

Sunday Sermon

A Scholarly Discourse By Rev. D. MacLaurin.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sunday morning the Rev. Dr. Donald D. MacLaurin, pastor of the Greene Avenue Baptist Church, preached on "To Know the Unknown as a Paradox." The text was from Ephesians 1:17-19: "To the end that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all the saints what is the breadth and length and height and depth, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge." He said in the course of his sermon:

Who can know the unknown? Is not this in the nature of a paradox? Wherein can one be so strengthened as to become able to apprehend that which is really beyond the reach of his apprehension? Has not Paul been arrested in a paradox, otherwise his spiritual, profound and possible? Has he not introduced here something that ordinary mortals cannot grasp?

Well, I think that it will be as well for us to go slowly in our disposition to criticize him. It is a safe rule to assume that these "poetical metaphors" that were about, I am convinced that Paul not only knew by experience the things he said; but that he was inspired by the Holy Spirit in all his writing.

What about life? What about the duration of sentient existence? What about the course of that which we call ourselves? Tell us, thou biologist! Perhaps thy science is more exact than that of the mathematician or the man who philosophizes about time. Tell us, if you can, what is life? Hast thou ever seen it? No—never! Hast thou ever touched it? Only indirectly. Canst thou tell us what it is? Not then space runs into infinity, time runs into forever and forever, and life runs into God! And we know something about all of these; and yet there is no limit to their vast extent. It has done us good to investigate them—

It is a noble and worthy, rich, ancient and modern, the dimensions of Christ's love. Now, let us for the sake of clearness of thought define a few of the terms of our wealthy text. To the end that ye, being rooted and grounded in love. Love here means love toward our fellow creatures. Defined, it always means that we are united by the energy of the Divine love. Its inclusiveness is to be limited and measured only by the inclusiveness of the Divine love.

Out of the heart are the issues of life. When love is in the heart everything is love begotten, unfeignedly, like a building which has been settled as a whole, and will never show cracks or flaws in the future through failures in the foundation.

Here, then, is the idea of the soul being so placed as to make it strong for the noblest life. The two metaphors employed are not at all belonging to each other. The former, rooted, gives us the idea of organic life and growth; the latter, founded, gives us the idea of strength derived from the union of parts. A Christianity which is not rooted is always unstable. A Christian love that has not penetrated into the depths is not a love of a permanent or enduring character. O that the love of every one of us may penetrate into the very being of God! That the tendrils of our affections may twine themselves about the heart of the incarnate God, that our hearts be stable, then shall we grow.

To the end that ye, being rooted and grounded in love, may be strong to apprehend with all the saints. Strong for what? That you may know the love of Christ in all its mighty dimensions. And this is a most natural evolution. To acquire love is to obtain finer powers of perceiving. There is nothing like love for sharpening the wit. The eyes and ears of a loving mother are immeasurably quicker than the senses of the loveless. It is not true that love is blind; love is endowed with a sight of enormous range. But while he is yet afar off his "father say him."

Do not be surprised, therefore, to find that when we are rooted and grounded in love we obtain finer powers of apprehension. But what are divine love and grace? The holy panorama is stupendous, and even with our sharpened spiritual senses we cannot take in the infinite glory. And so the apostle tells us that we are to apprehend it with all the saints, with the help of all the saints. It takes all one Christian to comprehend all the glory and another beholds another. The Matterhorn, seen from Zermatt, is one thing; from the Eggishorn it is quite another. And so with these stupendous wonders of divine glory. Each Christian is to behold his own share of the marvelous revelation. Matthew will discern one aspect, and Mark another, and Luke another, and John another. Each individual will behold some individual glory. The furrow of one field abounds in wonders; what then of the infinite estate?

2 How far it will carry us. There are a great many really good people who fear to become open disciples of the Christ and unite with His church because they fear that they will not be able to hold out, as they say. Their heart of the Christian life is so lofty that they fear they shall not be able to continue in well-doing to the end—so they stand aloof.

Then, there are a great many Christians in the churches who are fearful all the time, fearful as to the issues of their life, and many are especially afraid of death. They have a horror of it; they are afraid that it will come to them in an hour when they may not be ready for it; they are afraid that they may bring a pain that they may not be able to endure—and so they are full of terror.

