

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE

National Mutual Relief Society.

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One hundred and sixty members of the National Division are members of the Relief Society.

Benefit in Section 1—\$500. Benefit in Section 2—1,000. Benefit in Section 3—1,500. Benefit in Section 4—2,000. Benefit in Section 5—2,500. Benefit in Section 6—3,000. Benefit in Section 7—3,500.

Assessment Insurance is a Success.

Fraternal insurance organizations merit your confidence and support. They are uniformly well managed, prompt and economical. Be not deceived by the false state ments of interested parties who endeavor to destroy your faith in assessments companies. Throughout the United States and the Dominion of Canada these popular organizations are carrying joy and sunlight into darkened homes and saddened hearts. Our own is one of the best. We are carrying an insurance of nearly four millions of dollars at less cost than any other society whose report can be obtained. Examine its plan of work, and write to the General Secretary for facts, information and documents.

Our Plan of Work.

Sons of Temperance over eighteen and under sixty years of age, who are in good health, are eligible to admission. If you are not a member of a Division of Sons of Temperance, the General Secretary will inform you how to proceed. If you live in a locality where our Order has no existence, we will send and organize a local association if you desire it.

You can have an insurance of from \$500 to \$3,500, as you may desire. The only cost is for admission fee and death assessments. We have no quarterly or annual dues, and make no charge for certificates of membership.

Application may be made through the Recording Scribe of any Division, or to the Grand Scribe or through any of our Solicitors, or direct to the General Secretary. If your Division has no regularly-appointed solicitor we shall be pleased to appoint one.

All applications are sent to the General Secretary, who hands them to the Chief Medical Examiner, and when approved, certificates of membership are sent directly to the applicants.

Our admission fees are smaller than any other similar associations.

Admission Fees.

Table with 2 columns: Section and Fee. To Section 1—\$ 500... \$1.00. To Section 2—1,000... 2.00. To Section 3—1,500... 2.50. To Section 4—2,000... 3.00. To Section 5—2,500... 3.50. To Section 6—3,000... 4.00. To Section 7—3,500... 4.50.

Assessments

An assessment is collected for each death occurring in the Society, except when there is a sufficient amount in the treasury to pay the claim. The rate of assessment at all ages, and for the different amounts of insurance, is given in the table, as follows:

Table with 8 columns: AGE, SEC. 1, SEC. 2, SEC. 3, SEC. 4, SEC. 5, SEC. 6, SEC. 7. Rows for age groups from 18 to 25 up to 55 to 60.

Assessment cards are mailed direct to each member to the General Secretary, who returns a receipted card. There is no divided responsibility in handling assessments, one letter is known to have been lost.

Assessments are always issued on the first day of each month when we have a death recorded. If there is no death, there is no assessment. During 1886 we had fourteen assessments, and during 1887 (to Nov. 10th) we had thirteen. Most of the insurance orders collect from sixteen to twenty-four assessments annually.

The Relief Society is managed by a board of government, consisting of fifteen of our prominent members of the National Division. The M. W. P., M. W. Treas., and four P. M. W. Patriarchs are now members of the Board. These gentlemen are chosen because of their business qualifications and their general fitness for the work.

Our insurance is purely mutual. We have no stockholders; we pay no dividends, and build no palaces for officers. Our assessments are equitably graded, and are not increased with advancing years. We have no deaths from liquor drinking. Our insurance is prompt, safe and economical.

Every Son of Temperance, who is in good health, should be a member of our own Relief Society. It is not excelled by any other in promptness or economy. It insures only members of the Order. As we pay for no liquor deaths, our insurance is, of course, cheaper than in associations that admit drinking men. We have not grown rapidly but steadily, taking no step backward. We have no debts. We have paid more than \$100,000 to the families of our deceased members.

In its practical work the Relief Society is a great public charity, though conducted as a fraternal business enterprise. It is a valuable auxiliary in the propagation work of the Order, and its influence for good is being more widely extended every month. It gives strength and permanence to Divisions.

The Society has members in all New England and Middle States, nearly all the Western States, and in Maryland, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida of the Southern States. It has members also from every province in the Dominion of Canada and from Newfoundland, the Bahamas and the Bermudas.

We believe that our future is to be a bright one. The Society merits and should receive the unqualified support of the Order in all branches. Especially do we invite the hearty co-operation of the executive officers of the various Grand Divisions.

The admission fee is small, and the main object is to strengthen the Order of the Sons of Temperance. Solicitors and organizers will give full information. If the Society has no agent in your division, write direct to the General Secretary for terms and documents.

