

## MISCELLANEOUS

### SLEEP.

This night, as so oft before,  
We shall lie in the arms of death,  
As the welcome Lethe gathers o'er  
The day's faint laboring breath.  
The sleep of the cradled child,  
And the toiler's welcome rest;  
Oblivion of distractions wild  
That wear in the anxious breast:  
The cares, and troubles, and strife,  
Forbodings that rise above  
The turmoil of the battle of life:  
The burdens of duty and love:  
All buried in the grave.  
Night fashions for each day's death,  
Whence we rise renewed, and strong and brave  
For what warfare the morrow hath;  
Nerved for the meaneft defection,  
For risprizon, distrust and sorrow,  
With the sense of a new resurrection  
In the life of the dead day's morrow,  
If then this nightly death,  
This mystery of repose,  
Where oblivion daily fashions h  
Life's renewal with each day's close:—  
If we must daily die  
Through all life's little span  
From the cradle of our infancy  
To the three-score and ten of man;  
Shall not life's light return  
When the shadows flee away  
In the dawn of the resurrection morn  
And the light of the endless day!  
DANIEL WILSON.

### THE MASONIC GOAT.

I'm not a member of the Society for the Prevention of cruelty to Animals, but I cannot refrain from speaking out as forcibly as my timid nature will allow against the cruel wrongs practiced upon the Masonic goat. I desire an opportunity to shriek for more liberty for the Masonic goat.

Did you ever think, dear reader, of the lonesome condition, the quiet, monotonous and yet patient uncomplaining life of the Masonic goat between lodge-meetings? Did the cruel wrongs of the Masonic goat never appeal to the warmer sympathies of your bosom? Did the fact never come to your mind that while the free and frolicsome worldly goat is wandering according to his own sweet will up and down the back yards of the nation, chewing with glad smile the succulent tomato-can of long ago surveying with a critic's eye the family wash on the clothes-line, chewing up the best gauze undershirt, and butting the thoughtless wayfarer into the adjoining school-district, the patient and grievously wronged Masonic goat is lying within the tiled recesses of the lodge with a dreamy far-away look in his eyes and naught to cheer him but the hope that he may soon be called from refreshment to labor and be given an opportunity to break the back-bone of a too-confiding candidate? I trust you have.

My dear friend, consider the ways of the free, untrammelled worldly goat; but don't stand too close to him when you consider his ways. Give the free, untrammelled worldly goat elbow-room. If you would not be sad, in the end give the free untrammelled worldly goat, an acre of elbow-room. Give him all the elbow-room his warm, ardent, impulsive nature would seem to require; for if you trust him, gentle stranger, when you least expect it he may hit you in a vulnerable spot and have exceeding great fun with you.

But it is only on stated occasions that the Masonic goat is called up, and his eye brightens with enthusiasm as he stretches his limbs and goes forth to indulge in his favorite brand of amusement. At other times there is no funny business for him. And yet how patient and uncomplaining in his daily walks is the sad-eyed, lodge-trammelled Masonic goat! If I had time I could weep for him.

Masonically speaking, the goat is an emblem of force, and serves to teach us that however safe we may feel from the wrath to come—however bright and glittering and joyous and gut-pierced the world may seem to us, when to look straight out in front, we do not know at what moment something powerful may strike us from behind, drive a foot or two of our delicate and sensitive spinal-column through the top of our white plug hat, and make us unhappy.

For myself, I have no objection to the lesson the goat teaches, so long as he does not come too close to me to teach it. It is not, however, to discuss the goat Masonically or otherwise, that this article is written, but rather to move the kindly hearts of a most worthy fraternity, so that they may see the wrongs of the patient and long-suffering Masonic goat as I see them, and to persuade them to take the lodge-goat down into the back yard occasionally, and give him some old succulent tomato cans and fresh air.

To those who have not become warmly intimate with the Masonic goat, and are inclined to withhold their sympathy and influence in his behalf, from a wrong opinion of his character, and misunderstanding of his ardent, impulsive nature I desire to say that he is as harmless as a dove and as gentle as a prospective heir, after you have been around with him and know him, can give him the correct grip and pass-word.

David Simpson, of Ohio, writes us that he lost all his hair and was quite bald. He applied Minard's Liniment occasionally to his scalp for a few months and now has by its use a good head of hair.

