Philanthropies and Charities.

(CONCLUDED.)

HOUSE OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

The House of the Good Shepherd was established in this city January 25, 1889, the object being the reclamation of fallen girls and women and the preservation of fallen young girls whose morals—on account of circumstances of place or position—are exposed to danger.

Since that time there have been admitted into that institution, and retained for longer or shorter period of time, according to necessity, of the former class, 496. Of these the greater number were young girls placed there by their parents, guardians or other friends, by the authorities and in many instances the erring one has herself sought and obtained admission.

All are received without distinction of creed or nationality. The peace and calm that prevails, the kind and encouraging interest of the Sisters is a consoling balm to poor wounded hearts which soon yield to the gentle influence and in a short time are made to taste that joy and peace which true repentance brings and which they had almost despaired of ever finding in this world.

All are required to conform strictly to the rule of the house by which the duty or exercise of each hour is defined the diversity of which precludes monotony and causes time to pass almost unperceived. They have their hour of rising, of prayer, of meals, of silence, of singing, of recreation and of work.

As a general rule these penitents or "children" (as they are affectionately called by the Sisters) are very happy while in the institution and seem to appreciate the care and kindness shown them. They do not fail to see that nothing in the power of the Sisters is left undone which would contribute to their comfort and happiness, these being the only means used by the Sisters to effect in them a change of heart and they find but very few cases where this is not most effectual at least for the time they are under their care.

It is a great source of consolation to the Sisters (being the only earthly recompense they have for their labors) to witness the good dispositions of gratitude that fill the hearts of numbers of these children when leaving the home to return to their parents and friends, strengthened and encouraged to begin new the battle of life. It frequently happens that these poor children return of their own accord to remain for a longer period and even for the remainder of their lives under the kind protection and care of the Sisters, many among them never have a desire nor can they be induced by their friends to return to the world but prefer to live secluded from it, either in the class where they are or if blessed by God with a vocation to religious life are admitted, after a term of probation, to the community of Sister Magdalens. This is a community entirely distinct from the community of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd by which they are governed. The Magdalen community is formed of those among the penitents who desire to give up the world and its deceitful pleasure and consecrate themselves to God in a life of solitude and prayer. They enjoy all the privileges of a religious order, make the three vows, etc., after having completed the term of novitiate.

This community which was established in 1894 has already received 22 members.

In the department of younger children called the "Preservation Class" about 70 have been received. Their time is divided between their studies and other industrial works as needle work, embroidery, etc., one half of the day being given to each branch. They are also given other useful instructions to enable them to earn a livelihood when they leave the institution.

As the institution is supported solely by its industries the inmates, in every department are always usefully employed. Sewing and needle work in all its branches is taught to each one according to her capacity. In some this talent is developed with marvelous success as is shown in beautiful specimens from their hands.

FLORENCE CRITTENTON MISSION.

The purpose or intent of Florence Crittenton work is becoming pretty well understood, through the efforts of the earnest workers who have founded homes for the escape of fallen girls and women. The object of the society is the establishment, support and management of an institution for the purpose of receiving and encouraging fallen women of every creed, nationality and color and elevating them to a pure Christian womanhood; and for the further purpose of preventing unprotected women from falling into the hands of designing and unprincipled persons. Any fallen woman who has a sincere desire to leave her sinful life, or to escape from such a fate, when habits, appetites and environments seem to be dragging her to its awful precipice, can find in a Florence Home a way of escape. No person can be compelled to enter a Florence Home. It is not an annex to the jail. It has no legal control over the inmates and desires none. The act must be voluntary and in the spirit of the returning prodigal. There are no bars or shackles except those that sin has fastened upon the soul and body.

The only force it seeks to exert is to reach and hold them by the power of Christ's love. This can be more easily accomplished through the efforts of the mission than through the churches. There must be a loving welcome into a home life as they present themselves, sick in body and at heart. They realize that they have separated themselves from all that is pure and good by a wall that reaches as high as heaven, and loathe themselves and the life which they have been living. Oh! the heartache, the soul hunger, the desperation, that drives them to us, disheartened, discouraged, hopeless, embittered; weak in will and body.