Address communications for circulars and information to

HERMAN H. PITTS, Fredericton,

F. M. BRADLEY, Gen. Sec'y, P. O. Box 682, Washington, D.

And so like children, we do not always know what is best for us. Looking back over our years with what they have brought us, and our christian experience and all it has been to us, can we not thank God almost as much for what He did not do for us as for what He did? He knew better than we did, and He gave us what He saw to be for our greatest good. Hence, while earnestly praying for God's blessings, we should never presume to dictate.

My hearers, is it not as clear as the sunlight that there is a most intimate connection between the little prayer-meeting at Mary's house, and the deliverance of Peter from his imprisonment? Here are christians with tears in their eyes and their breaking hearts, and they are entreating their Father in Heaven to restore them a beloved brother. Humanly speaking, it seems useless to make such a request. Over yonder in yon strong prison, with four soldiers guarding it, two within beside the chain-bound prisoner, and two without at the fast-bolted door, is Peter sound asleep. Look at him in his helplessness, and look at his friends in their helplessness. The one is sleeping, the others are praying, and some might say they might as well be sleeping too for all the good their praying is. But they do not feel that way about it. They have faith in prayer, perhaps not so much as they ought to have, but still they have faith. Were you to ask them how they expect Peter's deliverance to be effected, they would not be able to tell you. They leave that with God.

We cannot understand the connection between prayer and the answer. We cannot explain how it is that the praying going on in Mary's cottage brings down an angel from Heaven, and loosens the prisoner's chains, and opens the bolted doors and the iron gate, and sets Peter free. Every natural law in the way of Peter's deliverance is set aside or broken through. Men may talk about the fixedness of natural laws as much as they like, but they are not so fixed that the christian's Father and their Maker cannot set them aside and break through them for His children's good. Yes, it is a glorious truth that God can hear and answer His people's prayers, and He does so sometimes in ways that are fearful, wondrous. In answer to their prayers, in other days, He channelled the sea, stayed the rain and sent it, quenched the fury of the fiery furnace, shut the lion's mouth, delivered Peter. And He is as willing as ever, and as able as ever, to hear prayer, and make all things subservient to our good and happiness; and, by ways that may not be miraculous perhaps, but quite as wondrous, He gives us to feel and know that He hears our prayers.

LAST SCENE—PETER AT THE PRAYER-MEETING.

It would seem the angel left Peter near where Mary lived, and so after thinking the matter over where he would go, he went there. It is easy to see that there was a providence in that too. Had he gone anywhere else just then, he would have found them absent from their homes at the prayer-meeting. But you see he was led to go where the prayer-meeting was going on, and where he would meet with his friends.

Coming to the door he knocks. It is a time of persecution, and the christians have to be cautious in holding their meetings, for enemies, night-prowlers, might steal in, and betray them to the authorities. When Peter knocks, a young woman called Rhoda or Rose, hears him, and comes to the door to find out who is there. I suppose she is one of the young christians, and has volunteered, or been appointed, to wait on the door, and admit the friends as they come. Before she opens the door, therefore, she wants to know who knocks, a precaution the people in the east always take, and is especially necessary in times of bitter persecution. Not even the man of the house gets in without speaking as well as knocking. So Peter speaks as well as knocks. Rose has often heard him preach, and knows his voice, and instead of letting him in, in her flurry and excitement she runs upstairs to the upper-room where the prayer-service is going on, and unceremoniously rushing in while somebody is praying, she cries out: "Peter has come! Peter has come! he is at the door; he is saved! No need to pray any more!"

They look at her pityingly. They think she has gone mad. The old elder on his knees praying stops before he is through. They whisper to her to be quiet, and motion her to sit down and behave herself. But she goes on wilder than ever, and reiterates that Peter has come. In the meantime Peter is still outside pounding away at the door and wanting in. Rose cannot convince them it is Peter. It must be his angel or his ghost, they begin to say. At last recollecting herself, she rushes down the stairs to the door, followed by several of the people, and to their astonishment there is Peter. No angel or ghost of him, but his very self. They are wild with joy. What a scene! Peter beckons to them to be quiet, and going up to the upper-room, he tells them the thrilling story of his deliverance, and the meeting that began with prayer closes with praise.

Now, let us gather up some hints here that may be of service to ourselves in our prayer meetings. And notice this, that although the christians are specially met to pray for Peter's deliverance, when the answer comes, it is so great an answer, so beyond anything they had expected, that they are astonished beyond measure, and find some difficulty to believe that it can be true. Thus how signally, wondrously, literally, their prayers are answered.

