



CHAPTER 2: DAVID

A TRUE TYPE AND FORERUNNER OF THE SALVATION ARMY CADET

CADETS WANTED – Male and Female. We must have Cadets. Have we not got room for them at the New Training Home? and are we not enlarging the other? Is not Australia clamouring at our doors, and deluging us with imploring epistles, full of all manner of unanswerable arguments, to go over and help them? Is not Ireland entreating for more officers, and, all over our own land, are not the cities and towns, large and small, to say nothing of the villages, clamouring for officers to lead them in the fight? Therefore Cadets are wanted, very much wanted indeed.

What then? Send them along. But who, what sort? Anybody who have the notion they ought to be officers, would like to be officers? Anybody who don't like their present job, their present home, who don't like what they have to do, or don't like having anything to do at all?

No, A THOUSAND TIMES NO! Let us have the quality, any amount of the quality. But if you please, Colonels, and Majors, and Captains, and Lieutenants, and Sergeants, and Privates, and Brothers and Sisters beloved, if you cannot send us what you, in your innermost souls, do believe to be the quality, don't send us any at all. For verily the few whom you have sent us, or, more unfortunate still, whom we have sent ourselves, who have been helpless and strengthless, or, worse by far, conscienceless and godless, have been the greatest grief of our lives, and the greatest hindering and undoing of the work of God. But whom shall we send? Here is a model for you. Look at the picture. Read the story of that day. Take him as he stands, and you will have an idea of the sort of "blood and fire" wanted. What he was that morning is what we want, what the world wants, what The Salvation Army wants, what Jehovah wants, and wants to-day.

Here, young men and young women, you are thinking about this Cadet business, and I am not surprised at it either. What is trade, and shop-keeping, and emigration, and marriage, and money-making, and – and anything else compared with this business of war? Talk about one giant – here in our day and our land are any number bigger and



higher than Goliath, stalking about, defying the armies of Israel, defying the Government and the Bench of Bishops, and both Houses of Convocation, and the Conventions, and Conferences, and Colleges, and defying all the Clergy, both Church and Dissent, and defying, in short, all and everybody who are on the side of God and goodness.

Now then is the opportunity for the Davids – for the Cadets; but oh, let us have Davids!

Let me pick out a few points that strike us in the bearing, and talking, and doing of this youth. I may help some of you to a correct idea of what God and The Salvation Army expect from their Cadets, and thereby save yourself some ignominy, and other people, it may be the blessed Lord Himself, some disappointment.

I. HE WAS A VOLUNTEER. He was none of your hirelings who go to the fight because it can't be helped, or because you must, or for so much a day. Nay, nay, what he was after was the fight. Anybody can have Saul's daughter, and robe, and armour, and money for him; what he wants is to kill the giant, drive the Philistines, and show heaven, earth, and hell that Jehovah is the King of kings. So with your true Cadet, he wants to get at the giant for the honour of his God, the deliverance of souls, and the defeat of the Devil. What he is after is the war, and not the wages. Souls, souls, souls, let me go. He seeks the kingdom of God – seeks it FIRST: and he will get it, and all other necessary things will be added, and God will throw him a lot of luxuries into the bargain.

II. DAVID WAS ALL UNSKILLED AND UNDRILLED IN THE THEN EXISTING RULES OF WAR. He knew nothing of armour, and sword, and spear, and shield, and all that. He had not tried them, and would not have them. So with your Cadet, he is totally ignorant of the ordinary rules of Christian warfare. In the estimation of many around him who do understand these rules, who have been studying them for a lifetime, he is shamefully ignorant. He is flagrantly ignorant of grammar, logic, philosophy, knows nothing of the prevalent controversies, can hardly read his mother tongue, to say nothing of writing it. Oh, shamefully ignorant. If he must go, give him a book of sermons to read to the people, buy him a volume of Local Preacher's outlines. Get



him into your parlour and advise him. Oh, do. But no, he will look at those crutches about as long as David looked at Saul's armour, and then say, "I have not tried these, let me go in my own way." So pray let him go.

