

a child, this daughter once sent her ball through the window of the Pastor's study, breaking one of its panes. He and the mother searched for the child throughout the garden, and failing to find her Fliedner went off to explore the parsonage. But the eyes of the mother had been sharper, and when he had gone she went straight to the rabbit-hutch and lifted the lid, saying 'There sits the little miscreant,' slapping the child on the head. To quote the words of the narrator, "She took me by the hand, led me to the study and ordered me sharply to my *pater peccavi*." The violent storm which ensued closed this time without a beating. Do we see again the influence of the mother in averting the anticipated penalty?

These are glimpses into the domestic life of the Pastor's household; outside it Friederike was busy with all kinds of movements for the social welfare of the community, and many a meal was cooked at the parsonage for households other than her own. "Tear bread, those who have tasted it know what it means," she often said, for she always held that her Master "had allowed" her to taste this "tear bread" at Braunfels that she might develop sympathy with the poor. Many, indeed, were her benevolent activities, and she did not falter in them when suffering came to her. Several of her children died, Fliedner's health became affected by those long wearying journeys to collect money, as work among the prisoners developed. Referring to the Deaconess Hospital, Pastor Fliedner tells that the burden of the new foundation grew heavier year by year. The first deaconess appointed to it was full of good will and Christian charity, but it was found that she "had not gifts of authority and administration" to justify, as had been hoped, her appointment as Superintendent of the Motherhouse. "Therefore," says Fliedner, "my wife had to take the place of Superintendent, and the worthy sister retired with true self-effacement." Friederike's

old diary bears witness to her practical methods of guiding the sisters and the organisation of the whole institution; that she had problems of temperament and character to deal with, as well as those of administration, is self-evident. More and more strenuous did her life become, and no inconsiderable part of it was the work connected with the visitors who came more and more to Kaiserswerth, and all received hospitality, in some degree, at the parsonage. The most honoured of all was our English Elizabeth Fry, who had first inspired Fliedner for his work among the prisoners. Long he had looked forward to her visit and it might have been shadowed, instead of full of pleasure to him, had not his wife withheld from him, until the close of the visit, the information, which had reached the parsonage, of his young brother's death.

Incidentally, we may mention here other influences that ran into the foundation of the Kaiserswerth Institution—those of the Menonites of Holland, whose foundations Fliedner visited when he was collecting money for his parish when it was threatened with ruin; also there were the influences and examples of Baron von Stein, Count von Recke and the great woman philanthropist Amalie Sieveking of Hamburg.

A serious misfortune arose for the household and the parish when Fliedner fell a victim to small-pox and later still to what was then described by the physician as a "nervous fever"; by this last his children were also affected. Just as they had recovered a little, requests came for assistance in the reformation of certain hospitals at some distance from Kaiserswerth, and it was desired

that they should be staffed by deaconesses. Frau Fliedner responded to this request by getting her sister Louise to take charge of her children and setting off on her mission of mercy. To indicate what difficulties she had to contend with, and the strength of character with which she met the demands made upon her, we would give here an extract from a letter written to her husband and children on the eve of her return. Here is the description of conditions which she had set herself to reform:—

"The Council with the Secretary went with us at nine o'clock to the hospital. Nausea took such a hold upon me and so often that I had to run to the window; a description of the filth and vermin I will not give. Yet the shelters of thieves could not be more fearful; a woman who had been here since 1838 (she is writing in 1841) is not yet free from vermin. The doctors run round the hospital, and certainly not too often; yesterday they were in. The Committee have appointed a drunken cut-throat as attendant; it grieves me. To-day the draft of the inventory is ready. The most of the bedding must be dragged with pitchforks and tongs

to a shed, and this we will do on Monday. To-day, with the help of a charwoman, the sisters cleared our room, into which we will move to-morrow (Sunday). I would like to stay here another day, owing to a feeling that I am forsaking the sisters, and until I have given all the provisions over to Sister Margaret. To-day, at four, the whole Committee came to the hospital where I was also, as I wished this. I made clear provision that if this internal devastation were not got rid of the sisters would not stay here; that we would not allow them to die at work which could have no results, and that they could not stay in such indecent houses. I must close. You might pray for me, my beloved children. I would like to give you a description of the majestic mountains, but I must hurry. I have very many duties and little



DEACONESS IN THE INFANTS' NURSERY.

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