And then there are Christian men and women, and young men and women everywhere, who are asking, "Is this Christianity able to carry us through this life? Is it strong enough to carry us up the steep and rocky mountains of difficulty we meet in life? Is it strong enough to carry us safely through the valleys, where there are hissing serpents, and where the volved vampires have their homes, and where crouching beasts of temptation are ever ready to spring upon us in an unguarded moment. Is this love of Christ able to carry us all the way through? On the high seas of life, in the stresses of all weather, when the billows roll and dash against our frail bark—is there a pilot able to guide the ship through the mighty sea?"

Oh, look at what God has done! First: He has promised to provision us. Look at the eleventh verse of the eighty-fourth Psalm: "For Jehovah God is a sun and a shield; Jehovah will give grace and glory; no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." That is actually in the Bible. I sometimes think that we treat the Bible as if it were a huge joke—that these words do not mean what they actually say. Listen to them again: "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly." And these words are confirmed by our Master's own teaching.

Second: He has promised to protect us. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the mountains." Well, that may not be a wise thing to do. Is it wise to look at our difficulties? Is that what it means? But the Psalmist is not done. "From whence shall my help come?" No wonder, when you are looking at the mountains of difficulty, that you should say that. Now listen: "My help cometh from Jehovah, who made heaven and earth." Is that not good enough? No wonder Paul said: "What then shall we say to these things? If God is for us, who is against us?"

Third: From what depth will it rescue us? The depth indicates the distance that love reaches. It goes down to the deepest forms of sin. It reaches to the greatest sinner. Wherefore, also, He is able to save to the uttermost every one that cometh unto God through Him, seeing that He ever liveth to make intercession for them. I shall never forget hearing one of the foremost African in a powerful speech in the City of Washington, D. C. He was pleading for patience. He pleaded with the people to give him a chance, and then he said: "Oh, think of the depths—of the depths of impotence and superciliousness and poverty out of which and up from which my race must come!"

Ah, yes! But we were in lower depths still. Down beneath the black man's weeping shankles ourselves had forged about our feet and hands the shackles of sin. It is up out of these depths our God must lift us. IV. The height unto which He lifts us. For this Love is not only broad as our needs, continuous as our pilgrimages, reaches down to the depths of sin, but it also reaches up to the highest altitudes of the Divine Life. The way to measure is to begin at the cross and the foul abyss of evil and so up to the throne. This wondrous Love lifts up from the lowest degradation and sin to the glory of Sonship in the courts of heaven. How high will it lift us? O, God, Thou knowest.

Well, after we add all our powers together and seek to apprehend the love of Christ in its length and breadth and depth and height, the superlative glory is all beyond us! It passes our knowledge. Even when we are filled unto all the fullness of God, the overflowing is infinite! Let us soon see to it that we use our individual power to its utmost. Let us see to it that every capacity is balanced. Let us open the innermost chambers of our hearts to the King, and by the ministry of His love toward us, these higher perceptions may become ours.

His Duty Became Clear. A group of twenty-five Christian men had considered for an hour the question of personal evangelism. More than half of them had prayerfully agreed to try to form the habit of conversation about Christ. At the meeting broke up a well-known business man, seventy years of age, came to the leader, and with deep emotion, said: "There is a retired army officer living near me, for whom I have had deep concern for a long time. His daughter, a Christian woman, has often talked with me about him. My duty has now become clear. I am going to seek him out and try and win him for Christ." There are thousands of men, old and young men, who are waiting for the kindly conversation of a neighbor or friend to attract them to personal attachment to Christ—Ram's Horn.

There never was so many total abstainers in our country and in the world as there are to-day.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES

JUNE SEVENTEENTH.

Topic—The Glorified Life. John 17: 1-10, 22-24.

If even Christ needed to be glorified before He could glorify God, how much more do we need God's power and grace before we can glorify Him in the earth! Christ's glory is bound up with our obedience; if we glorify Christ, this thought will be a mighty incentive to a noble life.

The more we live for Christ's glory, the more we shall live for one another. We enjoy earth in proportion as we see Christ's glory in it; thus also shall we enjoy heaven.

Suggestions. The glorified life is unconscious of its own glory; conscious only of Christ's. "Moses said not that his face shone."

