

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. 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 he 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. 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	2.25	2.70	3.15
" 55 to 60.....	0.53	1.05	1.58	2.10	2.63	3.15	3.68

Assessment cards are mailed direct to each member and remittances are made 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 rich 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,

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

cation at that marriage-feast. I do not believe there was. There was wine, and the wine was drunk, but it was not such as to dethrone the reason, or fire the brain, or poison the blood. It was good wine.

I think our Lord shews us that it is possible for us to have home-gatherings and merry-makings where He and His people can be welcome guests and feel themselves at home, and that it is possible to have a wine that it would neither be wrong nor hurtful to drink. But today the wine is such that it cannot be safely drunk. It is poison, deadly, fascinating, cruel. Our only safety is to keep it far from our lips.

O Christian ladies, when you decorate your parlors with Christmas and New Year mottoes, and with words of welcome and good cheer, think of the spectre-hands and the mystery writing on Belshazzar's palace-wall; and when you spread your festive board and receive your guests, think of Belshazzar's wine-feast. Oh that your feasts, like the Cana marriage-feast, were graced with Jesus' presence, and furnished with Jesus' wine; then, ladies, no poor wretch would go away from your table to curse forever the fair hand that lured him down to ruin!

III. THE INTERPRETATION OF THE WRITING.

The king's wise men were instantly summoned to read and interpret for him the mystery-writing. But they could not. Human wisdom cannot solve God's mysteries. Even when He writes His judgments plainly, men cannot read them.

That writing on the wall, you must remember, was not in a foreign tongue, nor written in unintelligible hieroglyphics. It was in Hebrew or Chaldee, the very language the king and his people were most familiar with, their own mother-tongue; and yet they could not read it right, they could not understand it. Of course they would want to make something else of it than it was. They would want to read mercy instead of judgment, and blessing instead of cursing. They did not want to spell woe out of those strange mystery-characters. And then the words were so enigmatically put, and so much more expressive and comprehensive than mere human words. Hence after puzzling over them for some time, the magicians gave up the task as hopeless.

Upon this the old queen-mother came in, and told the king about Daniel, who seems to have been wholly lost sight of during Belshazzar's voluptuous and reckless reign. Probably he was too good a man for the king to have among his councillors, and was therefore superseded by some pliant court-toil that would second whatever the king proposed, no matter how absurd and wrong. However it was, Daniel's superior wisdom and excellence were not known to the king. But the queen-mother had not forgotten him, nor his wise words and good deeds, and she had not lost sight of him.

This woman, it may be as well to remark here, is believed to have been Nitocris, whom Herodotus describes as a noble, brave, prudent woman, a woman of extraordinary ability. From what is said here respecting her, she seems to have been a superior woman. She was not at the king's banquet of wine. But the moment there was trouble, she was on hand with her good and wise counsels. She reminded the king what Daniel had done for his grandfather Nebuchadnezzar when he was in great perplexity, and how greatly the great Nebuchadnezzar prized him and honored him, setting him over the wise men of Babylon.

Accordingly Daniel was summoned forthwith into the king's presence, and was promised great honors and splendid gifts if he would read the writing, and make known its hidden meaning.

Daniel told the king he did not want his gifts and honors, but he would read the writing for him. This he did, telling the king to his face what a proud-hearted, wicked man he had been, not heeding at all the judgments that had befallen the great Nebuchadnezzar on account of his pride and wickedness, but boastfully and recklessly lifting up himself against the Mighty God of heaven and earth. He told him plainly that that mystery writing on his palace wall meant doom to him. His wicked reign was at an end. God had weighed him in the balances and found him wanting. His kingdom was about to be taken from him, and given to his enemies the Medes and Persians, who would make a better use of it than he had made of it. Not one word of hope or comfort had he for him. He could hold out only doom, the direst calamity.

