FASHIONED BY GOD.

DR. TALMAGE EXTOLS THE WONDERS OF THE HUMAN HAND.

Our Physical Structure Proof of Divine Wisdom—The Extended Hand the Symbol of Infinite Mercy and Love.

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WASHINGTON, Jan. 28.—The discourse of Dr. Talmage is a lesson of gratitude for that which none of us fully appreciate and shows the divine meaning in our physical structure; text, I Corinthians xii, 21, "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."

These words suggest that some time two very important parts of the human body got into controversy, and the eye became insolent and full of braggadocio and said: "I am an independent part of the human system. How far I can see, taking in spring morning and midnight aurora! Compared with myself what an insignificant thing is the human hand! I look down upon it. There it hangs, swinging at the side, a clump of muscles and nerves, and it cannot see an inch either way. It has no luster compared with that which I beam forth." "What senseless talk," responds the hand. "You, the eye, would have been put out long ago but for me. Without the food I have earned you would have been sightless and starved to death years ago. You cannot do without me any better than I can do without you." At this part of the disputation Paul of my text breaks in and ends the controversy by declaring, "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."

Fourteen hundred and thirty-three times, as nearly as I can count by aid of concordance, does the Bible speak of the human hand. We are all familiar with the hand, but the man has yet to be born who can fully understand this wondrous instrument. Sir Charles Bell, the English surgeon, came home from the battlefield of Waterloo, where he had been amputating limbs and binding up gunshot fractures, and wrote a book entitled "The Hand: Its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as Evidencing Design." But it is so profound a book that only a scientist who is familiar with the technicalities of anatomy and physiology can understand it.

So we are all going on opening and shutting this divinely constructed instrument, the hand, ignorant of much of the revelation it was intended to make of the wisdom and goodness of God. You can see by their structure that shoulder and elbow and forearm are getting ready for the culmination in the hand. There is your wrist, with its eight bones and their ligaments in two rows. That wrist, with its bands of fibers and its hinged joint and turning on two axes—on the larger axis moving backward and forward and on the smaller axis turning nearly round. And there is the palm of your hand, with its five bones, each having a shaft and two terminations. There are the fingers of that hand, with 14 bones, each finger with its curiously wrought tendons, five of the bones with ending roughened for the lodgment of the nails. There is the thumb, coming from opposite direction to meet the fingers, so that in conjunction they may clasp and hold fast that which you desire to take. There are the long nerves running from the armpit to the 46 muscles, so that all are under mastery. The whole anatomy of your hand as complex, as intricate, as symmetrical, as useful, as God could make it. What can it not do? It can climb, it can lift, it can push, it can repel, it can menace, it can clutch, it can deny, it can affirm, it can extend, it can weave, it can bathe, it can smite, it can humble, it can exalt, it can soothe, it can throw, it can defy, it can wave, it can imprecate, it can pray.

Illustrates Divine Wisdom.

A skeleton of the hand traced on blackboard or unrolled in diagram or hung in medical museum is mightily illustrative of the divine wisdom and goodness, but how much more pleasing when in living action all its nerves and muscles and bones and tendons and tissues and phalanges display what God invented when he invented the human hand! Two specimens of it we carry at our side from the time when in infancy we open them to take a toy till in the last hour of a long life we extend them in bitter farewell.

With the divine help I shall speak of the hand as the chief executive officer of the soul, whether lifted for defense, or extended for help, or busied in the arts, or offered in salutation, or wrung in despair, or spread abroad in benediction. God evidently intended all the lower orders of living beings should have weapons of defense, and hence the elephant's tusk, and the horse's hoof, and the cow's horn, and the lion's tooth, and the insect's sting. Having given weapons of defense to the lower orders of living beings, of course he would not leave man, the highest order of living beings on earth, defenseless and at the mercy of brutal or ruffian attack. The right—yea, the duty—of self defense is so evident it needs no argumentation. The hand is the divinely fashioned weapon of defense. We may seldom have to use it for such purposes, but the fact that we are equipped insures safety. The hand is a weapon sooner loaded than any gun, sooner drawn than any sword. Its fingers bent into the palm, it becomes a bolt of demolition.

