

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. Section 1: \$500, Section 2: 1,000, Section 3: 1,500, Section 4: 2,000, Section 5: 2,500, Section 6: 3,000, Section 7: 3,500.

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 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 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,

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

and wider seas you journeyed impatient, and at last you stood where lay before your glad wondering eyes the scene of your boyhood dreams; and, as through your tears you looked, you felt as if the look you had more than repaid you for the trouble and expense you were at to get where you could have the look.

Thus with Moses as he looked from Pisgah upon Canaan. He felt as if it was worth all he had come through for the forty years he spent in the wilderness to see what he saw, and having seen it, he was resigned to the decree of Heaven, and willing and ready to die.

III. HIS DEATH AND BURIAL.

His death must ever remain a mystery. No one was present to witness it. In silence and solitude, on the mountain-top, his great soul passed into the presence of God. But just how no one can tell us. The Jews have a saying that she Lord kissed him on the mouth, and to took his soul. No doubt his death was a happy one. We cannot think of it otherwise. And yet death is death, and it has its terrors, and Moses would not be without the shrinking of the soul as it launches out upon the shoreless sea of eternity.

Legend has been busy here, and tells us a long story of how Moses died, but it is all a fable. The Lord wisely took Moses apart to die, and he died. He was not translated, as Enoch and Elijah were; he died.

And then his burial is as much a mystery as his death. It is said that God buried him, but there is doubt as to the correctness of the translation that makes Scripture say that. In the margin of the Revised version we find it written that he was buried, without saying by whom or how.

This we are sure of, it would seem, he was buried, decently interred; not left for the eagles to pray upon. The Lord has respect to the body, dust though it is, and a decent burial is right. We expect a resurrection, and so we bury our dead decently, care for their dust.

Moses had a miraculous burial, for this reason, that superstition would have made use of his grave for idolatrous purposes. In a dark ravine, in a mountain cave, he was laid, and Pisgah itself is his monument.

A fitting national mourning of thirty days was granted him, and we are sure there were real tears shed; it was sincere, heartfelt, universal. The nation had lost its head; the people had lost a father and friend. Moses was one who had died for the people's interests, not his own. When he came to die, he had nothing to leave but a good name, a record unsullied, a character that was unimpeachable, a memory of faithfulness and devotion. He was not without his faults, as we have seen, but at least he was the beau-ideal of a legislator and public man. For forty long years he served the people with all the might of his ability, his genius and power, and in the most difficult and trying circumstances, and he did so without fee or reward. He was a man whose like only rarely appears as the ages come and go.

I have thus, my hearers, told you as I could the story of Moses' life. To myself it has been a pleasant and profitable study, and I hope that to many of you, to all of you, it has not been without interest and usefulness. Night after night, through the weeks, we have followed him, and tried to live with him his life, and mingle in the scenes he lived and moved among. I know I have come short of the ideal I set before myself in starting out; I always do that. And yet, if I have interested my hearers and readers, for I have had both, in a life so pure as well as so public; if I have brought you into close contact with it, and I have tried to do that; then, it seems to me, our story cannot but have been helpful to you in the life you are living, and have yet to live.

You have seen, I hope, that it was no ideal life Moses lived. It was an old-time life, and a very special life; but it was real flesh and blood, one not so high up as to be utterly beyond our reach. The truth is, we set before ourselves a career that is too commonplace, too earthly, too worldly, in its reaches, and we never come to be anything. We live as others live around us. Our patterns of life are not always the best. Now, we have here in God's word pattern lives, the pick of the ages, and we are to frame our lives after such patterns. Let us feel, that it is not too much for us today to be as good as Moses, to be as useful and great in certain directions.

There are still men to be led out of bondage, still millions to be lifted up to a higher national and spiritual life, and it is for us to do it. There never was more need of really good and great men than today. O young men, aim high, and climb high. The pattern life for you to follow is, not the life of Moses, but the life of Jesus. "Follow me," He said, and still says. Moses followed Him, and we have seen what he came to be, how great and good, and what a work he was honored to do in his day for the world. And if, like Moses, we will fol-

low Jesus, we too will attain to a usefulness and goodness not unworthy of us, and those who come after us will thank God for the good we did and tried to do, and there will be for us a bright place near the Throne and a starry Crown.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear Of which the coming life is made, And fill our future's atmosphere With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the life to be We weave with colors all our own, And in the field of destiny We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call The shadows which it gathered here, And, painted on the eternal wall, The past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song On Milton's tuneful ear have died? Think ye that Raphael's angel throng Has vanished from his side.

