

# THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE

## National Mutual Relief Society.

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 Vice-President.....Rev. C. H. MEAD, P. G. W. P., Hornellsville, N. Y.  
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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 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	1.85	2.15
" 45 to 50.....	0.38	0.75	1.13	1.50	1.80	2.10	2.40
" 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 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. C.

down by the river side, and have the water of baptism applied to our little ones, we are thus surrendering them to God; we are there doing over again in a symbolic sense what the mother of Moses had to do in a very real sense.

But it may be yours, O mother, to give up your child as not even Jochebed had to give up hers. It may be yours to stand by, with a breaking heart and tear-filled eyes, and see your sleeping babe tucked into a little white coffin, your ark, and carried gently away, and put into the cold cruel hungry grave, and your heart cries out in its desolation and hopelessness, feeling that your child will never come back to you. But this is just another of God's ways of asking you to give up your child to Him, and He will care for your child as you cannot care for it. You may spoil it with your over-weening fondness, or train it up for a low world-purpose, whereas He will train it to be a prince of Heaven, a child of Glory. Oh let us not be afraid to give up our children to God, for He loves the children, and they are safer with Him than with us!

### III. PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER FINDING MOSES.

There is, and has been, much speculation as to whom this daughter of Pharaoh was. We are curious to know all we can about her. Some think she was a daughter of Seti I, and so a sister of Rameses the great, and therefore somewhat up in years. The greater number, however, agree in thinking her a daughter of Rameses II, the reigning Pharaoh, and therefore at the time only a girl of fifteen or so. But then, which of his daughters, if his, for he had many—some sixty?

Josephus calls her Thermuthis, and Ensebius, Merris, and, as the favorite queen of Rameses was Mer-en-mut, beloved of the god Mut, a theory has been invented identifying Pharaoh's daughter with Mer-en-mut, a very plausible theory perhaps, but that is all it is. It implies, however, that Rameses the great, married either his sister, or his own daughter, and not only that, but honored her as his favorite wife. The story as it is told in the Century Magazine is a very taking one, and it seems within the region of probability, but unhappily proof is wanting. The question may yet be cleared up, however, for the vanity of Rameses the great caused him to record somewhere and in some way almost every thing connected with himself and his family.

If it should turn out to be true, that Mer-en-mut was Pharaoh's daughter first, and then in after years his favorite wife, she was indeed a lovely woman, with a face even in stone of a loveliness and purity that we cannot but admire. A temple has been discovered built in honor of her. On the outside is written: "Rameses, the strong in Truth, the Beloved of Queen, made this Divine Abode for his royal wife, Nefer-ari, whom he loves." Then within is this: "His royal wife who loves him, Nefer-ari the Beloved of Mut, constructed for him this Abode in the mountain of pure waters."

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, a distinguished Egyptologist of the present day, describing in her own telling way the temple and its legends, say this: "On every pillar, in every act of worship pictured on the walls, even in the sanctuary, we find the names of Rameses and Nefer-ari coupled and inseparable. In this double dedication, and in the unwonted tenderness of the style, one seems to detect traces of some event, perhaps of some anniversary, the particulars of which are lost forever. It may have been a meeting; it may have been a parting; it may have been a prayer answered, or a vow fulfilled. We see, at all events, that Rameses and Nefer-ari desired to leave behind them an imperishable record of their affection which united them on earth, and which they hoped would reunite them in Amenti. What more do we need to know? We see that the queen was fair, the king was in his prime. We divine the rest; and the poetry of the place is ours. Even in these barren solitudes there is wafted to us a breath from the shores of old romance. We feel that Love once passed this way, and that the ground is still hallowed where he trod."

Thus writes Miss Edwards about Mer-en-mut Nefer-ari, but she cannot fall in with those who think this was the princess who saved Moses. I quote what she says, however, for the opinion seems to be gaining ground, that Mer-en-mut or Thermuthis was both the daughter and wife of Pharaoh.

But we need not any romance from the stony records of Egypt to tell us that the daughter of Pharaoh, who found Moses, was gentle and sweet. We are sure she is. We see her with her maid's coming down to the river, and walking along its banks, and we are drawn to her; we admire her. She is as sweet as her father is bitter, and in her the Hebrews have a friend, who may not be able to do much to help them, but who feels for them.

