

REV. DR. PALMAGE.  
THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

TEXT: "Make a chain."—Ezekiel vii, 23.  
At school and in college in announcing the mechanical powers, we glorified the lever, the pulley, the inclined plane, the screw, the axle and the wheel, but my text calls us to study the philosophy of the chain. These links of metal, one with another, attracted the old Bible authors, and we hear the chain rattle and see its coil all the way through from Genesis to Revelation, flashing as an ornament, or restraining as in captivity, or holding as in conjunction as in case of machinery. To do him honor Pharaoh hung a chain of gold about the neck of Joseph, and Balaazar one about the neck of Daniel. The high priest had on his breast-plate two chains of gold. On the camels' necks, as the Ishmaelites drove up to Gideon, jangled chains of gold.

The Bible refers to the Church as having such glittering adornments, saying: "Thy neck is comely with chains of gold." On the other hand, a chain means captivity. David the psalmist exults that power had been given over him, and he says: "I will sing with chains." The old missionary apostle cries out: "For the hope of Israel, I am bound with this chain." In the prison where Peter is incarcerated, you hear one day a great crash at the falling of one of the chains, and John saw an angel come down from Heaven to manacle the powers of darkness, and having "a great chain in his hand," and the fallen angels are represented as "reserved in everlasting chains" while in my text, for the first and limitation of the inquiry of his time, Ezekiel thunders out: "Make a chain!"

What I wish to impress upon myself and upon you is the strength in right and wrong directions, of consecutive influences, the power of a chain of influences above one influence, the great advantage of a congeries of links above one link, and in all family government and in all effort to rescue others and in all attempts to stop iniquity, take the suggestion of my text and make a chain!

That which contains the greatest importance, that which incloses the most tremendous opportunities, that which of earthly things is most being against the two sides of all eternities, is the cradle. The grave is nothing in importance compared with it, for that is only a gully that we step across in a second, but the cradle has within it a new eternity, just as important as the grave. When three or four years ago the Ohio River overflowed its banks and the wild freshets swept down with them harvests and cities, one day was found floating on the bottom of the waters a cradle with a child in it all burled, wrapped up snug and warm, and blue eyes looking into the blue of the open heavens. It was mentioned as something extraordinary. But every cradle is, with its young passenger, floating on the swift currents of the century, the cradle calling to deep, Ohio and St. Lawrence and Mississippi of influence, bearing it onward. Now, what shall be done with this new life recently launched? Teach him an evening prayer, that is important, but not enough. Hear him as soon as he can recite some gospel hymn or catechism? That is important, but not enough. Every Sabbath afternoon read him a Bible story? That is important, but not enough. Give him in a while a lesson, once in a while a prayer, once in a while a restraining influence? All these are important, but not enough. Each one of these influences is only a link, and it will not hold him in the tremendous emergencies of life. Let it be constant instruction, constant prayer, constant application of good influences, a long line of consecutive impressions, reaching from his first year to his fifth, and from his fifth year to his tenth, and from his tenth to his twentieth. "Make a chain!"