Any hour of the day or night, without any other recommendation than a desire to leave the old life, any fallen girl can find entrance and a loving welcome awaiting her in a Florence Crittenton Home. If they desire, they can remain until strengthened in body and will—guarded, guided and fitted for honorable employment when it can be secured for them. A noted mission worker has truly said that "no higher service can be rendered to humanity than to open to redeemed women opportunities for virtuous and honorable self-support." Too often among so-called Christian women are noted the contemptuous sneer, the look of scorn, while the skirts are drawn aside for fear of contamination.

Some mother's girl! Not yours. Why? Simply because, through the grace of God, her environments were different. Human nature it is to err, but not to forgive, and in God's sight the sin of the fallen woman may be no greater than other sins which are committed and condoned by humanity at large. It was the Saviour of mankind that wrote in letters large and bold "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." It is because the better nature can be cultivated, the law of heredity overcome by education and the baser tendencies destroyed that the work of reclaiming the fallen goes on. Earnest Christian workers from shore to shore are being impressed with the needs of this class and today there are thirty-one Florence Crittenton Homes in as many different cities. The mother mission was established in New York thirteen years ago by Mr. Charles N. Crittenton as a memorial to his little daughter Florence. By her death the biblical truth was verified—"A little child shall lead them." In his sorrow he was led to work in the slums, and while urging a young woman, late one night, to forsake her life of sin, she put the question to him, "Where can I go? Who will give shelter to such as I?"

The Scranton city mission was established in September, 1893, and though only two and a half years old, more than ahundred girls and women have been given shelter during that period. It may surprise many Christian workers to know that this mission, which is intended to care for fallen women alone, has been called upon again and again to shelter homeless women who could find no other refuge from the streets and houses of infamy and whose only excuse for the necessity was their poverty and inability to pay for food and lodging elsewhere. This should be a plea for a home for the Young Woman's Christian Association, whose legitimate work this is. If space or wisdom would permit, many very interesting and hopeful reformations in the mission could be noted. Many can and do testify to the fact that they have been redeemed to a better life while within its walls. One is singing God's praises before the throne; two dear young girls are fitting themselves for missionary work; some have married; some have been restored to loving friends, and others still are living upright Christian lives in honorable service. Not all have been redeemed, but the better life has been made possible to all. Keen has been the disappointment as some have fallen to the wayside, but who can tell what the harvest shall be?

No fallen girl in our city or surrounding towns can say, "No one hath cared for my soul." Especially in preventive work among the young have good results been achieved. The present home is wholly inadequate to its needs, and the managers hope in the near future that the liberality of our citizens will make it possible to locate in a permanent home, better adapted to the work. The mission is sustained entirely by voluntary contributions and membership fees, having no other means upon which to depend, as is erroneously believed by some. The work has sustained a great loss in the death of Mrs. Saxton, who gave her time and strength, as matron, without compensation; also in the enforced retirement of the assistant matron, Miss Sarah Johnson, by ill health.

The following named ladies serve upon the executive staff: Mrs. Frances B. Swan, president; Mrs. H. M. Bookstaver, first vice president; Mrs. William S. Diehl, second vice president; Mrs. Charles H. Von Storch, secretary; Mrs. Arthur H. Christy assistant secretary; Mrs. Willim H. Taylor, treasurer; Miss Jennie Reynolds, assistant treasurer. The board of managers comprises Mrs. Thomas Dickson, Mrs. G. Edgar Dean, Mrs. Arthur H. Christy, Mrs. W. H. Sadler, Mrs. Reese G. Brooks, Mrs. Charles Von Storch, Mrs. Edgar G. Coursen, Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mrs. William T. Hackett, Miss Anna K. Sanderson, Miss Jennie Reynolds, Miss Dolph.

FRANCES B. SWAN.

W. C. T. U. WORK IN SCRANTON.

It certainly is fitting that the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which is apparently so little understood by the public in general and those not immediately interested, should receive some attention in the Scranton Woman's Paper.

