

# SERMONS

by Sam Jones

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*A collection of revival sermons by the renowned Southern evangelist Sam Jones, featuring messages like 'Hold the Fort' that use vivid illustrations and military metaphors to call Christians to earnest engagement in evangelism and faithful Christian living.*

14 Chapters

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## 01. Quit Your Meanness

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Quit Your Meanness "Receive us: we have wronged no man, we have corrupted no man; we have defrauded no man" (2 Corinthians 7:2).

St. Paul knocked at the inner door of the Church of Corinth. He was met by that Church, and he was asked: "Upon what ground do you demand so great a privilege?" And he replied, "On the grounds first, I have wronged no man with my tongue. I have corrupted no man by my example. I have defrauded no man in any business transaction." Jesus Christ watched the doors of his Kingdom when he stood among men, with the most uncompromising and most untiring scrutiny. And when the young man approached Christ, and would have entered the Kingdom, and Jesus looked upon him as he was asked the question: "What must I do that I can get into the Kingdom?" Jesus looked at him and said: "Keep the commandments." The young man said, exultantly: "Why, Master, all these have I kept from my youth up." And Jesus looked him in the face, and said: "One thing thou lackest yet." and the young man walked away. I suppose his disciples, if they had been as worldly as we are, would have said: "Master, that's a magnificent young man. He's a very rich young man. He stands well in the community, and if he only lacks one thing let's take him in. He will give tone to the Church, and he will pay largely. We have few members of that sort, and he's got money to pay our expenses. Why, Master, if he lacks but one thing let's take him in." "One thing thou lackest yet." said Christ, and the young man turned and went away, and that's the last He heard of him. The disciples caught at the same spirit and taught men this: that you must deny yourself and take up your Cross and follow Christ. They taught us if any man love the world the love of God is not in him; if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His. A large Church membership does not mean much here now. It does not mean much anywhere, under any circumstances, and I thank God that with the state of things I now find in existence everywhere it doesn't amount to much with this world, to say the least of it. We ought to quit asking the question, "What Church do you belong to?" but we ought to ask, "How do you live now? How have you been doing? Do you pay your debts? Do you live right, and live good, and keep the commandments?" Brethren, an open profession, an outward profession, that isn't backed up by the possession of the principles of Christianity is not worth the paper your name is enrolled on. I want to see the day in this country when Church membership means consecration, righteousness, and Godliness.

I'm a natural, innate, constitutional inborn hater of shams and humbugs, and above all humbugs that ever cursed this world, the religious humbug is the biggest. That's so. I will give you a little illustration: At Harvard, I believe it was, there was in the college an old professor, one of those thick glassed old fellows, near sighted, who was a wonderful bugologist. He knew bugology better than he did manology, and he was acquainted with all the bugs from Adam down, and he had all kinds of them in frames hung up around his office. In their mischief and as a joke, the students got the body of one bug, and took the legs of another and the head of another and the wings of another, and put them together just like as if nature had formed it that way, and they all trooped downstairs together into the old professor's room, and one of the boys says: "Professor, what kind of a bug is this?" and the professor stood up and took the card on which the bug was pinned, and

he cast his eyes on it, and after looking at it awhile he said: "Gentlemen, this is a humbug."

Now you have my idea of a humbug. It's a fellow that has a heart that belongs to the Church, and a head that is run by the world, and his hands by the devil, and he's just nothing but a sort of a compound. God deliver us from humbugs in the Church. Let's be only one of a kind, and let that be a good Christian. If I were asked now what is the trouble in Cincinnati - the greatest trouble - trouble you can't over-come as easily as other troubles - I believe I would answer that the greatest trouble in Cincinnati is that you have too many Churches here.

I don't mean to say there are too many buildings or too many Pastors. I would not tear down a Church in this city, nor hush the voice of a single Preacher. I would not demolish a single Church organization in the town, but I'll tell you the trouble. I will take this Church here for an illustration. Your Minister, you know, is the Pastor of two Churches, and he has a hard time of it, too, I tell you, for one Church is about as much as any Preacher can look after. The one Church you have has an enrolled list of members, but you have a Church on the inside of that, and whenever a man gets on the inside of the inside Church, then he can talk about the communion of saints and fellowship of the Spirit, and walk with God. A man who gets inside of the inside of a Church is safe for all time. But how many get in there? I reckon, if you would call a meeting of the truly spiritual members, you could hold it in some little side room. You wouldn't have to call it in this great room. It would be lost here. A double handful of your truly spiritual members would look lonely in here, and you would have to get them in the parlor. That's a bad state of things. How many men in this Church - and there is no better Church in the city - love God with all their hearts, and love their neighbors as themselves?