Spasmodic education, paroxysmic disciplines, occasional fidelity, amount to nothing. You can as easily hold an anchor by one link as hold a child to the right by isolated and intermittent influences. The example must connect with the instruction. In conversation must combine with the actions. The week-day consistency must conjoin with the Sunday worship. Have family prayers by all means, but be patient and inconstant and unreasonable in your home hold and your family prayers will be a blasphemous farce. So great in our times are the temptations of young men to dissipation, and young women to social frolics, that it is most important that the religious years of their life be charged with a religious power that will hold them when they get out of the harbor of home into the stormy ocean of active life. There is such a thing as impressing children so powerfully with good, that sixty years will have no more power to rattle time than sixty minutes. What a rough time that young man has in doing wrong, careful of his virtue as a man, father and mother have been dead for years, or over in Scotland, or England, or Ireland; but they have stood in the doorway of every dram-shop that he entered, and under the chandeliers of every ball-room that he visited. "My son, this is no place for you, saying: 'My son, this is no place for you. Have you forgotten the old folks? Don't you recognize these wrinkles, and this stoop in the shoulder, and this tremulous hand? Go home, my boy, go home! By the God to whom we consigned you, by the graves in which we reposed you, by the graves in the old country churchyard, by the heaven where we hope yet to meet you, go home! Go home, my boy, go home!" And some Sunday you will be surprised to find that young man suddenly asking for the prayers of the church. Some Sunday you will see him at the sacrament and perhaps drinking from the same kind of chalice that the old folks drank out of years ago when they commented the sufferings of the Lord. Yes, as you led, you do not have such fun in sin as you used to have. I know what spoils your fun. You cannot shake off the influence of those prayers long ago offered, or of those kind admonitions, you cannot make them go away, and you feel like saying: "Father, what are you doing here? Mother, why do you bother me with suggestions of those olden times?" But they will not go away, they will push you back from your evil paths, though they have to come from their shining homes in heaven and stand in the very gates of hell, and their backs scorched by the fiery blast and with their hand on your shoulder, and their eyes looking straight into yours, and their eyes saying: "We have come to take you home, O son of many anxieties!" At last that young man turns through the consecutive influence of a pious parentage, who out of prayers and fields of innumerable, made a chain, that is the chain that pulls mightily this morning on five hundred of you. You may be too proud to shed a tear, and you may, to convince others of your imperturbability, smile to your friend beside you, but there is not so much power in an Alpine avalanche, and it has slipped for a thousand feet and having struck a lower cliff is taking its second bound for fifteen hundred feet more of there is more power in the chain that pulls out this moment toward God and Christ and Heaven! Oh! the almighty pull of the long chain of early gracious influences!

But all reap a harvest between thirty and forty years of age, fifty and sixty, and all septuagenarians will need a surrounding congeries of good influences. In Sing Sing, Alcatraz, Moyamensing, and all the other great prisons, are men and women who were wont in middle and old age to be made around as a cordon of good influences. We forget to apply the well-known rule that a chain is no stronger than its weakest link. If the chain be made up of a thousand links and nine hundred and ninety-nine are strong, but one weak, the chain will be in danger of breaking at that one weak link. We may be strong in a thousand excellences and yet have one weakness which enlarges us. That is the reason that we sometimes see men distinguished for a whole round of virtues, and yet go down. The weak link in the otherwise stout chain gave way under the pressure.

The first chain bridge was built in Scotland. Walter Scott tells how the French imitated it in a bridge across the river Seine. But there was one weak point in that chain bridge. There was a middle bolt that was of poor material, but they did not know how much depended on that middle bolt of the chain bridge. On the opening day a procession started, led on by the king, and the bridge and the weight of the procession was fairly on it, the bridge broke and precipitated the multitudes. The bridge was all right except in that middle bolt. So the bridge of character may be made up of mighty links, strong enough to hold a mountain; but if there be one weak spot, that one point unlooked after may be the destruction of everything. And what multitudes have gone down for all time and as an eternity, because the chain bridges of their character were lacking a strong middle bolt. He had but one fault and that was avarice; hence, forgery. He had but one fault and that was a burning desire for intoxicants; hence, his fatal debauch. She had but one fault and that was an inordinate dress, and hence her own and her husband's bankruptcy. She had but one fault and that was a quick temper; hence, the disgraceful outburst. What we all want is to have put around us a strong chain of good influences.

Christian association is a link in that chain. A link in a chain. Church membership is a link. Scripture research is a link. Faith in God is a link. Put together all these influences. Make a chain!

