

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 statements of interested parties who endeavor to destroy your faith in assessments companies.

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.

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 the 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 offices. 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 to 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,

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

Thus how important to wait one on another in regard to matters of opinion, and questions of doctrinal difference. There is a toleration that is bad, a waiting that is wrong; but, on the other hand, impatience, too much hurry to set others right, a want of waiting, have resulted disastrously, have lost to the church brilliant lives, and have wrecked great and earnest souls. Oh here at the table of Christ's love let us learn to be tolerant towards those who do not think as we think, who are not in accord with our ideas of things! They may be none the worse for that. The Master may like them all the better indeed. I do not wonder that some people never get beyond their depths, for they take very good care to keep in shoal water. I do not wonder that they are never tempest-tossed, for all their little lives they keep hugging the shore of truth. They do not launch out into the great deep, the wide wide sea, and make the discoveries that glorify God. The Galilees almost make shipwreck of faith time and again, but for those brave truth-adventurers there will be a crown at last. Listen, then, to the exhortation of the apostle here: "Wherefore, my brethren, when ye come together to eat, wait one on another."

Again, wait for those who are weak, and often stumble, and sometimes fall. Better men than the best of us have sinned and fallen. Moses was higher up in the church than we are or ever will be, and the great and good Moses sinned. So did Noah, of whom it is said he walked with God. So did Abraham, and he was the friend of God, the father of the faithful. So did David, and taking him all in all, he was a grand christian. So did Peter, and he was an apostle. If such great and good and earnest christian men forgot their duty sometimes, and fell into sin, is it to be wondered that the people of God sometimes come short today, and dishonor the name they bear? Do you wonder that a child trying to walk falls? That is the way it learns to walk. And it is by the mistakes he makes, and his falls, and spiritual hurts, the child of God stumbles and struggles up to perfection. Let us not be discouraged about men, nor lose faith in them, because for the time being they have turned their back on their duty, and are wandering in darkness. Let us wait on them, and hope for them, and help them.

You look round today, my hearer, and you see some at the table of the Lord you would not want to have at your table, and you think the minister and elders must be exceedingly slack to let them come. Ah! I will tell you what the Lord hates as much as He hates anything, and it is censoriousness, a captious fault-finding spirit, an evil eye. If you want to see faults in others it is not hard to see them, but charity covers a multitude of sins. It shuts its eyes, so that it may not see too much. And another thing, my hearer, do you not know that some of the spots you see are in your own eyes? They come from defective sight on your part, and dusty glasses. Get rid of the beam in your own eye, and then you will not see so many spots in others. The preacher's greatest critics are those who never wrote nor preached a sermon in their life, nor for that matter anything else, and the christian's greatest critic is the man who is an utter stranger to every christian duty. Come here where we are, and help us to be good, help us to stand up for Jesus, help us to be faithful to duty, help us to walk close with God, and, I think, you will not be so hard on us, nor so ungenerous and unsympathetic in the way you feel towards us.

Everybody thinks he could legislate so much better than our legislators if he was only where they are, and manage the affairs of state so much better than they are managed yonder at London and Ottawa, and here at Fredericton. But let him get there, and probably he will not have so much conceit as to what he can do for the empire and the Dominion and the province. And so also here in the church and christian living. It is much easier, let me tell you, to stand off, and look on, and say what should be and should not be, than to come in where we are, and try to be and do. Now, far be it from me to say that there can be no improvement made. There is always room for that. But it is here where we are, not there where you are, where the improvement is to be sought for. Thus, I think, the apostle does not want us to be too exacting on one another here; he wants us to bear and forbear, to be patient and forgiving and tender. "Wherefore, my brethren, when ye come together to eat, wait one for another."

Again, wait on those who are slow in getting to work to do their christian duties and to live their christian life. Every communion season some of us are disappointed, and it is hard to be disappointed all the time. We get tired of it. Here are christian wives, and they had hoped perhaps that their husbands would be with them this time. They had built upon it, and looked forward to it. They had talked of it with them, and they had not said much, but the little they had said inspired hope, and so they had looked forward to the joy of being at the Lord's Table side by side with these they loved next to Himself. They had

made it a matter of prayer too, and they had troubled themselves about it. But here again they are alone, and it is hard. And then there are parents without their grown-up sons and daughters.

