

WANT MORE DAVIDS.

Dr. Talmage Says Every Community Should Have One.

The People Need Energetic Christian Leaders in Their Fight Against Satan—Lesson from the Old Prophet.

[Washington, Jan. 8. Copyright, 1899.] From a text probably never before discussed 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, II. Samuel 18:3: "Thou art worth 10,000 of us."

One of the most wondrous 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 leather thong, 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 successfully 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 statesmanship, 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. Gen. Joab, Gen. Abishai and Gen. 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 spear and sword. But there came up from the troops and the 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 go down, whereas if the whole 4,000 of the ranks were slain another army might be marshaled and the defeat turned into victory. The army and the nation practically cried out: "Not No! You cannot go to the front. We estimate you at 10,000 men. Thou art worth 10,000 of us!"

That army and that nation then and there reminded David, and now remind us, of the fact which we forget or never appreciate at all that some people are morally or spiritually worth far more than others and some worth far less. The census and statistics of neighborhoods, of churches, of nations, serve their purpose, but they can never accurately express the real state of things. The practical subject that I want to present to-day is that those who have special opportunity, especial graces, especial wealth, especial talent, especial eloquence, ought to make up by especial assiduity and consecration for those who have less opportunities and less gifts. You ought to do ten times more for God and human uplifting than those who have only a tenth of your equipment. The rank and the file of the 4,000 of the text told the truth when they said: "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 positions 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 100 men—yes, of 1,000 men—and their constituents could truthfully employ the words of my text and say: "Thou art worth 10,000 of us."

With such opportunity are they augmenting their usefulness in every possible direction? It is a stupendous thing to have power—political power, social power, official power. It has often been 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 helmsmen and wide awake watchmen 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, false as false can be. The one is that if we decline to take under full charge Cuba and Porto Rico and the

Philippines we make a declaration that 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 demolition of this government. Both positions are immeasurable 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 to have the engineer and the brakeman 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.

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 chill prayer 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 calorie, 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 in 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 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. Columbus said to his friend: "Deiculus, 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—more Davids who can shepherd whole flocks of bright hopes and 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!"

I admit that this thought of my text, fully carried out, would change a village is said to have 1,000 inhabitants and that one-half of them—namely, 500—have for years been becoming less in body, and through niggardliness and grumbling, less in soul. Each one of these is only one-half of what he once was, or one-half of what she once was. The original 500 have been reduced one-half in moral quality, and are really only 250. Suppose that the other 500 have maintained their original status and are neither better nor worse. Then the entire population of that village is 750. But suppose another village of 1,000, and 500 of them as the years go by, through mental and spiritual culture, augment themselves until they are really twice the men and women they originally were, and the other 500 remain unchanged and are neither better nor worse, then the population of that village is 1,500. Menness is subtraction and nobility is addition. According as you rise in the scale of holiness and generosity and consecration, you are worth 5 or 10 or 50 or 100 or 1,000 or 10,000.

Notice, my friend, that this David, warrior, strategist, minstrel, master of blank verse and stone slinger at the giant, whom the soldiers of the text estimated clear up into the thousand-fold of usefulness, on this particular occasion staid at home or in his place of temporary residence. Gen. Joab, Gen. Abishai and Gen. Ittai, who commanded the boys in the right wing and left wing and center, did their work bravely and left 25,000 of the Lord's enemies dead on the field, and many of the survivors got entangled in the woods of Ephraim, and mixed up in the bushes, and stumbled over the stumps of trees, and fell into bogs, and were devoured by wild beasts which seized them in the thickets. But David did his work at home. We all huzzas for heroes who have been in battle, and on their return what processions we form, and what triumphal arches we sprig, and what banquets we spread, 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-homes? 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-homes 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-homes! 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 needle, and the spinning wheel, and the wash tub, and the thrashing machine, and the hammer, and the trowel, and the plow, will come to 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.

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 Austerlitzes 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 panics, 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.

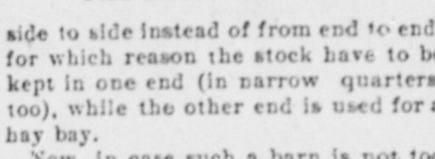
Oh, what a God we have for small things as well as big things! David no more helped at the front than helped at home. The four regiments mobilized for the defense of the throne of Israel were right in protesting against David's exposure of his life at the front. Had he been pierced of an arrow, or cloven down with a battle-ax, or fatally slung from snorting war charger, what a disaster to 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 and 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.