But what excellent it is for us to get into company better than ourselves. If we are given to telling vile stories let us put ourselves among those who will not abide such utterance. If we are stingy let us put ourselves among the charitable. If we are morose let us put ourselves among the good-natured. If we are given to little-tattle let us put ourselves among those who speak no ill of their neighbors. If we are despondent let us put ourselves among those who make the best of things. If evil is contagious, I am glad to be near good, and to be contagious to good, so if you would be strong in your soul get yourself up off the lowlands into the altitudes of high moral association. For many of the circumstances of our life we are not responsible. For our parentage we are not responsible. For the place of our nativity, not responsible; for our features, our stature, our color, not responsible; for the family relation in which we were born, for our natural tastes, for our physical character, not responsible. But we are responsible for the associates that we choose and the moral influences under which we put ourselves. Character seeks an equilibrium. A. B. is a good man. Y. Z. is a bad man. Let them now voluntarily associate with each other's society. A. B. will lose a part of his goodness and Y. Z. a part of his badness, and they will gradually approach each other in character and will finally stand on the same level. One of the old sages refused to look at poor pictures because he said it damaged his style. A musician cannot afford to dwell among discords, nor can a writer afford to peruse books of inferior quality, nor an architect walk out among disproportioned structures. And every woman was ever so good as to be able to afford to choose evil associations. Therefore I said, have it a rule of your life to go among those better than yourselves. Cannot find them? Then who's a pink and who's a red? Must be? When was your character complete? What a misfortune for the saintly and angelic of heaven that they are not enjoying the improving influence of your society! Ah, if you cannot find those better than yourself, it is because you are not doing yourself. Wear unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites!

But, as I remarked in the opening, in sacred and in all styles of literature a chain may be made up of many links, and of many nature but sometimes captivity. And I suppose there are those in that sense deliberately and persistently making a chain. Now here is a young man of good physical health, good manners and good education. He has put together enough links to make a chain for the down-hill road? I will give him some directions. First, let him smoke. If he cannot stand cigars, let him try cigarettes. I think cigars will help him on this road a little more rapidly because the doctor says that it is more poison in them, and so he will be helped along faster, and I have the more confidence in proposing this because about fifty of the first young men of Brooklyn during the last year were, according to doctors' reports, killed by cigarettes. Let him drink light wines first, or ale or lager, and gradually he will be able to take something stronger, and as all styles of strong drink are more and more adulterated, his progress will be facilitated. With the old-time drink a man seldom got delirium tremens before thirty or forty years of age; now he can get the madness by the time he is eighteen. Let him play cards, enough money put up always to add interest to the game. If the father and mother will play with him that will help by way of countenancing the habit. And it will be such a pleasant thing to think over in the day of judgment when the parents give an account for their children. Every pleasant Sunday afternoon take a carriage ride and stop at the hotels on either side the road for Sabbath refreshments. Do not let the old folks get red against Sabbath breaking and let you have a membership of some club where libertines go and tell about their virtuous sins, and laugh as loud as any of them in the list of those who have gone to the same sex as your sister and mother. Put your Bible overboard as old-fashioned and fit only for women and children. Read all the magazine articles that put Christianity at disadvantage, and go to hear all the lectures that malign Christ, who, they say, is not the son of the Mighty One he pretended to be, was an impostor and the implanter of a great delusion. Go, at first out of curiosity, to see all the houses of dissipation, and then go because you have felt the truth of their fascinations. Getting along splendidly now.

unlocked a handcuff, quicker than the bayonets of revolution pried open the Bastille, you may be liberated and made free. Christ, our King, has cried: "You have only to choose between serfdom and emancipation, between a chain and a coronet, between Satan and God. Make up your mind and make it up quick. When the King of Sparta had created the Hellespont and was about to march through Thrace, he sent word to the people in the different regions asking them whether he should march through their countries as a friend or an enemy. 'By all means,' said the King of Macedonia: 'I will take time to consider it.' 'Then,' said the King of Sparta: 'Let him consider it, but meantime, we march—we march.' So Christ, our King, gives us our choice between his friendship and his frown, and many of us have long been considering what we had better do; but meantime He marches on, and our opportunities are marching by. And we shall be the loving subjects of His King, or the victims of our own obduracy. So, I urge you to precipitancy, rather than slow deliberation, and I write all over your soul the words of Christ I saw inscribed on the monument of Princess Elizabeth in the Isle of Wight, and that an iron chain hung from a finger pointed in the open Bible when she was found dead in her bed after a lifetime of trouble: 'Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Is there a drunkard here? You may be the Savior's grace, but the fire of thirst utterly extinguished. Is there a defrauder here? You may be made a saint. Is there a libertine here? You may be made as pure as the light. When a minister in an outdoor meeting in Scotland was denouncing good men, there was hanging around the edge of the audience some of the most depraved men and women, and the minister said nothing about mercy for prodigals. And a depraved woman cried out: 'Your rope is not long enough for the gallows, and you are not deep enough to reach the bottom of the deep, and reach to farthest wanderings, and here is a rope that is long enough to rescue the worst.' 'Whosoever will.'

