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 uniformily 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	1.57	1.88	2.20
" 45 to 50.....	0.38	0.75	1.13	1.50	1.88	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 all remittances are made to the General Secretary, who returns a receipted card, This is simple and economical. There is no divided responsibility in handling assessments, and in eight years' work only *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 gentleman 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 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 excutive 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.

Quebec politics that will one day bring us down into a valley of Achor, and we may have to bleed at every pore, and almost die, before we are rid of the gangrene that is preying upon our vitality and progress. It is impossible to foresee in what shape the struggle may come, but one thing seems clear, it must come.

Then the church has often been down into the valley of Achor. She has her Achans too. Her Achans are false doctrines, lax discipline, a corrupted worship, a low spiritual life, worldliness, a scandalous membership, an unfaithful ministry. There was a Judas among the twelve. There were Achans in the church of Corinth. Their mode of celebrating the Lord's Supper was unchristian and heathenish. Then one of the members of that church was living in flagrant sin. When the apostle heard of their wrongdoings, he wrote to them to go down into the valley of Achor, and have a stoning, excommunicate the incestuous member, and purge themselves free from their abominable doctrines and practices. It was an anxious time for both the church and the apostle. It tried her hard. It was a hot furnace. But she came through it all right. Even the offender himself was saved. That valley proved a door of hope.

You have heard of Martin Luther, the monk who shook the world. Look at him yonder nailing his celebrated theses to the Wittemberg church-gate. That was the first stone hurled at the papacy, the giant Achan of the church in his day. "Luther! Luther! What art thou doing? Thou art disturbing the world's peace. Thou art fermenting wars. Thou art making the nations quake from end to end. Thou art deluging the land with bloodshed. Thou art overturning thrones. Thou art doing a world of harm. Hold, Luther, hold! let those world shaking ideas of thine lie buried in thine own brain!"

But Luther did not hold. He must out with the truth. He felt the church of his day needed and must go down into the Valley of Achor and stone her Achans, and realizing full well what an Achan-stoning he was inaugurating, and trembling for the consequences that would inevitably follow the step he was taking, he nevertheless deliberately and heroically took the step. "Here I stand!" he cried in the face of Europe's potentates and powers;—"Here I stand, I can do no other; Lord, help me!" And what was the result? Oh the stoning! What a valley of blood Achor was turned into! But out of that valley as the result of that stoning went forth the Reformation churches conquering and to conquer. That valley proved to be a door of hope to the church and to the world.

Thus, looking at the history of the church in every age, it is clear, I think, that the destruction of church-evils, even when those evils had become part and parcel of the church's very self, even when they seemed to be so vitally connected with her that to remove them would be her ruin;—I say, the destruction of these evils has not only not ruined her, but, on the contrary, it has been her making, her salvation. Never let us be afraid to go down into the valley of Achor and stone our Achans, even though those Achans may be influential but scandalous church-members, and even though they may be very common and very popular, but no less real, evils. The sooner scandalous members are dealt with the better for the church and the better for themselves too, and the sooner church-evils, no matter what they are, are cast out, the better for the church.

Then again there is another important aspect in which this subject may be looked at, namely, its bearing upon individual christians.

We have all our Achans, the weaknesses and evils that cleave to us, and the sooner we know it, and deal with them the better. The deceitful and desperately wicked heart within us is full of them. Talk about enemies, a man's self is his worst enemy often, this deceitful wicked heart of his.

There is one Achan we all have, our besetting sin. There is a weak place in every character, and no man is stronger or better than his weakest point. A chain is no stronger than its weakest link. A ship is no stronger than her weakest plank. From stem to stern, from topmast to the keel, she may be as perfect a looking vessel as ever breasted a wave; but if somewhere down beneath water-mark there is a neglected auger-hole, or a worm-eaten plank, she is lost. So with character. There is a weak place somewhere in every man. It may be where the outside world cannot see it. It may be far beneath the surface of his outward life deep down in his heart, but it is there somewhere, and it is no less dangerous because it is unseen.

A broken mast, or a tangled rope-yarn or a tattered sail, or some paint rubbed off, mar the beauty of a noble ship, while a weak worm-eaten plank away down at the bottom is unnoticed. But it is the unseen trouble that wrecks the ship. And perhaps some before me are congratulating themselves that they have not the weakness of this one, the shameful intemperance perhaps, the leprous life. But, friends, if you have the leprous heart, if you have within you a dark hidden evil, a leak at the bottom of your character, you will go to ruin quite as fast, yea faster. A secret bad habit eating away in the dark is even worse in some respects than one that is known, for you have not the scorn of society to make you ashamed of it, you have not the love and faithfulness of friends to warn you.