What a defense it is against accident! There have been times in all our experiences when we have with the hand warded off something that would have extinguished our eyesight or broken the skull or crippled us for a lifetime. While the eye has discovered the approaching peril the hand has beaten it back or struck it down or disarmed it. Every day thank God for your right hand, and if you want to hear its eulogy ask him who in swift revolution of machinery has had it crushed or at Chapultepec or South Mountain or San Juan Hill or Sedan lost it.

And in passing let me say that he who has the weapon of the hand uninjured and in full use needs no other. You cowards who walk with sword cane or carry a pistol in your hip pocket and better lay aside your deadly weapon. At the frontier or in barbarous lands or as an officer of the law about to make an arrest such arming may be necessary, but no citizen moving in these civilized regions needs such re-enforcement. If you are afraid to go down these streets or along these country roads without dagger or firearms, better ask your grandmother to go with you armed with scissors and knitting needle. What cowards, if not what intended murderers, uselessly to carry weapons of death! In our two hands God gave us all the weapons we need to carry.

Asylums of Mercy.

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul for affording help. Just see how that hand is constructed! How easily you can lower it to raise the fallen! How easily it is extended to feel the invalid's pulse, or gently wipe away the tear of orphanage, or contribute alms, or smooth the excited brow, or beckon into safety! Oh, the helping hands! There are hundreds of thousands of them, and the world wants at least 1,000,000,000 of them. Hands to bless others; hands to rescue others; hands to save others. What are all these schools and churches and asylums of mercy? Outstretched hands. What are all those hands distributing tracts and carrying medicines and trying to cure blind eyes and deaf ears and broken bones and disordered intellects and wayward sons? Helping hands. Let each one of us add to that number, if we have two, or if through casualty only one add that one. If those hands which we have so long kept thrust into pockets through indolence or folded in indifference or employed in writing wrong things or doing mean things or heaving up obstacles in the way of righteous progress might from this hour be consecrated to helping others out and up and on, they would be hands worth being raised on the resurrection morn and worth clapping in eternal gladness over a world redeemed.

The great artists of the ages—Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci and Quentin Matsys and Rembrandt and Albert Durer and Titian—have done their best in picturing the face of Christ, but none except Ary Scheffer seems to have put much stress upon the hand of Christ. Indeed, the mercy of that hand, the gentleness of that hand, is beyond all artistic portrayal. Some of his miracles he performed by word of mouth and without touching the subject before him, but most of them he performed through the hand. Was the dead damsel to be raised to life? "He took her by the hand." Was the blind man to have optic nerve restored? "He took him by the hand." Was the demon to be exorcised from a suffering man? "He took him by the hand." The people saw this and besought him to put his hand upon their afflicted ones.

The Lord's Sympathy.

His own hands free, see how the Lord sympathized with the man who had lost the use of his hand. It was a case of atrophy, a wasting away until the arm and hand had been reduced in size beyond any medical or surgical restoration. Moreover, it was his right hand, the most important of the two, for the left side in all its parts is weaker than the right side, and we involuntarily in any exigency put out the right hand because we know it is the best hand. So that poor man had lost more than half of his physical armament. It would not have been so bad if it had been the left hand. But Christ looked at that shriveled up right hand dangling uselessly at the man's side and then cried out with a voice that had omnipotence in it, "Stretch forth thy hand," and the record is, "He stretched it forth whole as the other." The blood rushed through the shrunken veins, and the shortened muscles lengthened, and the dead nerves thrilled, and the lifeless fingers tingled with resumed circulation, and the restored man held up in the presence of the skeptical Pharisees one of Jehovah's masterpieces, a perfect hand. No wonder that story is put three times in the Bible, so that if a sailor were cast away on a barren island or a soldier's New Testament got mutilated in battle and who'e pages are destroyed the shipwrecked or wounded man in hospital would probably have at least one of those three radiant stories of what Christ thought of the human hand.

