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DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A POWERFUL SERMON.

Men of Talent Have Special Opportunities For Doing Good—Heroes at Home as Well as on the Battlefield. The Greatest Warrior of All.

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WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—From a text probably never before discoursed upon Dr. Talmage in this sermon shows how some people multiply their resources for usefulness and in a novel way urges the putting forth of more energy in right directions; text, I Samuel xviii, 3, "Thou art worth 10,000 of us."

One of the most wonderful characters of his time was David. A red haired boy, he could shepherd a flock or carry "ten loaves and ten slices of milk cheese to his brothers in the regiment," or with lathered thigh, stone loaded, bring down a giant whose armor weighed two hundredweight of metal, or cause a lion which roared at him in rage to roar with pain as he flung it, dying, to the roadside, or could marshal a host, or rule an empire, or thumb a harp so skillfully that it cured Saul's dementia—a harp from whose strings dripped pastorals, elegies, lyrics, triumphal marches, benedictions. Now, this man, a combination of music and heroics, of dithyrambs and battlefields, of country quietudes and state-manship, is to fit out a military expedition. Four thousand troops, according to Josephus, were sent into the field. The captains were put in command of the companies, and the colonels in command of the regiments, which were disposed into right wing, left wing and center. General Joab, General Abishai and General Ittai are to lead these three divisions. But who shall take the field as commander in chief? David offers his services and proposes to go to the front. He will lead them in the awful charge, for he has not a cowardly nerve in all his body. He did not propose to have his troops go into perils which he himself would not brave, and the battlefield required as much courage then as now, for the opposing forces must, in order to do any execution at all, come up to within positive reach of saber and spear. But there came up from the troops and from civilians a mighty protest against David's taking the field. His life was too important to the nation. If he went down, the empire would be in peril. The whole empire would be in peril. The whole empire would be in peril. The whole empire would be in peril.

If we decline to take under full charge Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines we make a declaration that we will be disastrous to our nation, and other nations will take control of those archipelagoes and rule them, and perhaps to our humiliation and destruction. The other theory is that if we take possession of those once Spanish colonies we invite foreign interference and enter upon a career that will finally be the demotion of this government. Both positions are innumerable mistakes. God has set apart this continent for free government and the triumphs of Christianity, and we may take either the first or the second course without ruin. We may say to those islands: "We do not want you, but we have set you free. Now stay free, while we see that the Spanish panther never again puts its paw on your neck." Or we may invite the annexation of Cuba and Porto Rico and say to the Philippines, "Get ready by education and good morals for free government, and at the right time you shall be one of our territories, on the way to be one of our states."

And there is no power in Europe, Asia or Africa, or all combined, that could harm this nation in its worldwide endeavor. God is on the side of the right, and by earnest imploration for divine guidance on the part of this nation we will be led to do the right. We are on the brink of nothing. There is no frightful crisis. This train of Republican and Democratic institutions is a through train, and all we want is to have the engineer and the brakemen and the conductor attend to their business and the passengers keep their places. We want men in this nation with faith enough for all. We want here and there a David worth 10,000 men.

Confidence Lacking. A vast majority of men have no surplus of confidence for others and hardly enough confidence for themselves. They go through life saying depressing things and doing depressing things. They pray in meetings, discourage charitable institutions, injure commerce and kill churches. They blow out lights when they ought to be kindling them. They hover around a dull fire on their own hearth and take up so much room that no one can catch the least calorific, instead of stirring the hearth into a blaze, the crackle of whose backlog would invite the whole neighborhood to come in to feel the abounding warmth and see the transfiguration of the faces. As we all have to guess a great deal about the future, let us guess something good, for it will be more encouraging, and the guess will be just as apt to come true. What a lot of ingrates the Lord has at his table! People who have had three meals a day for 50 years and yet fear that they will soon have to rattle their knife and fork on an empty dinner plate. How many have had—winter and spring and summer and fall—clothing for 60 years, but expect an empty wardrobe shortly! How many have lived under free institutions all their days, but fear that the United States may be telescoped in some foreign collision! Oh, but the taxes have gone up! Yes, but thank God, it is easier with money to pay the taxes now that they are up than it was without money to pay the taxes when they were down. We want a few men who have faith in God and that mighty future which holds several things, among them a millennium. Columbanus said to his friend, "Deicolus, why are you always smiling?" The reply was, "Because no one can take my God from me!" We want more men to feel that they have a mission to cheer others and to draw up the corners of people's mouths which have a long while been drawn down like frowns. David could do that. He could play a harp of encouragement, and strike down a Goliath of despair, and of whom we can say, "Thou art worth 10,000 of us."

