

## A Sling and a King.

BY J. B. GAMBRELL.

King David is one of the most interesting studies in all history. He touches strongly at more salient points in human nature than almost anyone of the Bible characters. He was a great man, measured by any rule, and he fulfilled a modern saying, "If a boy is to be great, he must show himself betimes."

David was a great general, and his personal courage was of the highest order. His courage, measured by the standards of human conduct, was audacious. He was a great leader of men. He was a great poet. He was a strong and wise governor. And, according to the time you take him, he was a great sinner or a great saint. The one word that expresses his character better than any other, is forceful.

We first get a glimpse of him as a lad, keeping his father's sheep. Evidently, his older brothers, and perhaps his father, had little idea of the rare qualities of the boy, but as a shepherd, he showed the two qualities that will make any man admirable. He was trusted with his father's flock. There came a bear one day to take away one of the sheep. The average boy would have run. It was before the days of repeaters, Mauser rifles and the like. The weapons of warfare were primitive and harmless, compared with those in use today. David, however, did not run. He had been religiously raised. He felt that the bear was invading a trust and that it was his business to guard the flock. So he went for the bear and killed it. A lion came on the same mission and fared no better. We are not told how David killed the bear and the lion. We would think that it was done with a sling, however.

The first time the young fellow figures conspicuously after his anointing, is when he goes down to see his brothers to find out about them and bring word home. When he got there he saw something that, as Shakespeare would put it, "raised his gorge." He saw a Phillistine berating the armies of Israel, and the armies of Israel all in fear. King Saul himself was ready to submit to the indignity the Phillistine put on the armies of Israel. It was too much for David, and he went to the king to say that he would go down and kill the uncircumcised heathen. Just at this point, we get a great lesson in life. Here was a tremendous undertaking before him—one the contemplation of which made every man in the army shake. But his past exploits now buttressed his courage. He tells how, in the name of the Lord, and by God's help, he had killed the bear and the lion, and if he had done that to the bear and the lion, he could kill Goliath. The victories already won encouraged him.

We read of the deriding of his brothers. It is all very natural reading. It has always been so. The average man mistrusts a person who undertakes to do an extraordinary thing. In the long run, no doubt, it is the average man that saves the country, but the average man never saves it on the short run. His brothers thought it was a bit of uppishness. King Saul doubted it, but finally yielded. The truth of it is, David had a mission from God to kill Goliath, and when anybody has a mission from God, opposition don't stand much in the way. There is a way through it or under it, or around it, or over it, always. In my day, I have seen young men undertake things beyond the ordinary, and all the wisacres shook their heads, but the young fellow went along, and after a while, everybody said: "Well now, that was fine."

David's exploit in killing Goliath has been much dwelt on in sermons. His common sense showed itself in refusing to burden himself with Saul's armor, which was entirely too large, and in sticking to his sling. It is about the sling that I wish to make some observations, and the first is: It was a very simple thing. Nothing could be plainer than a sling. It was a very cheap thing. David had probably made it himself, and he knew the swing of it. He could not do very much with a sword, and as to an immense spear to match Goliath's, he could do nothing at all. The spear would have borne him down. There was great wisdom in sticking to the sling. He had tried that. He had, no doubt, stood on the hillside while the sheep were grazing, and after the manner of boys in all times, hour by hour, hurled rocks out of his sling, until he learned to place them just where he wanted them.

Here was an unusual occasion—one, the like of which would come to him no more in life, the like of which would come to no other youth in all history—a lad to fight a giant and with such tremendous issues depending on the outcome. Did ever a boy face such an opportunity and such a responsibility? That would increase the desire for some extraordinary weapons with which to fight against an extraordinary enemy. But David's head was cool and level. He stuck to the sling.

The lesson we get is, we must all use, in our Christian warfare exactly the kind of weapons that suit us. Many a preacher has become noted for doing great things among the common people, so much so, that he is wanted on an extraordinary occasion, such as preaching a convention sermon or a commencement sermon. He feels at once that the simple way of preaching in the country would not fit the college or the convention, so he tries a new style only to suffer mortification. If I might whisper a word into the

ear of young preachers, touching this point, I would say: It's precisely the kind of preaching that moves the heart of the people in the country, and in the plainer districts, that the town people want to hear, only, perhaps, they don't want to hear it quite so long as is common in the country. Let the preacher, on the greatest possible occasions, stick to his sling.