Oh, no! We live our life again; Or warmly touched, or coldly dim, The pictures of the past remain— Man's works shall follow him.

AMEN.

HEALTH NOTES.

A vegetable diet is best in rheumatism.

Raw oysters are more digestible than cooked.

Seventy per cent of the human body is water.

Animal food agrees best with a sour stomach.

The majority of cough mixtures contain opium.

Opium increases the night sweats of consumptives.

Many cases of chronic illness are due to insufficient water.

The appetite is not always a reliable guide as to what food should be eaten.

Persons subject to "bilious" attacks will suffer less if they will not eat meat.

It is said that not a professional street beggar can be found who does not chew tobacco.

Bread toasted through and through to a golden brown, is not likely to sour on the stomach.

A woman will excuse her own foolishness, but she will never excuse a physician for yielding his treatment to it.

To nurse a child every time it cries, is the best way to give a child indigestion, and insure it to have all the evils of a deranged stomach and bowels.

Cremation is slowly but surely gaining in public favor. From a sanitary point of view it has everything in its favor without a single objection.

The chief organ of an infant is its stomach, and the physician, or nurse, who keeps this fact uppermost in mind, will have the greatest success in taking care of infants.

Nuts are a neglected article of diet. They form a partial substitute for meats, but they should be eaten at meal time, just as any other food should. Better in the morning or at noon.

Many persons suffer from a form of dyspepsia caused by simply eating too frequently, or in other words because the interval is too short between meals.

Tuberculosis is not rare disease in animals, especially cattle. It is also an established fact that the disease a form of consumption may be communicated to human beings through beef, or milk.

One-fifth of all deaths are due to consumption. Errors of diet produce those conditions of the system which facilitate the development of consumption. A diet of white bread, butter, tea and pickles, prepares the system for the easy invasion of consumption as well as other diseases.

The necessity of more attention being paid to dietetics is apparent on every hand. At least one-half of all the sickness can be traced to errors of diet. A few of the most intelligent of the people are beginning to appreciate the importance of a knowledge of dietetics, and we predict, that the subject will receive still more attention in the future.—People's Health Journal.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.

Don't worry. Don't hurry. Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Simplify! Simplify! Simplify! Don't overeat. Don't starve. Let your moderation be known to all men.

Court the fresh air day and night. Oh, if you knew what was in the air!

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is nature's benediction.

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Be cheerful. A light heart lives long. Think only healthful thoughts. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he.

Seek peace and pursue it. Work like a man, but don't be worked to death.

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

DISORDERED HEARING.

Disturbing Influences Which Cause the Senses to Act Abnormally.

The senses, in their normal action, never deceive; but they are all liable to disturbing influences of various kinds, which cause them to act abnormally. They may be painfully exalted in sensibility, or the organs of sense may be so blunted as to become partially or wholly incapable of performing their usual functions. They may even give rise to sensations that are absolutely false. The eye may "see" bright lights, beautiful scenes, forms of familiar friends or monsters of hideous shape—see them as clearly as we see any thing—and yet the apparent objects be wholly unreal.

Disorders of hearing are the most common of all. Ringing, tinkling, rumbling, roaring or beating—as of an audible pulse—are heard in various disturbed states of the system. This is a frequent result of the misuse or overuse of drugs, as by the large doses of quinine taken in malaria. False voices may be heard, so distinct that the person does not at once suspect their objective unreality. These hallucinations may connect with an unsound state of the brain, but they may be wholly independent of it.

