

The Quiet Hour.

Neighboring.

"All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindness."

Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among thieves?

And he said, He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise.—St. Luke x.: 36, 37.

Instead of preaching, to-day, I shall tell you something about the friendly "neighboring" that is being done in cities, and, as my own experience is very limited, I shall draw largely from a weekly magazine called "Charities and the Commons."

First, let us look at that friend in need, the "visiting nurse." She walks briskly along the dirty street to the house where her patient is lying, sick and uncomfortable. She walks in at the open door, climbs flight after flight of filthy stairs—trying hard not to breathe the tainted air of the dark, close passages—and knocks at the door of the right tenement. There she, perhaps, finds a sick child lying almost uncovered on the bed, while the worn-out mother and three willing but ineffective neighbors "struggle with a frightful mess of dirty poultrie in a pail." The nurse takes command at once, clears the room of most of the would-be helpers, and does whatever is needed in a brisk, business-like fashion, before moving on to visit another patient. This may be a woman, not very ill, but most uncomfortable with dirty bedding, unwashed face and tangled hair. There may be fresh things in the tenement, but the friends have neglected to put them on. The nurse gives the poor woman a bath, makes the bed tidy and fresh—as far as is possible—directs the willing, but ignorant, little daughter, who is chief nurse, how to make the disorderly room a little more neat, and also how to prepare some food and serve it temptingly. The weary face on the clean pillow brightens as the room begins to look more as it used to do before she broke down. The nurse is not a paid machine, but a sympathetic human being, who chats away cheerily as her capable hands and brains bring order out of chaos. Soon the poor woman's troubles

are poured out, and the visitor takes time to listen with a kindly interest which is by no means assumed, for it is a joy to come into living touch with other lives—a joy not unmixed with pain, for there are so many burdened lives and her power to lighten the burdens is far less than her will. But at least she brings some sunshine into every house she visits, and life is well worth living when one can do that, for we all want to help a little in the great Christian duty of bearing one another's burdens. Even a lad of eighteen, whose mother told me yesterday that his ambition had always been to become a prize-fighter, is not altogether without high ideals. He is working hard every evening at the science—if it can be called a science—of prize-fighting, in the hope that some day he may make enough money to keep his mother in "style." There is always, I believe, a streak of good to be found in the most degraded people, though it may never be discovered by a superficial observer who doesn't visit them in their homes.

Perhaps our good nurse may visit a patient who is not only unwashed and generally dilapidated, but is lying in the midst of such horrible dirt and disorder as our good Canadian housekeepers could not even imagine. The table is covered with dirty, broken crockery, old bottles and battered tins, ashes cover the stove, and cinders are scattered over the floor, the window is shut, and a couple of dogs are yelping under the bed. The air—if it has any right to the name of "air"—is simply dreadful. The food standing on a rickety chair beside the patient is not only hard and indigestible, but is dished on a dirty, broken plate, and is enough to frighten away the appetite of a strong man. The nurse rolls up her sleeves and cleans the patient, making the bed look like an oasis in a desert of filth, then she goes away after promising to come to-morrow with fresh sheets and pillowcases. She has set the ball of cleanliness rolling, and there is nothing like making a beginning. Next day she will probably find the floor swept, the dishes washed and put tidily on shelves with clean shelf paper under them, the stove swept up, and, possibly, cleaned. Cleanliness and orderliness are attractive and infectious, and kind neighbors are pretty sure to drop in and talk the visitor over, lending a hand when they see what she has begun. Then they go back to their own rooms and tidy up there, opening the windows and washing the children. They get interested in the improved look

of things, and possibly are even inspired to sweep the entry and stairs, or even to wash them—not before they need it. So the nurse has worked a greater reform than she dreams of by one short visit.

In some cities big "nurses' baskets" are kept filled by the women of various churches. They contain "bedding, night-gowns, old linen, infants' clothing, jellies, canned fruit, breakfast foods, bouillon, soaps, toilet articles, and dozens of other useful things which abundantly stock both the loan-closet and the gift-closet of the nurse."

But it is not only in cities that the visiting nurse is found. She is an established and much-needed ministering angel in some rural districts also. I will quote again from my magazine:

"It takes the strength and courage of a heroine to go out on a Christmas night in a blinding snowstorm for a lonely eight-mile drive over the hills; and, finding a family of seven living in one room in indescribable squalor, a room of one bed, upon which three of the five little children were ill with diphtheria, and the mother, helpless from a broken arm, caring for the pale sick baby upon her breast—to remain there in that hovel of disease and misery, far from neighbors and friends, for days and nights—with nowhere to rest her head."