And Daniel's interpretation came true. That same night the Medo-Persian army succeeded in breaking into the city, put the inhabitants to the sword, plundered the city of its immense wealth, and slew Belshazzar the king. Oh what a sad ending to the king's drunken banquet! And so it ever is, and must be. The drunken feasts of today end badly. Perhaps no spectre-hand may come and write doom before the eyes of the guests. God does not do that in our day. This is not the age of prodigies, and wonders, and miracles. But for all that doom has been written against them just as cer-

tainly as if a spectre-hand had come and written, "Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin," all around the room where such feasts are celebrated, and that doom-writing will be terribly fulfilled, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

Let me read you God's doom words. "Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them! And the harp, and the viol, the tabret, and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of His hands. Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink! Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valleys, of them that are overcome with wine! Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also."

Such are some of the woes the Lord has written against the feasts of drunkenness. And every now and again we find those woes, those doom-words of His, coming true. Men make such feasts, and they go to them, and they drink the wine of drunkenness; they take the sacred vessel of the Lord, these wondrous bodies He has given us, and they use those Divinely fashioned and sacred vessels for the unholy purposes, and the end is death, woe, hell.

Now, in conclusion, in preaching this Christmas sermon I do not want to mar any true joy. I think God wants us to be happy, to have our feasts, our glad occasions. For my own part I care not for them; I can do without them. But there was a time when I did care for them. And our young people look forward to them, and set much by them. And let them have their innocent joys; let us have our family re-unions, our social gatherings, our feasts. But we can have them surely without the wine of drunkenness, without the wild hilarity of unhallowed pleasure, without the things that come in and mar all that is good. The year would begin better and end better, were we all to put down our foot, and say, "no more drinking for me!" I am glad, that some of our people, who did not always feel so, who sometimes yielded to the tempter, have come to see differently. Only the other day one said to me, "I am done with drinking. It came to me like a voice from Heaven that it was not good for me, and I bowed down before God, and asked His help to be pure and sober, and God helping me, and I know He will help me, I am done with drinking."

Perhaps the one who said in effect this to me is hearing me tonight, but I know he will pardon me for the use I am making of it, for it may help some one else to do as he did. Now is a good season to start anew, and Oh! that I could persuade some before me to say on their knees; "God helping me, I shall drink no more! It is a filthy habit. It leads to all sorts of excesses. It throws me into bad company. It wastes my money. It is bad for myself, my health, my business, my usefulness, my family, my present, my future. It incapacitates me for getting on and up, for anything like true promotion. It makes me weak when I should be strong. It is as bad as it can be, and so I am done with it forever."

Nothing would please me more than to help any one to break the chain that has been binding him. Sometimes young men come to me, and take the pledge, and afterwards they tell me they have kept it. I will be glad if they would come to me tonight, and take the pledge, and I will do all I can for them. It is a good thing for a number together to bind themselves solemnly before God to be abstinent. They help one another. Where one cannot stand alone, he can with others standing around him, and strengthening him with their influence and example.

My hearer, go to some one tonight who is forgetting himself, who is drifting, and take hold of him with an earnest interest, and lead and love him back to the right. You can do it, and it is yours to do it. And think what it is to help a brother, to save him, to win him. It will be an eternal joy to you.

Rescue the perishing,
 Care for the dying,
 Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
 Weep o'er the erring ones;
 Lift up the fallen,
 Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.

Down in the human heart,
 Crushed by the tempter,
 Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
 Touched by a loving heart,
 Wakened by kindness,
 Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
 AMEN.

DON'T FRET.

Women find a sea of trouble in their housekeeping. Some one says they often put as much worry and anxiety into a loaf of bread, a pie, a cake, into the weekly washing and ironing as should suffice for much weightier matters. Suppose these things go wrong to-day, the to-morrows are coming in which to try again, and the thing is not worth clouding your own spirit and those around you, injuring yourself and them physically—for the mind affects the body—and for such a trifle. When a thing is beyond repair, waste no useless regrets over it and do no idle fretting. Strive for that serenity of spirit that will enable you to make the best of all things. That means contentment in its best sense.

A Siberian Convict Barge.

PRISONERS GOING ABOARD AT TIUMEN—CRIMINALS BOUND FOR THE MINES.