I am willing for any body to have more money than I have, and more land than I ever expect to have, and more stocks and bonds than I can ever get, but I ain't willing for any man that walks this earth to have more religion than I have. I can get as much as a soul full, and that's about as much as an angel can get. If I am a Christian, I will be a Christian; if I am a Methodist, I'll be a Methodist; if I'm a Presbyterian, I'll be a Presbyterian; and if I'm a Baptist, I'm a going to be one all over, through and through; but I wouldn't be a little, old, dried up, knock kneed, one horse, shriveled nothing anywhere. Haven't you ever felt some time away down in your soul that you wanted to get above every thing? Haven't you had a desire to rise up above the sight of this kind of little fellows, that you can put twenty of them in a sardine box? Haven't you ever had a glorious feeling in your soul that made you feel for a minute as if you wanted to be a whale? You have never known much about religion if you never felt in your soul as if you wanted to be somebody - something so big that you feel as if you could fly up, and up, and up; then you can know something about what religion is.

Religion's a grand thing. There is nothing on earth like it, and nothing in Heaven better than religion. A poor, tempest tossed, tempest driven soul, thrown hither and thither in helpless wandering, tired, restless, and hungry, finds a haven there. O! How dark it was once for me; how hungry this poor soul was once. How like the crest of a wave! I knew no rest. But I found it in religion. Religion! Religion! It's a great word. In its etymological sense it means that there is something in this small universe that can take up a poor, wandering, hungry, restless soul, and tie it back to God. Religion means to bring the soul back to its moorings. That's it. I have often thought of the picture of the Lake of Gennesaret, and, as I looked at the calm, placid little lake, surrounded

on all sides by rugged, towering mountains, I have thought that the winds of the storm could never rue its bosom. But if there was any place on earth where the four winds of Heaven more fiercely contested for supremacy, it was on this little lake of Gennesaret. Christ was once riding over this lake in a boat with His disciples, and the Savior was below in the cabin sleeping, when suddenly a fierce storm arose, and the little ship began to toss and pitch and rock fearfully, and the disciples, trembling with fear, ran and aroused Him, and said: "Master, wake up, we are engulfed. We will be drowned." Christ opened His eyes and raised Himself up, and wiping the spray from His forehead walked up to the prow of the little ship, and gathered the waves up to Him on His lap, like a mother tending her child, and the seas subsided, and the winds blew no more. And the disciples said: "What manner of man is this, that the winds and waves obey him?" Blessed Christ, with my poor soul, tempest tossed and driven, I'll crawl up under the Cross, and He will pull my poor, tired soul up in his great loving arms and sweet peace will enfold me, and I'll walk away singing:

Now, not a wave of trouble rows, Across my peaceful breast.

Brethren, there's something in religion that will make a man of us, there's something in religion for Preachers and people. The more religion a Preacher has, blessed be God, the better it is for him; and the more religion a merchant has, the better it is for him; and the more religion a farmer has, the better it is for him. Blessed be God, religion is not only the best thing in the universe, but it is free for all.

"Receive us." Why? "I have wronged no man with my tongue." A man's tongue has a great deal to do with his religion, or rather a man's religion has a great deal to do with his tongue. We've got sanctified people all over this country. They are sanctified in a thousand senses except the sense in which St. James talked about sanctification. Hear his description of a sanctified man. Listen! "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this: To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." A man who has learned to manage this term has it right. I believe in sanctification as strongly as justification; but, brethren, sanctification means a great deal more, perhaps, than you have conceived. A Christian Preacher in Augusta went down to St. James Church one night to a holiness meeting, a sanctified meeting, where sanctified people met. Next day he met the Pastor of St. James Church on the street, and said, "I learned last night for the first time, the difference between justification and sanctification." "Well, how is that?" said the Pastor. "Why, I found out last night that justification meant to satisfy God with man and man with God. That is justification; and sanctification means to satisfy a fellow with himself, and I thought to myself, there's something in that as sure as you live. Justification satisfies a man with God and God with man, and sanctification satisfies a man with himself."

