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DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON AT THE TABERNACLE.

"Now," and Not "To-morrow," Put Your Trust in God, and Not, Like King David Among the Gathites, "Play the Fool."

BROOKLYN, Feb. 20.—The opening hymn at the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning, sung by the whole congregation, begins:

Safely through another week God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in His courts to-day.

Professor Henry Eyre Brown, the organist, rendered Satz No. 1 in C minor, by Thiele. After a running commentary on appropriate passages of Scripture, the Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D., took for his text: "And he changed his behavior before them, and feigned himself mad in their hands, and scrabbled on the doors of the gate and let his spittle fall down-upon his beard"-I Sam. xxi, 13. He said:

There is one scene in the life of David that you may not have pondered. You have seen him with a harp, playing the devil out of Saul: with a sling, smashing the skull of Goliath; with a sword, hacking to pieces the Philistines; with a scepter, ruling a vast realm; with a psalm, gathering all nations into doxology; but in my text, you have David playing the fool. He has been anointed king, yet he is in exile and passing incognito among the Gathites. They begin to suspect who he is, and say: "I wonder if this is the warrior King David? It looks like him. Is not this the man about whom they used to make poetry, and about whom they composed a dance, so that the maidens of the city, reeling now on one foot and now on the other, used sing: "Saul has slain his thousands, but David has slain his tens of thousands?" Yes, it is very much like David. It must be David. It is David." David, to escape their hands, pretends to be demented. He said within himself: "If I act crazily, then of course these people will not injure me. No one would be so much of a coward as to assault a madman." So, one day, while these Gathites are watching David with increased suspicion, they see him standing by the door running his hands meaninglessly up and down the panels-scrabbling on the door as though he would climb up, his mouth wide open, drooling like an infant. I suppose the boys of the streets threw missiles at him; but the sober people of the town said: "This is not fair. Do you not see that he has lost his reason! Do not touch this madman. Hands off! hands off!" So David escaped; but what an exhibition be made of himself before all the ages! There was a majesty in King Lear's madness after Regan and Gonerill, his daughters, had persuaded him to banish their sister Cordelia, and all the friends of the drama have been filled with that spectacule. The craziness of Meg Merrilies was weird and imposing, and the most telling passage in Walter Scott's "Guy Mannering." There was a fascination about the insanity of Alexander Cruden, who made the best concordance of the Bible that the world ever saw-made it between the mad houses. Some time ago, while I was visiting the insane asylum on Blackwell's island, a demented woman came up to me and said, in most tragic style:

God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform; He plants His footsteps in the sea And rides upon the storm.

But there was nothing grand, nothing weird, nothing majestic, nothing sublime about this simulation on the part of David. Instead of trusting in the Lord, as he had on other occasions, he gathers before him a vast audience of all generations that were to come, and standing on that conspicuous stage of history, in the presence of all the ages, he impersonates the slavering idiot. "And he changed his behavior before them, and feigned himself mad in their bands, and scrabbled at the door of the gate, and let his

spittle fall down upon his beard." Taking the behavior of David as a suggestion. I wish to tell you how many of the wise, and the brave, and the regal sometimes play the fool. And in the first place, I remark that those men as badly play the fool as this man of the text, who in any crisis of life take their case out of the hand of God. David, in this case, acted as though there were no God to lift him out of the predicament. What a contrast between his behavior, when this brave little man stood up in front of the giant ten feet in height, and looking into his face, said: "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the Call of the armies of Israel, whom thou has: defled. This day will the Lord deliver thee into mine hand, and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee, and I will give the carcasses of the hosts of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth, that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel"-between that time and this time, when he debased himself, and bedraggled his manhood, and affected insanity in order that he might escape from the grip of the Gathites. In the one case he played the hero. In the other case he played the fool. So does every man who, in the great crisis of life, takes his case out of the hand of God. The life of the most insignificant man in this house is too vast for any human management. One time, returning from the west, I very easily got on the locomotive while passing over the plains, and talked with the engineer; but coming on toward the Alleghany mountains, I thought I would like to sit on the locomotive as it came down from the mountains amid that most wonderful scenery on this continent. I asked the engineer if I might ride, but he courteously denied me, for there the grade is so steep, and so winding, and so perilous that he must not have any one on the locomotive who may divert his attention when eye, and hand, and foot, and brain must be concentrated, ready for the most sudden emergency. Well, my friends, life is so steep, and so perilous, and so exposed to sudden surprises, that none but the Lord Almighty can guide and engincer if, and our disasters come from the fact that we want to get up and help the Lord to manage the train. Keep off the engine! Be willing to let God pull you where he wants to pull you. You have no right for an instant to surrender your sanity and manhood as David surrendered his. Put your trust in God, as he will take you through and over the mountains. I very much suspect that all the successful enterprises that were ever carried on, and all the successful lives that have ever been Eved, have been fully surrendered to God. When the girl Victoria was awakened in the night and told that the throw of Great Britain was hers, she said to the prelate informing her: "I ask