How often has the hand decided a destiny! Mary, queen of Scots, was escaping from imprisonment at Lochlever in the dress of a laundress and had her face thickly veiled. When a boatman attempted to remove the veil, she put up her hand to defend it and so revealed the white and fair hand of a queen, and so the boatman took her back to captivity. Again and again it has been demonstrated that the hand hath a language as certainly as the mouth. Palmistry, or the science by which character and destiny are read in the lines of the hand, is yet crude and uncertain and unsatisfactory, but as astrology was the mother of astronomy and alchemy was the mother of chemistry it may be that palmistry will result in a science yet to be born.

Again, as the chief executive officer of the soul, behold the hand busy in the arts! What a comparatively dull place this world would be without pictures, without statuary, without music, without architecture! Have you ever realized what 50 seeming miracles are in the five minutes' fingering of piano or harp or flute? Who but the eternal God could make a hand capable of that swift sweep of the keys or that quick feeling of the pulses of a flute or the twirl of the fingers amid the strings of the harp? All the composers of music who dreamed out the oratorios and the cantatas of the ages would have had their work dropped flat and useless but for the translations of the hand. Under the deft fingers of the performer what cavalries gallop and what batteries boom and what birds carol and what tempests march and what oceans billow! The great architects of the earth might have thought out the Alhambras and the Parthenons and the St. Sophias and the Taj Mahals, but all those visions would have vanished had it not been for the hand on hammer, on plummet, on trowel, on wall, on arch, on pillar, on stairs, on dome.

The Triumphant Hand.

In two discourses, one concerning the ear and the other concerning the eye, I spoke from the potent text in the Psalms, "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?" and "He that formed the eye, shall he not see?" but what use in the eye and what use in the ear if the hand had not been strung with all its nerves and moved with all its muscles and reticulated with all its joints and strengthened with all its bones and contrived with all its ingenuities! The hand hath forwarded all the arts and tunneled the mountains through which the rail train thunders and launched all the shipping and fought all the battles and built all the temples and swung all the cables under the sea as well as lifted to midair the wire tracks on which whole trains of thought rush across the continents and built all the cities and hoisted the pyramids.

Do not eulogize the eye and ear at the expense of the hand, for the eye may be blotted out, as in the case of Milton, and yet his hand writes a "Paradise Lost" or a "Samson Agonistes;" as in the case of William H. Prescott, and yet his hand may write the enchanting "Conquest of Peru." Or the ear may be silenced forever, as in the case of Beethoven, and yet his hand may put into immortal cadences the "Ninth Symphony." Oh, the hand! The God fashioned hand! The triumphant hand! It is an open Bible of divine revelation, and the five fingers are the Isaiah and the Ezekiel and the David and the Micah and the Paul of that almighty inspiration.

A pastor in his sermon told how a little child appreciated the value of his hand when he was told that on the morrow it must be amputated in order to save his life. Hearing that, he went to a quiet place and prayed that God would spare his hand. The surgeon, coming the next day to do his work, found the hand so much better that amputation was postponed, and the hand got well. The pastor, telling of this in a sermon, concluded by holding up his hand and saying, "That is the very hand that was spared in answer to prayer, and I hold it up, a monument of divine mercy."

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul when wrung in agony. Tears of relief are sometimes denied to trouble. The eyelids at such time are as hot and parched and burning as the brow. At such time even the voice is suppressed, and there is no sob or outcry. Then the wringing of the hand tells the story. At the close of a life wasted in sin sometimes comes that expression of the twisted fingers—the memory of years that will never return, of opportunities the like of which will never again occur, and conscience in its wrath pouncing upon the soul, and all the past a horror, only to be surpassed by the approaching horror. So a man wrings his hands over the casket of a dead wife whom he has cruelly treated. So a man wrings his hands at the fate of sons and daughters whose prospects have been ruined by his inebriety and neglect and depravity. So the sinner wrings his hands when, after a life full of offers of pardon and peace and heaven, he dies without hope. When there are sorrows too poignant for lamentation on the lip and too hot for the tear glands to write in letters of crystal on the cheek, the hand recites the tragedy with more emphasis than anything in "Macbeth" and "King Lear."

Worse than the wringing of the hands was the punishment that Cranmer gave his right hand when he put it in the fire of the stake and, without flinching, said: "Forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall therefore be the first punished. It shall be the first burned. This was the hand that wrote it."