We see into us when all men speak well of us. Their clamor will drown God's voice. "Glorified" and "distracted" are identical words. A noble man is the only nobleman.

The glorified life glories in Christ. Illustrations. Wordly glory draws inward, like the sun's rays, heavenly glory gives outward, like the spring.

Earth's greatest glories, like the Greek olive wreath, are valued for their ideal significance; so are heaven's.

The nitron seems only so long as it is turned to the sun; our lives are radiant only so long as they reflect as in a mirror the glory of God.

When the light falls upon the diamond, it also becomes a light-bearer, and shines in the dark. We need more phosphorescent Christians.

Quotations. Am I seeking my reputation below or above? Am I letting my light shine? Is religion to me the happiest thing in life?

Yes, there is glory for the future; nothing for the true believer that isn't glory.—D. L. Moody.

We shall each have our own peculiar glory, while yet lost in the "Greater Light" who rules that golden day.—Nathaniel West.

Thousands of us are yet living on two or three hundred dollars that might live on the exceeding riches of God's glory.—M. E. Baldwin.

The Noblest Study. Missions are the new Acts of the Apostles, they are the probation of the Christian, they are the probation of Calvary. They are the "greater things than these" which the Holy Spirit enables Christ's followers to do.

A man may be a Christian, and be ignorant of missions, but he is an undeveloped Christian.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR JUNE 17.

Subject: The Transfiguration, Luke 9: 28-36—Golden Text: Luke 10, 35—Topic: Lessons of the Transfiguration—Memory Verses, 29, 31—Commentary.

I. A night of prayer (vs. 28, 29). "About an eight days after." Matthew and Mark say six days. There were full days and the fractional days at the beginning and the end making "about" eight. "These sayings," the sayings of the last lesson, Edersheim suggests the great confession occurred on the Sabbath, and the transfiguration on the night after the Sabbath; one week. There is no intimation as to how the intervening week was spent. "Peter and John and James." It was the same favored three who had gone with Him into the room where He raised Jairus' daughter, and a few months later these same apostles witnessed the resurrection of Jesus. "Into a mountain." The place of the transfiguration scene is unknown, but it was probably Mount Hermon, not far from Caesarea Philippi. This is the opinion of nearly all modern authorities. "To pray." It was the habit of Jesus to go alone in the night to pray. Before He chose the Twelve, and after feeding the five thousand, we see Him praying in the night.

II. Jesus transfigured (vs. 29, 29). "As He prayed." During His prayer, the transfiguration was the power. "Countenance was altered." The original is "radiance." In the New Testament rendered "transfigured" (see Rom. 12:2; 2 Cor. 3:18, and is used of a spiritual change. Matthew says, "His face did shine as the sun." "Raiment became white and dazzling." R. V. Mark says, "Exceeding white as snow." It was His inner spirit shining through the folds of flesh.

III. Heavenly visitants (vs. 30, 31). "Moses and Elias." Elias is the Greek form for Elijah. This was not a vision. These persons were actually present, and the disciples recognized them, as is evident from Peter's proposal to erect a tabernacle to give ground for believing that we shall recognize our friends in heaven.

31. "Who appeared in glory." In like glory with Jesus; with glorified bodies. May this not be a hint as to the appearance of our resurrection bodies? "Spoke of His decease." Or, "decease," or "exitus from the world," including, no doubt, His death, resurrection and ascension. "Which He was about to accomplish." R. V. "This conversation would enable the disciples to see the importance and necessity of that which was to them the greatest mystery—the suffering and death of the Master."

IV. Three disciples behold His glory (vs. 32, 32). "Heavy with sleep." It was in the night, and the time when they usually slept. Our English Version implies that they fell asleep and were awakened to see His glory, while the original implies that, though heavy with sleep, they kept only awake. "Were fully awake." R. V. "Even though they may have been asleep at first, yet when He was 'transfigured before them' they were fully awake. 'Saw His glory, and the two men.' They saw the brilliancy of their countenances, and the dazzling brightness of the garments. 'As they departed.' Were departing. Peter must have seen that they were ready to leave. 'Peter said.' Eager and impulsive as always. It was for him too brief a glimpse of the heavenly glory.