your prayers," and then and there they knelt

down and prayed. Do you wonder that

though since that time all the thrones of

Europe have fallen or been fearfully shaken,

trust in God, will go through in triumph; while those who attempt to gather under their own supervision the intricate and elaborate affairs of their life are miserably playing the fool. I stood on the beach looking off upon the sea; and there was a strong wind blowing, and I noticed that some of the vessels were going that way, and other vessels were going another way. I said to myself: "How is it that the same wind sends one vessel in one direction and another vessel in another direction?" I found out, by looking, that it was the different way they had the sails set. And so does trouble come on this world. Some men it drives into the harbor of heaven and other men it drives on the rocks. It depends upon the way you have your sails set. All the Atlantic and Pacific oceans of surging sorrow cannot sink a soul that has asked for God's. pilotage. The difficulty is that when we have misortunes of any kind we put them in God's hand, and they stay there a little while; and then we go and get them again, and bring them back. A vessel comes in from a foreign port. As it comes near the harbor it sees a pilot floating about. hails the pilot. The pilot comes on board, and he says: "Now, captain, you have had a stormy passage. Go down and sleep, and I will take the vessel down into New York harbor." After awhile the captain begins to think: "Am I right in trusting this vessel to that pilot! I guess I'll go up and see." So he comes to the pilot and says: "Don't you see that rock! Don't you see those headlands! You will wreck the ship. Let me lay hold the helm for awhile for myself, and then I'll trust to you." The pilot becomes angry, and says: "I will either take care of this ship or not. If you want to, I will get into my yawl and go ashore, or back to my boat." Now we say to the Lord: "O, God, take my life, take my all in Thy keeping! Be Thou my guide; be Thou my pilot." We go along for a little while, and suddenly wake up and say: "Things are going all wrong. O, Lord, we are driving on these rocks, and Thou art going to let us be shipwrecked." God says: "You go and rest; I will take charge of this vessel, and take it into the harbor. It is God's business to comfort, and it is our business to be comforted. Herbert, the great thinker, philosophized about himself, philosophized about this world, philosophized about everything, then in his dying moments asked that only one word might be cut upon his tombstone, and that word "Infelicissimus"-most unhappy-descriptive of the state of the lives and of the deaths of those who take their case out of the hand of God. The only appropriate inscription for their banqueting hall, and their equipage, and their grave, and the wall of their eternal prison house-"Infelicissi-

mus." In drooling, moral idiocy, they are

scrabbling at the door of their happiness,

which never opens, miserably playing the

Again: I remark that all those persons

played the fool, as certainly did this man of

the text, who allow the technicalities of re-

ligion to stop their salvation. David was wise about a great many things, but his cuttings-up in the text for a little while eclipsed his character. And I know wise men and great men, competent for all other stations, who are acting a silly and foolish part in regard to the technicalities of religion. They ask us some questions which we cannot answer categorically, and so they burst into a broad guffaw, as though it is of any more interest to us than it ought to be to them. About the atonement, about Gcd's decrees, about man's destiny, they ask a great many questions which we cannot answer, and so they deride us, as though we could not ask them a thousand questions that they cannot answer, about their eyes, about their ears, about their finger nails, about everything. A fool can ask a question that a wise man cannot answer. Oh, you caviling men! Oh, you profound men! Oh, you learned men, do please admit something. You have a soul! Yes. Will it live forever! Yes. Where! You say that Jesus Christ is not a divine Saviour. is he! Where will you go after you leave your law books, and your medical prescriptions, and your club room, and your newspaper office-where will you go to! Your body will be six feet under ground. Where will your soul be! The black coat will be off. the shroud on. Those spectacles will be removed from your vision, for the sod will press your evelids. Have you any idea that an earthly almanac describes the years of your lifetime! Of what stuff shall I gather the material for the letters of that word which describes your eternal home! Shall it be iron chain or amaranthine garland? The air that stirs the begweated locks of your dying pillow, will it come off a garden or a desert! () quit the puzzling questions try these momentous questions. questions and these great questions. of discussing whether the serpent in Eden was figurative or literal, whether the Mediterranean fish did or did not swallow the recreant prophet, whether this and that, and the other thing is right or wrong, come and discuss one question: "How shall I get rid of my sins and win heaven?" That is the question for you. Yea, there have been men who have actually lest their souls because they thought there was a discrepancy between Moses and Professor Silliman-because they could not understand how there could be light before the sun rose—the light appearing in verse 3 of Genesis, and the sun appearing not until verse 16-and because they do not know how the moon could stand still without upsetting the universe, and because they had decided upon the theory of natural selection. A German philosopher in dying had for his chief sorrow that he had not devoted his whole life to the study of the dative case, Oh, when your immortality is in peril, why quibble! Quit these non-essentials, my dear brother. In the name of God, I ask you in regard to these matters of the immortal soul.

that you do not play the fool. What is that man doing over in Bowling Green, New York! Well, he is going in for a ticket for a transatlantic voyage. He is quarreling with the clerk about the spotsthe red spots on the ticket-and he is quarreling about the peculiar signature of the president of the steamship company, and he is quarreling about the manner of the clerk who hands him the ticket. How long has be been standing there! Three weeks. Meanwhile perhaps twenty steamers have gone out of port, and I hear the shrick of the steam tug that could take him to the last vessel that could bear him to his engagement in London. Still be stands in Bowling Green discussing the ticket. What do you say in regard to that man! You say he is a fool. Well, in that very way are many men acting in regard to many matters of the soul. They are caviling about the atonement, the red spots on the ticket, about the character of the minister who hands them the

(Continued on page 3.

hers stands as firm as the day she ascended it; and in every country under the sun wherever an Englishman hears that name pronounced, he feels like waving his hat and crying: "God save the Queen!" EXTRAORDINARY VALUES

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Feb. 16.

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