Prayer-meetings, you see, are of some account. "Oh it is only a prayer-meeting," some will say, as if prayer-meetings are beneath their notice. But God does not despise the prayer-meeting. He was at the prayer-meeting in Mary's house, and heard their prayers, and sent them a great answer straight down from Heaven.

And He is at our prayer-meetings too. We feel He is there. Our hearts are sometimes made glad with His gracious presence. And we expect Him to hear our prayers.

So many do not believe in prayer meetings. They believe in other sorts of meetings—social gatherings, club-room meetings, business meetings, balls and parties, theatricals, and such and such. But they do not believe much in prayer-meetings and stay far away from them. But there are always some who make out to get to the prayer-meeting. They believe the church needs to be prayed for. They believe the city needs to be prayed for. Alas, how many are in prison, the dark prison of sin! They are bound with chains, evil habits, accursed world-relationships, bad companionships, greed for money, and much else. How earnestly we need to pray for them. And we do pray for them, and sometimes the Lord hears our prayers, and surprises us with the answers He gives us, the hopeless cases He saves, the lost lives He blesses and crowns.

It is good to have some special object to pray for, to agree together on some worthy matter. We pray for all sorts of things sometimes, and it just means that we do not pray for anything. Let us learn to be particular, special, in our prayers, concentrate them in some one direction. Oh, if we could realize that our dear ones are in danger, their souls in danger, salvation not theirs, God's peace not theirs, and all this good to be had, how we would pray!

And then let us expect the Lord to hear us when we pray. We meet and part, and too often we expect no answer. Is it thus in other things? You go to a friend to ask him for something, and you expect him to do as you ask. You sow, and you expect to reap. You write a letter, and you expect an answer. You present a claim, and you expect it to be attended to. And so here at the Lord's footstool. Let us pray to be heard, and let us expect to be heard. Has not our God said, "open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it?" "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice Rise like a fountain for me night and day; For what are men better than sheep or goats, That nourish a blind life within the brain, If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer, Both for themselves and those who call them friend! For so the whole round world is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

AMEN.

THE OILCLOTH.

A good serviceable oilcloth is the best kind of covering for the kitchen floor, and it can, with but little effort and strength, be kept in excellent condition, and it can also be as easily destroyed with improper care. A few bad washings will do more harm than can ever be remedied, therefore it is especially important that the oilcloth be washed properly.

If you would have your oilcloth looking clean and bright, never use a mop when washing it, as this is sure to leave it grimy and streaky. Have a pail of clean, lukewarm water or milk and water, and use two clean flannel cloths, one for a wash cloth and one to wipe with. Go over the whole surface of the oilcloth, washing a small space at a time, and drying it thoroughly. When dried well, warm some linseed oil, and with a soft cloth rub it over the oilcloth, using a very little oil and rubbing it in well. This will improve the appearance of the carpet wonderfully. If linseed oil is not convenient, kerosene may be used, but the linseed is much the better for this purpose. Equal quantities of beeswax and linseed oil melted together is used by many as a good dressing for oilcloth, applying it the same as the plain oil, a little at a time.—Boston Budget.

Warm bread or cake can be cut without becoming moist and heavy if the knife, a thin, sharp one, is dipped into boiling hot water, wiped quickly, and the bread cut immediately, before the knife has time to cool. A napkin should be laid double on the plate where the warm slices are laid.—Washington Star.

SNAILS AS FOOD.

Where the Molluscs Are Considered a Delicious Article of Diet.

A Wiltshire correspondent writes us in some amazement, says the London Standard, that only last week he found a man searching for snails, not as zoological specimens, but as articles of food. Still more extraordinary, he actually praised them. Simply roasted on the bars of the grate and eaten with pepper and vinegar they are declared to be toothsome. Soaked in salt water and then cooked and served after the fashion of whelks and periwinkles they are still better. In winter the land shells, like snails, are hibernating in holes, under leaves, and in the hollows of trees. As all the species in a torpid state lay on a load of fat before retiring for the winter, the snail seeker, though possibly he did not quite understand the reason why, was of the opinion that it was only at this period of the year that the molluscs are fit for human consumption. Here, most likely, he was wrong. But at all events, in supping freely on such dainty bits, the Wiltshire gourmet has proved himself a great deal more sensible than many people who may be inclined to call him hard names, and then proceed to swallow a dozen raw oysters and a piece of cheese so swarming with parasites that if the latter were unanimous it would walk off the table.