I see her as her eyes wander to where the little ark rocks in the gentle ripple of the waters. She wonders what it is, and sends a maid to fetch it. The bringing ashore wakes the babe, and he begins to struggle to get up. She unwraps him with gentle hands, and when he looks up, and sees the strange faces around him,

he begins to cry. The princess takes him to her bosom, and tries to soothe him, and in baby language tells him what a sweet child he is. She knows at once that he is one of the unhappy Hebrew children that the stern edict of her father has doomed, and she resolves to save him by adopting him. She might have flung him back to the waters again and let him drown there; but God has given her a tender heart, and the babe's tears and helplessness and beauty have won her, and he is saved.

And now Miriam appears on the scene, and wants to know if the princess would like a Hebrew nurse for the Hebrew child. She is shrewd enough to read the story of the little ark, but who can be a better nurse than the child's own mother? And so she is sent for, and the princess putting the child into the mother's arms says this: "Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

The scene closes here, but who can tell us the joy of that Hebrew home when they are back together under their own roof—not one wanting, the lost found, the given up given back, the son of a slave's wife now the son of an Egyptian princess? They can sing a new song in praise to God, sing of judgment and mercy, sing of the Lord's faithfulness to His trusting children, and they feel as if they can never mistrust again. The wages would of course materially add to the comforts of the home, and perhaps, in some way, the father would find that deliverance had come to him, his burdens removed, his yoke broken. A little prince of Egypt was in his humble home, and all was so changed.

Saved! In yonder home on the banks of the Nile in the days of old they knew what salvation was and what it could do. A terrible tyranny had crossed their threshold, and taken a lovely one by the throat. But he was restored to them saved, adopted, almost crowned.

O my hearer, do you know what it is to be saved? You and yours are in danger. A tyranny is here as well as yonder—the tyranny of sin, the tyranny of an evil life, the tyranny of vicious habits, a tyranny that may drag you down to a deeper death than the cruel waters of the Nile. An edict has gone forth, that the soul that sinneth shall die, and it is being executed with a remorselessness that is terrible. But for you as well as for Moses there is an ark of safety, a great deliverance. Jesus comes to us, the prince of glory Himself, and He puts His own life in the way of our death, and dies for us; and, thus dying, He saves all who put their trust in Him. O my hearer, let Jesus save you, and you too will know what salvation is. Make Him your ark, and no sin-flood can destroy your soul.

AMEN.

### SUNNY HUSBANDS.

Very much has been said about the obligation of wives in regard to wearing perpetual smiles, but it seems as if our literary talents have never once thought it worth while for the man of the home in his own family circle.

It is certainly just as essential to domestic happiness for a man to be sunny and good-tempered as it is for a woman.

We often doubt whether the male head of a family really appreciates the opportunity he has for diffusing sunshine at home or comprehends how much of gloom he can bring into the family circle by entering its sacred precincts with a frown on his countenance. The wife and mother is within four walls from morning until night, with but few exceptions, and must bear the worry of fretful children, inefficient servants, weak nerves and many other perplexities; and she must do this, day after day, while the husband goes out from these petty details of home care, has the benefit of the pure, fresh air, meets with friends, has a social, good time, which altogether acts as a charm on the physical man, and, if he does as he should, he will come home cheerful and buoyant, and thereby lighten the household life for his wife, and drive dull care and gloom from her care-worn brow. Some men can be all smiles away from home, but at home they are cross as bears, and yet we hear it said, on every side, wives meet your husbands with a smile.

### BETTER.

It is better to have a cow that will give you three hundred pounds of butter a year for five years and then die on your hands, than to have one that will give you two hundred pounds a year for ten years and then make you fifteen hundred pounds of old cow beef.

It is better to feed a cow every ounce of food she has the ability to take care of, than to try and gain profit by saving feed.

It is better to fill up the water trough before it is quite empty, than to let the cows get very thirsty and drink to much they won't care to eat for two hours.

It is better to teach the cows gentleness, than to saw off their horns. Think once before you strike a cow, rather than think twice to find out why you struck her.

Make box stalls for your cows and give them plenty of bedding.—*Christian Herald.*

### Banking in China.

HOW PIGTAILED TELLERS HANDLE SCRAPS OF SILVER AND CLUMSY BANK NOTES.