And it is not merely absence here. That in itself might be a small matter, one of no moment. It is the fear, the grave suspicion, that there is something still wrong with them, radically wrong; it is the fear that they are still without any true interest in Christ, still unsaved, still unregenerated and unpardoned, still without peace with God, still not christians. And there are grounds for such fears. We do not hold that this ordinance, or any ordinance indeed, is saving, in the sense, that men must do or die. We do not hold that it is necessary for salvation to be here. This only is necessary: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ." But if we believe in Jesus and love Him we will be here. We will not be able to stay away. Oh! is it that Jesus is nothing to us, His death nothing to us, His pierced body nothing to us, His blood nothing to us, all that this means nothing to us, that we are not here? Can you wonder, then, that there is concern, deep and anxious solicitude, because you are not with us at the Table of the Lord?

But the apostle would cheer us, and so he exhorts us not to grow impatient, but to wait on. Hope on; they will come. Pray on; they will come. The love here will yet win them. The cross will yet draw them. If we faint not, we will reap. The harvest may be late, but there will be an ingathering and a blessed harvest-home.

But I must press on, and yet the exhortation widens out as I proceed. Wait for the sinner. He is not here perhaps. He is still in the far country, still feeding on the husks that the swine eat, not here at his Father's Table. But even now he may be coming, and he may soon be here with the prayer of penitence on his lips and the joy of forgiveness and acceptance in his heart. He may soon be here clothed in the best robe, with shoes on his feet, and a ring on his finger, as fit to be here as any of you. Wait for him then. Let your heart go out to him in his wretchedness and woe, and expect him to come. There is nothing too hard for the mighty saving grace of God to do, and so let us never despair of the sinner.

Wait for the old. He is late in coming. His steps are feeble and slow. But he is coming leaning on his staff. Make room for him then, and if there is one place here better and brighter than another put him there. Give him the honor-place at the feast, the place next to the Lord. His hand trembles as he breaks the bread and lifts the cup to his lips, but for his soul there is a rich feast. And soon for him there will be the rejuvenation of Heaven.

Wait for the young. "Seek me early," the Lord has said. Let them come with their sunny years, and glad faces, and bright hopes. They may seem to us giddy and trifling and inexperienced, but ah! too soon they will be grave with the weight of years and cares and responsibilities. The Lord is glad to have the young at His table. He wants flowers as well as wheat-ears. Their fragrance and beauty are sweet to Him.

Wait for the stranger. Give him a cordial welcome, and let him feel that he is at home with us. There is room here for christians of every name. Give your closer, if need be, and make room for all.

And wait for the Lord. He is coming to see His guests, coming to bless with His presence, coming to receive the homage we bring. This is His table, not ours. Oh how empty the feast if the Master is not with us! But we are sure He will be with us, and so we are here waiting for Him. "Wherefore, my brethren, when ye come together to eat, wait one for another."

AMEN.

A QUAKER PRINTER'S PROVERBS.

Never send an article for publication without giving thy name, for thy name often secures publication of a worthless article.

Never inquire of the editor the news; for behold it is his business to give it to thee at the appointed time without asking for it.

It is not right that thou shouldst ask him who is the author of an article, for it is his duty to keep such things unto himself.

When thou dost enter his office take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may concern thee not, for that is in the sight of good breeding.

Neither examine the proof sheet for it is not ready to meet thine eye, that thou mayst understand.

Prefer thy own town paper to any other, and if thou hast not already done so, subscribe for it immediately.

Pay for it in advance and it shall be well for thee and thine.

Conversation warms the mind, enlivens the imagination, and is continually starting fresh game that is immediately pursued and taken, and which would never have occurred in the duller intercourse of epistolary correspondence.—Benj. Franklin.

TOWER OF LONDON.

Historical Facts That Escape Superficial Observation.

What a Knowing Visitor May See and Learn if He Keeps His Eyes and Ears Open—The White Tower and Its Dungeons—Anne Boleyn's Bones.

To describe the Tower of London in detail is absolutely unnecessary—it is too well known as a whole, but there are interesting little facts not generally realized by the public, and there are nooks usually unvisited. It was my good fortune on a recent day, says a writer in the London Echo, to go carefully around this grand old pile with a special order from General Milman, the resident Governor. Passing by the Traitors' Gate, I went into the Bloody Tower, in a room in which I found myself standing on the very spot wherein were imprisoned the two little Princes, and from the window of which centuries after Archbishop Laud leaned out to bless Lord Stafford as he passed to death upon the scaffold just beyond. An old, old room this, full of historic interest, and now inhabited by one of the picturesquely-attired beef-eaters. St. John's Church, one of the oldest Norman churches in the kingdom, built in 1087, is too well known to require description, so I will pass on to the armory departments, where I saw Lord Wolsley going round on an evident business inspection.

