

THE UNAPPRECIATED

REV. DR. TALMAGE SPEAKS IN BEHALF OF HUMBLE EFFORTS.

A Sermon Showing That God Rewards According to Effort and Not According to Opportunity—The Disabled in Life's Battles—Inconspicuous Spheres.

Washington, Nov. 3.—Dr. Talmage to-day preached his second sermon since coming to the national capital. If possible the audience was even larger than last Sunday. The subject was "The Disabled," the text selected being I. Samuel xxxi, 24. "As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

If you have never seen an army change quarters, you have no idea of the amount of baggage—20 loads, 50 loads, 100 loads of baggage. David and his army were about to start on a double quick march for the recovery of their captured families from the Amalekites. So they left by the brook Besor their blankets, their knapsacks, their baggage and their carriages. Who shall be detailed to watch the stuff? There are sick soldiers, and wounded soldiers, and aged soldiers who are not able to go on swift military expeditions, but who are able to do some work, and so they are detailed to watch the baggage. There is many a soldier who is not strong enough to march 30 miles in a day and then plunge into a ten hours' fight, who is able with drawn sword lifted against his shoulder to pace up and down as a sentinel to keep off an enemy who might put the torch to the baggage. There are 200 of these crippled and aged and wounded soldiers detailed to watch the baggage. Some of them, I suppose, had bandages across the brow, and some of them had their arms in a sling, and some of them walked with crutches. They were not cowardly shrinking duffers. They had fought in many a fierce battle for their country and their God. They are now part of the time on garrison duty. They most cry because they cannot go with the other troops to the front. While these sentinels watch the baggage, the Lord watches the sentinels.

There is quite a different scene being enacted in the distance. The Amalekites, having ravaged and ransacked and robbed the whole country, are celebrating their success in a roaring carousal. Some of them are dancing on the lawn with wonderful gyrations of heel and toe and some of them are examining the spoils of victory—the finger rings and earrings, the necklaces, the wristlets and the pearls and coronets and emeralds and all the wealth of plate and jewels and decanters, and the silver and the gold banked up on the earth in princely profusion, and the embroideries, and the robes, and the turbans, and the cloaks of an imperial army. The banquet is going on until the banqueters are maudlin and weak and stupid and indecent and loathsome drunk. What a time it is now for David and his men to swoop on them! So the Amalekites lost the battle of Bannockburn, because the night before they were in a wassal and bibulous celebration while the Scotch were in prayer. So the Syrians were overthrown in their carousal by the Israelites. So Chabrislaomer in their carousal by Abraham and his men. So in our civil war more than once the battle was lost because one of the generals was drunk. Now is the time for David and his men to swoop upon these carousing Amalekites. Some of the Amalekites are huddled to pieces on the spot, some of them are just able to go staggering and hiccuping off the field, some of them crawl on camels and speed off in the distance. David and his men gather together the wardrobe, the jewels and put them upon the backs of camels and into wagons, and they gather together the wardrobes, the jewels had been stolen and start back toward the garrison. Yonder they come! Yonder they come! The limping men of the garrison come out and greet them with wild huzzas. The Bible says David saluted them—that is, he asked them how they all were. "How is your broken arm?" "How is your fractured jaw?" "Has the stiffened leg another chill?" "Are you getting better?" He saluted them.

But now came a very difficult thing, the distribution of the spoils of victory. Drive up those laden camels now. Who shall have the spoils? Well, some selfish soul suggests that these treasures ought all to belong to those who had been on active service. "We did all the fighting while these men staid at home in the garrison, and we ought to have all the treasures." But David looked into the worn faces of these veterans who had been round and saw how cleanly everything had been kept, and he saw that the baggage was all safe, and he knew that these wounded and crippled men would gladly give up from under his helmet and say: "No, no, let us have fair play, and he rushes up to one of these men and he says, "Hold your hands together, and the hands are held together, and he fills them with silver, and he sits up to another soldier, and he says, "Give me your share of the spoils, and he fills his hand with gold. And he rushes up to another man, who had lost all his property in serving God and he drives up some years before, and some of the sheep of the battle and some of the three Amalekites and he gives two or three of the cattle and three or four of the sheep to this poor man. He sees a man who is emaciated and worn and sick and he gives him a little of the wine that he brought from the Amalekites. Yonder is a man who has no appetite for his ration of the Amalekites, and he gives him a rare morsel from the Amalekites banquet, and the 200 crippled and maimed and aged soldiers who tarried on garrison duty get just as much of the spoils of battle as any of the 200 men that went to the front. As his part is that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff.

The impression is abroad that the Christian reward is for those who do conspicuous service in distinguished places—great patriots, great preachers, great philanthropists. But my text sets forth the idea that there is just as much reward for the man that stays at home and mends his own business and who, crippled and unable to go forth and lead in great movements and in the high places of the earth, does his whole duty just where he is. Garrison duty is as important and as remunerative as service at the front. As his part that goeth down to the battle, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff.