The barge lay at a floating landing stage of the type with which we had become familiar on the rivers Volga and Kama, and access to it was gained by means of a zigzag wooden bridge sloping down to it from the high bank of the river. The exiles, although uniformly clad in gray, presented, from an ethnological point of view, an extraordinary diversity of types, having evidently been collected from all parts of the vast empire. There were fierce, wild looking mountaineers from Daghestan and Circassia, condemned to penal servitude for murders of blood revenge; there were Tartars from the lower Volga, who had been sunburned until they were almost as black as negroes; Turks from the Crimea, whose scarlet fezes contrasted strangely with their gray convict overcoats; crafty looking Jews from Podolia, going into exile for smuggling; and finally, common peasants in great numbers from all parts of European Russia. The faces of the prisoners generally were not as hard, vicious and depraved as the faces of criminals in America. Many of them were pleasant and good humored, some were fairly intelligent, and even the worst seemed to me stupid and brutish, rather than savage or malignant.

At last all were on board, the sliding doors of the network cages were closed and secured with heavy padlocks, and a regular Russian bazaar opened on the landing stage. Male and female peddlers to the number of forty or fifty were allowed to come down to the side of the barge to sell provisions to the prisoners, most of whom seemed to be in possession of money. In one place might be seen a half grown girl passing hard boiled eggs one by one through the interstices of the network; in another a gray haired old woman was pouring milk through a tin tube into a teapot held by a convict on the inside of the cage; and all along the barge men were buying and bargaining for loaves of black rye bread, salted cucumbers, pretzels and fish turnovers. The peddlers seemed to have perfect trust in the convicts, and often passed food to them before they had received pay for it. The soldiers of the guard, who were good looking, fresh faced young fellows, facilitated the buying and selling as far as possible by handing in the provisions and handing out the money, or by opening the sliding doors for admission of bulky articles as loaves of bread, which could not be passed through the net-work.

While we stood looking at this scene of busy traffic, a long haired Russian priest in a black gown and a broad brimmed felt hat crossed the landing stage and entered one of the deck houses, followed by an acolyte bearing his robes and prayer book. In a few moments, having donned his ecclesiastical vestments, he entered the women's cage, with a smoking censer in one hand and an open book in the other, and began a "moleben," or service of prayer. The women all joined devoutly in the supplications, bowing, crossing themselves, kneeling, and even pressing their foreheads to the deck. The priests hurried through the service, however, in a perfunctory manner, swung the censer back and forth a few times so as to fill the compartment with fragrant smoke, and then went into the men's cage. There much less interest seemed to be taken in the services. The convicts and soldiers removed their caps, but only a few joined in the prayer, and buying and selling went on without interruption all along the side of the barge.

With few exceptions, the latter seemed cheerful and happy, and in all parts of the cage we could hear laughter, joking, and animated conversation. Mr. Frost finally began making sketches in his notebook of some of the more striking of the convict types, on the other side of the net-work. This soon attracted the attention of the prisoners, and amidst great laughter and merriment they began dragging forward and arranging in what they regarded as artistic poses, the convicts whom they thought most worthy of an artist's pencil. Having selected a subject, they would place him in all sorts of studiously careless and negligent attitudes, comb and arrange the long hair on the unshaven side of his head, try the effect of a red fez or an embroidered Czar cap, and then shout suggestions and directions to the artist. This arranging of figures and groups for Mr. Frost to draw seemed to afford them great amusement, and was accompanied with much joking and laughter as if they were school boys off for a picnic, instead of criminals bound for the mines.

At last, just after sunset, a steamer made fast to the barge, the order was given to cast off the lines, the exiles all crowded against the network to take a parting look at Tiumen, and the great black and yellow floating prison moved slowly out into the stream and began its long voyage to Pomsik.—George Kennan in the Century.

A Trifle Run Down.

Chicago Physician (to Mrs. Breezy)—I am sorry to hear that your daughter is not well, Mrs. Breezy. Is it any thing serious?

Mrs. Breezy—Oh, I fancy not; but Clara is of such an ethereal, delicate organization that the least thing upsets her.

Chicago Physician—She didn't say what she thought the matter was?

Mrs. Breezy—No; she simply complained at breakfast this morning of feeling very rocky.—N. Y. Sun

Words of Wisdom.

Reprove others, but correct thyself.
 Drudgery may occupy the hands; only noble service goes from the heart.

Charity taken in its largest extent is, nothing else but the sincere love of God, and our neighbor.