A curious place that we looked into on our way across the city of Canton was a Chinese bank, where the counterpart of the brisk young cashier, tellers and accountants of our home banks were sitting in pigtailed, and the long blue blouses of gentlemen and scholars, shoveling silver Mexicans from basket to basket, and letting them fall on the stone floor with a deafening ring and clatter. A Chinaman can do nothing quietly, and noise is his necessary accompaniment to every action. Every one of the pewtery-looking dollars is weighed and stamped by the bank, rung on stone slabs and fully tested, and there are baskets full of fragments, halves and chips of silver dollars that pass as smaller coins. These scraps and bits of silver pass current by their weight, and their purity is tested by the ring. The Hong Kong and Shanghai Banking corporation issue paper notes of different values that save one from carrying loads of these clumsy Mexican dollars about with one, but the bank notes are as clumsy in proportion. They are all over six inches long and four inches wide, of a tough, fibrous paper, as thick as blotting paper, and as flabby as so much dirty calico, which they chiefly resemble. Those diploma-sized notes of the Bank of England are small and compact by comparison, and every common-sense traveler cries for Mitkiewicz and his syndicate to come with the great bank and do away with the ugly Mexican and the clumsy English notes. A great proportion of Chinese talent must be employed in counterfeiting Chinese dollars, to judge from the numbers about and the wariness with which every one accepts one of the coins. A most clever counterfeit passed off on me was one that was plainly pure silver and newly minted. An expert rapped it sharply with his pen-knife, and the top fell off like the lid of a box, and disclosed an interior of pure pewter filling in the thin shell of silver. At the American schedule of wages, two dollars of a silversmith's time had been used to plane off in a thin shaving the top of the dollar, dig out the solid part and fill up the cavity with lead, and bring the deceptive seventy-cent dollar down to a silver value at ten cents or less.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

### Farming in Switzerland.

HARD WORK TO RAISE CROPS—PRIMITIVE IMPLEMENTS—THE DAIRY.

From the extreme elevation and rigor of the climate one-fourth of the country is rendered useless. Good arable land is very limited and commands \$300 per acre, while the choice vineyard lands range from \$1,500 to \$2,000 per acre, every square foot of which is reckoned to produce annually two bottles of wine. From the lowlands three grass crops are obtained yearly, in May, July and October. Stock is not permitted to pasture in open fields, the grass being mown and fed to the animals throughout the summer as an economy. This rapid grass growth is, aside from the constant fertilizing and extraordinary care in cultivation and draining, assisted by the moist climate, the average rainfall, including snow, being eighty inches every year—about double that of the United States.

Then the peasant must apply the highest order of intelligence and good management to secure productive results from his little farm. The haphazard guess work and go-as-you-please methods would soon bring him to starvation. He is an eminently conservative purchaser, his economy is discerning, and he does not take readily to new ideas that do not assure him a better result for his hard earned money. While the land is cut up into such small divisions that it has the cultivation of a garden, it is on too small a scale and labor is too cheap to justify any outlay in modern agricultural implements; for cutting, threshing and winnowing purposes the scythe, flail, and winnowing basket are used; the scythe is apparently an exact counterpart of that which is seen in the hands of "Tim" in the school primer; the plow would adorn an archaeological collection and instead of the harrow or cultivator after the ground is plowed, a number of women and children armed with clubs, go over and pulverize the surface.

But the attention of the Swiss peasant is not so much directed to agriculture in the American sense as to the rearing of cattle and the produce of the dairy—tending kine and making cheese. No one fails to observe the affectionate care and gentleness with which the herdsman treats his animals, and their superior condition and kindly disposition bear ample testimony to the fact. In the spring it is a pretty sight to see the groups of cows with tinkling bells start for the mountains, where they will browse and shake their mellow bells upon the green Alps. The queen cow leads the procession; she wears a finer collar and larger bell than the others, and seems proudly conscious of the distinction she enjoys, and also of the way she is to go.—*Minister Winchester in Courier Journal.*

Little Elsie—"Oh, Mr. Bull! When did you get well?"

Mr. Bull of Wall Street (who comes out often to see Elsie's big sister) "Get well, little girl! Why do you ask that question?"

Little Elsie—"Because I heard my papa say this morning that you weren't able to take up your paper!"

Dudelet No. 1—"Why so vevy dwooping, deah boy? You seem uttally broke up."

Dudelet No. 2—"I cawn't help it, you know. Evvry day some great man dies. Yesterday an empawah, today a genewal, and tomorvoh it may be me. I tvy to bear up, but deah staves me wight in the face!"—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*