

THE TIME TO WORK.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage Preaches on the Duties We Owe to

ALL THOSE LIVING AROUND US.

A General and Generous Redistribution Needed.

BENEATH A CANOPY OF ANGELS' WINGS

SPECIAL TELEGRAM TO THE DISPATCH.

BROOKLYN, February 10.—Before an audience gathered from all parts of the earth the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., expounded passages of Scripture descriptive of stirring scenes in David's life. Led by organ and cornet the multitudes joined in singing:

"Behold an ever rolling stream,

"Bears all its sons away;

"They fly forgotten, as a dream

"Dies at the opening day."

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "Our Own Generation," and his text, Acts xiii, 36: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

That is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind, but not until now has it been fully revealed to me. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die, a cradle as well as a grave. David, cowboy, cowboy, son, slayer, and slayer, and Caesar and Cesar, and blank verse writer, and poet, did his best for the cause of his time and then went and lay down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an archangelic blast can startle. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

SERVED HIS GENERATION.

It was his own generation that he had served; it is the people living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking about us? Not so about four generations ago, to a century now, but for a little time was longer, and there was, perhaps, only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into the calculation, I make a rough guess and say that there have been at least 180 generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We cannot take care of them, we cannot teach them, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot heal their wounds. Their seculptures are deaf and dumb to anything we might say to them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might halloo as loud as we could, not one of them would avert his head to see what we were saying.

I admit that I am in sympathy with the child whose father had suddenly died and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone into heaven and no more needed her prayers, and looking up into her mother's face said, "Mother, do not worry, "Bread Give us today." All through the great harmonies of musical academy and cathedral I hear the pathos, the ground tone, the tragedy of uncounted multitudes, who with streaming eyes and wan cheeks and broken hearts in behalf of themselves and their families are pleading for bread.

Let us take another look around to see how we may serve our generation. Let us see as far as possible that they have enough to wear. God looks on the human race and knows how justly we inhabit the world. We can fully take in civilized lands, and every few years officers of government go through the land and see how many people there are in the United States, and how many of them are reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa, we do not know. No man in the world knows the exact number of people on our planet, and he has made enough apparel for us, and there are millions of us, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people, there is enough apparel for fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people. But when we have ragged apparel, not insufficient apparel, but appropriate apparel. At least two suits for every being on the earth, a summer suit and a winter suit. A good coat, a good hat or a good bonnet and a good shawl, and a complete wardrobe for all nations adapted to all climates, and not a string or a button or a pin or a hook or an eye-bolt. But all who will be dressed at night and must rise early in the morning and before getting rested, it will be the

beginning of another day.

A FORCED MARCH.

We will in no wise affect the 180 generations gone, or the 180 generations to come, except as from the galleries of heaven the former generations look down and rejoice at our victories, or as we may by our behavior start influences good or bad, that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is to David, to the 180 generations past, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe and whose hearts now beat. And mark you, it is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a "forced march" at 25 miles a day, each hour being a mile. Going with such velocity, it has got to be a hard service to the poor, part or service to all. We not only cannot teach the 180 generations past and will not see the 180 generations to come, but this generation now on the stage will soon be off and we ourselves will be off with them. The fact is that you and I will have to start very soon for our place of labor, and God only cast us for anyone after us to exit to our place of labor, as it was said of David, "after he had served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

Well, now, let us look around earnestly, prudently and in a common sense way and see what we can do for our own generation. If we can do it, we will do it. As far as we can, they have enough to eat. The human body is so constituted that three times a day the body needs food as much as a lamp needs oil, as much as a locomotive needs fuel. To meet this want God has girded the earth with apple orchards, orange groves, wine fields, and the like, and fruitful plains full of cattle. And notwithstanding this, I will undertake to say that the vast majority of the human family are suffering either from lack of food or the right kind of food. Our civilization is all askew on this subject and God only can set it right.

REMEMBER THE POOR.

Many of the greatest estates of to-day have been built out of the blood and bones of men and women. In the fight for the building of forts and towers, the inhabitants of Israhel had to contribute 70,000 human skulls, and Bagdad 90,000 human skulls, and that number of people were slain so as to furnish the skulls. But these two contributions added together made only 160,000 skulls, while the rest of the world's wealth and pomp and magnificence have been wrought the skeletons of uncounted numbers of the half lost populations of the earth, millions of skulls.

Don't sit down at your table with five or six courses abundant supply and think nothing of that family in the next street who would take all the blood and bones of their two sons and a hundred mites and feel they were in heaven. The lack of the right kind of food is the cause of much of the drunkenness. After drinking what many of our grocers call coffee, sweetened with what many call sugar, and eating what many of our butchers call meat, and chewing what many of our bakers call bread, and eating what the ladies call cake, we have the poor that are tempted to put into their nasty pipes what the tobaccoeans call tobacco, or go into the drinking saloons for what the rummers call beer. Good coffee would do more in driving out bad rum. Adulteration of food has got to be an evil against which the honest people of the world are to stand. Christ to show me the equal of charity a little more than two with the robes as brilliant as though made out of the cooled oil flames of martyrdom, must be God and Hugh Latimer.

DRINK WITH OURSELVES.

But where shall we begin? With friends. That is the pillar from which we must start. Prescott, the blind historian, tells us how Pizarro saved his army for the right when they were about deserting him. With his sword he made a long mark on the ground. He said: "My men, the north side are desertion and the south side victory." And so they turned and followed his whole army.

Now, I am told, the world is in a condition to eat and drink for what Christ did for the hungry multitudes of Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and the fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we cannot choke down another crumb of cake and begin the supply of others' necessities.

CARELESS OF LIFE.

We often see on a small scale a recklessness about the welfare of others which a great warrior expressed on a large scale, when His Majesty was dissuading his son from a mortal campaign, saying: "It would cost 200,000 lives," reasoning with a similitude that can never be forgotten, "What are 200,000 lives to me?"

So far from helping apprise the world's hunger, there are those whom Isaiah de-

scribes as grinding the faces of the poor. You have seen a farmer or a mechanic put a scythe or an ax on a grindstone, while some one was turning it round and round, and the man holding the ax bore on it harder and harder while the water dropped from the grindstone, and the edge of the ax being sharp and dull, got keen and keen, and the mechanism fitted the ax glistening and sharp and with edge so keen he must cautiously run his finger along less while examining the implement he cut his hand to the bone. So I have seen men who were put against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he got ground away, thinned and thinned, his heart torn, his spirit crushed, thinner and thin, and David said, "I am a wretched prodigal. 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