The Earl of Kintore said to me in an English railway, "Mr. Talmage, when you get back to America, I want you to preach a sermon on the discharge of ordinary duty in ordinary places, and then send me a copy of it." Afterward an English clergyman coming to this land brought from the Earl of Kintore the same request. Alas that before I got ready to do what he asked me to do the good Earl of Kintore had departed this life! But that man, surrounded by all palatial surroundings, and in a distinguished sphere, felt sympathetic with those who had ordinary duties to perform in ordinary places and in ordinary ways. A great many people are discouraged when they hear the story of Moses, and of Joshua, and of David, and of Luther, and of John Knox, and of Deborah, and of Florence Nightingale. They say: "Oh, that was all good and right for them, but I shall never be called to receive the law on Mount Sinai, I shall never be called to command the sun and moon to stand still, I shall never preach on Mars Hill, I shall never defy the Diet of Worms, I shall never be called to make a Queen tremble for her crimes, I shall never preside over a hospital. There are women who say: "If I had as brilliant a sphere as those people had, I should be as brave and as grand, but my business is to get children off to school and to hunt up things when they are lost, and to see that dinner is ready, and to keep account of the household expenses, and to hinder the children from being strangled by the whooping cough, and to go through all the annoyances and vexations of housekeeping. Oh, my sphere is so infinitesimal and so insignificant I am clear discouraged." Woman, God places you on garrison duty, and your reward will be just as great as that of Florence Nightingale, who, moving so often night by night, with a light in her hand, visited the hospitals, was called by the wounded the "lady of the lamp." Your reward will be just as great as that of Mrs. Hertzog, who built and endowed theological seminaries. Your reward will be just as great as that of Hannah More, who by her excellent books won for her admirers Garrick and Edmund Burke and Joshua Reynolds. Rewards are not to be given according to the amount of noise you make in the world, nor even according to the amount of good you do, but according to whether you work to your full capacity, according to whether or no you do your duty in the sphere where God has placed you.

I heard of his death, I was impelled to write a letter of condolence to his family in Liverpool. Everybody recognized the goodness, the courage, the kindness of Capt. Andrews, but it occurs to me now that we never thanked the engineer. He stood away down in the darkness, amid the hissing furnaces, doing his whole duty. Nobody thanked the engineer, but he recognized his heroism, and his continuance of his fidelity, and there will be just as high reward for the engineer who worked out of sight as the captain in the midst of the howling tempest. "As the mist of the howling tempest, so shall his part be that tarrieth by the stuff."

A Christian woman was seen going along the edge of a wood every evening, and the neighborhood in the country did not understand how a mother with so many cares and anxieties should waste so much time as to be idly sauntering out evening by evening. It was found out afterward that she went there to pray for her household, and while there one evening she wrote that beautiful hymn, famous in all ages for cheering Christian hearts:

I love to steal awhile away From every cumbering care And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.

Shall there be no reward for such unpretending yet everlasting service? Clear back in the country there is a boy who wants to go to college and get an education. They call him a bookworm. Wherever you find him—in the barn or in the house—he is reading a book. "What a pity it is," they say, "that Ed cannot get an education. His father, who is a farmer, he will, can no more than support the family by the product of the farm. One night Ed has retired to his room and there is a family conference about him. The sisters say: "Father, we will send Ed to college. If you will, we will work harder than we ever did, and we will make our old dresses do. The mother says: "Yes, I will get along without any hired help, although I am not as strong as I used to be. I think I can get along without and hired help." The father says: "Well, I think by husking corn nights I can get along without any assistance." Sugar is banished from the table, but they are banished from the place. That family is put down on rigid—yes, suffering—economy that the boy may go to college. Time passes on. Commencement day has come. Think not that I mention an imaginary case. God knows it happened. Capt. Andrews, who came and the professors walk in on the stage in their long gowns. The interest of the occasion is passing on, and after awhile it comes to a climax of interest as the valedictorian is introduced. Ed is called to the front and worked so well that he has had the honor conferred upon him. There are rounds of applause, sometimes breaking into vociferation. It is a great day for Ed. But away back in the hall his father is looking at his hat and their faded shawls, and the old-fashioned father and mother—dear me, she has not had a new hat for six years, he has not had a new coat for six years—and they get up and look at the honor conferred upon him. There are rounds of applause, sometimes breaking into vociferation. It is a great day for Ed. But away back in the hall his father is looking at his hat and their faded shawls, and the old-fashioned father and mother—dear me, she has not had a new hat for six years, he has not had a new coat for six years—and they get up and look at the honor conferred upon him.

There is high encouragement in this subject, also, for those who once wrought mightily for Christ and the church, but whose strength or opportunities of fortune or advanced years cannot now go to the front. These 200 men of the text were veterans. Let that man bare his arm and show how the muscles were torn. Let him put aside the turban and show the marks of a battle axe. Pull aside the coat and see where the spear thrust him. Would it have been fair for those men, crippled, weak and old, by the brook Besor, to have no share in the spoils of the battle? I was in the Soldiers' Hospital in Paris, and I saw there some of the men of the first Napoleon, and I asked them where they had fought under their great commander. One man said, "I was at Austerlitz." Another man said, "I was at the Pyramids." Another man said, "I was in the awful retreat from Moscow." Another man said, "I was at the bridge of Lodi." 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