THE ORDER OF THE KING'S DAUGHTERS.

A special feature of the work of "The King's Daughters" in New York during the past summer, writes Mary Lowe Dickinson, in Harper's Weekly, has been the visitation of the tenement-houses in New York city, and any one glancing at the artist's sketch will recognize the bare floor, the backless chair, the never-empty cradle, the empty bowl, and the few broken bits of earthen-The children they have found were not often so happy as to be quiet in slum-ber—the one boon that seems better than life to the poor, pasty, pallid little creatures who swarm our tenement homes. Above all, these visitors are only too familiar with the white, exhausted faces of toiling mothers, and the droop of utter weariness and exhaustion under burdens which so many women never lay down so long as the sewing-machine can be made to move by

weary foot or hand.
While it would be delightful to linger over the poetic and artistic side of this picture, and over the general idea that it conveys of the beauty of that service which reaches down from the heights of comfort and contentment, and uplifts the victim of suffering and need into places of cheer, this is not the side that should have most attention in the present day of sharp extremities and close-pressing problems. The real homes of our needy have no tender gray lights across their shadows, no reminders of other days in the pictured faces on the walls, and fewer glimpses still of sympathetic faces and well-laden hands entering the open door. Such recent books as that of "Darkest England, and the Way Out," and "How the Other Half Live, by Jacob Riis, make another sort of pic ture of homes of the poor, on the threshold of which favored women may well stand with serious faces and the finger of silence on their lips. In just that attitude of cager yet solemn pause between the misery of the world's womanhood, represented by this bowed form, crushed under its burdens, the misery of the world's childhood, represented by this helpless little one in the cradle, and their own world of plenty and comfort and health, there should stand a multitude of women to-day, who, whether they wear the badge of any order or not,

might prove by genuine service that they were truly daughters of the King. Perhaps no greater mistake could be made, certainly no mistake more hampering to their real work, than that of supposing that this order, large as it is in numbers, has already taken possession of this immense and needy field. It has, in fact, hardly made a beginning. Its tenementhouse work is only one of the phases in which its spirit of helpfulness has been embodied. In the city of New York alone during the last summer its tenementhouse committee, desiring to become true friends in the homes of the poor, entered into relation with the corps of physicians appointed to labor among the people dur-ing the summer months. As is well known, it it the duty of these physicians to go from house to house and room to room in our thronged tenements, caring for the cases of sickness that have no physician, looking after sanitary conditions, and taking note of the needs of the very poor. The story of what these physicians found is too heart-rendering to be placed in a paragraph. Suffice it to say they made, during the last summer, 120,000 visits, finding over 16,000 sick, too poor to employ a physician, giving medical care where needed. Wherever they went they took in their pockets postal cards addressed to the head-quarters of the Tenement-house Committee of the order, at No. 1 Henry street, New York. In every place where nourishing broths, jellies, or ices for the parched lips of fever were the faintest outline. needed, or in homes where the destitution the postal-cards as the physician left the house, and the card deposited at the nearest box on the street corner. The first mail left it at the head-quarters, where a faithful company of volunteers, all through the heats of the summer, were ready to send forth such supplies and comforts as were required. Nor these alone; in many cases the need was for nursing, clean bed-linen, and clothing, and nurses were kept con-

Through this ministry also over 35,000 tled into solid and steady and help-|seeing an old man like father throwing bunches of flowers, fresh and bright from the country, found their way to tenementhouse rooms and the bedsides of sick children, some of whom had never seen a flower. They were laid on the pillows of the dying, and placed in the trembling hands of the aged, or, smiling from a broken cup in the window, made the only spot of brightness in the often dingy room.

How much this ministration alone must have meant to sickened souls and bodies no one can know. It meant a great deal of indness on the part of the express companies, who brought the flowers from the country free of charge. It meant a great deal of loving labor in country towns to the hundreds of garls and women who watched their budding blossoms never so eagerly before, because these beautiful messengers "had a mission and a work to do." It meant the discovery of many little children not reached by Fresh Air Funds or by mission schools, who were gathered together and sent for an outing into the country. It meant the feeding of the hungry and the clothing of the naked, not that again and again they might be fed and clothed, but only that strength might be given for the employment which these women in every case sought to find for those who needed. The committee became really an employment bureau. Through it funds were furnished for the starting in trade of poor persons who had sat down discouraged by misfortune, and only needed a helping hand to lift them up and start them on their way.

It was not emough that the giving hand should be constantly open toward the poor the asking hand had constantly to be kept open toward the rich. There must be money for excursions, for food, and for ice, and for helperswhen the labor grew too severe. There must be cradles for the sick children, and one appealfora baby-waggon for a sick-child brought five baby-waggons trundling along in a row. Judicious heads and hearts and hands watched the outgo of all the money, and at the close of the season a great many humble homes in Now York city had the one thing which the poor most need—a friend. Interest in the families aided was not allowed to die out, and the effort was never made with the purpose to bestow temporary relief alone, but always on the true charity organization principle of finding a way to help the peo-ple help themselves. It was only a beginning, but it opened out to the daughters of the king the possibilities of more extended and even more practical and permanent Their hope is to secure a building which can be done at a cost of \$7,000, where may be established a day nursery for the infants whose mothers must go from house to house to work, and a kindergarten for older children, work-rooms on the co-operative plan for women, and an employment bureau—one of the great needs of the poor—for the large class would work if they could find it to do and a head-quarters for the operation of this widely extending branch of their work. And this, important as it is, and worthy to concentrate the attention of many members of the order, is, of course, only one branch of the labor.