Here is another observation. Many an exhorter who, in his neighborhood and along with a good pastor, has a great power for good, has been ruined because he quit his sling, and tried to preach. What has become of all the exhorters anyhow? It is a real misfortune for a man to be brought into the Christian ministry, who hasn't the Scriptural qualifications for the ministry. His life becomes abnormal. He is nowhere; he is a discomfort to himself and to everybody else. And then, many a good deacon has been spoiled trying to make a preacher. One good deacon is worth a good many poor preachers. And so we might go on to talk about the men who are good for pastors and want to be editors, good for evangelists and want to be pastors, and good for one thing and want to be another. If every one would stick to his own slug, the Goliaths of sin could be laid out in long rows.

The real success of David was laid in his early experiences. I doubt not that his mother, indeed his severely for venturing to fight a lion and a bear, and yet if he had run away and left the flock to the mercy of the lion and the bear, it is pretty certain he would never have been the good King David of Israel. We read about it: "God saw the sterling qualities of his son, and he was in him, and when he wanted a man to be faithful to him, and to stand up for him every where, he sent his prophet to anoint the lad. The real foundation of his success and greatness in his early life, in most cases before the boy is ten years old, he has his bent for good or bad. The throne of David rested on his ability to his father's sheep and on his good sling well used in time of need. God saw that such a character would be good to have care of his people. The principle of divine government on matters of this sort is laid down in our Lord's teaching: "Whoever is faithful over one talent, will receive other talents, and whoever is faithless in the matter of one talent, will have even that taken away from him."

Taking the whole life of this extraordinary man, from beginning to end, from the time he stood, fresh from his father's sheepfold, before the prophet to be anointed, on till the time he lay on his deathbed an old man, the one most striking thing about him was his courageous devotion to duty. That meant a saintly manliness. He did not always do right. More than once he did terribly wrong. But there was one thing he never did do, he never shirked. He never asked others to bear burdens he would not bear. When the death angel was decimating the ranks of his people for the sin of which he was guilty, he did not shirk the responsibility of it. When an offering was to be made to God, and his loyal subjects offered his oxen and the implements of the threshing floor, David, with a stalwart manliness that I wish might become common among us, refused to offer to God what did not cost him anything. When that great house of worship was to be built, David did not content himself with planning for it and begging for it. He led the offerings with a great offering of his own as every preacher ought to do, and every preacher will do, that leads his flock successfully in the work of the Lord. King David was impetuous. He had the imaginative, poetic temperament. I have often imagined he was red-headed. But, with all of his impetuosity, with all of his moods, he was ever a courageous, true man.

Here is another lesson. It is for all of us. God doesn't use cowards. He doesn't employ shirks and dead-beats in his service. He demands courage, fidelity, sacrifice, and he has never yet failed to honor the people that honor him with heroic service. The methods of divine providence have not changed. It's the same today as it was thousands of years ago. The brave pastors, who are standing to-day for the best thing, some of them with great odds against them, are the men whom God will honor. The pastors who are yielding to a spirit of criticism and selfishness, and trying to make up with the enemies of the Lord, are everywhere losing their grip. They will be cast away. The very men they seek to placate will feel a disgust for them.

A saloon man living in a town where there had been the hottest prohibition campaign, and which had succeeded to the overthrow of his business, had a great sorrow to come into his home. His little child was taken away. In that campaign one preacher in the city had refused to open his mouth, except to say that he had no war to make on anybody's business. The heart-broken wife said to her husband: "I think we need to have prayer. We have come to an hour so dark that we need a light from another world." And he said: "I feel the same way." She said then: "Shall we send for Mr. —," the preacher who had been neutral. "No," said the man; "send for Mr. — I don't want any man to come into my house to pray for me who could hold his peace against the iniquity of the bar-room." The most outspoken pastor in the city was sent for to come and pray for the man whose business, he, more than anybody else had overthrown. God and men honor courage and fidelity.