Perhaps the Achan of some of you is a bad companion. Bad conpanionship is the curse of our streets and homes today. There is too much street-strolling and night meeting among us, and not nearly enough of that good old-fashioned commonplace sensible home-staying of other days. Our young people want to be out every night to something or other, and I do not hesitate to say, that it is not best for them. The young who spend their evenings away from the warm loving christian influences of home, who stroll the streets and go to this and that, who make the acquaintance of everybody and see everything that is going on, are almost sure to learn bad habits. Let me affectionately urge upon them to heroically go down into the valley of Achor, and renounce all doubtful companionships, and give up their loose talk, and shut down on this weakness and almost wickedness of being out every night, to lodge-meeting, or prayer-meeting, or pleasure-party. It may cost you some trouble to do it, but your hope demands it, your true safety demands it. Here again Achor is a door of hope.

Some of you have your trials, your afflictions, your crosses. They come to you many-shaped, and sometimes monstrous-shaped, and you do not like them. You cry out against them. But that is the Lord's way of destroying your Achans, and they have to be destroyed if you are to be saved. Take courage, afflicted one, if you are groping in the dark, if you have a sore struggle, if you are finding yourself in a very real Valley of Achor. Some one close to you and dear to you, may be your Achan, and it may be the desolation of your home and heart to stone him. You shrink from it. You try to find some other easier better way. But duty, truth, faithfulness—faithfulness to yourself, to him, and to your God, require it; and with a brave strong true heart you do what you are sure is your duty, and this Achor of yours, terrible as it is, is a door of hope.

Death is a Valley of Achor, and some of you have been called to go down there, and one is not with you who used to be with you, a sweet-voiced cherub child. Oh how hard it was to lower the little form into the deep grave, and let the harsh earth be shovelled in upon one so precious to you! But it had to be, and, mourn not with a sorrow that is hopeless, for that Valley of Achor will yet burst into beauty and song for you.

A few days ago, it seems, but really it is years, a student was with us full of promise and hope, one so good too, one that wanted to do good and help men—I refer to James Adam Johnson—and so soon, and so suddenly, his work is cut short. It appears that he had gone to Demarara last spring to fill a temporary appointment, and Yellow Fever cut him off. Only a few months ago his father fell at his post, and now the son is gone, and both seemed in our way of looking at it so useful and necessary. But God makes no mistakes, and where we least expect it often, there opens a grave, a solemn awful sort of Valley of Achor, and in its shadows we are torn from one another. But it leads to something better. In our tears we say, what is the use of our going to college, and toiling through years of study, and fitting ourselves for a great and glorious life-work, when, just as all is ready, we have to die? But we shall live again; yea, we never die, and I cannot tell you how or why, but I feel, that these lessons are somehow not learned, or rather, need not be learned, in vain. This young promising life, cut off prematurely, tells us not to build too much on what the busy coming years are to do for us, for soon our feet may stumble in the dark valley. Let us all be ready, and do our work, and fill full our little day with such as we can do of good for the Blessed Master, for the night cometh when we cannot do, when no man can work, nor repent, nor believe, nor pray, nor preach.

AMEN.

HOT WATER FOR COLDS.

Dr. George R. Sheppard, of Hartford, Conn., says, in respect to the use of hot water as a remedial agent in the treatment of inflammation of the mucus membranes: "I have used hot water as a gargle for the past six or eight years. In throat and to sil inflammation, and in coryca (or cold in the head), if properly used in the commencement of the attack, it constitutes one of the best remedies, being frequently promptly curative. To be of service it should be used in considerable quantity (a half pint or a pint at a time), and just as hot as the throat will tolerate. I have seen many cases of acute disease thus aborted, and can commend the method with great confidence.."—*Herald of Health.*

In boiling meat for soup use cold water to extract the juices, but if the meat is wanted for itself alone, put into boiling water.

TO JENNY.

Do I love you? Yes and no;
[illegible] to say,
For [illegible] dear, come and go
[illegible] way.
Wh[illegible] at your feet,
[illegible] my pretty Jane!"
Now, [illegible] sweet;
Then, again, supremely plain.