It is good for us to be here." Peter spoke the truth. The apostles would be stronger and more useful because of the divine manifestations. "Three tabernacles." Or booths, from the bushes on the mountains; such as were made at the feast of Tabernacles. He greatly desired to have the heavenly visitants remain with them. "Not knowing what he said." Peter's plans were frequently in opposition to those of his Lord.

V. The voice from the cloud (vs. 34, 36, 34). "While He thus spake." Here was the response to Peter's suggestion, a wise answer to a foolish prayer; denying the petition in order to grant something better. "There came a cloud, and overshadowed them." Matthew says a "bright" cloud. A cloud had frequently been the symbol of the divine presence. It was a cloud that guided and protected the children of Israel (Exod. 13:21; 14:19); a cloud that filled the temple at the dedication of the sanctuary (1 Kings 8:10; 8:11); and the Lord himself the cloud His chariot (Psa. 104:3). Peter refers to the clouds that overshadowed them on the mount as "the excellent glory" (2 Pet. 1:17). "They feared." This glorious manifestation of God's presence caused them to tremble. It is very like the transfiguration took place in the night, in which case the light of Christ's countenance the dazzling brightness of His garments, and the glory of the cloud, would have a marked effect, because of the absence of the solar light. "Entered into." The cloud seemed to descend and enter them, and they were "in a voice." The voice of God the Father. It revealed nothing new, but confirms the old, for it was the same voice which had been heard at His baptism. This would show to Peter and the apostles that they did not need to go to Jerusalem in order to add to their happiness. "This is My beloved Son." Matthew adds, "In whom I am well pleased." "Hear Him." He is superior even to Moses.

36. "When the voice was past." Matthew tells us that when the disciples heard the voice they fell on their faces and were afraid. They were covering from the shock, they suddenly gazed all around them and saw no person but Jesus. "Keep it close." Mark says that Jesus charged them that they should "tell no man what things they had seen, till the Son of Man were risen from the dead."

The Knot Reminded Him. Hiram Bobbs was absent-minded. He admitted that himself. Still, even he was occasionally surprised by his own failings. One morning he reached his office unaccountably late. "Dear me," he thought, "where can I have been?"

The answer was not forthcoming. Hiram sat down at his desk and took out his pocket handkerchief. It was tied tightly in a knot.

"Now," he exclaimed, "what was that for? Oh, yes. Marthy told me to get my shoes soled." With an air of resignation to the whims of womanhood, he put on his hat, closed his desk, and went out to the "soled while you wait" cobbler's. He went in and sat down, took off his shoes and settled back in a chair to read his newspaper.

"What is it, Mr. Bobbs," inquired the cobbler.

"What? Oh, er—er—why—oh, yes; I want my shoes soled."

"Pardon me, sir," said the cobbler, "but I finished soiling them only half an hour ago. They can't be worn out yet, sir."—Youth's Companion.

KIND HEARTS UBIQUITOUS

THE GENEROUS AND GOOD AT SAN FRANCISCO.

Anecdotes in Abundance Showing the Spirit of Sharing One's Goods With One's Neighbor—Human Motives Sound at the Core—The Parrot Who Started the Song "A Hot Time" and Chirped Up a Multitude—The Philosophical Satisfaction That a New Start For an Even Bigger Thing is to Be Enjoyed

By WILLIAM R. LIGHTON. (Special Correspondence of the Boston Transcript.)

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Never again while I live, though it be a million years, shall I doubt the rightness and goodness of human motives and impulses. Not the show motives, mind; not the gilt and filagree of uneventful days made up of vacant hours when men and women, out of sheer weariness, trick themselves with the artifices of social facemask and enamel an—pomade, trying to make themselves believe that of such is the kingdom of life. Not these, but the profounder impulses, those the race had at the beginning, the ones with real blood and fibre and bone in them, which now and then make the whole wide world thrill with a common understanding and sympathy.

People are kind; that's a cliché. Here's this San Francisco case to prove it all over again from the beginning. It has been worth a year of ordinary life to be upon the ground these last two weeks and witness this outpouring of the world's unstinted generosity, to meet this great need. It is not necessary to speak much of that; the giving was no parade of virtue for the reward of a chapter of publicity. I am thinking, rather, just now, of the spirit of those called the victims.

Oh, these Californians! What do you think they are saying now in San Francisco?

"Well, it came high," they say, with a wide, jaunty grin, "but we pulled off the biggest show the world ever saw, now didn't we?"