David was king by the grace of his sling. He trusted God when he killed the bear and the lion, but he did not

stop with trusting. He went against Goliath in the name of the God of Israel, but as he went he stopped to select five suitable stones for business. Faith and the sling did the rest, and on he went to the throne. We must all trust, but let us not forget the sling and the needful stones.—Baptist Standard.

## Rev. David Chase.

Often when reading accounts of the lives and grand deeds of departed ministers, such as William Hall, Dr. Welton, and others, my mind invariably turns to one noble man of God, and the wife also being worthy of such a husband. This man was the Rev. David Chase, the first person granted a license to preach from the Second (Cornwallis (now Berwick) church. His wife was Jane Morse, sister of Daniel Morse of Nictaux, after whom her oldest son, also D. M. Welton, was named. No family, I think, is better known today in the Annapolis Valley among Baptist people. Old Mr. Daniel Morse of Nictaux was grandfather of Rev. L. D. Morse, of Wolfville. One sister was Mrs. Sidney Welton, mother of Dr. Welton, another, Mrs. Abel Parker, mother of Rev. D. O. Parker and Rev. David Freeman's wife. This makes Mrs. Parker grandmother of Mrs. L. D. Morse, also of Mrs. Dr. Trotter of Acadia.

But the one of this family that my letter is especially intended to bring before our minds is gone, the baby of the household, who became, at the age of seventeen, the wife of the Rev. David Chase, left her home and went to a distant part of New Brunswick. In those days it seemed as far away as the North West or British Columbia does now. There at Jemeg this noble couple, rich in faith toward God, worked and prayed, forgetting their own health in their anxiety for the salvation of souls. In many places there were no carriage roads and they went on horseback through paths in the forest. Twice Mrs. Chase took her wedding ring off her finger and put in the mission box because she had no money to give. The ring was dear to her heart as her husband knew, and once he planned and bought it back, but the second time it had to go. How many would do the same today?

After eight or ten years of hard work, exposure and anxiety, broke the strong constitution, and the faithful child of God laid down the cross and went to receive from his Master the crown. The young wife could not stand the blow (though she thought of her four little ones) and in less than two months they laid her beside her loved one. Mr. Chase died March 24th, and on the 22nd of May the same year, she closed her eyes to earthly scenes to behold the glories of heaven.

Over the graves of this devoted couple the church erected a beautiful monument which told how much they thought of them. One of the sons died at the age of 22. Another son is doing business in England. The two daughters, one Mrs. Jonathan Sanford, the other Mrs. Reuben Loomer, still live in Weston, a branch of the Berwick church. Two gentlemen asked Mrs. Sanford for her father's license to preach, as they wished to place it in the museum of Acadia College, I suppose it is there today.

## God Everywhere Present.

"Where from Thy Spirit shall I go?  
To tropic heat, or arctic snow,  
Or to most distant land?  
If from His presence I should flee  
To island in remotest sea  
He'd hold me by His hand.

Should I ascend to heaven's vast height  
Amid the sphere's of dazzling light—  
Immeasurably fair;  
Or make my bed in deepest sea  
Where darkest waves encompassed me,  
His presence would be there.

Should I, like Jonah, weakly flee  
(From duty he imposed on me,)—  
Toward a foreign land;  
A fearful tempest might arise  
Obscuring sun, and stars, and skies—  
Directed by His hand.

Should I in cavern of the deep,  
Hope to escape in dreamless sleep,  
The searchlight of his eye,  
To Him "the darkness and the light  
Are both alike" intensely bright  
As is the sun on high.

Throughout the universe around—  
In heights above, or depths profound—  
In earth, or sea, or air,  
Or the vast realm of space; no spot,  
No place, be found where He is not—  
For God is everywhere!

The above lines were suggested by a sermon preached in Windsor, N. S., by Rev. Avery A. Shaw, August 8th, 1897, from the text, "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" etc. Psalm 139 verses 7 to 12 inclusive. EDWARD YOUNG.

If He is risen—if the sun is up—then the morning and not the evening is the season for the place of tombs.—George MacDonald.