The general idea of Woman's Temperance Union work seems to be that its mission is solely to reform drunkards and day after day, and time after time, to pick the drunkard out of the gutter—into which our man-made laws give him an immediate opportunity to plunge again—to pray with him, entreat him and provide for his family ad libitum.

This may have been the purpose with which the organization first started out, andthis the limit of the horizon presented to the view of the noble Christian women who first began the work in the Ohio crusade. But the field has broadened, the horizon has enlarged, and under the leadership of the indomitable Frances Willard, aided and abetted on every hand by her generous and noble English ally, Lady Henry Somerset, the White Ribbon band now belts the world, and under its supervision are over forty different departments of work, including much that is not only philanthropic but educational.

For in nothing has the Woman's Christian Temperance Union been more progressive than in the development of women themselves. It has helped many a woman to find her own soul and to listen and be guided only by its highest mandates. To be a member of an active, wide-awake Woman's Christian Temperance Union is an education for any woman. But in the space of this short article it is impossible to give any sort of an idea of the work of the organization in general; we can only give a brief outline of that done in our own city.

Scranton has three separate unions—one in the central city with headquarters on the second floor of the building on the corner of Linden and Spruce streets, president, Mrs. C. D. Simpson; secretary, Miss Fannie Raub; treasurer, Mrs. Tewksbury; one at Green Ridge, which meets in the Christian church on Penn avenue, president, Mrs. Dorsey; secretary, Miss Treverton; and one among the colored people at Howard place, whose efficient president, Mrs. Hart, is ably assisted by a corps of energetic superintendents, prominent among whom is Mrs. McGee, wife of the pastor of the African Methodist Episcopal church at that place.

The central union has been actively engaged during the past winter in the study of municipal government and several most interesting papers on the different departments of our city government have been read by the different members of the union. Once or twice a month there are parliamentary drills, led by Mrs. Vail, superintendent of that department.

Thus it will be seen the women of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, though by no means what would be called "strong-minded" or "masculine" women, are being prepared to intelligently take a hand in city government when the time shall come for them to do so.

This union numbers seventy-five members and holds its meetings every Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The Green Ridge union meets the same day and hour and has carried on most successful evangelistic and mothers' meetings during the winter. The union at Howard place has been most aggressive and has been instrumental in ferreting out violations of the liquor laws and in striving to bring offenders to justice.

Any history of Woman's Christian Temperance work done in this city would be most incomplete without an account of the Loyal Legion work, for our hope for the future is in the children. Mrs. Swartz, the energetic superintendent of that department, is indefatigable in her efforts. She first organized a Loyal Legion at Little England three years ago, which now numbers seventy-five members, of which Mr. Sidney Stone is president; secretary, Mr. Ernest Watrous; Pearl Salmon, organist; Harry Flack, chorister. Dunmore has a flourishing legion of over two hundred members, led by Mr. J. Easterline, and although this legion was not organized by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, it has since come under their organization and taken up the study of the Loyal Legion manuals. This legion is working for funds to secure a fountain at Dunmore Corners, where it is greatly needed.

The county convention of Loyal Legion workers will be held there the last of May or first of June.

There is also an active legion of over fifty members at Richmond Hill, of which Miss Lowery is president and Mr. Williams vice president, and one at Green Ridge of over 100 members, Mr. Hangi, president.

Mrs. Swartz is now engaged in drilling four classes in the Loyal Legion manuals, a class, that is, in each legion already named. Every member of these Loyal Legions is obliged to sign the pledge against alcoholic drinks, tobacco and swearing. Thus it will readily be seen what a power for good citizenship these Loyal Legions will be in the future. This is some small part of the preventive work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Then, too, the generous hearts of these women have been stirred to sympathy with the railroad men who, standing daily at the throttle and the brake, have little time and sometimes less inclination to attend divine service and to hear the word, but who perchance may snatch a moment at the engine or in the caboose to catch a text or read a tract. With this thought in mind, the able superintendents of this department, Mrs. Field and Mrs. Wright, with the kindly permission and of Superintendent W. F. Hallstead, have endeavored to have every passenger, freight or coal train carry with it God's holy word. Almost every caboose is equipped with a wall pocket furnished with a Bible and with temperance literature.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has also placed Bibles and temperance literature in every railroad station, has prepared personal letters, and had them printed, to shop and street car men. Thousands of pages of literature are distributed in this way during the year, and on Decoration Day last year the superintendents, assisted by Miss Raub, the superintendent of the flower mission, distributed to the railroad men thousands of bouquets tied with white ribbon, with a text of scripture concealed among the dainty blossoms. Arrangements are being made for the observance of the same custom this year. This means much labor and many journeys to and fro in dirty car shops and among oily wheels, but while we scatter flowers over the graves of the soldier dead, should we not honor those "who live and die in their own clothes?,

