

For answer, he led the way. The little room was darkened, and already in order. The boys were lingering, awe-struck, near the door, and the clergymen—all of them—within it. Miss Fahnestock paused. Father Mattson came forward, in mild wonder, and the young curate rose hastily from his knees, by the couch.

"I have come to say that I am ready to do anything there is to do," said Barry, to the latter. "Shall I go first to his home?"

"Father, I have never seen death," said Miss Fahnestock, "May I see it now? I ought to; I must some time. Let it be to-day."

In her voice and in her eye, Father Mattson saw there was a reason more than he knew. Those who deal with men's souls see quickly when tangled threads cross or are untwined in that wondrous warp and woof life weaves us day by day. He led her quietly in. And when Barry touched her a few minutes later, she had seen death in its fairest aspect, and learned her lesson from the heart's depths. They went out side by side.

"We will go at once to his home," he said, quietly. "It is not far off. The curate—the young clergyman—will follow us."

"Can you tell his mother?" she asked. "Yes," he said, simply. Then, after a pause he added: "I have *never* done anything I thought disagreeable, if I could avoid it. I have been a coward all my life."

In her silent acceptance of his speech was her condemnation of herself. She, too, had made an unreal pleasure of life, in that she had never conquered herself. And how good she had thought the life she led! How self-complacent had been the spirit in which she won from him the promise of church-going!

He *did* tell the poor mother, quietly, tenderly, strongly. He it was who found out their want and their woe, he it was who proffered help, and lent support to that sad hour. Miss Fahnestock, beautiful, dainty, useless, but for her gentle tears and sympathy, saw it all, and acknowledged its worth. There was another warmth at her heart, when they turned homeward, and she was glad of every step in the way beside him.

"May I come this evening and tell you what we have done?" he asked, when he had seen her within the door of her home.

"Oh yes! Please do!"

"Then, I will. Good-bye!"

"Good-bye!" she said, quietly. But she thought, as she went to her room, and slowly laid aside her wraps:

"He was not thinking of *me* when he said 'good-bye.' I don't believe he thought of me once in all the time. Dear me! how different everything seems!"

Different, indeed! The awakening of a soul to the reality of life, the lightning insight sometimes vouchsafed which changes all one's future, and blots out all one's past is the work of a moment. It takes an eternity to complete the instant's beginning.

Barry came late that evening, and was very quiet when he did come. He told in a brief manner what had been done, and spoke of the revelations the young clergyman had made to him of the want and suffering in their very midst, with no parade of sentiment or resolution. But when he rose to go he spoke a new language.

"I am very glad you asked me to go with you," he said. "I am very glad we went. I did not know there was such a lesson for us so near at hand. And I do not know—I really do not know—how it came home so clearly. I never felt less serious—more frivolous, indeed—and I was more than half inclined to wish I had not promised you for to-day, it was so cold and I was so lazy"—there was a gleam of his

old saucy smile as he spoke—"but from the moment I heard that voice and saw that heavenly face, I felt ashamed of all my past. It was like a page in a great book before me, and a stained and blotted one. Such a face! I hope I may never lose sight of it. And they say he was a little saint. But he *had* to be! That look could only come of suffering and struggle and wisdom such as he has learned in his short life. I have made up my mind, Eleanor! I will be in earnest from this time. I will find out the best meant for us, be it what it may. I do not know where the search will land me, but I will find the truth and abide by it. Man was meant for nothing less."

She could not speak. His earnestness was wonderful. She saw and felt all he meant. She seemed to have been trifling all this time, seeing only the outside, and taking no heed of the innermost and real. But there was time to amend. She, too, would find the truth.

They kept their resolution. It was no idle task. Fighting each step of the way, meeting doubts and difficulties, going deeper and deeper into questions of greater and greater import, the emotional element which first responded to the dead singer's voice was left often far behind. Still, as the truth grew clearer, they blessed it. For, through every channel, Truth makes her way to the soul whose treasure she is. Miss Fahnestock, doing mighty works of love and mercy, binding up broken hearts and guiding trembling steps, has learned not to despise (as she was tempted in the first impatience of her imperfect work) the feeble little effort toward the good which she once called the desire to save men's souls, and which prompted her to win Barry Gowan's promise to go to *her* church and hear *her* preacher.

