

# DR. CHAPMAN'S SERMON

A SUNDAY DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED PASTOR-EVANGELIST.

Subject: Two Hundred Fainting Men—Every Person is Called Into the Kingdom of God For a Purpose—We Shall Be Made to Account For Work Undone

NEW YORK CITY.—The following scholarly and readable sermon has been prepared for the press by the popular pastor-evangelist, the Rev. Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman. The subject of the discourse is "Two hundred fainting men," and it was preached from the text, "Two hundred shod behind, which were so faint that they could not go over the Brook Besor." I. Samuel 30: 10.

In some respects we are reminded in this story of the celebrated charge of the Light Brigade, possibly because there were 600 of David's soldiers, and perhaps because they fought valiantly and won a great victory. While the rank and file would not compete with the men who fought at Sebastopol or Inkerman, for they had been a discontented lot in their homes and in their service, yet there were some really great soldiers among them, and they were as ready to die as were those 600 illustrious men who made the gallant charge not many years ago.

At the time of the text David was living at Ziklag, and he and his men had been away in battle. The battle has been waged, the victory has been won and they are homeward bound. They have camped for the last night, and to-morrow morning they will be with their loved ones. The order is given to break camp and forward march, and when they came to the hill where before they could naturally see Ziklag the first man shades his eyes with his hands and looks. His face grows pale and he begins to shudder, for Ziklag is in ashes, and as they come nearer their wives and children and all their property have been carried away. They are about to turn upon David and stone him, but when he agrees to go after the enemy they turn away from the ruins of their homes and start in hot pursuit. They reach the Brook Besor, and then find that they have in their company men who are not able to go on, some because they are old, others because they were crippled, and still others because they were ill. The number comprised 200. In order that they might move more rapidly and battle more successfully all the heavy trappings were left with the 200 at the Brook Besor, and 400 men pursued the enemy. They overtake an Egyptian, who is left by the wayside as good as dead, and when they give him some refreshments and promise him that they will not let him fall into the hands of the enemy, neither will they put him to death themselves, he tells them the direction that the enemy has gone, and pursuing after them they come suddenly upon them. They have been intoxicated with their great success, and although the battle was fierce for a little while victory belongs to David and his men. Their wives and children are theirs once more; most valuable treasure also is taken, and they have turned their faces back to the Brook Besor. Suddenly some one in the company begins to talk of the distribution of the plunder, and they have about decided that the 200 fainting men shall have nothing when David, with all the kingliness that it was possible for him to assume, declares "as his part is that goes out to the battle so shall his part be that carries by the stuffs. They shall share and share alike," and then he turned to the Brook Besor and saluted his men. Every old soldier and every weak man received as much of a reward as if he had been in the front of the fight.

There is an impression abroad that the rewards for the Christian are given to those who have rendered conspicuous service; great preachers, great philanthropists, great martyrs. This is not so according to the text; neither is it true according to the teaching of the Bible. Rewards are not given for the amount of noise made in the world, nor for the amount of good which we are supposed to have done, but whether we have worked up to our full capacity.

You doubtless remember Plato's fable of the spirits that returned to this world each to choose a body for its sphere of work. One took the body of a king, another a poet, still another of a philosopher, and Ulysses came with great disappointment because all that was worth having was taken, when some one said the best is left. You may choose the body of a common man and do a common work and receive a common reward, and this he did.

Every man is called into the kingdom of God for a purpose. There is no question about this. Just as in the making of a great locomotive every piece must be constructed by an expert and every bit of work must be marked with the name of the workman, so that if the engine should break in Jerusalem or China the failure could be traced to the proper source. God expects every man to do his duty, and for every one in all the kingdom He has a plan of course. We are not all expected to perform the same mission. Paul has an illustration of this in First Corinthians, the 12th chapter, where he is describing the body where he says, "Ye cannot say to the hand, I have no need of thee, and if the body be an eye where were the hearing, etc.," but each performs its own mission, the uncomely parts receiving the greatest attention from the head. So every one of us has a work to do. If we leave it undone we shall be called to a strict account.