But why take extreme cases, when we all have been or are now the captives of sin and death? And we may through the great Emancipator drop our shackles and take a throne. You have looked at your hand and arm only as being useful now, and a curious piece of machinery, but there is something about your hand and arm that makes me think they are an undeveloped wing. And if you would know what possibilities are suggested by that, ask the eagle that has looked close into the eye of the sun; and the albatross that has struck its wing into the black rocks of the tempest; or ask the condor that this morning is descending to the highest peak of Chimborazo. Your right hand and arm and your left hand and arm, two undeveloped wings, better get ready for an emergency. "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wing, Thy better portion trace." There have been chains famous in the world's history, such as the chain which fastened the prisoner of Chillon to the pillar, and the chain of which have thrust my hand on the isolated rock of the Lake of Geneva; such as the chain which the Russian exile clanks on his way to the mines of Siberia; such as the chain which Zenobia, the captive queen, wore when brought into the presence of Aurelian. Ah, there have been races in chains, and nations in chains, and there has been a world in chains; but, thank God, the last one of them shall be broken, and under the liberating power of the omnipotent Gospel the shackles shall fall from the last neck, and the last arm, and the last foot. But these shattered fetters shall all be gathered up again from the dungeons, and the work-houses, and the mines, and the rivers, and the fields, and they shall again be welded and again struck into a link, and polished and transformed until this world, which has wandered off and been a recant world and a lost world, shall by that chain be lifted and huz to the throne of God, no longer the victim of oppression, but the golden chain of redeeming love. There let this old ransomed world swing forever! Roll on ye years, roll on ye days, roll on ye hours, and hasten the glorious consummation!

The Ginger Plant of Commerce.  
The rhizome, or root, of Zingiber officinale, is known as ginger. It is a reed-like plant, with annual leafy stems three to four feet high, and flowers in one-shaped spikes borne on other stems thrown up from the rhizome. It is a native of Asia in the warmer countries of which it is universally cultivated, but is not known in the wild state. It has been introduced into most tropical countries, including the West Indies.  
Ginger occurs in two forms—dried with the epidermis as coated ginger, and as scraped ginger when the epidermis is removed. The uncoated ginger is prepared by scraping and washing the rhizome and then drying it in the sun. The prepared ginger has a pale buff hue and breaks easily, exhibiting a short and farinaceous texture with numerous brittle-like fibers. When cut with a knife the younger and terminal portion of the rhizome appears pale yellow, soft, and amyaceous, while the older part is flinty, hard and resinous.  
Coated ginger or that which has been dried without the removal of the epidermis is covered with a wrinkled, striated brown integument, which imparts to it a somewhat coarse and crude appearance, which is usually remarkably less developed on the flat parts of the rhizome. Internally it is usually of a less bright and delicate hue than ginger from which the cortical part has been removed. Much of it, indeed, is dark, horny, and resinous.—Prairie Farmer.

A Kentucky Child Wonder.  
Fifteen years ago was born a son to Mr. Andrew Woods, a wealthy stock man and farmer near Keene, Ky. After a few months the child seemed well developed, but suddenly the body began to dwindle while the head grew. The child's bones were of chalk formation, and at five years of age "Dot" was regarded as a marvel. He grew in knowledge, had a great curiosity, and was carried on a pillow to every attractive meeting or speaking within the adjoining counties. At ten he became aesthetic in taste and dressed with great care every day. Physicians despaired of his life, as the limbs were but a few inches long. The chest could be seen in full play, the heart beating and heaving like a maiden's. His living to fifteen was regarded by the people as miraculous, for he ate, said a gentleman, hardly enough to keep a chicken alive.  
A General Trip-up  
All sorts of extravagant offers to the parents, but they would never consent to having him exhibited. The child's death a few days ago was painless, and the remains were deposited in a baby coffin and followed to the burial by a great concourse of neighbors. Precautions had been taken against ghouls, who might seek to profit by robbing the grave. Little "Dot" complained, and for the first time, a few days before, of the pressure upon his heart, which was smothering him. He had attained a great degree of intelligence, and recently attended a political speaking, conversing like a matured mind upon that and other topics.—Cincinnati Commercial.