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul in salvation. A former president of the United States said: "I think handshaking is a great nuisance, and it should be abolished. It not only makes the right arm sore, but shocks the whole system and unfits a man for writing or attending to other duties. It demoralizes the entire nervous and muscular system." But while this exercise may be fatiguing it is also an opportunity. He who knows how heartily to shake hands has one of the mightiest arts for conveying happiness and good cheer and life eternal. After you have shaken hands with one a line of communication is opened that was not open before. Two hands clasped in greeting are a bridge on which all sympathies and kindnesses and encouragements and blessings cross over. To shake hands with some persons does as more good than a sermon—aye, it is a sermon. To shake hands with a good doctor when we are sick is an anodyne, a tonic, a febrifuge, before he feels the pulse or writes the prescription. To shake hands with a cheerful man when we are discouraged fills us with faith to try again what we have failed in doing. To shake hands with some consecrated man, clerical or lay, after we have wandered away into sin is to feel the grasp of a Father—God welcoming home the prodigal. Shake hands, O ye stolid and exclusive and coldblooded and precise and conventional Christians! Jehu cried out to Jehonadab: "Is thine heart right? If it be, give me thine hand."

There is in an honest and Christian handshake a thrill of gospel electricity. You take part of his trouble, and he takes part of your jubilance. In that way you divide up anxieties and congratulations. The main trunk line of that handshake has branches of blessed telegraphy right down to both hearts and up to both heads, and you both get the message the same instant. Take off the glove when you shake hands, for that glove puts the hide of a kid between the palm of your hand and the palm of his hand, and that animal's hide is a nonconductor of this gospel electricity. Do not grip the bone of the forefinger and the bone of the little finger with a crushing power that puts one into a severe suffering, which many of us have experienced from those who are more brutes than men. Take the hand gently, reasonably, heartily, and know that God ordered that form of salutation. This is one important thing that the hand was made for. You can see the indication in its shape and equipment—the four fingers to take your neighbor's hand on the one side, and the thumb to take it on the other, and the forearm so swung that you can easily draw it toward you.

Of course there is a wicked shaking of hands, and Solomon refers to it when he says, "Though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished." Shake hands in conspiracy to damage individual or community or nation; shake hands in wrongdoing—you help me stuff this ballot box, and I will see that when I am in power you shall have promotion; you help me in my infamy, and I will help you in your infamy. Oh, that is profanation of a holy rite, that is sacrilege against a divine arrangement, that is gripping your own destruction!

Glad Greetings.

But shake hands the way William Pitt shook hands with the Indians for their civilization. Shake hands the way Missionary Carey shook hands with the Hindoos, for whose salvation he became a lifetime exile. Shake hands the way Havelock shook hands with besieged women at Lucknow whom he had come to save from massacre. Shake hands as David Brainerd did with the American Indians, whom he offered a glorious heaven through the gospel. Shake hands as Lincoln shook hands with the agitated mother to whom he gave back the boy who had fallen asleep from overfatigue as a sentinel. Shake hands as during the civil war Anna Ross shook hands with the wounded soldier in Cooper Shop hospital, Philadelphia. Shake hands as Van Meter, the city evangelist, shook hands with the waif of the street coming penitent into the midnight mission. Shake hands as heaven shook hands with earth that night when a doxology in the gallery of clouds woke the Bethlehem shepherds.

But it is not always in such glad greeting that we can employ our right hand. Alas that so often we have to employ the hand in farewell salutation! If your right hand retained some impress of all such uses, it would be a volume of bereavements. Oh, the goodbys in which your right hand has participated! Goodby at the steamboat wharf. Goodby at the rail train window. Goodby before the opening of the battle. Goodby at the dying pillow. We all needed grace for such handshaking, though our hand was strong and their hand was weak, and we will need grace for the coming goodbys, and that grace we had better seek while amid the felicities of health and homes unbroken. Thank God there will be no goodby in heaven!