One nurse made two calls each day on a sick child who had only been in this country a week. The father, mother and child had escaped death only by hiding for three days in a cellar—this was, of course, before they left Russia. Everything they owned, but the clothes they wore, had been stolen. A large majority of the people living in the streets around me are Russian Jews—there are two families from Russia in the house where I am living, at least, I think so—the people in the basement don't talk English, so it is not easy to learn anything of them.

Dirty tenements, bad air, overcrowding and dark rooms provide good soil for consumption germs, and a grand battle is being waged against that plague. Free exhibitions are constantly being held, which are advertised in all the schools. I attended one of these a short time ago, and was greatly interested in the models of tents and shacks for open-air treatment of tuberculosis. Some of the little, airy dwellings had dolls in beds with their heads outside the window and their bodies inside the room. There were photographs of terrible, crowded sweat-shops, where workers bent over machines, and dirty little bedrooms, lighted day and

night by flaring gas, where human beings sew all day long. Some of them were evidently far gone in consumption, and in one picture, the woman had wrapped around her, for warmth, part of the garment she was making. Then there were contrasting pictures of bright, airy model work-rooms and tenements. There was also a life-size bedroom built in the exhibition hall. This was labelled, "The Wrong Kind of Bedroom," and it looked very like the average—or a little below the average—bedroom in these streets. The old bedstead was partly covered with a ragged, dirty quilt, there was a chair with a carpet seat, very dirty and partly torn off, an old rag of a carpet was spread crookedly in front of the bed, two or three glaring pictures were hung—or tacked—to the wall, and the window was shut, and the blind down. Besides it was another room of the same size, labelled, "The Right Kind of Bedroom." It was clean and dainty, with a cheap, flowered wall paper, white iron bedstead, with clean, white quilt, clean floor—no carpet—little iron washstand with big granite bowl and pitcher (the other room had no washing arrangements at all), there was a wooden rocking-chair, and the window was wide open. I don't see how anyone could look at those two rooms, and then go contentedly home to one of the wrong kind. An object lesson like that must do more good than any amount of lecturing. As I said, cleanliness is infectious, and one clean tenement in a district is an inspiration to the neighbors—that is a very valuable kind of "neighboring." When seeds with life in them are planted, it is not necessary to wait around for years to see if they are going to grow and increase. Beauty and purity only need to be seen to be desired. That is the reason we cannot help trying to be like God if our eyes are fixed on the beauty of His Holiness.

We can all do something to help a neighbor—don't let us waste the opportunity now at hand by idly dreaming of the things we should like to do if we only had a chance.

"Friends, in this world of hurry,

And work, and sudden end,

If a thought comes quick of doing

A kindness to a friend,

Do it that very minute! Don't put it off—don't wait.

What's the use of doing a kindness, if you do it a day too late?"

HOPE.

Children's Corner.



A Strange Friendship.

Photo contributed by the Brothers of the Trappist Monastery, La Trappe, Que.

Bird-hunting Competition.

The prize was won by Percy Cumming, South Gower P. O., Ont. Jennie Claus, whose list is the longest, only described 48 birds. Edith Deadman sent in 55 names, but did not describe any. Some of the descriptions sent in were excellent, especially those by Ernest Palmer, Nellie Scott, Jessie McDonald, Gordon Gilmour, and Muriel Haslam. Parts of these lists will be printed, besides that of the prizewinner. The following are the competitors arranged according to length of lists:

Jennie Claus, 70; Percy Cumming, 51; Roy Smith, 50; Ernest Palmer, 48; Nellie Scott, 45; No name given, 46; Jessie McDonald, 44; Winnie Niven, 36; Eva Hodgins, 31; Gordon Gilmour, 30; Gertrude Bacon, 29; Flavia Tuckey, 27; Evelyn White, 26; Elsie Andrews, 25; Irene Blair, 23; Elizabeth Eaton, 18;

Muriel Haslam, 17; Jean Abernethy, 16; Edith Stickney, 15; Isabel McGee, 12; Helen Tamblin, 30.