I have heard People talk as if they were well satisfied with themselves, but I never found many in their neighborhood who were well satisfied with them. Whenever a man gets more religion than he has sense, he's going to talk foolishness right straight. Don't let anybody come and say I'm only talking sanctification. I am not. Some of the best men on earth practice and live sanctification. But you are obliged to have something more. You must get something. Lord Jesus, Master, help men to see that religion does not consist in what I profess, but it consists in how I live. I have no objection to a man's professing sanctification. It's as much my privilege to confess sanctification as it is justification. I don't quarrel with a man as long as he lives on a level with what he professes, but when he gets down below that, I'm going for him sure. The tongue, said St. James - I ran off at

a tangent for a while - is full of deadly poison. Many a person in this city - if you will go to their homes, and sit by their side, and put your ear to their heart - you can hear their heart's blood drip, drip, drip, and you say, "What does that," and they'll tell you an unkind tongue stabbed it there. God pity a man that will take his tongue and stab a man's character with it. I'll tell you another thing. This tongue is not only capable of stabbing Christ, but the tongue is the cause of all the trouble in our midst. It's not what we do, but what we say, that kicks up the mischief all around - it's what we say. I have known men who would leave home in the morning and go down to their stores and be as polite to their women customers, and palaver to them as sweetly as you please; but when they go home at night they talk to their wives as if they were old bears. Did you ever know a case like that, my friend? No? Didn't you see one in the glass tonight when you brushed your hair before you came to meeting? Many a time a good pains taking wife has carefully arranged every thing to make home pleasant and bring smiles to her husband's face, but before he has been in the house five minutes he takes that tongue of his and stabs his wife to the heart, even before her kiss of welcome is dry on his lips, and she goes upstairs and buries her face in her hands and sobs and cries as though her heart would break. God pity a woman that has an old bear for a husband! Many a time a poor man who has toiled all day with heart pressure upon him because of his kindness to her at home, goes homeward and before he has been in the house five minutes the woman that should be all to him stabs him with her sharp tongue, and he says, in his self, "I wish to God I were dead."

I think the finest tombstone I ever saw, and the prettiest epitaph I ever saw, was when I was visiting an old friend of mine. After dinner he took me into the garden, and in the most prominent place there was erected a beautiful tombstone of white marble, in memory of his wife, and on it I read her name and the date of her death, and her simple epitaph was this line: "She made home pleasant."

I remember the old Irishman who said: "I hope I'll never live to see my wife married again." Brethren, let us be kind to wife, for she has left her father and her home and her mother and given up all things for us, and she gives her life to us, and we ought to be kind to her. Never let a word slip from your tongue that will bring a drop of blood from her heart. We should be kind and loving to our children, too.

I remember once, at a camp meeting two or three years ago, I was talking to two or three of the brothers after dinner, and to one of them a little girl, a rosy cheeked and bright eyed fairy, ran up and asked him some question, and he snapped out a word to her that almost made her faint, so frightened was she. I cried, "You brute, you!" Brethren, you can almost crucify one of your children with one stroke of your tongue. How cruel it is. I know how it is myself. Sometimes when I was busy at work my little boy would bother me and I would snap at him and drive him away, but I afterward hunted him up and begged his forgiveness. But some of you would sooner die than do that. Control your tongue and be kind to your children.

Think of the picture! I look upon that sweet child with his arms around my neck and he looks with beaming eyes of love in my face for the last time; and when his little arms are forever folded on his breast and he has gone from us, I never want to go in my parlor and look upon my child and say, "O, how his icy cold fingers point my memory to the past, and to my hard words and actions to that angelic child." God give us Christly teaching. Brethren, get your tongues under perfect