Again, the hand is the chief executive of the soul when employed in benediction. No gesture of the human hand means more than that outstretched gesture. In many of our religious demonstrations we are not permitted to pronounce an apostolic benediction until we have been regularly ordained as ministers of the gospel, but there are kinds of benediction that you may all pronounce without especial permission from presbytery or conference or convention. You have a right to spread abroad both right hand and left hand in bestowing a blessing of kindness and good will upon all you meet. With both hands bless the children. Take them in your arms and kiss their fair cheek. Take with them a round of merriment in the room before you leave it, and by prayer put them in the arms of that Christ, to go to whom in olden time they struggled to get out of the arms of their mothers. God bless the cradles and high chairs and nurseries all round the world!

Extend your hands in benediction for the aged. Take their counsel and ask their prayers and smooth the path down the declivities. By neglect and unfilial demeanor add no wrinkles to their brow, no more stoop to their shoulders. They have their hand on the latch of the door through which they will soon go out of sight of your homes and churches. May the mantles of the Elijahs fall upon the Elishas! Spread your hand for the benediction upon all the men and women in the tug of life, many of them tired and buffeted and disheartened. Never go out of a store or shop or office or field without pronouncing a benediction.

And what better use can I make of my hands, which are the chief executive officer of my soul, than now to spread them abroad in the apostolic benediction which has been pronounced for centuries and over hundreds of thousands of assemblages, at coronations and obsequies, at harvest homes and on fast days, by all the ministers of the gospel in the past as it will be by all the ministers of the gospel until the church militant reaches up its right hand to take the right hand of the church triumphant—a benediction which, when it has full sway, will leave nothing for our world to want or heaven to bestow: "May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all forever. Amen."

SUCH IS SOUTH AFRICA.

Vivid Picture of the Lower Part of the Dark Continent.

You land in South Africa at the foot of a mountain 33,000 feet high. They call it Table mountain, and the veil of mist that, excepting on very clear days, overhangs it South Africans are pleased to term the "tablecloth." Presenting a front of solid rock 1,000 in height, perpendicular as a wall and for half a mile on top level, this mountain offers the best natural signboard on earth. Time and again have British firms attempted with fabulous sums to secure it for advertising purposes, but as yet there has been no such defacement.

Table mountain marks the tip end of the dark continent. Below it nestles the city of Cape Town, in beautiful bay stretching out in the foreground. On the west the mountain breaks off abruptly, and the railroad skirts about it to the interior. On the east it slopes off into a hilly, picturesque formation known as the "Lion's Back," and then gradually rises into the Drakenberg mountains. This is the only great mountain range south of the Zambezi, and by noting its location one may understand in a trice just what South Africa is geographically. Steaming along the east coast from Cape Colony northward, you have the Drakenberg in view nearly all the way to Beira, a distance of 2,000 miles. In Cape Colony and Natal the mountains in many places dip the water's edge, and with a fieldglass one may see on their crags and peaks smoke curling up from the native villages. In Portuguese territory the mountains recede slightly from the coast, and at Delagoa Bay there is an intervening stretch of lowland 20 miles wide. At Beira this has increased to 60 miles. At the Zambezi the Drakenberg ends.

To get into the interior of South Africa from any of the five east coast landing places—Port Elizabeth, East London, Durban, Delagoa Bay and Beira—one must cross a short extent of low land and then ascend steep mountains. Having arrived there, the traveler is conscious of little or no descent, five-sixths of the whole interior being a vast plateau that extends to the Zambezi on the north, the Atlantic ocean on the west and varies in altitude from 3,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea.

A fringe of tropical country, where bloom the magnolia and the rose, where flourish the orange, pineapple, lemon, guava, grape, banana, the cotton and the tea plant; a long stretch of mountains running parallel with the Indian ocean, the highest peaks of which are capped with snow, and in whose valleys wave tracts of wheat and corn; a vast prairie, dotted here and there with patches of scrub woodland, mission stations and immense farms with millions of sheep and cattle grazing thereon; a few thousand hamlets scattered like oases over a great landscape, made black by the native Africans who live in thatched huts and wear but a breech clout; a dozen large towns where are heard the clang of the American trolley car and the clatter of the police patrol and about which men cluster as flies gather to a jar of sweets; the remnants of a once mighty zoological garden, including many leopards, beautiful and lithe, baboons, antelopes, jackals and crocodiles, a less number of hippopotamuses and a few herds of buffalo, elephants and giraffes; some iron ore, some coal, some copper and a little silver; 40 miles of gold and 100 acres of diamonds. That is South Africa.—Ainslee's Magazine.