Jenny, this is sad and strange;
[illegible] O tell me why
Con[illegible] such a grievous change
[illegible] your lip and in your eye?
Che[illegible] a peachlike bloom,
[illegible] a kitchen maid's are red,
Fea[illegible] assume
Quite an aspect over fed.

Yet at other times you seem
[illegible] to conquer and ensnare,
All that love, young love, can dream
Of the magically fair;
Then I wonder if some elf,
To Titania's lord akin,
Can present your other self,
As a baser kind of twin.

But it may be that my eyes,
[illegible] by distemper's dew,
See a vision in that belie-
All the charms that made me woo.
Shall I love you? Yes and no,
With the fickleness of men,
While those charms, dear, come and go
I will love you now and then.

—L. E. Austin, in Temple Bar.

AN ANECDOTE OF GREELEY.

Horace Greeley, as is well known, was a very pronounced non-resistant, yet he was one of the most pugnacious men in the world.

A curious instance of this incongruous temperament and its result came under the writer's observation on one occasion, occasioning him some surprise.

It was the general opinion that the old fellow was a coward at heart, and made use of his non-resistant professions as a screen to protect himself from personal injury at the hands of an opponent.

It was a Sunday morning in New York at the very commencement of the war, just after the great Bull Run scare, and the Government authorities at Washington were frantically calling for troops. The Metropolitan Hotel, of New York, then the great up-town exchange, was filled by a motley crowd, drinking, smoking and discussing the situation of beleaguered Washington.

Among the crowd were several army officers in full uniform, smoking their cigars and criticising Lincoln as commander-in-chief in a sneering way, when a commotion occurred in the doorway, and Greeley, with his old felt hat on the back of his head, rushed through the crowd and up to the group of officers and addressed them somewhat after this style:

"Why are you loafing about here, you miserable cowards? Why are you not reporting yourselves at Washington? This is a resort for skulkers. Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?"

The biggest fellow of the group was terribly angry, and lifting his heavy sword, he thundered out:

"Repeat those words, old man, and I'll split your skull!"

Greeley threw off the old felt hat, exclaiming:

"Strike as soon as you please; I repeat what I have already said."

Every one present expected that the old man would be cut down, instead, the fellow turned on his heel, saying:

"Come away, boys, I won't strike the d——d lunatic."

Greeley gave them one contemptuous look, and took his departure.

CANNIBAL COOKERY.

Provision Made for His Guest by a Hospitable Rajah in Sumatra—Observations of the Maori Cuisine.

A friend of the writer, who for more than forty years has been in the employment of the Dutch Government, bears personal witness to the prevalence of cannibalism in Sumatra up to recent times.

He was once making scientific investigations in the interior of that island, and was being entertained in the most hospitable manner by the native Rajah, or chief of the place he was then in. A feast had been made to which he was bidden, and to which he went, taking his own native servant with him.

The banquet had proceeded for some time without interruption, went at last, as crown of the feast, a beautiful brown roast joint was brought from the back of the house to the open airy place where the repast was being held.

This was cut up without remark and handed round, and the Dutch gentleman was on the point of eating his portion, having raised part of it to his lips, when his servant rushed forward and stopped him, saying:

"Master, master, do not eat; it is a boy."

The chief, on being questioned, admitted, with no small pride at the extent of his hospitality, that hearing that the white man would feast with him, he had ordered a young boy to be killed and cooked in his honor, as the greatest delicacy obtainable, and that the joint before them was the best part, the thigh.

Early travelers in New Zealand always express astonishment, when they discover the cannibal propensities of the inhabitants, that so gentle and pleasant mannered a people could become on occasion such ferocious savages.

Earle, who wrote a very readable, intelligent, and but little known account of the Maoris very early in the present century, speaks of the gentle manners and kindly ways of a New Zealand chief, whom afterward he discovered to be an inveterate cannibal.

He relates that he visited the place where was cooking the body of a young slave girl that his friend had killed for the purpose. The head was severed from the body; the four quarters, with the principal bones removed, were compressed and packed into a small oven in the ground, and covered with earth.

It was a case of unjustifiable cannibalism. No revenge was gratified by the deed, and no excuse could be made that the body was eaten to perfect their triumph.

Earle says that he learned that the flesh takes many hours to cook, that it is very tough if not thoroughly cooked, but that it pulls in pieces, like a piece of blotting paper, if well done. He continues that the victim was a handsome, pleasant looking girl of 16, and one he used frequently to see about the Pah.—Gentleman's Magazine.