And Barry Gowan, surer and surer as each test proves his foundation, looks back with thankful heart to the Sunday morning when his careless, beauty-loving nature was pierced by the voice of the All-Loving and All-Wise, under the disguise of a boy's last earthly tones. The friendship knit from the broken strands of that pure young life by the gentle curate and himself has grown glorious along half its length—the half which links the heaven-sheltered with his earthly struggles. The curate is dead, but Barry Gowan wears his stainless surplice and his spirit's mantle. THEO. MARCH.

Sentiment and Science in Philanthropy.*

THE generation now drawing to a close is distinguished for many things; among others, for the application of a scientific method to charity. Hitherto the domain of philanthropy has been made over to sentiment. The demand has been for *hearts*. Pulpit and press have done their utmost to excite *feeling*. The claims of poverty and wretchedness have been urged, with touching eloquence, by the masters of speech and of conviction; and inasmuch as the most glaring contrasts in life were the contrasts of wealth with poverty,—as money represented power,—as the gift of money stood for humanity,—as creaturely good was regarded as supreme and the bestowal of food, drink, clothing, fuel was considered of utmost importance,—those who had enough of these excellent things were accounted privileged, while they who had them not were classed among the wretched,—it was natural that almsgiving should pass for charity. At this time, too, when money was less plentiful than it is now, to part with it implied a thoughtfulness, a humanity such as almsgiving by no means conveys in these days, when not

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only is wealth more abundant and more widely distributed, but the ancient distinctions between rich and poor are much broken down by the prevalence of republican ideas, and the spread of industrial communities, which makes consideration for the poor expedient and imperative.

And, still, too much cannot be said to impress the sentimental view. Feeling is as precious now as it ever was. Heart is as valuable in these times as it was in the times that are gone. Character is character still, and no preacher ever described its elements in language too glowing, or too strongly insisted on kindness, compassion, sympathy, brotherly love, as among its essential features. No character is complete without warmth of feeling, breadth of humane sentiment, depth and quietness of emotion. To dry up the sources of good-will, "to repress the genial currents of the soul," to check the faith in human nature, is a fearful risk to goodness. It is better to be cheated a hundred times than to be distrustful, suspicious or cold. The most attractive men—I will not say women, for women are perhaps in some danger of being over-provided with kindness of disposition,—are they who have most of this overflowing nature; and surely they are least attractive who are defective in it. They who lack it entirely do not get the credit for humanity which may fairly belong to them. It is a grace to be cultivated when it exists not as a native endowment. For the love of one's kind is an indispensable ornament of the mind which it is even deplorable to be without.

Unfortunately the excessive use of this fine element of feeling has always been attended with disaster,—disaster to the givers and disaster to the receivers of bounty. The givers are tempted to identify almsgiving with benevolence, thus depriving it of its *intellectual* quality, and falling into easy ways of dispensing charity, or rather of *dispensing with it*; for the virtue of goodness having the manly quality left out of it degenerates into a kind of luxury largely made up of self-complacency. The receivers take what is offered, put aside self-respect, pride, ambition to help themselves, and sink, all too fast, into inaction, dependence, beggary, pauperism. It is possible that the hideous poverty which is fastened on to the Old World, and which threatens the New with unspeakable misery, is, in part, owing to an exaggerated estimate of the worth of sentiment in philanthropy; to the universal and steady inculcation of generosity; to the earnest and uniform preaching of almsgiving; and to the impression that the one thing to bestow is money. In the advocacy of charity emphasis has been, and still is, laid on this point; perhaps for the sake of simplicity in appeal, perhaps because money represented so many things, perhaps because it was the only species of benefaction that could be appreciated alike by rich and poor. Poverty was even presented as wealth's opportunity. Penury was regarded as a form of providence instituted for the spiritual good of opulence. The miserable, it was thought, were allowed to exist in order that the comfortable might be kind to them; and charity was the silver key which unlocked the gates of paradise. A singular story comes to us from the Middle Age to the effect that a notorious miser and misanthrope stood before the seat of final judgment. The accuser told over the list of his evil deeds, laying peculiar stress on his harshness to the poor. The case looked black for the poor sinner, and the demons were already sharpening their forks to prod their prey, when his good angel, driven to despair, stepped forward and said that once, when pestered by a beggar quite beyond patience, this man had seized a loaf from the basket of a baker who was passing and pelted the mendicant with it. That deed of crusty and involuntary charity saved the miscreant's soul. The sins kicked the beam. The demons retired. *Moral*: Be as hateful as you please; the mere semblance, the barest simulacrum of charity will cover a multi-

tude of transgressions. To give to the poor, though in anger and to be rid of them, is to lend at compound interest to the Lord.