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 crossings. They would like to have the Chicago limited express train, with 300 passengers, 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 anyone 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 cowatcher strikes the hearse; man of family, with wife and children beside him in a wagon, evidently having made close calculation as to whether a stroke from the locomotive would put them backward or forward in the journey to the village grocery; traveler 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 lazarettos, instead of thanking God that they got no nearer to the slaughter than Tampa or Chatterooga 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 clenched into the grizzly 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."

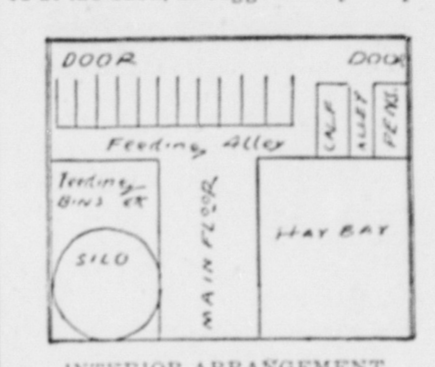


LIVE STOCK ENLARGING A BARN.

Owing to the scarcity of lumber for building purposes, no one but a rich man can afford always to tear down fairly good structures and replace them with up-to-date ones. There is many a cow barn which falls to give anything like satisfaction to its owner, in that it is too old-fashioned. The main driving floor, perhaps, runs from side to side instead of from end to end, for which reason the stock have to be kept in one end (in narrow quarters, too), while the other end is used for a hay bay.



Now, in case such a barn is not too badly racked and decayed, it can easily be remodeled, new-sided, shingled, and provided with new sills if necessary, and an addition its whole length erected at the back, as suggested by the perspective view in the illustration. In this way a long "tie-up" is furnished for the stock as well as a place for calves, thus leaving that place where the cows stood under the main roof to be utilized for a silo, feeding bins and such like, as can be seen in the plan, while the hay bay remains as before. This gives an arrangement that is highly convenient for feeding and caring for stock, and, best of all, the entire change can be effected at very small expense.—Frederick O. Sibley, in N. Y. Tribune.



HINTS FOR STOCKMEN. Furnish the swine plenty of good dry bedding. Don't send diseased hogs to market. It is of no use. Feeding ground grain is more economical than feeding whole grain. Remember that if hogs bunch together they should be routed out. Don't let the horses stand in hot sun, unless you expect scratches. Ice-cold water taken into the stomach of any animal retards its digestion. When a colt is well broken it is worth twice as much as one that is not well broken. When the hog is fat, sell it. Don't waste good grain in waiting for a better market. Shred your corn fodder. It is economical as the animal will eat the whole stock and save hay. Don't permit the horse to stuff itself with hay all day. It injures the horse and wastes the hay. Rush the fattening process as rapidly as possible for a fattening animal is always in danger of disease. If you are near a town it is probably the better plan to take the hogs to the town butcher for slaughter. Soft coal in small quantities will not do a hog any harm, or any good so far as we know, we would say to an inquirer. Whatever anybody may say the cooking of food means the saving of food and the more rapid fattening of the animal. If any animal is fed dry, fattening feed all winter it will be luck if it does not become sick. Feed some roots, ensilage, or the bone and muscle forming foods. A little oil meal is good.—Western Plowman.

CUTTING UP HOGS. Not Many Farmers Know How to Do This Neatly, Expeditiously and to the Best Advantage. For cutting up the carcass of a hog should be laid on the back, upon a strong table. The head should then be cut off close by the ears, and the hinder feet so far below the houghs as not to disfigure the hams, and leave room sufficient for hanging them up; after which the carcass is divided into equal halves, up the middle of the backbone, with a cleaving knife, and, if necessary, a hand-mallet. Then cut the ham from the side by the second joint of the backbone, which will appear on dividing the carcass, and dress the ham by paring a little off the flank, or skinny part, so as to shape it with a half round point, clearing off any top fat which may appear. Next cut off the sharp edge along the backbone with a knife and mallet, and slice off the first rib next the shoulder, where there is a bloody vein, which must be taken out, since, if it is left in, that part is apt to spoil. The corners should be squared off when the ham is cut. The ordinary practice is to cut out the spine or backbone. Some take out the chine and upper parts of the ribs in the first place; indeed, almost every locality has its peculiar mode of proceeding.—Western Plowman.

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Table with columns for WESTWARD, EASTWARD, STATIONS, and times for various routes like Tyrore, Altoona, Harrisburg, etc.

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