In no city of its size are there so many men of talent as are gathered in this capital of the American nation. Some of the states are at times represented by men who have neither talents nor good morals. Their political party compensates them for partisan services by sending them to congress or by securing for them position in the war or navy or pension or printing departments. They were nobodies before they left home, and they are nobodies here, but they are exceptional. All the states of the Union generally send their most talented men and men of exemplary lives and noble purposes. Some of them have the gifts and qualifications of ten men, of a hundred men, or of a thousand men—and their constituents could truthfully employ the words of my text and say, "Thou art worth 10,000 of us."

Power For Good. With such opportunity, are they augmenting their usefulness in every possible direction? Many of them are, some of them are not. It is a stupendous thing to have power—political power, social power, official power. It is of-ten printed and often quoted as one of the wise sayings of the ancients, "Knowledge is power." Yet it may as certainly be power for evil as for good. The lightning express rail train has power for good if it is on the track, but horrible power for disaster if it leaves the track and plunges down the embankment. The ocean steamer has power for good, sailing in right direction and in safe waters and under good helmsman and wide awake watchman on the lookout, but indescribable power for evil if under full headway it strikes the breakers. As steam power or electricity or water forces may be stored in boilers, in dynamos, in reservoirs, to be employed all over a town or city, so God sometimes puts in one man enough faith to supply thousands of men with courage. If a man happens to be thus endowed, let him realize his opportunity and improve it. At this time millions of men are a-tremble lest this nation make a mistake and enter upon some policy of government for the islands of the sea that will founder the republic. God will give to a few men on both sides of this question faith and courage for all the rest. There are two false positions many are now taking, and what garlands we wreath and

what orations we deliver and what bells we ring and what cannonades we fire! But do we do justice to the stay at home? David, who was worth 10,000 of those who went out to meet the Lord's enemies in the woods of Ephraim, that day did his work in retirement.

Oh, the world needs a day of judgment, to give many of the stay at home proper recognition. In the different wars the sons went to the front and on ship's deck or battlefield exposed their lives and earned the admiration of the country, but how about the mothers and fathers who through long years taught those sons the noble sentiments that inspired them to go and then gave them up when perhaps a few words of earnest protest would have kept them on the farm and in the homestead? The day of final reward will reveal the self sacrifice and the fidelity of thousands who never in all their lives received one word of praise. Oh, ye unknown, ye faithful and Christian and all enduring stay at home! I have no power now to do you justice, but I tell you of one who has the power and of the day when he will put it forth. It will be the day when the thimble, and the ladle, and the darning needle, and the wash tub, and the spinning wheel, and the scythe, and the thrashing machine, and the hammer, and the trowel, and the plow, will come to us as high an appreciation as a 74 pounder, or the sword, or the battering ram that pounded down the wall or the flag that was hoisted on the scaled parapets.

A Great Soldier. The warrior David of my text showed more self control and moral prowess in staying at home than he could have shown commanding in the field. He was a natural warrior. Martial airs stirred him. The glitter of opposing shields fired him. He was one of those men who feel at home in the saddle, patting the neck of a pawing cavalry horse. But he suppressed himself. He obeyed the command of the troops whom he would like to have commanded. Some of the greatest Sedans and Austertizes have been in backwoods kitchens or in nurseries, with three children down with scarlet fever, soon to join the two already in the churchyard, or amid domestic wrongs and outrages enough to transform angels into devils, or in commercial life within their own counting rooms in time of Black Friday panic, or in mechanical life in their own carpenter shop or on the scaffolding of walls, swept by cold or smitten by heat. No telegraphic wires reported the crisis of the conflict, no banner was ever waved to celebrate their victory, but God knows, and God will remember, and God will adjust, and by him the falling of a tear is as certainly noticed as the burning of a world, and the flutter of a sparrow's wing as the flight of the apocalyptic archangel.

Oh, what a God we have for small things as well as big things! David no more helped at the front than helped at home. The four regiments mobilized for the defense of the throne of Israel were right in protesting against David's exposure of his life at the front. Had he been pierced of an arrow or cloven down with a battle-axe or fatally slung down with a war charger, what a disaster for the throne of Israel! Absalom, his son, was a low fellow and unfit to reign; his two chief characteristics were his handsome face and his long hair—so long that when he had it cut that which was scissored off weighed "200 shekels, after the king's weight," and when a man has nothing but a handsome face and an exuberance of hair there is not much of him. The capture or slaying of David would have been a calamity irreparable. Unnecessary exposure would have been a crime for David, as it is a crime for you.