They are taking to themselves all the credit for that awful happening; they are actually glorifying in its stupendousness as a spectacle. Chicago and Boston and Baltimore and Galveston, as disaster-breeders, must now drop back into the second class; Herkuleanaum and Pompeii have been beaten to a standstill; Nineveh and Babylon aren't in it for a minute. Here and there, within the last week, tucked away in obscure corners of the newspapers, you may have read scraps of quotation from the quaint, old-fashioned utterances of a few thin-blooded folk who have been trying to make out that the wreck and ruin came as a special visitation, brought down by the city's wickedness. San Franciscans refuse to think that way.

The experience has left them "strapped"—suffers from just about the most acute attack of "broke" that ever I have looked upon—a perfect epidemic of penitlessness. Yet they are referring to the incidents of these days as a blessing!

"We are glad it happened!" they say. I have heard this again and again; not from the habitually destitute, but from men whose money loss was vast. This is the sum of their argument: "When San Francisco was started, nobody dreamed it would ever be a great city. We didn't build for that, at first. We have made a lot of mistakes. Fately we have been wondering how the dickens we were going to get those mistakes corrected. Our streets were too narrow, and they weren't laid out right for convenience or business. There were too many ugly spots; architecture wasn't right; the doubtful part of the population was congested too near the very heart of the city. We had been dubbing along for years with public services that were away shy of our needs. Besides, social life was a little on the bum; the rich were too rich and the poor were too poor. Anybody could see that we needed a shaking up. And now we've had it— heaven be praised! We can start if all over again and do it right this time. It's a pretty fair start, too—we're off in a bunch; now watch us go!"

If old man Jove seriously intended this as a thunderbolt of His wrath, then He needs a little hard target practice out back of the barn, because this was awfully poor shooting. He never touched them at all.

Of course we shall have to grant that the San Francisco disaster was the biggest thing that ever happened. There are the figures to prove it. And it seems as though we must grant the honesty of the people when they say they are rejoicing in their new opportunities. The test of a man's convictions lies in the manner of his actions; and these San Franciscans are making protestations and actions match one another. They are going to make another city; it is already begun; and it will be a wonder.

Save for the mood of the people, this disaster would have been the greatest catastrophe in history, so far as catastrophe may be expressed in dollars and cents. Within two weeks' time the people of the nation have raised a relief fund of twenty millions of dollars—a performance also unique. Grant all that. But that is not the heart and soul of the matter, as I have watched it express itself here. The vital part of it lies in the relations of man to man, here on the ground. Society has been started into letting fall its mask of manners, product of a half century of differentiation. For the time being, during these two weeks, there have been no rich and no poor; the whole artificial scheme has been resolved back to its elements. If a real Socialist knows real Socialism when he sees it, this situation would make him delirious with joy. There has been no fakery about it, either; it has been the real thing. It is too good to last, of course; but while it lasts it is heart-warming, soul-satisfying. Let me give you some true stories, samples out of the crop of thousands that might be harvested.

This first one bears the stamp of fiction, but it is sober fact, no less. A parrot started it. The old San Francisco was a city of parrot cages; a census enumeration would have shown their presence in every fourth house; they are a feature of all the refuge camps; next to saving their children, the householders seemed to con-

THE AUTO SEE-SAW.

And Feats of Greater Skill in Motor Competitions.

For all who love to see feats of skill and nerve—and who does not?—motor car sports, which are so popular on the Continent, and which promise soon to take rank among the favorite sporting fixtures in Great Britain, offer exceptional opportunities of pleasure.

A very difficult feat, which none but the most expert drivers may hope to accomplish, is that of balancing a car on a platform arranged to swing like a see-saw on a pivot at its centre. The car is driven at a fair speed up the side of the platform which slopes to the ground, and the object of the drive is to bring it to a full stop at the point which the car is exactly balanced on the now horizontal platform. An inch destroyed; the platform tilts in the opposite direction, and the car, impelled by gravity, slides down it. One may not be a motorist to see how wonderful must be the judgment and control to stop a car, traveling at, perhaps, a dozen miles an hour, on the exact centre of this delicately-balanced platform.

