

# THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE

## National Mutual Relief Society.

### OFFICERS:

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One hundred and sixty members of the National Division are members of 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 unformally well managed, prompt and economical. Be not deceived by the false statements 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.

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:

Age.	SEC. 1.	SEC. 2.	SEC. 3.	SEC. 4.	SEC. 5.	SEC. 6.	SEC. 7.
	\$500	\$1,000	\$1,500	\$2,000	\$2,500	\$3,000	\$3,500
From 18 to 25.....	0.25	0.50	0.75	1.00	1.25	1.50	1.75
" 25 to 30.....	0.28	0.55	0.83	1.10	1.38	1.65	1.93
" 30 to 35.....	0.29	0.58	0.87	1.15	1.44	1.73	2.02
" 35 to 40.....	0.30	0.60	0.90	1.20	1.50	1.80	2.10
" 40 to 45.....	0.32	0.63	0.95	1.25	1.55	1.88	2.20
" 45 to 50.....	0.38	0.75	1.13	1.50	1.80	2.25	2.63
" 50 to 55.....	0.45	0.90	1.35	1.80	2.10	2.70	3.15
" 55 to 60.....	0.53	1.05	1.58	2.10	2.40	3.15	3.68

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,**

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

life amid the solitudes of the Sinaitic peninsula must have been monotonous and trying in the extreme. The work of caring for sheep, or herding cattle, would not be in itself hard work. It was tedious rather than hard, dull, monotonous, requiring patience and gentleness. But it was work he was not used to. He knew nothing of sheep and cattle, and it would be quite a task for him to learn how to lead and call, and get to know the peculiarities and habits of those simple animals. And then the region where he had to lead and feed his flock, with its grand towering mountains and sterile wastes of sand, was so different from the rich alluvial plains of Egypt, that it would take him some time to know where to go for pasturage and water.

It is believed that the country has a desolateness and wildness today that it had not in Moses' day. It was probably better wooded then than now, and there were more valleys where sheep and cattle could find pasturage; but, granting that, still it must have been a land of exile to him, a region where he seemed all the time lost, and he would lead his flock lead him, rather than he lead his flock. Oh, I think, for the first years he must have felt himself in the wilderness, indeed, and would be almost ready to die of loneliness and lostness, ennui and melancholy? He would say to himself: "I am buried here, worse than buried, buried alive. Of what use to me here is my splendid education? Was it for this I was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians? Was it to be the forced companion of these rude children of the wilderness, these wild-ass men of Midian, that I was brought up amid the softness and refinement and luxury of Egypt's palace? Oh it had been better for me if I had been left to float away down the Nile in the ark! I would not be what I am, and where I am now. Because I cannot care for sheep as they can, they despise me. Because I lose myself; because I do not know the mountain-paths as they know them; because even their girls can leap from rock to rock, and round up a flock of sheep as I cannot begin to do, they look down upon me. But, a fall from a cliff, or the spring of a wild beast, will end it all for me some day, and sweet it will be to have it all over, rather than this living death in the wilderness!"

It is very clear, I think, from the name he gave his first born, that Moses, for a long time, was not at all reconciled to his lot as the shepherd of Midian. Gershom, a stranger there, an exile there;—how much of unuttered woe and bitter experience there must have been behind that name! But he got over all that. As he came to understand his work, and as he grew familiar with the mountains and valleys, a new interest in everything woke up in him, and he found that even there he could turn his scholarship to a splendid account, and he would be glad that he had so much leisure and opportunity to carry on his scientific explorations. The rocks were books for him to read the interesting story of the world's creation from. Even the tribes he met with in the valleys, their language, and traditions, and religions, and so much else, were of interest to him. He would watch the eagle in his flight, study his habits, and learn lessons of God's care of His people from him. Everything afforded him opportunities for study and reflection, and after a while he seemed to know everything. He knew more about the country than the people who had been brought up in it. You could not lose him anywhere. Every way he had traced, every mountain he had climbed, and everything that was worth the knowing he seemed to know.

And then, best of all, he had grown in the knowledge of God. By his faith he had kept touch of the Blessed Unseen. The mountain tops seemed to lift his thoughts heavenwards. As he looked up at their rugged grandeur and gnarled strength, he felt how mean beside them were the pyramids of Egypt, and the great works that men built. Perhaps it was here, with an eagle's quill for a pen, and the Spirit of God to inspire his thoughts, he wrote the Book of Genesis. I would not wonder if it was, for here more than anywhere he would have leisure for such a work, and he would feel like it. At least, in those lonely years, he was gathering the materials for such a work, and shaping them into the wondrous form in which they have come down to us.

Little did Moses know, when he was climbing the mountains, and threading the wadies and valleys and steep passes of the rugged Sinaitic region, that God was fitting him for the leadership of His people through among those very mountains. But so it was. It is one thing to study the geography of a land from maps, and it is another thing to go over every foot of it step by step. Now, it was by living there half a long life time, and by leading the slow sheep from valley to valley, that Moses was taught the geography of the wild Sinaitic peninsula, and thus he was fitted to be a pilot, when such was needed, to guide God's flock through among those terrible mountains.