Some people think it is a bright thing to put themselves in unnecessary peril. They like to walk up to the edge of a precipice and look off, "defying vertigo, or go among contagions when they give of no use but to demonstrate their own bravado, or with gleaming drive horses which are only harnessed to drive them, or see how close they can walk in front of a trolley car without being crushed, or spring on a rail train after it has started, or leap off a rail train before it has stopped. Their life is a series of narrow escapes, careless of what predicament their family would suffer at their sudden taking off or of the misfortune that might come to their business partners or the complete failure of their life work, if a coroner's jury must be called in to decide the style of their exit. They do not take into consideration what their life is worth to others. Taken off through such recklessness they go criminals. There was not one man among those four full regiments of 4,000 Israelites that would have so much enjoyed being in the fight as David, but he saw that he could not serve his nation best by not putting on helmet and shield and sword, and so he took the advice of the armed men and said, "What seemeth to you best I will do." I warrant that you will die soon enough, without teasing and bantering casualty to see if it can launch you into the next world.

Keep Out of Peril. In nine cases out of ten the fatalities every day reported are not the fault of engineers or brakemen or conductors or cab drivers, but of the stupidity and recklessness of people at street or railroad crossing. They would like to have the Chicago limited express train, with 300 passengers and advertised to arrive at a certain hour in a certain city, slow up to let them get two minutes sooner to their destination, not one farthing of their own or any one else's welfare dependent on whether they arrive one minute before 12 o'clock or one minute after. You ought to get permission from a railroad superintendent to mount beside the engineer on a locomotive to realize how many evils of recklessness there are in the world—general processions whipping up to get across before the cowcatcher strikes the hearse; man of family, with wife and children beside him in a wagon, evidently having made his calculation as to whether a

stroke from the locomotive would put them backward or forward in the journey to the village grocery; travel on a railroad bridge, hoping that he could get to the end of the bridge before the train reaches it. You have no right to put your life in peril unless by such exposure something is to be gained for others. What imbecility in thousands of Americans during our recent American-Spanish war, disappointed because the surrender came so soon and they could not have the advantage of being shot at San Juan hill or brought down with the yellow fever and carried on a litter to transport steamers already so many floating lazaretos instead of thanking God that they got no nearer to the slaughter than Tampa or Chattanooga or the encampment at their own state capital; mad at the government, mad at God, because they could not get to the front in time to join the 4,000 corpses that are now being transported from the tropics to the national cemeteries of the United States. Exposure and daring are admirable when duty calls, but keep out of peril when nothing practical and useful is to be gained for your family or your country or your God. I admire the David of my text as he suppresses himself and enters the gate of his castle as much as I admire him when with his four fingers and thumb clutched into the grisly locks of Goliath's head, which he had decapitated, and Saul admiringly asks, "Whose son art thou, young man?" and David, blushing with genuine modesty, responds, "I am the son of thy servant, Jesse, the Bethlehemite."

Help Others. Now, here is another important point: As there are so many people in the world who amount to little or nothing you ought to augment yourself, and if not able, like David, to be worth 10,000 times more than others, you can command God's re-enforcing grace to make yourself four times or three times or twice as much, read twice as much, give twice as much, go to church twice as much. Instead of spending your time finding fault with others, substitute your superior fidelity for their dereliction and default. In any church there are ten members worth all the other thousand. In every great business firm there is one man worth the other three partners. In every legislative hall, state or national, there are five men worth all the other 50 or 100. Take the suggestion of my text and augment your work of two, or your five talents do the work of ten. Multiply your words of encouragement. Multiply the number of boosts that you can give to those who are trying to climb. Instead of being one man in a battalion by your faith in God and new consecration be a whole regiment. I like the question of a general of a small army, when some one was counting the number of officers and soldiers of the opposing forces and the small number of their own army, and the general cried out in indignation, "How many do you take me to be?"—David was 10,000 men. You ought to be at least two men in this battle for God and righteousness.