There are two kinds of work illustrated in the story of these soldiers and the 200 fainting men. One kind is marching forth under the gaze and admiration of the multitude, the other is just tarrying by the Brook Besor taking care of the stuff, and yet it has its reward.

How often the field to which God calls us seems to us to be exceedingly small. The business man who has gone to his office all this while, and goes through the round of common tasks from morning to night, from one week's end to another, year in and year out, chaffing oft times because he is doing so little and yet forgetting that he can be "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord," and because he does complain so much is missing his opportunity to do what the preacher never could do. The invalid upon her couch racked with pain and filled with complaint because her voice is never heard in the congregations of the people, wondering why she ever lived, and crying out against God because she has suffered so intensely, thereby missing her opportunity to give a testimony which no one else could give but the invalid.

One of our honored old ministers a week ago was plunged into great sorrow by the news of the death of his son. He had died by his own hand. When the news was broken to the father it seemed as if he would fall, when suddenly remembering the comfort which he had ever given

others he cried aloud "Though He slay me yet will I trust Him," and he never through all his ministry preached a better sermon. The mother in her home bound to her children, for while the chain may be silken it is still a chain, chaffing because she can make her influence felt so little in the world, and yet forgets that she is doing what every angel in the skies would like to do, having an opportunity placed in her hands to mold a soul for eternity in the direction of the lives of her boys. If you find yourself in a discouraged position do as Paul did, make the best of it, for we remember what he said when he writes to the Philippians, "But I would ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel; so that my bonds in Christ are manifest in all the palace, and in all other places." Philippians 1: 12-13. There are those who say if I were only in a more enlarged sphere I would be brave and true, but this is not at all certain if you are not brave and true where you stand to-day.

"Just where thou art lift up thy voice, And sing the song that stirs thy heart; Reach forth thy strong and eager hand To lift, to save, just where thou art. Just where thou standest light thy lamp, 'Tis dark to others as to thee; Their ways are hedged by unseen thorns, Their burdens fret as thine fret thee.

"Out yonder, in the broad, full glare Of many lamps thine own might pale And thy sweet song amid the gear Of many voices slowly fall; While these thy kindred wandered on Uncheered, unlighted, to the end, Near to thy hand thy mission lies, Wherever sad hearts need a friend."

First—Perhaps you are where you are because you have not filled full that position, and God will never call you to a higher place until you have overflowed where you are. Mourning and fretting because you are not where you want to be does not make things better. The bonds are only tightened by the fretfulness. Two birds in two cages in a room give an illustration. One dashing itself against the bars because it is imprisoned, injuring itself and stopping its song; the other singing as if it would outsing the lark in the meadows, and moving thereby its mistress to open the cage and set it free. He who does the best he can where God has placed him has put his foot on the round of the ladder that leads up to higher things.

Second—Usefulness is not the primary object for the Christian. We say, "Oh, that we might be more useful," but first rather let us desire to be more holy, for that is God's will. There is nothing better for the most of us than sorrow or disappointment or trial because these things shape character. There is little merit in being good when everything about us makes us good, and usefulness is the result of character, is to character what the fragrance is to the rose. The gardener does not aim first for the fragrance, but to make the rose perfect, and the fragrance takes care of itself. If you study the sermons of Whitfield, Wesley, Spurgeon and Moody you may wonder why these sermons produced such mighty effects. It was because the power was in the messenger rather than in the message. To be right with God, to be holy, to be like Christ, is our first duty, and through the door of holiness we pass to usefulness.

In the early painting days of West, Morse, the philosopher, entered his studio. He was painting his masterpiece of "Christ Rejected," when he said to his friend, "Let me tie your hands and paint them in the picture," and if you have ever seen this picture you have seen the hands of Morse painted in the stead of Christ. If you are in bonds for Christ's sake this very thought will take from you the sting of living possibly out of sight and doing only common things as you have done in other days, yet the time will come when you will be free.

Perhaps there are those here who are in bondage because they have never yet become Christians. In the old Water street mission there came one day a man bowed down with sin until he stood little more than four feet high, like a veritable dwarf, but when he bowed at the altar and yielded himself to Christ he stood up as straight as an athlete. Perhaps this is what you need. Sighing for peace, you have not found it, searching for pleasure it has eluded its grasp. Oh, come to Christ to-day, for He may set you free.

