of service better known than here. We understand to the full the mind of the old road-mender who, when a fellow-worker asked, "Seen better days?", answered, emphatically, "Never."