### WHO'S IN THE FAULT!

Occasionally we meet people who have reached middle life without possessing a sincere friend in the world. They have, of course, it is possible and likely, family interest in them that goes so far as to wish that none of the race should suffer, be exposed to disgrace or want or shame, or live otherwise than as becomes the name, but have little or no individual interest in them, and do not care personally whether they are in the world or out of it. But other than in the family connection, slight as that may be, there is nobody who has any warmth of feeling toward them, or especial and peculiar attraction. Of course these persons blame everybody but themselves for the existing state of things. That the fact that they are not loved is any fault of their own is a reflection that does not once enter their perception; they are people who never dream of being ashamed of themselves for any deficiency, who never willingly acknowledge that they are in the wrong, or unwillingly, either for that matter; who would not know how to make a confession of sin. They may know they are not beautiful, or they are not generous, or they are not talented, or they are not loved; but that they are not loved it is impossible for them to admit for the shadow of such a thing has never clouded their inner consciousness. But it is an axiom that if you are not loved, it is because you are not lovely, not because one does not wish or is not willing to love you, if you allow it to be a possible thing. In most relations of life something is required on both sides to insure the continuance of love; and when you are not negatively unlovely, but positively unpleasant, what have you the right to expect? People who do not curb their temper at any pretense whatever, who go about in perpetual fear that somebody may try to impose upon them, and full of so strong an intention to hinder any such imposition that they themselves become the ones really guilty of imposition; who demand the best of everything, and make inquisition as to whether they are getting it or not; who always require the first place, the chief attraction, the best service and show an uncontrolled and unreasonable anger if by any chance it is either refused them or they do not happen to receive it; who eagerly retail the quick and not even half meant remarks of one hot-headed member of the family to another, if not from selfish motives, then from pure love of mischief and stirring up of strife; who abuse the servants, where there are servants, and have to be waited on by others where there are not; who keep the whole household in a constant state of irritation and on the alarm for their outbreaks and their moods; whose lives are, in truth, one tissue of selfishness—how is it that such people can expect love, or dare to blame the universe because they do not get it?

### WHO WROTE THE BIBLE?

Moses wrote Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy.

Joshua, Phineas or Elizaer wrote the book of Joshua, but it is not certain which of them.

Samuel is the penman of the books of Judges and Ruth. He also wrote the first acts of David, and probably Nathan and Gad wrote his last acts; and the whole was formed into two books which were named after Samuel as the most eminent person, called the first and second books of Samuel.

Jeremiah most probably compiled the two books of the Kings.

Ezra compiled the two books of the Chronicles. He is also author of the book bearing his name.

Nehemiah wrote Nehemiah.

The author of the book of Esther is unknown.

Elihu was most probably the penman of the book of Job. Moses may have written the first two chapters and the last. Some think Job wrote it himself.

David wrote most of the book of Psalms. Asaph penned a few of them.

Solomon wrote Proverbs, Ecclesiastes and the Songs of Solomon.

Isaiah is the author of the prophecy of Isaiah.

Jeremiah wrote the book bearing his name, and the Lamentations of Jeremiah.

Ezekiel, Daniel, Hosea, Joel, Amos, Obadiah, probably Jonah, Micah, Nahum, Habakuk, Zephaniah, Haggia, Zechariah wrote the books of prophecies bearing their names.

Matthew, Mark, Luke and John wrote the Gospels named after them.

Luke wrote the Acts of the apostles.

Paul is the author of the Epistles to the Romans, Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Phillipians, Colossians, Thessalonians, Timothy, Titus, Philemon and Hebrews.

James, the son of Alphaeus, who was cousin in German to Christ, and one of the Apostles, wrote the Epistle of James.

Peter wrote the Epistle bearing his name.

The Apostle John wrote the three Epistles of John.

Jude, the Apostle, the brother of James called also Lebbus, whose surname was Thaddeus a near relative to our Lord, wrote the Epistle of Jude.

St. John, the Divine wrote Revelations.

### WINTER EVENINGS ON THE FARM.

It is always in order to give advice on the subject of how to spend winter evenings on the farm. It may be quite necessary to refer to the matter frequently, since it is one of those things which people are very apt to forget. It is certainly better to have some plan, some definite aims for the leisure hours of the long winter evenings than to spend them idly about the fireside. Those who had borne the heat and burden of the summer days may have some excuse for not undertaking severe intellectual work during the winter, but there are other members of the family who may engage in such exercise. But even the hard-working farmers, who have no time to devote to books or papers during the greater part of the year, must feel the need of replenishing their stock of ideas and getting even with the world in some measure on the lines of its advancement.

Life on the farm would lose half the monotony and dullness of which many, and especially young people, complain if there was a more general understanding of the wonderful processes of nature and the history of the common things that are continually under observation. The hard, wearying toil of the farm need not necessarily rob a man of all the pleasures of superior knowledge. It is always best to have something good and useful to think about while the hands are employed. More study and reading of good books on the farm would after a while drive out the pestilent gossip, and petty back-biting, the bane of so many country neighborhoods.