Dinizulu, son of Cetewayo, obstinately asserts that he is potentate of Zululand.

A Leper as White as Snow.

Johnson, the leper, lies in a room off from the contagious ward, says the Chicago Herald reporter who visited the hospital. He is hideous. His hands and hairless face are incrustated with scale-like blotches of reddish-brown. The face shows most distinctly the ravages of the horrible disease. The lower lids of the eyes are drawn down and turned inside out. The lips are blue, and the nose is swollen to twice its natural size. His back and abdomen are covered with huge tubercles. These scales slightly change color from time to time. There is no known remedy for leprosy. It has for all times defied the efforts of physicians. But one important discovery has been made of late years, and that is that the disease is contagious, and is not hereditary, as is generally supposed. The germ of the disease is known to exist, and animals have been inoculated, afterwards showing unmistakable signs of the malady. Still no cure has been discovered, or even a remedy to alleviate the leper's suffering. Leprosy is a slow disease, and Johnson may live for even fifteen years. There are two forms of the disease—viz.: black leprosy and white leprosy. In the former the scales are dark and in the latter perfectly white. Johnson is suffering from the former. The leprosy of the ancient Jews consisted of shiny smooth blotches on which the hair turned white and silky, and the skin and the muscular flesh lost their sensibility. It was incurable. It was not until about the year 900 A. D. that the black leprosy appeared. In time the toes and fingers dropped off, and when the eating process reaches the vital death causes.

YELLOW FEVER.

Prevention Better Than Cure.  
The following statement speaks for itself: "This certifies that I was, with my family, a resident of New Orleans during the terrible Yellow Fever epidemic which visited that city in 1878. We were strangers there, and unacquainted, but having previously used Ayer's Ague Cure for malarial disorders, I fully believed it would prove a preventive of the scourge. I took the Ague Cure myself, and had my little girls take it daily, but it could not persuade my husband to use it. He fell sick of the fever and died, but my children and I were not attacked. Our exemption from sickness at this time was considered miraculous, but I believe it was Ayer's Ague Cure, and feel sure that we owe to this medicine the fact that we survived the epidemic."—Mrs. L. E. Osborn, Prescott, Ark.

The recent naval manoeuvres of England's fleet show that "the chief naval need of the country is a largely increased number of cruisers, and that the prime factor in modern naval warfare is speed."

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The founders of both of these great estates were born in the most humble walks of life, grew strong, mentally and physically, by simple living and honest labor and developed into financial giants. Their sons were reared in the lap of luxury and developed into intellectual pigmies.

The great men of our country have not, as a rule, come from the elegant mansions of the cities, but from the Log Cabins of the rural districts. Simple ways of living, freedom from dissipation and enervating pleasures, simple remedies for disease, effective and which leave no poison in the system, develop healthy, brainy men, who compel the world to recognize their strength and power. The wholesome, old-fashioned Log Cabin remedies are the safest and surest for family use. Our grandmothers knew how to prepare the teas and syrups of roots, herbs and balsams which drive disease out of the system by natural methods and leave no after-effects. The most potent of these old-time remedies were, after long and searching investigation, secured by H. H. Warner, of safe care fame, and are now put out for the "healing of the nations" in the Warner's Log Cabin remedies.

Regulate the regulator with Warner's Log Cabin sarsaparilla, and with pure blood giving health, strength, mental and bodily vigor, you may hope to cope successfully with the most gigantic financial problems of the age, without wrecking health and manhood.

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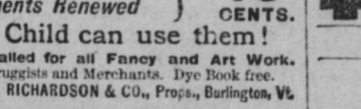
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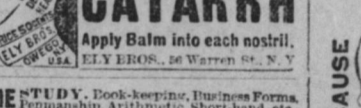
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