Ah! my hearer, let us trust our life-making to God, and let us not murmur if there are experiences in it that we

know not what to think of, and of what use they can ever be to us. The Lord never makes a mistake. I suppose there is more or less of a wilderness in every life. There was a wilderness in the best life that was ever lived, the life of God's own Son; a hungry, devil-haunted wilderness, where even He was hardly bested. And let us not wonder much if there is a wilderness of some kind and somewhere in our life.

Moses' wilderness was in midlife. David's was at the opening of his public career. The former experienced his wilderness after his life in the palace, the latter experienced his before. Different men need different dealings, and with a view to different life purposes. You ask, it may be, why you are groping in darkness, why you have to walk in the shadows of great threatening mountains, and through fearful ravines, graves, calamities, temptations, woes, hells. But no one can tell why. You must wait and wait till God reveals His purpose, and then it will all be so plain, and you will wonder that you could not see it before.

Moses made a mistake, he did wrong, and then he had to run to the wilderness to escape the dreadful vengeance of law. But he did not escape. There he had years and years of a penitentiary sort of life for the blood he had so thoughtlessly and recklessly shed.

And so still. Men do wrong. They lift up the hand of violence against a brother-man. They steal. In so many ways they do wrong. And they get themselves into a terrible wilderness. Like Moses they have to flee to other lands, and there, in fear, drudge and toil to live. Or, they are thrown into the penitentiary where for years and years they have to pine. Oh the wilderness that wrong-doing brings men into! But, so often, God, in His mercy, makes the wilderness a blessed paradise to them, a garden of Eden, a means of grace, and they are led out of it, to be a joy and help to others, to be a Moses to lead the Israel of God to the Heavenly Canaan. AMEN.

### ALL EYES ON AFRICA.

London St. James' Gazette: The weary Titan, as Mr. Matthew Arnold called the British Empire, is always finding itself stumbling against ill-conducted dwarfs somewhere. As the Standard points out in a useful article, we may soon find ourselves engaged in a difficulty with Portugal. That little country, which, as some cynic unkindly observed, lives chiefly on dirt and traditions, has not forgotten that it is the pioneer of Europe in Africa, and in right of settlements on the East Coast and the West lays claim to dominion over south Equatorial Africa from sea to sea, including those Zambesi and Nyassa districts, which are being steadily opened up by English—or rather, Scotch—merchants and English missionaries. Undoubtedly, if Portugal, as seems probable, tries to make her claim a reality, we shall have difficulties with our old ally. It seems as if Africa were to set all Europe by the ears. For instance, if we are to believe what looks a rather doubtful story, France and Italy were almost on the point of exchanging an ultimatum the other day over the new law regarding school teachers in Tunis!

Six Brunswick young ladies have organized themselves into an "Old Maid Club." The young ladies, it is said, have pledged each other never to marry unless the consent of every member of the club is first obtained, in which case the consenting members are to act as bridesmaids, and each of them present the bride with a handsome present. One of the members is already nonplused. Having had the question popped and being unable to get the unanimous consent for the ceremony, she is now waiting for the dissenting members to meet their "fates," when she feels that they will relent.—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Amelia Rives-Chanler says she wears a common-sense shoe, "because I like them best and I have a right to dress myself as I please." Mrs. Langtry wears a No. 5 shoe of English make, of good breadth, with a low, flat heel. Mrs. Potter says she doesn't know what size her shoes are, but apparently her shoe is very long and very narrow. Mrs. Cleveland wears No. 5, B width. She has her shoes or slippers to match every gown she owns, and her hosiery is always of the same shade. Mary Anderson has a large foot, and she wears a large, broad shoe.—Woman's Journal.

Quite a Secondary Consideration.—Major Bouncer—Ah, my dear young lady, did I ever tell you about my adventure in Africa? No? Well, I was up a palm tree one day, and when I reached nearly the top, lost my hold, and fell. If my friend Captain Spifkins hadn't been below to break my fall I shouldn't be here now for these festivities. However, here I am, safe and sound. Ha, ha! Gertrude—Yes, but what became of Captain Spifkins? Major Bouncer—Oh, Spifkins! He was buried out there, of course. Couldn't bring him home, you know.—London Judy.

### LIFE IN WASHINGTON.

Experience of a Man Who Came to Secure a Government Position.

He sat on a Lafayette square bench, says the Washington Critic, a wooden tooth-pick held meditatively between his teeth, the picture of a club-man who had dined well.

Shuffling down one of the gravelled paths was a man—a tramp. He passed the club-man, eyeing him closely, and, halting in the gloom of a near-by tree, looked back to where the club-man sat, and then retraced his steps.

"Your pardon, sir," the tramp said, in a husky voice, "will you give me a little advice?"

"Well, what is it?" the club-man asked, a shade of annoyance showing in his good-natured features, for, like most heavy diners, he disliked any thing that savored of business after dinner. Besides, he thought the man but a beggar, and disliked his not approaching the matter directly.