Gossip is almost a sure sign of intellectual barrenness, of empty minds, if not of empty heads. Give men and women something that calls for earnest thinking and they will cease to belabor each other with their tongues.

Debating clubs, lyceums, spelling schools, and other gatherings where mental improvement is the chief aim, are worthy of support and encouragement. In country neighborhoods the school-houses may generally be depended upon for meetings of this kind. A debating club conducted on business principles is one of the very best means for stirring up the minds of young and old, and stimulating to dependent study and research. Not the least among the benefits of such meetings are the promotion of pleasant social intercourse and an increase of neighborly kindness and consideration.

PERILS OF LEGISLATIVE LIFE.—There can be no question that a great many men do deteriorate very much morally when they go to Albany. The last accusation most of us would think of bringing against that dear, dull, old Dutch city is that of being a fast place; and yet there are plenty of members coming from out-of-the-way villages or quiet country towns on whom Albany has as bad an effect as Paris sometimes has on wealthy young Americans from the great seaboard cities.

Many men go to the Legislature with the set purpose of making money; but many others, who afterwards become bad go there intending to do good work. These latter may be well-meaning, weak young fellows of some shallow brightness, who expect to make names for themselves; perhaps they are young lawyers, or real-estate brokers, or small shopkeepers; they achieve but little success; they gradually become conscious that they have not enough ability to warrant any expectation of their continuing in public life; some great temptation comes in their way (a corruption which expects to be relieved of perhaps a million dollars of taxes by the passage of a bill can afford to pay high for voters); they fall, and that is the end of them. Indeed, legislative life has temptations enough to make it unadvisable for any weak man, whether young or old, to enter it.

TIRED MOTHERS.—'Experience' sends us some wise words: 'Letting go of household duties, and sitting down for a few moments to rest, I began thinking how many tired mothers there are in the world. But in our effort to keep every thing neat and tidy, and in perfect order about our homes, do we not sometimes make a mistake by letting the house keep us? Do we not let it keep us in a worry and hurry until we are so tired that we become nervous and irritable, and perhaps discouraged, until we are really unfit for any duty? Do we not look too much upon house work as drudgery, spending much time in thinking over what we have done, and what we have yet to perform, until these things appear greatly magnified? And do we not sometimes neglect to invite the dear Lord to go into the kitchen with us? If we ask him we will find him very willing to accompany us there, and lighten our burdens by turning much of the regular routine of duties into

lessons. How thankful we ought to be that we can have such a companion any and everywhere we go, smoothing our pathway, and cheering us in our journey through life.'—*Western Adv.*

Old settlers will remember Col. Farrar, who flourished, and sold groceries and so forth. It came to pass that one morning, when the colonel went to the store, he found that a barrel of flour had been stolen during the night. Never a word did the colonel speak about his loss, but silently waited. A year later a man came into the colonel's store; he evidently had kept shady the past year, for he jocularly remarked: 'Well, colonel, found out who took that barrel of flour?' 'Yes,' replied Col. Farrar, 'and you are the man, for I haven't spoken to a living soul about that flour.' The man evidently supposed the stealing of the flour had been a common talk in Dexter, but the colonel's shrewdness caught the thief.

LOVE OF CHILDREN.—Poodles do not take the place of children in Mexico. The native love for babies is great. It is the children's paradise. Children are loved and petted in public to an extent that makes an American, used to the stolid ways of his own country people, open his eyes in astonishment and pleasure. There is no affectation in the matter. A little child is the pet of the people. A baby is every one's admiration, and here you may see fathers out walking with their children for the pleasure of the children's company. In shops and all places where people meet, children are petted, and a baby in a shop is seized and carried by an army of male admirers.

'Yes,' said Fogg, 'I got off pretty easy this year. Last Christmas each one of my friends gave me a ten cent Christmas card. I felt a little sour at first, but I reflected that when a man makes a present he always gives just what he would like to have given to him and then I felt better. I saved those cards and this year each one of my friends got a present that must have suited him to a T, for it was the very thing he chose for me last year.'

### TEMPERANCE FROM A MEDICAL STANDPOINT.

BY J. G. ATKINSON, M. D.

Apoplexy: There are two varieties of this disease, one congestive, the other hemorrhagic; the former is the result of too much blood in the brain, the latter, an effect of a ruptured artery within the same.

In our article on the effect of alcohol on the heart and blood vessels we showed that blood was carried faster to the organs than the veins could convey it from them. Now when this occurs in the brain congestive apoplexy takes place. Then flushed appearance of face and eyes, heat of head, throbbing and distension of the blood vessels, languor, drowsiness, dimness of sight, headache, mark the early stage; later, sudden stupor, slow snoring respiration, full slow pulse, total loss of perception, and slight convulsive motions with more or less severe paralysis occur.