Are they not heroes?
Have they not died
Under the engines, side by side?
Have they not stood by throttle and brake
And gone down to death for their passengers' sake?

Thus is briefly outlined some small portion of the work done by the local Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and while but a little rift within the rill, in conjunction with all the efforts made by women for the betterment of the human race, must tell largely for good in the future, not only of our city, but of our nation.

MRS. A. F. YOST.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN.

What lies beyond the mountain?
leagues of land,
Broken and barren, arid wastes of sand,
Where One, aforetime, smote with wrathful hand?

A weary place of deserts wild and wide,
Where men, athirst, the meagre streams beside,
Fall down and drink and die unsatisfied?

Nay. Wherefore hurt our hearts with harsh surmise?
Beyond the mountain's misty summit lies
A land that holds a hint of Paradise.

E'en as the Prophet gazed, we gaze upon
Our fields of promise, evermore withdrawn,
Vague, indistinct and distant as the dawn.

A fair, far land, along whose valleys sweet,
Only in dreams we pass with winged feet,
Only in dreams we pluck its fruits and eat.

Only in dreams, with happy hearts we go
The land about, where shining waters flow,
And all year through the royal roses blow.

Here, forms the frost, and yet we keep our hope,
Assured that all the mountain's thither slope,
Is sweet with thyme and fragrant heliotrope.

Not there, as here, falls down the sudden snow.
Not there, as here, with faces, whitening slow,
Men die in dread of what they may not know.

We call it "Good" this world our hopes have made,
Beyond the hills, where, as the fair years fade,
Men live and pass, serene and unafraid.

And yet if, haply, casting loose our dreams,
We walked in very deed, beside its streams,
Would life prove more complete than, here, it seems?

Sated with sweets, might we not yearn in vain,
For some swift draught of bitterness again?
For some high joy whose price was sweat and pain?

Wherefore, I hold it fair and just and meet,
That while our bright blood burns, our strong hearts beat,
We strive our strife and run with restless feet.

Wringing from pain some respite, some relief,
Wresting our joy from out the gripe of grief,
Despite the thistle binding, well, the sheaf.

Nor wholly sad that, of that land afar,
Vague, indistinct and distant as a star,
None, ever, seeking, finds the gate ajar.

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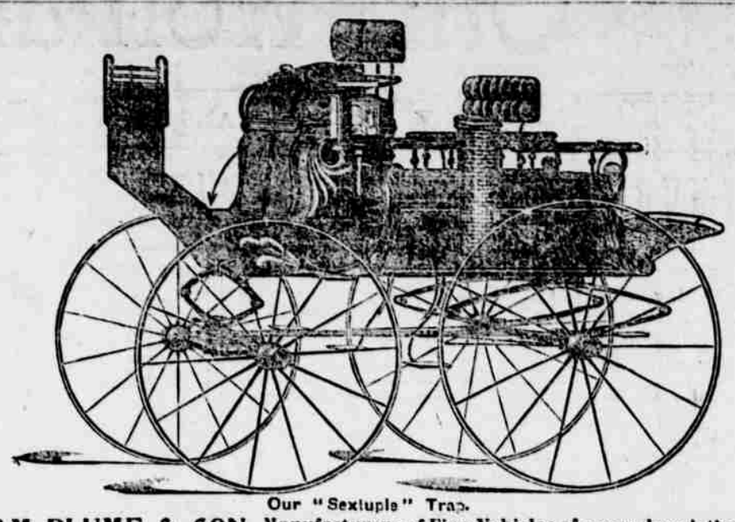

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IT IS DECREED.

