POOR DOCUMENT

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THE SOUL'S OFFICER.

THE EXECUTIVE MISSION OF THE HUMAN HAND.

WHAT THING CAN IT NOT DO?

aess of God, Who Fashioned This Manifold Purposes - Truly, "The Eye Cannot say Unto the Hand, I Have No Need of Thee."

course 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 Comming wii, 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 hum-an system. How far I can see, taking in spring morning and midnight aurora! Compared with inyself, 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 started to death 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 declar-

ing, "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 woodrous instrument. Sir Charles Bell, the English sargeon, came home from the battlefield of Waterloo, where he had been amputating limbs and binding up gun-shot 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 tech-

can understand it.

So we are all going on opening and shutting this divinely constructed in-strument — the hand — ignorant of much of the revelation it was ingoodness of God. You can see by their structure that shoulder and elbow and forearm are getting ready There is your wrist, with its eight their ligaments in two rows. That wrist, with its bands of fibers and its hinged joint and turning on two axis - on the larger axis moving backward and forward, and on the smaller axis turning nearly round. And there is the your hand, with its five bones, each having a shaft and two terminations. There are the fingers of that hand, with 14 bones, each ger with its curiously wrought 1 e nails. There is the thumb, com-

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 use ful as God could make it. What can it do? It can climb, it can lift, it can push, it can repel, it can menace, it can clutch, it can deny, it weave, it can bathe, it can smite, it can humble, it can exalt, it can soothe, it can throw, it can defy, it

A skeleton of the hand traced on black-hoard, or unrolled in diagram, or hung in medical museum, is mightillustrative 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 defense, or extended for help, or bus-ied in the arts, or offered in salutaabroad in benediction. God evidently intended all the lower orders of living beings should have weapons of defense, and have the leaves of defense, and have the latter of the lamighty inspiration. defense, and hence the elephant's tusk, and the horses' hoof, and the cow's horn, and the lion's footh, 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, de-fenceless and at the mercy of brutal or ruffian attack. The right, yea, the duty of self defense is so evident it needs no argumentation.

What a defense it is against acciour experiences when we have with the hand warded off something that 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. 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 experience of carry a visted in sword, cane, or carry a pistol in your hip pocket had better lay aside your deadly weapon. At the fron-tier, or in barbarious lands, or as

arrest, such arming may be neces-sary, but no citizen moving in these civilized regions needs such re-in-forcement. 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, use lessly to carry weapons of death! In our two hands God gave us all the weapons we need to carry.

Again, the hand is the chief execu-

tive 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 valid's pulse, or gently wipe away the tear of orphanage, or contribute alms, or smooth the excited brow, or beckon into safety. O the helping hands! There are hundreds of thousands of them, and the world wants at least 1,600,000,000 of them. Hands to bless others, hands to rescue others, hands to save others. 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 two to that number if we have two, or, if through casualty only one, add that one. If these hands which we have

so long kept thrust into pockets through indolence or folded in indif-ference or employed in writing wrong things or doing mean things or heaving up obstacles in the way of righteous progress might 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.

His own hands free, see how the

Lord sympathized with the man who had lost the use of his hand. It away until the arm and hand had been reduced in size beyond any medical or surgical restoration. More-over, it was his right hand, the most important of the two, for the left side in all its parts is weaker than 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 usclessly at the man's side and then cried out with nicalities of anatomy and physiology a voice that had omnipotence in it, "Stretch forth thy hand!" and the

> destiny! Mary, Queen of Scots, was escaping from imprisonment at Loch-lever 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 boat-man took her back to captivity. Again and again it has been demonstrated that the hand hath a language as well 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 On two discourses, one concerning

whole as the other."

the ear and the other concerning the eye, I spoke from the potent text in the Psalms, "He that planted the the realms, 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 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 mid air the wire tracks on which whole trains of thought rush the continents, and built all 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 vet 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

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 the work, found the hand so much better that amputation was post-poned, 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 execu tive 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 at such time are as not and parcada 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 vears that will never return, of

never again occur and conscience in its wrath pouncing upon the soul and all the past a horror, only to be sur-passed by the approaching horror passed by the approaching horror. So a amn 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 pages and heave. offers of pardon and peace and heaven he dies without hope.

Again, the hand is the chief executive of the soul in salutation. 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. moralizes the entire nervous and musmoralizes the entire nervous and mus-cular system." But while this exer-cise may be fati_uing, it is also an opportunity. He who knows how heartily to shake hands has one of 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 communi-cation is opened that was not open before. Two hands clasped in greet-ing are a bridge on which all sym-nethics and kindnesses and appour pathies and kindnesses and encour-agements and blessings cross over. To shake hands with some persons does us more than a good 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, afconsecrated man, cierical of 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 cold blooded and precise and conventional Christians! Jehu cried out to Jehonadab: "Is thine heart

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 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 his hand, and that animal's hide is a nonconductor of this gospel elec-tricity. 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. That is one important thing that the hand was made for. You can see the indication its charge and requipment. important thing that the hand was made for. You can see the indications in its shape and equipment—the four fingers to take your neighbor's hand on 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 be unpunished." Shake hands in conspir-

punished." Shake hands in conspiracy to damage individual or com-munity or nation, shake hands to de-fraud, shake hands to stand by each other 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. Pilate and Herod, though antagonists before, shook hands over Christ's

Going Up Stairs.

If you are suffering from anæmia (poverty of the blood) or from a weak heart the fact will be made painfully apparent every time you have occasion to walk up stairs.

On such occasions does your heart beat violently? Do you feel out of breath? Do your limbs ache, and are you easily exhausted?

These are signs of anæmia and heart weakness. Palor, sunken eyes, thin cheeks, loss of appetite, and general languor are other signs. Organic disease of the Heart or Consumption may easily follow if your condition is neglected.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills FOR PALE PEOPLE,

cure anæmia and heart weakness, and banish all these symptoms. They make men and women strong and energetic, and are equally valuable for young and old. These pills make new, rich blood with every dose, and strengthen weak or exhausted nerves.

HAD NOT STRENGTH TO WALK.

Mr. John Barley, Lachute Mills, says:—"Up to about seven years ago I had always been a healthy man. At that time my health began to give way, and at last I was left almost a physical wreck, the least exertion would leave me breathless and exhausted and for the last five years have not been able to do steedy work for the best part of the time, and as the many medicines. I steedy work for the best part of the time, and as the many medicines I tried filed to help me, I had begun to look upon my case as almost hopeless. Finally a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and now after the use of only five boxes I am feeling well and strong. It is simply marvellous what they have done for me, and I shall always recommend them to my friends."

Miss Leba C. Schilling, Peninsula-Gaspe, Que., writes:—"I had suffered for some time with a weary feeling. I had not strength to walk about. I could not walk even a short distance without being out of breath. I took no interest in anything, as I thought nothing could do me any good. On the recommendation of a friend I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had only taken them for a short time when I noticed a great improvement. I was strong enough to walk a long distance without resting, and felt better im every way. I would recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills highly to all other sufferers, and think they will be surprised at the results obtained from their use."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have also cured paralysis, locomotor ataxy, rheumatism, and sciatica; also all diseases arising from impoverishment of the blood, scrofula, chronic erysipelas, conloss of appetite, palpitations, pains in the back, nervous headhysteria. These pills are a tonic, not a purgative. Sold by all druggists or by mail post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-

As many worthless substitutes are offered be sure you ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

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