We have also shown that the pernicious effect of the injudicious use of alcohol produces fatty degeneration of the blood vessels. This weakens the blood vessels of the brain; consequently, during the time of a drunken debauch, when there is extreme blood pressure within the brain, a degenerated artery ruptures; then blood escapes into the tissues of the organ, and a clot is formed. The attack is sudden; a stroke, literally. Unconsciousness is complete. Paralysis is generally present. The mental powers are impaired for life. Apoplexy, as a result of intemperance, is always alarming; the victim scarcely ever survives a third attack.

Now, it is not indispensably necessary that a person should be drunk to be liable to an apoplectic fit; it is sufficient that the victim drink enough of the poison to produce fatty degeneration of the arteries of the brain, or produce serious disease of the heart. Then mental excitement, bodily exertion, or even a bad dream brings on the terrible catastrophe.

Epilepsy: This disease is characterized by periodical convulsive fits, with unconsciousness during the attacks. The most prominent lesion found in this disease is dilatation of the blood vessels in the medulla, which is situated at the base of the skull and connects the upper expanded portion of the spinal marrow with the brain.

The abuse of alcohol causes the heart to propel so much blood into the medulla and brain, resulting in dilatation of the blood vessels within the organ, producing epilepsy.

The victim of epilepsy is always

the subject of untold suffering, and also the cause of intense anxiety to his friends. In his epileptic fury he may slay his best friend, or when attacked by a fit, fall from a carriage, or by other accident lose his life.

Well may the victim of intemperance pray:

"O Death! the poor man's dearest friend,  
The kindest and the best!  
Welcome the hour my diseased body is laid  
With thee at rest!"

### MORE LIGHT!

Many make a failure of their part in the drama of life through dissipation. They have enough intellectual equipment and geniality unbounded. But they have a wine closet containing all the forces for their social and business and moral overthrow. So far back as 959, King Edgar of England made a law that the drinking cups should have pins fastened at a certain point in the side so that the indulger might be reminded to stop before he got to the bottom. But there are no pins projecting from the sides of the modern wine cup or beer mug, and the first point at which millions stop is the gravelly bottom of their own grave. Dr. Sax, of France, has recently discovered something which all drinkers ought to know. He has found out that alcohol, in every shape, whether of wine or brandy or beer, contains parasitic life called bacillus potumaniæ. By a powerful microscope these living things are discovered, and when you take strong drink you take them into the stomach and then into your blood, and getting into the crimson canals of life, they go into every tissue of your body and your entire organism is taken possession of by these noxious infinitesimals. When in delirium tremens a man sees every form of reptilian life it is only these parasites of the brain in exaggerated size. It is not a hallucination that the victim is suffering from. He only sees in the room what is actually crawling and rioting in his own brain. Every time you take strong drink you swallow these maggots, and every time the imbiber of alcohol in any shape feels vertigo or rheumatism or nausea it is only the jubilee of these maggots. Efforts are being made for the discovery of some germicide that can kill the parasitas of alcoholism; but the only thing that will extirpate them is abstinence from alcohol and teetotal abstinence, to which I would before God swear all these young men and old.

America is a fruitful country, and we raise large crops of wheat and corn and oats, but the largest crop we raise in this country is the crop of drunkards. With sickle made out of the broken glass or bottle and demijohn they are cut down, and there are whole swathes of them, whole winrows of them, and it takes all the hospitals and penitentiaries and graveyards and cemeteries to hold this harvest of hell. Some of you are going down under this evil, and the never-dying worm of alcoholism has wound around you one of its coils, and by next New Year's Day it will have another coil around you, and it will after a while put a coil around your tongue and a coil around your brain and a coil around your lung and a coil around your foot and a coil around your heart, and some day this never-dying worm will with one spring tighten all the coils at once and in the last twist of that awful convulsion you will cry out, "God, my God!" and be gone.—*Talmage.*

A distinguished philosopher has said that there is no reason wherefore we should bestow a sentiment of pity upon the drunkard whom we see in the gutter. He is simply fulfilling a law of nature. The drunkard is not a useful member of society, and nature is trying to get rid of him, just as she always tries to eliminate that which is useless. A more recent writer goes a step farther and expresses the opinion that hard drinking is, on the whole, rather beneficial than otherwise to the community. "The alcoholic road to self-extermination," he says, "is one of the most speedy ways of destroying the weak and inferior, and, although some who select this road are brilliant specimens of mental power, yet, as a whole, they are weak and unworthy of preservation. Intemperance, though doing much harm, always does great good. The certainty and celerity with which intemperance destroys the weak and wicked classes of society favorably recommends it over the ordinary methods of to-day in the administration of justice.