Wiltshire is, however, not singular in possessing a man above the prejudices of his neighbors. In several parts of England snails are regularly eaten—not, it is true, as an ordinary article of diet, but at stated feasts. For instance, the Newcastle glass men were famous for their taste in that direction. Every year they held a sort of gastronomic festival, at which snails figured as the principal dish. Whether the custom has since fallen into decay is a question on which, no doubt, local information is to be had.

But we believe that the iron-puddlers in some parts of the Black country are wise enough to still indulge in the same dainty, and it is by no means uncommon to hear of snails boiled in milk being prescribed, like the viper broth of Caroline times, for patients far gone in consumption. It is less agreeable to know that at one time they were employed in the manufacture of imitation cream and that in spite of analysts and acts of Parliament they are even yet bruised and stewed in milk to form one of the tolerably palatable articles which pass under that name.

In the neighborhood of Dixon a small farmer has been known to clear \$1,500 per annum from snails, the vine-growers keeping them in dry cellars or in trenches under coverings of leaves and earth, and from certain "escargotieres" near Ulm, in Wurtemberg, no fewer than 10,000,000 of the vineyard snails are sent every year to other gardens to be fattened before they are dispatched for the use of the Austrian converts during lent. From Troyes it has been calculated that snails to the value of \$100,000—the wholesale price being 4s per 100—are forwarded to the Paris markets. Packed in casks they are also exported in a small way to the United States.

A WOMAN'S ADVICE.

She Tells Her Sisters How to Fascinate Their Husbands.

Many women lose the love of their husbands because they are too ignorant or too indifferent to keep it, observes a female writer in the Louisville Courier-Journal. Ask any of your friends how they captured their other half, and they will tell you frankly: "I don't know." A man's heart is ensnared by a pretty hand, nice teeth, a round low voice, frank eyes, beautiful hair; by the way a girl walks, talks, plays, rides, puns; by her gifts, her smiles, her amiability, good taste, generosity, or the very manner in which she greets, fascinates or abuses him. She may not know how she won him, but if she doesn't know how to keep him, the best thing for her to do is to find out. There are many things we know by intuition; the rest have to be learned by experience. Conscious of her abilities and disabilities as a wife, a wise woman will learn how to keep a husband just as she learns how to keep house, to make chicken croquettes, chocolate cream, bread, beds or lemonade, and if she doesn't, why, some siren will for all time relieve her of the trouble. Men like to preach down extravagance, and style, and dress; but the woman who bangs her hair, hides a blotch or scar under a piece of court-plaster, who wants pretty gloves and stockings, trim slippers, perfumes, balms, cold creams, finger curls and fancy notions to increase her charms, is the woman who is admired by them all. Common sense and ugliness may be morally wholesome, but they're not alluring, and art is apt to triumph over nature unadorned. If a man is fond of flattery, let him have it. If he has ambitions or schemes, listen to him with open eyes of wonder, and, no matter what the occasion is, never permit your knowledge to exceed his. Men despise smart women, but have no fault to find when her talent is large enough to appreciate his greatness. Men like to be looked up at, depended on, quoted and referred to. An ugly temper is a trial that few women are able to endure. The only cure is silence. You can't kiss a furious man; it only makes him worse. The thing to do is to keep still, let him cool, and let the matter drop. He will respect your sense and come to terms of his own accord. To be born a woman is to be born a martyr, but the husband that is worth wedding is worth kneeling; and if a little artifice, a pleasant smile, a contented heart, forbearance, devotion and tact will hold him, by all means let him be held. Men must be taken as they are, not as they should be; they improve under the refining influence of mutual interest and love, and he is a very wretched specimen of humanity who can not be counted on to shield his wife from the buffets of the world and be an anchor for her when youth and beauty have proved unfaithful.

Successful Treatment of Croup.

A correspondent of Good Housekeeping gives the following account of the successful treatment of a case of croup: "Remembering a child of our own who was attacked in a similar manner, we procured a pail, filled it with hot water, and, quickly removing the little one's shoes and stockings, placed her feet in the pail. We lost no time in roasting three onions, then mashing them, spread them upon a folded napkin, pouring over the whole a tablespoonful of goose grease (lard or sweet oil will do as well). The poultice was applied as hot as could be borne to the throat and upper part of the neck. In ten minutes the quick short gasps ceased, and at the end of half an hour the child, warmly wrapped in a soft blanket, was sleeping soundly. The skin was moist and the breathing natural; all symptoms of the dreaded scourge had disappeared as if by magic."