Written for Our Woman's Paper.

[The following letter from the author will explain itself: "Although it is several years since I left Scranton, and my visits have been the proverbial ones—"few and far between"—yet I still call it home and keep in touch with it, especially through the columns of its newspapers, which I receive daily, owing to the courtesy of the exchange editors of The World. Hence I have learned of the fact that a woman's paper is to be published soon, and like Glory McQuirk I am desirous of "being in it." I therefore send herewith a manuscript story of twelve or fifteen hundred words, as the contribution of a Scranton woman to the enterprise, and hope it will not be the less acceptable because I am no longer living there.]

Here is the story of one who lived and loved and endured. The veil of the unseen was lifted that he might see, and the vision made him content. It was on this wise:

The Dabneys of Merry Oaks had been for generations a race of handsome and talented men. Wealthy, prominent, able, they had filled positions of State. But they were of hot spirit, and had such a record of fights and feuds that others feared to cross their paths.

In their way they were honorable, being open in their enmity and courageous in their warfare, taking as well as giving. Outside of overweening pride no one could say a word against any Dabney of Merry Oaks that ever lived, until the last two generations. In them the open hate of honest warfare degenerated into plots, intrigues and secret assault, and it was only through the merest technicalities and the free use of money that ignominious punishment was not meted out to them.

The last one, Miles Dabney, left one child, a noble looking boy of fourteen, who apparently had none of the recently developed failings of his family, although he had much of the original taint, and angry pride.

Two days after his father's burial this boy, Philip, was thrown from his horse and injured so that for weeks he was at the point of death and recovered only to be a helpless cripple. His mother, than whom no sweeter soul had ever lived, devoted all her time to him and softened his affliction with her tenderness and love. The best teachers were procured for him. He studied, read, thought much. His table was covered with books and pamphlets, interspersed with microscopes, boxes with birds' eggs, flies, bugs, even worms. Children loved him and stood by his wheeled chair for hours, listening as he gravely drew their attention to the beauty and the curiosity of common things. His room itself was a cabinet in which was gathered minerals, shells, fossils and also historic articles from all parts of the world.

At twenty he took up the study of the law. At twenty-five he was "Squire Dabney," and men said that but for his misfortune he would have been one of the best lawyers of the State. He thought he had become reconciled to his lot when the time that tried his soul came.

He was eight and twenty. Half of his lifetime had been spent in that wheeled chair in which he sat this sweet summer morning, gazing with troubled eyes at the far-off, dim, blue hills. Why need this unknown cousin come from her northern home to gaze with pitying, perhaps scornful, eyes upon such a wreck as he?

Away on the dusty stage road, winding through the fields and among the oaks he saw the carriage coming. A few moments more and it was there. He saw a woman, tall, fair, grave, yet withal bright and sweet looking, and dressed in something dark, soft and clinging. He heard a kind voice with no trace of pity nor of scorn, call him cousin Philip. As he felt the touch of her friendly hand the dread rolled away from his sensitive soul.

His cousin stayed with them all summer and became the brightest presence their quiet, saddened home had ever known. For eight years Myra Clifford had been a toiler for her daily bread in a position of responsibility; therefore at twenty-five her face might well be grave and thoughtful. But that grave face was often alight with smiles. She would come in as delighted as a child if she had been fortunate enough to find for Philip the feather of a bird or a bright colored moth or a pebble. She seemed to love to make him smile and would watch his face for a passing gleam of pleasure.

There were but two days left ere she would leave them. Philip sat in his chair in his room alone, struggling with self till drops of sweat started on his forehead and his white lips trembled.

If he could but keep her. He loves her so. But what has he to offer? A maimed and broken body; a maimed and broken life. He looked at the grand faces of his ancestors, staring at him dimly through the twilight from their gilded frames. He cried in anguish, remembering the promise of his youth, "O, let me see myself like these. Let me see what I might have been had the promise of my youth been fulfilled."

He laid his head on the table at his side and wept such tears as only strong natures can weep. He felt a touch on his shoulder and then a well-remembered voice, silent on earth for fourteen years, a voice he loved, despite of evil or of good report, said: "My son, look, and have your wish."