Another competition which requires almost equal skill, and which causes endless amusement to the onlookers, is the following: A couple of parallel planks are placed across a stream, and over these narrow planks the competitor essays to drive their cars. As each plank is only just wide enough to take the wheels, it is easy to see that, unless a driver has his car absolutely straight and strikes the exact centre of each track, he must inevitably come to grief; and in many cases this is his fate, much to his discomfiture and to the enjoyment of the spectators.

In another competition wooden posts are placed in a straight line in the middle of the track, at intervals equal to the length of the average motor car, and the competitor's task is to steer a zigzag course between these obstacles without touching or upsetting any of them. In order to accomplish this difficult feat he must continually turn his car within its own length, and at the same time be careful to clear each post in turn with his hind wheels.

A more difficult test even than this is the following. At intervals along each side of the track dummy figures are placed, facing each other and at such a distance apart as to allow barely an inch for the car, if accurately steered, to pass. To steer between these parallel rows of dummies, traveling forward, without upsetting any of them, would be a severe test for motorists; but in the competition the driver must proceed backward, thus adding enormously to the difficulty of the feat. It is, perhaps, needless to say that the dummies as a rule have a bad time of it, and that the course is often strewn with fallen bodies.

In India some wonderful exhibitions of dexterity are witnessed, in which a driver, while traveling at twenty or thirty miles an hour, will pick up ten pips at the point of his spear or, with slashes of his sword, will cut off Turk's heads. Equally surprising is a feat which is very popular on the Continent, in which the motorist, while traveling at a high rate of speed, hurls a dart into the bull's eye of a target placed by the side of the track.

Among other popular features of these novel sports is climbing and descending steep flights of stairs, a feat requiring considerable nerve and great command of the machine. It may be remembered that some time ago M. DeRay, the famous French record breaker, drove his twenty-five horse power Gobron-Brille car up the steps leading from the polo ground at the Crystal Palace, and descended again without mishap.—Tit-Bits.

As to Remarriage. "Do widows or widowers most remarry?" said the reporter.

"Widows, widows decidedly," the minister answered.

"And how do you account for that fact?"

"I account for it on monetary rather than on sentimental grounds. Widows remarry oftener than widowers because they need help more than widowers. They are alone; they may have a child or two; and all the money they can call their own is a life-insurance policy for twelve or fifteen hundred dollars.

"So they remarry. They remarry speedily. With much wisdom acquired from their first marital experience, they have no difficulty in persuading some prosperous and steady young man to set them afloat upon a second matrimonial voyage.

"Widowers are most apt to remain single if they have children. Eight out of ten of the widowers whom I remarry are childless men."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Words Seldom Used. A philologist was talking about words. "There are over 225,000 words in the English language," he said, "but we only use a few thousand of them. The extra ones are no use to us. Any man could sit down with a dictionary and write in good English a story that no one in the world would understand. Here, for instance; can you make head or tail of this?"

And the philologist pattered off gibberish.

"I will again buy the atabal. You are aweayed. Yet this is no blusket's bolonise nor am I a cudden, either. Though the atabal is dern, still will I againbuy it."

Then he translated: "I will recover the drum. You are amazed? Yet this is no young girl's boasting nor am I a fool, either. Though the drum is hidden, still will I recover it."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Spell Didn't Work. An amusing scene was witnessed in the Fourth Magistrate's Court yesterday. A Javanese was arrested on a charge of theft. As the man entered the dock, he threw on the ground a hen's egg and then commenced to chew some "serch." This was supposed to work a spell on the magistrate and cause him to discharge the accused. Unfortunately for the schemes of the Javanese, he was seen by the Malay constable in charge of him. This Malay seized the Javanese by the throat and choked him until he spat up the "serch," and so broke the spell. The case was postponed.—Singapore Straits Times.

IRVING'S BOOK PLATE.



The book plate used by Sir Henry Irving has now a recognized value as a collection of such designs. The copies of the plate have already been sold at good prices in England and on the Continent. The design, which was made by direction of the great actor, is shown herewith.

For Chapped Hands.

To cure chapped hands always care fully dry the hands after washing, never allow the moisture to evaporate; this is a cause of the trouble. Before going to bed rub hands well with boracic ointment, vaseline, cold cream or glycerin. Those who cannot afford medicaments will find a bit of mutton fat (uncoked) very effective. Draw on an old pair of gloves after anointing.