The celebrated Dr. Macnish, when suffering from fever, had hallucinations of sight and hearing combined. He says: "I was broad awake; my eyes were closed, and yet I saw with perfect distinctness the whole scene going on in the theater—Ducrow, performing his wonders of horsemanship, and the assembled multitude, among whom I recognized several intimate friends. When I opened my eyes the whole scene vanished; when I closed them it instantly returned. But, though I could thus dissipate the spectacle, I found it impossible to get rid of the accompanying music. This was the grand march in the opera of Aladdin, which was performed by the orchestra with more superb and imposing effect and with greater loudness than I had ever heard it before."

The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal lately described a case due simply to marked constipation of long standing. At first the voices were heard at night. They seemed to be the voices of three persons, who persisted in tormenting the patient with offensive talk. At length they annoyed her by day as well as night. They would sing, yell and quarrel among themselves, and at times commanded her to do things that frightened her. Sleep was impossible day or night. She was wholly relieved by a few days of careful treatment, which regulated the bowels and secured sound sleep.

FUNNY HIBERNICISMS.

Specimen Gems of Irish Wit, Humor and Bright Repartee.

Stories of Irish wit and humor are like good wine—they mellow and acquire delicacy of flavor with age. They are evergreen, preserving their freshness like the verdure of the Emerald Isle of whose blessed soil they are racy. Hibernicisms never lose their sparkle and mirth-compelling quality. "Age can not wither nor custom stale their infinite variety;" we never tire of telling or listening to them, and nobody but a Scotchman with a corkscrew would be likely to get the idea into his head of speaking of them as chestnuts. We are indebted to the American Review for making a collection of the rarest gems, from which we cull as specimen jewels of the first water the following:

"Pat," said a field officer, "go to your Captain and tell him you're the laziest rascal in the regiment." "Flaze, yer honor, wud ye have me go to the Captain wid a lie in me mouth?"

A pauper woman, who was being commiserated in having lost all her teeth: "Shoor, an' isn't it time to lose them, whin I've nothing for them to do?"

An Irish woman, uninvited to a wake: "Well, well, I'll have a corpse of my own in my house some day, an' thin you'll see who'll be invited."

"Arrah! Where will you find a modern building that has lasted as long as the old wan?"

"I am writing with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other."

"Mr. Speaker, I would give half of the constitution—nay, the whole of it—to save the remainder."

"Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all misfortunes is usually followed by a greater."

"A great many people are dying this year who never died before."

A party at cards. One player remarked: "Here is a shilling short." "Who put it in?" asked an Irishman present.

"Sir, if you come within a mile of my house I hope you will stop."

"He's so thin I'd hardly know him. You're thin, and I'm thin, but he's thinner than both of us put together."

Unintentional Apostasy.

An old clergyman used to relate the following anecdote with great glee: Once, when preparing his parishioners for the solemn ordinance of confirmation, he found among them an old woman so excessively ignorant and stupid that, for some weeks prior to the time, he was obliged to have her come to his house every day in order to instruct and catechise her. At length he began to hope that his time, patience and zeal had not been entirely bestowed in vain, a few bright flashes of understanding having burst from the old dame's clouded intellect. The important day arrived. "Now, my good friend," said the worthy pastor just previous to the commencement of the ceremony, "as this is the last moment in which I shall have an opportunity of conversing with you, let me ask, do you thoroughly understand and believe all the articles of your Christian faith?" "Aye, yes, sir, thank 'ee," replied the venerable pupil, with a simper, and dropping one of her best courtesies: "I does, indeed, now; and, thank God, I heartily renounces 'em all."

An Amusing Imbroglia.

"A somewhat amusing imbroglia connected with forged bank-notes is making the Hungarians merry," says the Vienna correspondent of the London Times. "A short time ago a gang of men, supposed to be forgers of bank-notes, was arrested at Stuhlweissenburg, and the tribunal of that town sent a bundle of their false notes to the court of justice at Budapest, before which the prisoners were to be tried. By some blunder the notes were forwarded to the tax office as genuine, and the tax office put them in circulation. As a consequence the prisoners had to be acquitted on that trial for want of proof. They now intend, it is said, to sue the Hungarian Government for their money, arguing that the genuineness of the notes has been sufficiently established by their circulation through the tax office. It ought to be explained that in this country, where the currency is paper, nobody ever thinks of taking the number of a bank-note."