The great mass-meeting recently held in Brooklyn, where were represented 260 circles, many of which pledged themselves to give their emergies in part to the erection of the home for aged colored people, is another practical phase which their efforts are taking. Hospital beds are being supplied, day murseries established, life saving stations, missions, struggling churches, and educational institutions are being helped, and there is practically no limit to the variety and extent of the work of which space will not allow us to give oven

The order numbers at a low estimate was so great that hunger was the cause of 150,000 people, and has state and county sickness, these needs were written upon secretaries in 25 states, 6 provinces, and half-a-dozen foreign countries. It is at present a great force, but in process of education. Women needed to learn what education. Women needed to learn what they could do and what they could not do, which they never would learn until they tried to do something. Hence the first obligation upon every member of this order is that she shall begin to work with the nearest thing that she can find to do. Hundreds are still in the infancy of their be-

ful forces, pledged to be a practical aid in whatever work most needs the power which they as a circle or as individuals can apply. Many of them did not come closely enough in contact with humanity to understand its real needs, and for love of man they could hardly be supposed to work; hence the highest motive that ever appeals to the heart of women was placed before them—to work for humanity for the love of humanity's Great Lover. Wisely guided, carefully trained by those from among themselves who are able to grasp the possibilities of good in such a sisterhood, the next generation will find this a mightily helpful force in all its schemes for pulling the world out of its slough of despond; but the order must not be expected to spring to its full development in a moment. Its processes are educational. When women know themselves and know the world, they will be able to apply their knowledge of themselves to the needs of the world—not before.

A SANCTIFIED DISTRESS.

BY LOUISE D. MITCHELL.

When the minister had said, "Let us conclude our service by singing two verses of the nine hundred and tenth hymn," it had not held anything at all for Stella Dearborn beyond the dreary thought of a service ended and the going out again into the sorrow and shame awaiting her in the elegant home. But somehow the words, with the power and comfort of the music. were borne to her in tender strains, and her head was bent, even more reverently than usual, for the parting blessing.

She drew her wrap about her shoulders and followed Roderick down the aisle to the door. The words

"For I will be with thee, Thy troubles to bless, And sanctify to thee Thy deepest distress."

echoed and re-echoed through her soul as though a chorus of angels, standing at the gates of heaven, were singing them to her and dropping-them into her heart with Christ-like comfort and peace. She felt uplifted and drawn from the world for a moment by the very thought.

And there was Roderick sauntering along beside her, snapping off the heads of the weeds with his ebony cane, careless, ap-parently happy, yet with a shadow on his bright, young face, that was reflected on

They had taken the path home from church across the fields, where they could feel the warm sunshine on their heads, and the long, sweet grasses caressing their feet as they passed. All the earth was redolent with gladness, and the Sabbath stillness brooded over all and moved softly over the flowering trees.

The brother and sister themselves were both so quiet that it seemed as though some of the surrounding peace had entered into their hearts and banished for the time the memory of what was before them. Anyway, as they paused at the stile a moment, and Roderick leaned against the post near by, he turned to her and said, not without an effort, however:

"Sister, mine, would it make you any happier if I were to tell you something good?"

She turned toward him, and he saw that her usually haughty, bitter face was wet with tears.

"Roderick," she said, gently, "I think I have 'something good' to tell you also. All the shame I have endured at father's drinking has so over-shadowed my life in the past years that I have never been able to get the bitterness out of my heart; but something in the words of that last hymn -you remember it, don't you?--

> " For I will be with thee And sanctify to thee Thy deepest distress"—

-has brought me out, I believe, into the very light of his cross, and the future doesn't look so black to me now."

He was deeply touched and laid his

hand caressingly over hers.

"Stel, I know all about it," he said, softly; "for the mortification of this secret that you and I have borne so long had almost made a reckless man of me; but, thank God, he has kept me straight by the stantly employed in passing from one sick-room to another. When one became over-worked or exhausted, another was supplied. Struggling to find out, following any guid-ance. Thousands more have already set-very strength of the shame I have felt at

away his days in the devil's own power. We can understand now what poor mother endured and why she was glad to die. Do you know, Sis," he added, reverently, 'I have been driven to believe in God by the very thing I thought he had sent me as a curse? Perhaps if it had not been for that I should never have cared whether he had made the flowers and all things beautiful and was watching over our lives, or whether (as some men believe) things all grewand happened by chance. Isn't that what is meant by a 'sanctified distress?'"

Stella's heart was so full that she could not speak, but she lifted his hand in hers and pressed it lovingly against her cheek, feeling almost ashamed of the sob that was wrung through her proud lips. But away down in her heart she was saying,

"Oh, God, I thank thee that thou hast sanctified to Roderick and to me this, our deepest distress, that had seemed too great

And after that they walked on slowly toward home, letting all the glory of heaven and earth bind them in its hallowed calm and restfulness.—Christian at Work.

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