subjugation. This is one ground on which you can enter the inner Church. Get your tongues straight. But upon what other ground must I rely? "Because I have corrupted no man by my example." Brethren, what we need now is a few good examples. You go home mother, and seat your little lovely daughter on your lap, and ask her, "Daughter, who is the best woman in the world?" And she will say, "Why, you, mamma." "Daughter, whom would you rather be like than any body else?" and the sweet little child will say, "You, mamma." Ask the child such questions as that and she will answer always, "You, mamma." Ah, sister, that child is mistaken, yet she is that way - there's no doubt about that. The saddest thing a father ever said to me in all of my experience was this. I was a Pastor of a Church then, and I have been Pastor for eight years, and know all about the relations of Pastor and people. I tell you, brethren, you can't love your Pastor too much, or pray for him too much - he needs your examples and prayers. This brother said to me, about four weeks after I had preached a sermon in his town: "I heard your sermon on 'Home Religion' and it waked me up." He was a man of intelligence. I said, "What about it?" "I went home," said he, "and studied my children four weeks, in all of their varied characteristics, and all of the phases of their character and life, and I reached a verdict." "What was that?" said I. "Well, I found out that my children haven't got a single fault that I or their mother hasn't got, or a single virtue that we have not got; a direct copy of my wife and myself our children are." Our examples! A father said to me once, and he was a conscientious, good man, too: "A few days ago I was in a grocery store, where they sold provisions in the front part and kept beer and other liquors for sale in the back room. I was in there buying groceries, when a gentleman came in and said to me, 'Won't you have a glass of beer?' Without a thought, although I was never in the habit of it, I accepted. I walked back, and the beer was drawn, and as I put it to my lips my little boy pulled at my finger and said: 'Papa, what's that you're drinking?' I stopped drinking, and told the little fellow it was beer. After a while the child again pulled my finger and asked me: 'Papa, what was that you were drinking just now?' And I told him again it was beer, lager beer; and so it was again as we were going up the street, my child pulled at my finger again and said: 'What did you say that was you were drinking, papa?' and as he asked that again. O God, my God, I would have given all the world to have been able to recall that act. I am afraid that one act will make a drunkard of my child." Our examples! Brethren, hear me. I shall never do, or suffer myself to do, or suffer any one else to do, in my home, in the radius of my influence, any thing that would or could curse mine or anybody's child. You can have cards at your house if you want to, but until this world burns down, I never will, so help me God. They shall never be brought in or remain in my house. Do you ask me why? Nine tenths of the gamblers of this city were raised in Christian homes; they are the most polite and refined gentlemen in town, and if cards in any Christian home ever made a gambler out of a Christian boy, then so long as life shall last, I will never have cards in my house. If demi-johns, and glasses, and bottles ever damned a member of the Church's son, then, so long as I have given my home to God, demijohns, glasses, and bottles shall have no place there. And I will tell you another thing. Old Brother Demijohn and old Sister Demijohn, you are just raising up drunkards by the hundreds, and I reckon if God Almighty lets your sort of folks into Heaven, the very angels would call out, "Brother Demijohn and Sister Demijohn, have you got in at last?" And some women have reached the degraded stratum where they are nothing more or less than barkeepers for their husband, stirring their toddies and mixing their drinks. Next to the biggest fool that God's eyes ever looked upon is a woman who stirs toddies for her husband; but the biggest fool God's eyes ever beheld is a woman that will marry a man with whisky on his breath.

I know what I am talking about. I believe if I had had such a wife as some drinking men in this city have today, I would now be in a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell this moment but, thank God, my wife never would touch, taste, nor handle, nor suffer it in her house. I have had a woman come to me, who in her young married life had indulged her husband and seen that his wines and liquors were carefully prepared for him - I have had her come to me with haggard face, and cry out, "O Mr. Jones, in God's name, help me to save my husband from death and hell"; and she gave her husband the first years of her married life in the encouragement of drinking! An old woman in a county in Georgia - I was preaching prohibition down there, and I never felt more at home preaching Jesus Christ to sinners than I felt down there preaching prohibition - I know that it's unpopular in this city. I have been preaching prohibition experimentally, practically, collectively, and personally for about thirteen years, and it's never hurt me yet, but whisky liked to have knocked me in about thirteen months. In one county where I was talking prohibition this old snaggle toothed, wrinkle faced bag said of me, "I hope God will kill that man before election day for trying to rob people of their living." This old Mrs. So and so had buried three husbands in drunkards graves. My Lord, what sort of an old hag was that?