Letters for Children's Corner MUST BE addressed—

Cousin DOROTHY,

52 Victor Ave., Toronto.

Prize List

I have seen the following birds this spring:

1. Crow.—A large black bird.
2. Robin.—One of our common birds, grayish body and red breast.
3. Blackbird.—A medium-sized, glossy-black bird.
4. Snipe.—A medium-sized, grayish-colored bird, which calls before a rain.
5. Chipping Sparrow.—A small gray bird, with red crown.
6. Pheasant.—A small gray bird, whose coming is a sure sign of spring.
7. Yellow-hammer or Flicker.—A gray bird, with black and yellow markings.
8. Barn Swallow.—A bird with fluffy breast, chestnut throat and forked tail.
9. Eaves Swallow.—Much like No. 8, only builds under eaves and has different-colored eggs.
10. Chimney Swift.—A dark, sooty-colored bird, a very swift flyer, builds in chimneys.
11. Black-and-white Creeping Warbler.—A small, quick, sweet-singing warbler.
12. Bobolink.—A black-and-white bird, which sings in the meadow. He is a very beautiful singer.
13. Song Sparrow.—A small gray bird, and very popular; most widely distributed in all parts of the country.
14. English Sparrow.—Known to all as fighters and bullies. Very few of our other birds can live near them.
15. Tree Sparrow.—Somewhat larger, but very much like our Chipping Sparrow, with a black spot in its breast.
16. Night Hawk.—A harmless bird, which devours many insects.
17. Chicken Hawk.—The smallest of the Hawks, which feeds on chickens.
18. Hen Hawk.—Larger than No. 17, which feeds on hens. It is sometimes heard crying before a rain.
19. Great White Hawk.—Also destructive.
20. Crane.—A large, clumsy water fowl.
21. Another water bird I never saw until this spring, much like the crane, but smaller and livelier.
22. Plover.—A dark-colored bird, seen flying over ponds.
23. A small gray bird, found by water, has a very peculiar bobbing motion while walking and standing.
24. Partridge.—A grayish brown bird, like a hen.
25. Wren.—A small gray bird, very quick and shy.
26. Gold Finch.—A beautiful little yellow bird, heavily marked, with black on crown and wings.
27. A small slate-colored bird, with fluffy breast; have only seen a few.
28. Black-capped Chickadee.—A small and very friendly bird.
29. Meadow Lark.—A medium-sized bird, a good singer, a mixture of gray and yellow.
30. King Bird.—A medium-sized, gray bird, dark head, buff breast.
31. Pigeon.—These are about the size of a crow; various colors; common around buildings.
32. Baltimore Oriole.—A beautiful bird, colored orange, with black head and wings, splendid singer, builds a hanging nest.
33. Bluebird.—Named from its color, a sweet singer, and a true sign of early spring.
34. Wood Thrush.—Medium size, with dark-brown back and mottled breast very scarce.
35. Brown Thrush.—A medium-sized bird, light-brown back, gives a sharp, shrill call.
36. Blue Jay.—A medium-sized, blue bird, with dark markings, has a shrill call, very shy.
37. Loggerhead Shrike.—A buff breast, a darker back, with black across eyes and wings.
38. Cuckoo.—A grayish-colored bird, large, have seen but one this spring.
39. Yellowbird.—A pretty little yellow bird, and beautiful singer, resembles a Canary.
40. A small bird, something like a Canary in size and action; color, slaty, with a yellowish tinge; has a hanging nest.
41. A black-and-white Woodpecker, with a small orange spot on the very front of its head. It is quite small.
42. A small yellow bird, with black markings, very quick and shy.
43. A small gray bird, with three black stripes on its head.
44. Whip-poor-Will.—A dusky-colored bird, with some white on tail. Its song is a whistled repetition of its name.
45. A small gray bird that whistles throughout the day—not very loud, but it can be heard a very long way. It sounds like some person whistling. It is found in heavy woods.
46. A medium-sized bird, of a mixed rusty color.
47. A gray bird, with black stripes from its eyes back to neck and around breast.
48. A dusky-colored bird and a lighter-colored mate. I think it is a Cow Bird.
49. Cat Bird.—A bluish gray color, with a black cap. It sounds like a cat.
50. A gray-colored bird, with a rusty-colored head and neck; a beautiful singer.
51. A small gray bird, with greenish shade over back. Its whistle is very pretty. PERCY CUMMINGS (age 16).