Raising his head he seemed to look from his room into another just like it, except that it was light, not in the shadow of coming night as where he sat. There were the portraits on the walls; the table, the books, the chairs, even the vase of flowers at his side. And there he stood himself, tall, erect, athletic, manly, the handsomest Dabney of them all. A longing sigh escaped the watcher's lips; but as he gazed the features changed. The face grew hard and cold and dissipated. Deep lines furrowed it. With straining eyes he watched the figure throw cards upon the table; then lift liquor and drink long and deep. Through the open door he saw come a lad, a youth of nineteen he might be, but he was wild. He, too, drank. Then it seemed as if words passed between father and son, and then what seemed a blow, followed by a woman's cry. Then all was gone, except that room within a room remained. He saw a coffin there and in it lay himself, dead in his prime—slain by his son. And by him stood two women; one, his aged mother, bent, worn, feeble. The other woman, with haggard face crowned by a halo of prematurely whitened hair, was his beloved cousin, his wife—the mother of that boy.

This, too, passed. In its stead was a prison cell and in it sat the boy, a felon ere he was of age. With agonized voice, so real had all this been, Philip cried, "O, my son! Comfort yourself; I am not dead!"—and lo, all the vision passed. He was alone in the darkness, no light save of the sentinel stars shining through the windows, no sound save a sweet voice in the garden, out under those gleaming stars, singing,

I know not what lies before me;
God spreads a mist o'er mine eyes."

A great peace came over him. "It is well," he thought. "Better to live and die a helpless cripple than live in health and strength to become a drunkard and to drag others into such a depth of suffering. Henceforth I live for the poor, the helpless, the sinning; live to teach men that by their lives now they are either causing or preventing the crimes of a hundred years to come. Forgive my selfishness and weakness heretofore, Thou who leadest me."

Two days after he kissed his cousin a tender good-bye. A farewell that meant more to him than any one knew.

Ten years after his mother said to him, "I wonder why Myra never married. She is so lovable and womanly. I can imagine what a grand wife and mother she would make."

With his low, sweet smile Philip answered, "The man she would have married died years ago, mother. It was not her lot to marry any other than he—the man who died, mother, dear. Failing this she walks life's path alone. She is often lonely, often grieved, perhaps, not knowing that in God's providence she is blessed."

Another decade passed. Philip had reached forty-eight years of age. As we saw him twenty years before so we see him now in his chair on the vine covered porch of his southern home. At his side stood his aged mother—sweet, calm and peaceful in her declining years—and his cousin Myra, who was waiting the carriage that was to take her away. And as she waited she said, "I had a strange dream last night, Philip; I thought I saw myself standing in your room. My hair was white as snow and I was crying. And I saw you in a coffin before me. It makes me afraid; I do not know that I should tell you; I trust it will be many years hence."

"Be content, Myra," he said. "That is no warning of what is to come; it is the shadow of the might have been." He laid his wasted hand on hers, drew her down and kissed her face, fair and sweet despite her five and forty years, calm, earnest, untroubled, no sign of the whitening hand of time and care among her brown tresses; and he said again, "Be content; it is well."

And then she went away; but they saw each other no more in this life. For that night Philip Dabney died. Not as the fool dieth, but in peace and love and quietness. There was blessing behind him and hope before him. He passed because his time had come. It was decreed.

MARTHA WARD GLEASON.

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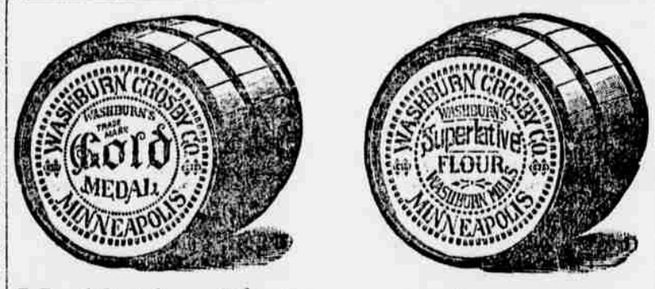

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