I'll tell you another thing; I don't know how the Preachers have been preaching to you - they are all better men than I am - but if the occupants of the two hundred pulpits in this city will stand up and talk for law and order, sobriety and righteousness will prevail in this city. God wake up the pulpits and help the brothers to talk about things that are damning this city! One Preacher will talk about evangelical methods, and another Preacher will split hairs a mile long on real and unreal regeneration. I never hear a man read this text - with all due respect to the Preachers - "Except ye be born again ye can not enter into the kingdom of Heaven" - I say I never hear that text read from the pulpit but I wish you to add: "If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from unrighteousness." Jesus Christ knew how to preach, brethren, and Jesus Christ touched that subject to one man, an intelligent man who staggered back and asked, "Why, how can this thing be?" Hear me, brother. God's Gospel is to teach a man to quit his meanness. Come to God, and let the Lord explain His own works and let God do His own work. I heard of a grand Preacher who had a grand revival; he preached day and night for three weeks on regeneration, and he never had a single convert; but brother, I believe the Gospel of Jesus Christ is adequate to reach every sinner in this city.

I am not going to run the grand old ship of Zion about ten miles from shore. I am going to bring her to the land. Ten million sinners might look at the old ship away off and say, "There she is, but I can't get to her, for if I tried to swim to her I would drown." Brother, brother, let's run the old ship in until her keel strikes the shore. Tell the world: "All aboard! This grand old ship is going by!" You can't get the old ship of Zion too close to sinners.

"I have corrupted no man with my life; my example has been right"; that's it. "I have wronged no man; I have set no bad example." In addition to that Paul said, I have defrauded no man in a business transaction. O, for hands like these to work for God and for man!

Talk about Ingersoll, I never met an intelligent man yet that had been damned by Bob Ingersoll. The only difference between Bob Ingersoll and any other fellow running after him is this: Bob Ingersoll plays the fool for \$1,500 a night, and this little fellow runs after him and plays the fool for nothing, and boards himself. And I tell you Bob Ingersoll is going to continue to play that kind of a

fool as long as this country gives him \$1,500 a night to insult God and ridicule his precious Word; and yet you go to hear him. If I had a dog to go and hear him I would kill him. He couldn't come to my house any more.

"I have defrauded no man in any business transaction." Brother, let us look into this and do what it says; do what you say you'll do and quit defrauding men. Brother, hear me; a man who has \$50,000, \$100,000 riding in a \$1,200 carriage and living in a \$25,000 house, driving down the streets meets a poor old widow from whom he has stolen. I tell you if there is any hell, it's for that kind of a man. There's no use talking. I'll tell you another thing. There are too many men in this country boarding with their wives: no doubt about that. Let me tell you another thing - when the fellow does a clean thing, God Almighty will stand by him. He will give him three square meals every day if He has to put the angels on one third rations. Let's do right and defraud no man, and we will have righteousness, peace, and joy.

Well, I have talked considerably over an hour. I did not intend to. But hear me, let's think about these things. I tell you I never - I tell you I never want to see a revival in this city, or anywhere else, that isn't bottomed on bed rock. Let's go down until you hear your boot heels grating and grinding against the Rock of Ages. None of your corn stalk revivals! We want the sort of revival that will make men do the clean thing. If we can have that sort of revival I want to see it - but not corn stalk revivals. Do you know what a corn stalk revival is? Well, if you were to pile up a lot of corn stalks as high as this house, and burn them up, there wouldn't be a hodful of ashes. We want a revival of righteousness - we want a revival of honesty; we want a revival of cleanness and purity, of debt paying, of prayer meetings, of family prayer, and of paying our brothers a little more salary. That's the sort of revival we want. The Lord give us this sort!