DAVID WAS DESPISED, AND CHAFFED, AND SNEERED AT. His own brothers recommended him to go home again, and look after his father's sheep, and not come there making a fool of himself by talking about fighting: Doubtless that was the general opinion respecting him, and it was only Saul being so dreadfully cornered that made him willing to give him a trial. But Saul was not as foolish as some people we have known, who, though confessedly unable to do anything themselves, are, at the same time, unwilling for anyone else to do it. Drowning men catch at straws, and though with a poor heart about the business, Saul let David go to meet the foe.

So The Salvation Army Cadet is one of the best ridiculed characters in the land. He is a fair butt for everybody's chaff. Saints and sinners, publicans and policemen, rich and poor, "men and women, boys and girls, are all alike down upon HIM. Like poor David, he is despised because everybody knows, is sure, quite sure that he won't succeed, and they hate him, at least some of them do, because he does.

DAVID WAS CONFIDENT. He was confident in himself. That was what puzzled all these renowned warriors – these men trained in the use of the sword, and the spear, and the shield – all armed and equipped for war. He told his brothers he could kill the giant, he told the common soldiers he could kill the giant, he told the mighty men of valour he could kill the giant, and he told Saul, the King himself, he could kill the giant. He felt in his heart and in his bones he could kill the boasting infidel, and give his flesh to the fowls of the mountains to feed upon. It was this confidence that went very much to make the difference between him and them; they felt they could not do the business, and he felt he could. So here with The Salvation Army Cadet. He feels he can do something. He has done something, He got his mate converted. Had he not a devilish temper in him, worse than any bear? and is he not now just like a little child? And did he not get that roaring lion of a persecutor subdued and saved? and has he not brought other enemies of the Lord down before Him? And now he cries, "Let me try my sling and my stones on the giant. I shall succeed. I know I shall." "How do you know," ask ministers, and missionaries, and Sunday-School teachers. "How do you



know? Is it not presumption? Is it not conceit? Is it not pride?" "Never mind what it is, let me go. I will kill the giant. I will conquer or die." What can you say, but let him go? We shall see.

BUT DAVID WAS CONFIDENT IN HIS LORD. "I come to thee," he said to the proud Philistine, "in the name of the Lord of Hosts. The Lord will deliver thee into my hands." Ah, David, thy secret is out. Now we can believe, Now we are in no way surprised at what happened. Nay, we should have been surprised hadst thou not left the carcase of the proud Philistine in the valley, had he been as big as the mountain at whose foot he fought. It was in the name of the Lord thou didst hurl defiance at him with thy tongue, and in the strength of the Lord the stone was hurled that sunk into his brow.

Even so, Salvation Army Cadet, Colonel, Major, Captain, Lieutenant, Sergeant, Private, whoever thou mayest be, this is the way to go to war, the royal way, the conquering way, the invincible way, the old-fashioned way. This is the kind of partnership that succeeds. On the one side David, with his sling and his stones, on the other side Jehovah, with His almighty power. Don't despise David, and don't despise his sling and his stones. The General does not, devils do not; Goliath did, and paid the penalty of his folly. Oh, no, ye Cadets, and ye would-be Cadets, you must be as David; then the Lord will be unto you as Jehovah.

DAVID WAS A SUCCESS. There is nothing succeeds like success. That is the way to answer the cavillers, and sneerers, and doubters, and railers. Success is the answer to the newspapers, and the pulpits, and the platforms, and everybody else that oppose and ridicule and denounce. As the Army saw the monster reel, and stagger, and fall, and David mount his body and seize his sword, and hold up his head, everybody believed in David, and believed in his sling and stone into the bargain.

And, Salvation Army Cadet, if you bring the giants down, and keep on bringing them down, God and men will believe in you; and neither God nor men will believe in you if you don't. Had not David killed Goliath, his sling and stone would only have made him more ridiculous, and he would have been looked upon as the man that made so great a promise with so small a performance. And oh, Cadet, and anyone else whom it may concern, success is a necessity for thee; killing one giant will last some soldiers for a



life-time, but a Salvation Army warrior should kill one or more at least every day. Anyhow, he must have victory, more victory, constant victory. And if you are what David was, you cannot be otherwise than a success, and therein a joy and a strength to THE SALVATION ARMY.