The daily papers say that my old friend Jeremiah C. Lanphier of New York is dead at 90 years of age. But they are mistaken. That man can never die. He will live as long as heaven lives. He was the father of vitalized, purified and ardent prayer meetings. He established the non-day Fulton street prayer meeting, famous throughout Christendom and more honored of God than any devotional meeting since the world began. He introduced the little bell on the prayer meeting table which always tapped when prayers were too prolix or exhortations too long winded. Finding that many business men are from 12 noon to 1 o'clock at comparative leisure, he widely announced that at 12 o'clock of 23d of September, 1857, there would begin a prayer meeting of one hour in the small upper room of the Reformed church, on Fulton street, New York. Lanphier went to that room at 12 o'clock and sat alone. At half past 12 a man entered, and others came until there were six worshippers present. The meeting on the following Monday numbered 20, and the next day 40. Then the meeting became too large for the room, and it was taken into the main auditorium, and for 41 years that service has been the religious center of Christendom. Requests for prayer from all parts of the earth have come there, and the prayers offered been answered sometimes with a resound that was heard throughout Christendom. Hundreds of thousands of souls have stepped into that Bethesda and been healed. That meeting started the great revival of 1858, in which it is estimated 200,000 souls were converted. When Monday morning, Dec. 26, his soul ascended, I think he was met at the gates of heaven by a welcoming throng of spirits that which has greeted a sanctified soul for five centuries. Lamb and without any pretension at all without anything brilliant in his make up, through faith in God and concentrated prayer he shook the earth and enraptured the heavens. He was worth 10,000, yea 100,000, ordinary Christian workers. Dear old friend Lanphier, how I loved you!

Worth Ten Thousand. When the consular general came in his official rowboat to take us off our great steamer in the harbor of Constantinople, there were many things I wanted to see in that city of multifarious enchantments, but most of all I was anxious to see that architectural charm of the ages, the St. Sophia—once a church, but now a mosque. I do not wonder that when Lamartine saw it he thanked God, and Ponapeville felt himself lifted into some other world. What pillars of porphyry, and walls of malachite, and hovering arches, and galleries which seemed to have alighted from heaven instead of being built up from earth! Mosses and mother of pearl, and seraphim with wings bediamonded, and dome which scoops the sky and staggers with its height and circumference all those who gaze into it until they can look no more, but each succeeding time you look it seems higher and wider and grander and more supernatural. All the then known world taxed to furnish the splendor of the mosque, and many of the great blocks of stone brought from Alexandria, from Athens, from Thebes from Babel, from Marbles veined and striped and interlaced, and the whole building adorned with depths of blue, and whiteness of snow, and glow of fire, all in terms of magnificence are a depreciation, and years after your most extravagant dreams struggle to rebuild it. But, after all, I cannot forget that it is a destroyed church, and that one day that building, which had been dedicated to God, was transferred to that religion which has Mohammed for its prophet. One day, centuries ago, 100,000 people had fled through its walls from the devastating war of the Turk, but all in vain, for Mohammed II, on horseback and followed by infinite mobs, rode into that church, the roofs clattering the sacred floors, while the conqueror shouted the victory of superstition and invoked Allah, the god of Arabs and Turks, to accept the stupendous pile in dedication. What a desecration and what worldwide despair! But that which the nations now most need is a hero, a leader, a champion, an incarnated God, to turn all the mosques of superstition and all the basilicas of sin into temples of righteousness, and to rededicate this world, so long given up to wickedness and sin, to the God who in the beginning pronounced it very good. Such a hero, such a leader, such a champion, such an incarnated God we have. He comes riding in upon the white horse of eternal victory, and we can, in more exalted sense, than that which the soldiers of David felt, cry out, "Thou art worth 10,000 of us."

Conqueror of Worlds. The world has had other conquerors, yet they subdued only a nation or a continent, but here is one who is to be a conqueror of hemispheres. Other physicians have cured sufferings, but here is a Doctor who gave sight to those who were born blind and without surgery straightened the crooked back and changed the numbness of paralysis into warm circulation, and who will yet extirpate all the ailments of the world, until the last cry of the world's distress shall change into a song of convalescence. Other kings have ruled wide realms, but here is a King that will yet reign in all the earth as he now reigns in heaven. There have been other historians who told the story of nations, but here is one who tells us of things that occurred before the world was. There have been other generals who commanded men, but here was a General who commanded seas and hurricanes. There have been other prophets, but here is one out of whose life and career Moses and David and Jeremiah and Ezekiel and Micah and Malachi and Zechariah dipped their inspiration. There have been other merciful hearts all up and down through the ages, but here is one who loves us with an everlasting love and whose mercy anticipated the birth of the first mountain, and the wash of the first sea, and the radiance of the first sun, and the chant of the morning stars at the creation and will continue after the last rock has melted in the final conflagration, and Atlantic and Pacific oceans have rolled out of their beds, and the last night shall have

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