A Sarcastic Form of Rebuke.

"The new speaker is of too amiable a disposition to 'come down' upon the house when it is out of order, as his predecessor often did," said a member whose experience dates back to Mr. Carlisle's regime, "but, be it said to Mr. Reed's credit, his method was invariably efficacious, and we in the house minded promptly and without open protest.

"On one occasion during the last session the house became very disorderly. Mr. Reed knocked several times with his gavel, but without effect. The speaker was obviously annoyed. Finally he pounded the desk heavily. 'One moment,' he said angrily, his voice penetrating to the farthest corner of the chamber. 'Gentlemen should recollect that there is an unusual attendance of ex-members and members elect and that on that account there is considerable addition to the usual noise, which of itself is ordinarily sufficient to prevent the transaction of business.' There was loud laughter at this, but it was observed that the house soon settled down into an unusual quiet."—New York Tribune.

Kipling Was Bashful.

In describing Rudyard Kipling's recent effort at speechmaking the London Academy says: "When he showed his face in the schoolroom—it was crowded—his Rottingdean neighbors cheered him mightily, and he blushed like a great kid. When he got up on the platform to speak, he was as white as a ghost. He had evidently learned his little speech by heart and spun it out at a terrific rate. Of course that was nervousness. It struck me that he felt if he were to hesitate he would be lost. The Big Englanders will never get Kipling as a platform spouter. He'd collapse at the end of his third meeting."

The Trials of the Vice President.

A party of friends of the late Vice President Hobart were visiting Washington, and, of course, spent an hour in the senate chamber. Among them was a little girl of 10 who paid close attention to the proceedings. Two days afterward he met the child, who presently asked:

"Do you sit there every day listening to those old men talk?"

"Yes, dear."

"Do you have to?"

"Yes."

"I'm real sorry. It's an awful thing to be vice president, isn't it?"—Saturday Evening Post.

No Misfit Uniforms.

To guard against misfits the English army clothing stores make the uniforms in no less than 36 different sizes. The stores at present employ over 1,600 women making khaki uniforms. Khaki is a dyed cotton, but what it is dyed with the government officials themselves do not know. The firm that discovered it keeps the secret very much to itself.—Indianapolis Press.

Statue of Phillips Brooks.

Augustus St. Gaudens has signed a contract to deliver his Phillips Brooks monument to the Boston committee on or before May 1, 1901. The site must depend somewhat in all probability on the layout of Copley square, which at the present moment seems to be further from being a square than ever.—Boston Transcript.

He Won't Lecture.

The people of Beveridge, Kan., thought it would be a graceful thing to invite Senator Beveridge of Indiana to lecture in the town. But their invitation brought the following reply:

I beg to say that it is not my present or ultimate intention to enter the lecture field. Thanking you for your suggestion, I am, very respectfully,

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.

THE "ENGLISH PALM."

A Popular Saying That Explains Portugal's Dislike of England.

"There are one or two things about the Portuguese and their history," said a former resident of Lisbon the other day, "which, it seems, ought to have a good deal of bearing in the present state of the relations between Great Britain and Portugal, but which neither Americans nor Englishmen who have never lived in Portugal are likely to count upon.

"The feelings of the Portuguese people about England are peculiar. In point of plain fact the Portuguese as a people hate England more than they hate any other country except Spain, and yet there has never in the whole course of European history been a war between Portugal and England. The animosity, paradox as it may seem, all grows out of alliances. It is said that the first 'treaty of amity and alliance' between the two countries was made in the reign of Edward III, the father of the Black Prince, and John of Gaunt. That was more than 500 years ago. John of Gaunt's second wife was a Spanish princess, and his daughter by her was the wife of John I, king of Portugal, and mother of Prince Henry, the first European explorer of the Atlantic.