In passing down a stair-case in this White tower, wherein is kept this armory, and in which is placed a stand of fifty thousand modern rifles, I noticed the enormous thickness of the splendid walls, and on inquiring I was informed that they were fifteen feet in depth. Beneath the White Tower are the dungeons, which are never shown to the general public. Here is an eternal twilight, a musty smell, an icy chilliness. The first one, pure Norman in its architecture, is called the Torture chamber, for here were stretched upon the rack the miserable victims of political necessity or religious bigotry. In a very narrow passage leading out of this great chamber, and which is known by the name of Little Ease, because in it a prisoner could neither sit nor lie down, was wearily imprisoned the misguided Guy Fawkes. In the pitch dark dungeon beyond, which has no flooring but the damp, cold earth, were once imprisoned three hundred Jews, who in the thirteenth century were suspected of the crime of clipping coin. A dreadful place this, and hideously suggestive of the undreamed-of horrors of these "good old days of yore." The door—an old oaken one, iron bound, and immensely strong—shut off these poor wretches from all communication with the outer world.

In this dungeon, or series of dungeons, was recently discovered a very deep well, into which we fearfully peeped. From the dungeon to the church is but a short step in the old days the journey was usually made from the latter to the former. St. Peter's dates from 1272; it is full of the saddest, tenderest interest; within its dingy walls and beneath its historic pavements there lie the bodies of three of England's Queens. Ruskin finely says of this church that "it is the saddest spot in Christendom, for here are buried in dishonor the greatest in the land, while at Westminster Abbey they are buried in honor," a most touching and suggestive contrast. Most of the beautiful brasses were removed in Cromwell's time.

I was deeply interested to hear that in repairing the chancel in 1877 there was discovered the body of Anne Boleyn, which was recognized by the historically tiny neck, and by the fact that the body lay just in the spot described in the burial registry; also were discovered the bones of a big man, which belonged without doubt to the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth. These were reverently reburied in their long, long resting-place.

Upon the wall, and preserved within a glass case, I saw the three coffin plates of the noblemen last decapitated upon Tower Hill—Lords Kilmarnock, Lovat and Balmerino. The inscriptions were all in Latin, and that upon Lord Balmerino's plate ran as follows: "Arthur Dominus Balmerino, decollatus 18 die Augusti, 1746. 'Etatis sue 58.'" The very plain little font dates back to the reign of Edward III.

Not satisfied with my morning's round I went the next night to have a chat with the deputy-chaplain of the tower, Mr. Foster, who told me many interesting little facts, some of which are mentioned above. To my surprise he informed me that the tower is not supposed to be haunted, nor is there any ghostly tradition hanging round this spot. Just before eleven he and I stepped out into the cool night air. A wild, windy night, clouds chasing each other over the moon, whose misty, watery rays fell upon that ancient Norman keep. Just at my hand, and railed off, was the very spot wherein was lifted so often "the axe's keener edge." It was upon this very spot and from yonder identical window shining white in the moonshine, that Lady Jane Grey, the nine-days' Queen, gazed as her husband slowly passed to his death; for she was imprisoned in the house of Mr. Partridge, the gentleman jailer, wherein now resides the official who to this day bears the same title.

But the silence, pregnant with such memories, is suddenly broken by the clash of arms, the tramp of feet and the hoarse cry of military command. In the fitful light we see a small body of soldiers drawn up, and beneath the Bloody Tower comes the guard preceded by a warder bearing the keys. "Halt," cries the officer in command; "who comes there?" "Keys," is the immediate response. "Whose keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Present arms." "God preserve Queen Victoria." "Amen," is the clear, deep answer of all the soldiers.

Every night for untold years had this ceremony taken place. It is over now. Thoughtfully I wend my way past the Traitor's gate, beneath which the water is mournfully lapping, and, passing out of the grand old gates, I leave history behind, only to plunge into the vast weird Babylon of this nineteenth century.

Keep to the Right.

A quaint lesson in economy was given by an Englishwoman of wealth and position to an American friend. It related to the method of preserving a stair-carpet, and to keep it in its entirety as long as possible. She and her husband had agreed, the one to keep always to the right in going up and down, and the other to walk only upon the left-hand side of the carpet. It was expected that the company would keep exclusively in the center of the stair-way, and that, as a result of the arrangement, the stair-carpet would grow old with equal rapidity.