It is no cause of wonder that a reaction came to correct such hurtful teaching. It is no cause of wonder that thinking people said: It is time to have done with this reign of feeling; to infuse *thought* into charity; to regard the poor as human beings to be helped, not as stalking-horses to ride into heaven on; to lift them up instead of thrusting them down; to restore to them their birthright instead of committing them to a hospital for incurables. The protest was heard long ago, but the *scientific method* is of this generation. The scientific method would remand sentiment to an inferior position, if not leave it wholly out of account. *Compel the poor to help themselves*, is its motto; make them work; give them nothing, but *pay* them what they *earn*; let their supplies depend on their industry; let them starve or freeze, if they prefer idleness to toil; shut your ears to the beggar's whine; be merciless to vice and loose indulgence; cut off the retreat of the human weasel or rat who lurks in corners and hides in holes. Be unsparing, incredulous, harsh, if need be: only insist on conformity to human conditions of life.

The scientific method is wise; in the hands of noble people it is noble. At all events it is useful as furnishing a check to the unbridled sway of emotion. But the *perils* of it are grave, especially as the application of it devolves—as the application of every system does and must—on average wit and ordinary character.

The cardinal danger is that of *heartlessness*—the discouragement if not the suppression of feeling. Its fruit is suspicion, distrust, disbelief. Experience discloses the sad fact that an austerity, amounting at times to grimness, is characteristic of its disciples, the *best* of whom I have thought somewhat lacking in the tender grace of pity, the *common run* of whom indulge in opinions savoring of inhumanity, as if they disbelieved in deserving poverty, and believed only in the prevalence of dissimulation. In their eyes every beggar is a cheat. All can find work to do if they look for it, and it is *their business* to look for it. With indolence, self-indulgence, physical or moral infirmity, natural or inherited propensities, sadness, morbid depression of animal spirits, discouragement of fortune, they have no patience. They forget that the command to rise up and walk is inoperative, unless spoken with Divine authority and in the name of the Infinite Beneficence. The mere words avail nothing; a good deal *less* than nothing when the only power is supposed to be in the wretched victim, whose moral force, if he ever had any, is spent, and who lies helpless at the benefactor's feet. They forget that the poor will be with us as long as the ignorant, the passionate, the sick, the diseased, the undeveloped, the unfortunate, the sorrowful are; as long, that is, as our humanity lasts or this world endures. All poverty is not undeserving. All beggars are not cheats. Aid must be, in many cases, given; aid in money, aid in sympathy, aid in personal influence, aid in mental and spiritual force.

The problem of philanthropy, at the present time, is to render full justice to both of these systems,—to *sentiment* and to *science*. How shall this be done? I can give no better answer than by referring to efforts making in other cities toward the solution of the perplexing enigma. These efforts are tentative as yet; they make no claim to completeness; but they are in a direction that may be followed with hope, and are commended in view of what they *promise*. I will omit what might be said about the system pursued at Philadelphia, and briefly describe what lies under my own eye in Boston—a comparatively small, compact city, with ancient traditions of beneficence behind it, and the interests of its best people to rely upon in all cases of public service. In that com-

munity the leaders of thought are also leaders in mercy. There is a high and noble strain of public spirit : a good deal of love as well as a good deal of light ; a vast generosity united with a vast circumspection.

I have before me the last report of the "Associated Charities," the third annual statement of the directors. The objects of this society are :

To receive the concurrent and harmonious action of the different charities of Boston, in order to raise the needy above the necessity for relief, prevent begging, render imposition difficult, and diminish pauperism ; to encourage thrift, self-dependence, and industry, through friendly intercourse, advice and sympathy, and to aid the poor to help themselves ; to prevent children from growing up as paupers ; to aid in the diffusion of knowledge on subjects connected with the relief of the poor. To accomplish these objects it is designed :

1. To provide that the case of every applicant for relief shall be thoroughly investigated :

2. To place the results of such investigation at the disposal of the Overseers of the Poor, of charitable societies and agencies, and of private persons of benevolent disposition :

3. To obtain employment, if possible ; if not possible, to obtain, so far as may be necessary, suitable assistance for every deserving applicant, from public authorities, charitable agencies, or benevolent individuals :

4. To make all relief, either by alms or charitable work, conditional upon good conduct and moral improvement :

5. To send to each poor family, under the advice of a District Conference, a friendly visitor :

6. To hold public meetings and print papers for distribution.

It will be observed that the servants of this society give no material aid whatever. They simply refer, advise, direct, and furnish moral support. Of course full and accurate registers are kept. Districts are subdivided. Visitors, who are for the most part and as far as possible volunteers, overlook each other, while the "conferences" give to each the experience of all.