"I'll take but a minute of your time, sir, if you'll listen to me. I came to Washington two months ago to get a government position. As you see, I failed. For the last eight days up to last night I have been drunk. I have been a drinker all my life, but I never drank so much nor so steadily before. I woke up this morning with the sun shining in my face through the trees of a park. My clothes were pawned and replaced with these rags, my watch, money, every thing gone for drink.

"Did you ever have mania-a-potu? No; I can see that you haven't. Well, I have. Two hours ago I felt it coming on me. You can see, holding up a tremulous hand, 'how unstrung my nerves are. I can almost see the devils now as they tighten their fingers on my throat. And the thirst—thirst that nothing but alcohol will quench. You can not imagine what it is to feel yourself petrified, powerless, dead to every thing but pain, while lizards, ants, toads, worms, snakes, every thing slimy, are twisting, wriggling, squirming over you, gumming your eyes together, filling your ears with horrible sounds, while every joint in your body is racked and twisted until it seems ready to come apart. Your brain on fire, your throat parched and swollen, and the hot, fetid breath of devils in your face as they taunt you with great flagons of liquor, held just out of your reach. God, sir! This and a thousand times this I have felt, and feel coming over me again.

"I asked you for advice. Well, I've got a quarter in my pocket. I can get a bed for a quarter, or I can get a pint of whisky that will keep me out of the reach of these devils to-night, until I can get to sleep. But where would I sleep? If I got a bed I can't sleep unless I have something to drink. You see why I asked your advice?"

When the tramp began his story the club-man wore a look of wearied indifference. But the tramp talked quickly and excitedly, with jerky, expressive gestures, his hollow eyes fixed on the club-man's every look and every motion, lending strength to what he said, until the club-man seemed fascinated. As the tramp finished he got up from the bench and shook himself like a man ridding his mind of an unpleasant day dream.

"Ugh, man, you ought to be an actor. Here's fifty cents. No, here's a dollar, and, for God's sake don't talk to any more about your delirium tremens. Ugh!"

And the tramp shuffled off through the deepening gloom, and, as he passed into the glare of the electric lights in front of the Treasury, the dollar and the quarter jingled merrily in his pocket.

He was an ex-actor.

### AN OSTRICH RACE.

Huge Birds That Seem to Cover Fourteen Feet with Every Stride.

A writer in the Providence Journal gives some interesting facts in regard to an ostrich farm near Los Angeles, Cal., owned by Dr. J. C. Sketchnley. He has sixty acres devoted to ostriches, having imported thirty pairs of these birds directly from Africa, landing them at Galveston, Tex. He also brought with them four Madrasese men and women; these people being thoroughly familiar with the habits of the ostrich. Their food is corn and alfalfa, the latter a kind of California grass, of which at least half a dozen crops are frequently cut off the same ground in one season. These ostriches weigh from 300 to 400 pounds each. The male bird is black and the female gray, and they are valuable chiefly for their feathers, the finest of which sell for \$4 apiece, according to this account, while good, common feathers bring \$200 a pound. The price of a full-grown pair of birds is from \$700 to \$800, and young birds, six months old, cost from \$150 to \$200. They are a very long-lived creature, sometimes reaching the age of eighty years. The article closes with the following account of an ostrich race:

At a command from the doctor one of the Madrasese keepers opened the door of one of the pens, and in response to the doctor's call two superb ostriches came running to him. After caressing the gentle creatures for a few moments, he showed them a handful of figs, of which they are extremely fond. Two of his men then restrained the birds by placing nooses about their legs until he and myself had walked to the other end of the course. Then, at a signal from the doctor, the birds were released, and the race began. It seemed to me these birds covered fourteen feet at every stride. Like the wind they came, their great necks stretched forward and upward to their utmost length, their wings, like arms, working with a motion similar to that made by their legs, and filling the air with a mighty sound like the rushing of a whirlwind. Nearer and nearer they came, their speed increasing at every moment, till I was almost terrified lest they should run us down, feeling certain that we could not withstand the shock. They kept well abreast for nearly half the distance, and then one began to forge ahead. He steadily increased his lead till within a few feet of us, when he turned his head, and, seeing that his competitor was considerably in the rear, he slackened his pace, and, jogging up to the doctor, received his reward in figs and caresses.

### Fire-Proof Building Material.

The Real Estate Record says that fire ruins show that porous terra cotta bricks and blocks best resist fire, water and frost. Next to these in the order of fire-resisting qualities comes concrete and burned clay work. In the best work done, the iron work is incased in porous terra cotta, tile or brick work in roof, floor, and tile construction. The hollow tiles are faced with vitreous tile, slate or any good weather-proof coating, or with a single thickness of brick. Iron and steel framework, incased in fire-proof materials, gives the best possible results. There is a growing preference for light porous walls of hollow material protecting an iron or wooden framework. Massive and heavy walls of brick or stone will do for architecture, but they are not as much of a mechanical necessity as they were regarded a few years ago.