Then discipline may free us. Rawlins White, the old martyr, was decrepit and bowed with age, but when he stepped into the fire suddenly these bonds were snapped and his body was as straight as it had ever been in the days of his youth, and it may not be when sorrow came to you and your heart was almost breaking, when the flames of affliction took hold upon you that God was but seeking to free you from bondage and lead you out into a larger field of service. The thing from which you shrank away He meant for your edification.

A dear friend of mine with whom I traveled recently said, "I was but an average Christian until one day God came unto my home and took my daughter, and then in the midst of my sorrow I yielded myself to Him, gave Him my time and my money and everything that I had, and I stepped out into a life of blessing such as I had never known, and I would not give the last twelve years for all my life before put together." And then, too, we shall be free when we see Him. For the man whose sphere has been most circumscribed here will doubtless find when he stands in the presence of the King that he was but in a preparation for a mission among the saints at which the very angels might well stand amazed.

III. If all these seem like hardships to us and we have been without comfort, then let us wait until the day of reward shall come. The mother who has had a hard time with her children, just wait and do your best. When Charles Wesley comes to judgment, and all the hosts that have been won to Christ by His power of music come, it will be a great day, and when John Wesley comes to judgment with all the souls of Methodism with him it will be a marvelous sight, but higher than the throne of either Charles Wesley or John will be throne of Susana Wesley, their mother.

The old preacher who has been discouraged oft times because his church was so small and his work so apparently insignificant, needs only to wait until that great day, and when that old minister who preached in Falkirk stands in His presence to say possibly to Him, "Master, I had but a little field," he will hear Him say, "But you led Robert Moffat to me," and as Joseph Parker said the man who added Robert Moffat to the church added a continent to the kingdom. And when the old English minister whose field was very circumscribed, whose church was not generally known, and whose work was not generally appreciated, stands in the presence of the King, he will hear Him say, "Master, I had but a little field," he will hear Him say, "But you led Robert Moffat to me," and as Joseph Parker said the man who added Robert Moffat to the church added a continent to the kingdom.

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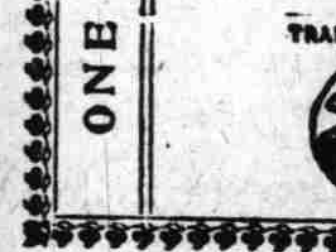
I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our daily paper, bought some and took them as directed. Have taken them about three weeks and there is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like.

I want to inform you, in words of highest praise, of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Mr. Geo. Bowser, Ph. C., 333 Newark Ave., Jersey City, I took Ripans Tablets with grand results.

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I have been suffering from headaches ever since I was a little girl. I could never ride in a car or go into a crowded place without getting a headache and sick at my stomach. I heard about Ripans Tablets from an aunt of mine who was taking them for catarrh of the stomach. She had found such relief from their use she advised me to take them too, and I have been doing so since last October, and will say they have completely cured my headaches. I am twenty-nine years old. You are welcome to use this testimonial.

Mother was troubled with heartburn and sleeplessness, caused by indigestion, for a good many years. One day she saw a testimonial in the paper endorsing Ripans Tablets. She determined to give them a trial, was greatly relieved by their use and now takes the Tablets regularly. She keeps a few cartons Ripans Tablets in the house and says she will not be without them. The heartburn and sleeplessness have disappeared with the indigestion which was formerly so great a burden for her. Our whole family take the Tablets regularly, especially after a hearty meal. My mother is fifty years of age and is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tablets.



My seven-year-old boy suffered with pain in his head, constipation and complained of his stomach. He could not eat like children of his age do and what he did eat did not agree with him. He was thin and of a saffron color. Reading some of the testimonials in favor of Ripans Tablets, I tried them. Ripans Tablets not only relieved but actually cured my youngster, the headaches have disappeared, bowels are in good condition and he never complains of his stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. The wonderful change I attribute to Ripans Tablets. I am satisfied that they will benefit any one (from the cradle to old age) if taken according to directions.

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