The reception awarded by old established organizations to the new one may be inferred from the following passage in the last report of the Provident Association, of which Mr. R. C. Winthrop was one of the founders and for many years president : "The facilities for getting at facts relative to the poor of the city are much greater than they were a few years ago, owing to the re-establishment by the society of the Associated Charities, of a Bureau of Registration, which a few years previous had been organized by the Provident Association. This branch of the service of the Associated Charities forms an exceedingly valuable auxiliary to any relief society disposed to avail itself of it. The Provident Association gives a liberal annual subscription toward its support." All applicants are referred to the central office, where information of every kind is given to all who ask. By this arrangement imposition is rendered all but impossible, and aid, when necessary, is supplied without delay.

The new system has wrought wonders in the way of reducing the cost of relief, of eliminating the element of fraud, and of toning up the self-respect of the poor themselves. The district expenditures of the Provident fell in 1877 to \$21,000 from \$30,000, which they had been for three preceding years. Thence they dropped to \$15,000, and thence to \$10,180, where the showing stands to-day. And this enormous reduction, it is pleasant to know, was accomplished without the least jar on amiable feeling, yet in entire compliance with scientific caution.

The society of Associated Charities employs seven hundred visitors, and could keep busy many more. Thirteen Conferences, representing as many districts, and each a center of influence, make annual reports of cases. The poor are classi-

fied discriminatingly according to their needs—those worthy of continuous relief, those requiring temporary relief, those in need of work, and the wholly undeserving, being kept in separate divisions and treated according to the exigency. To show how minutely this work is done it may be mentioned that in a single year 32 families were sent to places of employment out of Boston ; 16 families were sent to relatives out of Boston ; 22 families were broken up to save children ; 65 frauds were exposed ; begging was suppressed in 38 families ; 251 homes were improved ; 84 persons were saved from intemperance ; 13 families were started in business ; 772 cases of temporary work were found ; 309 cases were provided with permanent work ; 30 loans were procured ; 108 persons were placed in homes or hospitals ; 45 children were aided to get into day nurseries. Six hundred and ninety-one visitors actively met the wants of 1,594 families in 8 months. The whole number of poor families ministered to is 8,000. The chief sources of relief supply, aside of course from private beneficence which cannot be tabulated, are the Overseers of the Poor, who disburse annually \$80,000, and the Provident Association, which gives about \$11,000. The society of Associated Charities costs \$11,770. But little practical difficulty arises from differences in religious belief. The Catholic priests, so far as the rules of the Church allow, freely co-operate in the work of charity.

Let it be observed that in all this service, so conscientiously rendered, with so much zeal, care, and system, and, on the whole with so much economy, there is ample room for individual effort. Whoever has money to give, or time, or heart, or influence, or character, may give without stint and in complete confidence that whatever may be given will be well bestowed. Deceit is all but impossible. There is call for all the kindness that the city affords. The Soul may go fearlessly forth. A new form of charity is encouraged—*Soul Charity*—the love of mankind's noblest part. When the methods shall have been perfected, little will remain for humanity to do. Righteousness and peace will kiss each other.

It is not to be doubted that women are summoned to perform a large part of this honorable and beautiful ministry. They have always been the heart and the hand of philanthropic achievement. To them belongs warmth of feeling and practical skill. A large part of the work done by the society of Associated Charities in Boston is performed by women. The management of the "State Charities Aid Association" in New York is in the hands of women. The women know better than the men what poverty is. They see it, being more at home. The misery of it is brought close to their experience. The perils that it brings with it are forced on their attention. The economical aspects of it are revealed to them. Their hearts bleed as the need of help is made evident ; and their hands ache to be of substantial use. The ladies of Sorosis do their share for the poor of their great rich city, as we all know. Can they do better than to exert their moral influence in the direction indicated in this paper? In this country there is such a power as public opinion. Behind institutions, laws, politics, it acts with controlling force. The creators of public opinion are women. New York is much larger than Boston, less easily districted. With a more numerous floating population, and with heavier difficulties to contend with in the shape of sectarian jealousies, charity is more costly there and more perplexing. Still the problem is the same, and the need of solving it is proportionately greater. New York requires more heart and more knowledge than any city on this continent—perhaps than any city in the world—for the reason that its population is so miscellaneous and its institutions are so liberal and loose. But these are arguments for more effort, not for less.

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