"So much is only what may be read in any history. How the feeling about the English grew up in Portugal is a matter of tradition, and the tradition is exclusively Portuguese because the English have never troubled themselves about the matter. The Portuguese say that from the end of the fourteenth century English merchants began settling at Lisbon, and that they were much too shrewd in business to be popular with the natives. Anyhow there is a Portuguese colloquialism in use to this day by which a man who 'does' another in a business transaction is said to 'give him the English palm.' That phrase is supposed to allude to some little trick of the English cloth merchants in the days when cloth used to be measured by the breadth of the palm of the hand.

"Whatever the origin of the expression may have been, it has been freely applied by the Portuguese in connection with several international bargains in which, according to them, the English got the better of them. One such was the bargain by which Bombay passed into the possession of the British crown as part of the dowry of poor Catherine of Braganza, who married Charles II. But the sorest memory in the history of the relations between the two countries is the convention of Cintra, by which, they say, England, after using Portugal as a convenient cockpit for the war against Napoleon and numbers of Portuguese as food for French powder, gave them another 'English palm.'

"Of course it is a difficult historical question how far these complaints may be well founded. But it certainly is strange to be in Lisbon when the cortes is debating over some point of the national relations with Great Britain and to hear and see the popular anti-British demonstrations in the streets, while in the two chambers the debaters, whatever their private feelings may be, follow the fashion which has prevailed in all Portuguese state and official utterances for ages and speak of England as 'nossa fiel allada' (our faithful ally). Dom Luis, the father of the present king, sent a message to the cortes one day all about 'nossa fiel allada,' and the next day the shop windows all over Lisbon were adorned with copies of a new patriotic song entitled 'Delenda est Albion' ('Albion Must Be Wiped Out').'"—New York Tribune.

BOY CHOIRS.

An Adjunct to Church Music Coming Into Greater Use.

The boy choir is an adjunct to church music which continues to grow more popular. It is by no means a new institution in New York churches, but the indications seem to point to an even greater demand for its services in the future. In some of the western churches, where solo singers have been relied on to furnish the music for half a century, the boy choir has been introduced lately.

The method of training the boys differs in the various churches, but the general idea is to take boys of ten years or younger. They are put through a course in the elements of music, voice training and sight reading. This course ordinarily covers two years. As the boys develop proficiency they are put into the choir, but an elementary class is always kept going to fill possible vacancies. They rehearse every day except Saturday and Sunday, when the regular service takes the place of rehearsal. The rehearsal usually lasts an hour and a half.

The average period of a choir boy's usefulness is five years. As the boys grow older their voices begin to change or break, and they are obliged to leave the choir.

The question is often asked, "What becomes of the choir boys?" In a number of the churches in this city former choir boys may be found occupying prominent places. Some are now choirmasters themselves and train choir boys, others are solo singers and still others, whose voices are no longer of fine quality, are in the organ loft.

Of course many of the boys lose their singing voice entirely, and with it their interest in music, and these drift into all sorts of business and professions. A peculiar fact is that boy sopranos sometimes develop into bass singers as they grow older, and no rule can be laid down as to the change of voice.—New York Tribune.

Dr. Hillis Tells This Story.

A recent fire in Chicago destroyed McClurg's great bookstore and with it a collection of old and rare volumes. These books were kept in an obscure place which Eugene Field called Saints' and Sinners' corner, because of the heterogeneous character of its frequenters. Dr. Hillis, who is now pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, tells some interesting stories about Saints' and Sinners' corner. One of them is concerning Field. He dearly loved these old books, but their valuation was often out of his reach. One book in particular he coveted, a rare volume of Burns. He could not afford to buy it when it first came into the collection, but he saved it for himself by writing on a fly leaf:

Gude friends, for Jesus' sake forebare
To buy ye book thou seest here,
For I have gone to earn the pelfe—
I meane to buy ye book myselfe.

Identification.

Wickwire—Look here. This is the fourth time this morning you have been in here asking for the price of a meal.

Dismal Dawson—Yep; I am the absentminded beggar, don't ye know.—Indianapolis Press.

brings joy or pain. It's for the mother to decide. With good health and a strong womanly organism, motherhood but adds to a woman's attractiveness.

McELREE'S Wine of Cardui

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