One more illustration in conclusion. Some months ago a man was fearfully crippled in his right leg by a railroad accident. It was fearfully mangled and bruised. They wanted to amputate the leg, but he said: "O I don't want to lose my limb; preserve it if you can." They watched at his side until at last the surgeon said: "My friend, the crisis has come when we must amputate your leg." He said: "Doctor, has it reached that point?" "Yes," said the surgeon. "Well," said he, submissively, "if there is no chance to save my leg, get your knife and go to work." When they got all ready and laid the patient on the table to commence the fearful operation, the surgeons desired to administer chloroform, but the mangled man said: "I do not want to take that; if I die I want to die in my full consciousness, but I want you to let me know by some sign when I begin to sink, so that I can breathe my spirit out in prayer." They told him that he couldn't stand the operation without chloroform, but he said that he could. The doctor picked up the knife and said to the patient, "If you see me lay the knife down on the table you may know that you are sinking." The doctor commenced the operation, and the man did not flinch. When he struck the arteries he laid his knife down to adjust them, and the young man took it for a sign that he was dying, and commenced praying. The surgeon picked up the knife and resumed his work. In a few minutes the operation was over, and he saw he was saved, and he turned to the surgeon and said: "Doctor, when you picked the knife up from the table and began your operation, it was the sweetest sensation I ever felt in my life." "What do you mean?" said the doctor. "I mean," said he, "that those sensations meant life for me." Now, brother, when God Almighty throws down the pruning knife it is a sign that you are sinking - the sword of the Divine Spirit cutting through the tendrils of sin; but, thank God, He has not laid down the sword. The sword of the Spirit means life. O brother, come to life in the

presence of Jesus, and die in his love. God help us to take these things home with us!

## 02. Hold the Fort

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Hold the Fort "My people doth not consider" (Isaiah 1:3) The charge that God brought against his ancient people was this - "My people doth not consider" (Isaiah 1:3). The etymological definition of that word is "to look at a thing until you see it." If we look at a landscape a glance will take in the main features - such as the mountain scenery, the stream, and the hamlet. A consideration or careful examination will show the foliage of the mountain trees, the road leading to the mansion, the cattle grazing on the hill slopes, and so on. There is a great difference between glancing at an object and considering it. Now let us consider the situation here. This service, brethren, is rather an unusual service in the city - Saturday night service - and we wind up the business of this week. And we'll wind up life after awhile. What will we be then? Oh, to be a grand, a pure, a noble man, is the assurance, and the only assurance, that we'll be happy and pure and noble forever. I am very anxious indeed to see us not only right ourselves, but I am so anxious to see the sinners of this town saved. When all the Church members get right - if such a consummation could be brought about - then we have only prepared ourselves to do the work God wants us to do.

I will tell you how I feel about it. I have been feeling a good deal since I have been here. I have pulled, and pulled, and pulled at different times in different places in my life; and here I have pulled and pulled. Sometimes it looked like all the world was a load and I was pulling. And brethren, I have reached the point now where you ought to pull some and you ought to push some. I will tell you what is true, if God Almighty had blessed me with the money that some of you have - and you may not have a great deal - if God Almighty had blessed me with such a home as some of you have, and with so many blessings as He has blessed you, I'd put in the next week for Him as no Christian in this town ever put in a week for God.

We'll never do anything with this city, when the Christian world looks like you can just take nickels and scatter them along, one every ten feet, and tote them right into hell with them. We'll never do anything with such a world - never!

I will tell you another thing: you need not say I am a fool - and all that sort of thing. I've got a wife and I've got children to support, just like you have, and I love my wife and children just as you do; but I tell you one thing; here is one man that is going to do his duty every day to God and the right, and if me and my wife and children starve to death, we'll make out like we died with typhoid fever; we'll not say one word about it in any way, shape or form. But I want to see one man starve that is doing his duty. And we'll never take this town for Christ, and you down town at your business every hour of the day, and when night comes, pin on the pinions of an old owl, and flap out and come to meeting. We won't do it.

God Almighty sent this very work along here in St. Louis to prepare some of you members of the Church for your coffins, and to prepare many a sinner in this town for eternity. And if an angel were to alight on this stand this moment and say, "Ten people in this town will be in their coffins next Saturday night," ah, me! - without mentioning any names - I'll tell you that every soul in this house would be here every time this bell rang. You are going to die next Saturday night. I don't know

whether it is I or somebody else, but there are ten of us, who may be in our coffins next Saturday night.

We have no time to throw away in this work. One third of my time is gone now. I have no time or disposition to come here and camp with you all through the winter - three or four or six months. I expect to be away from here, and before the first day of February I expect to see thousands of souls converted in another city. I expect to; verily I do. I have no time to fool away with you all. If you want me and say so, I am your man, under God; but if you don't I want you to say so. I will take the first train that leaves this town on Monday morning.

You aren't in earnest. You don't mean anything. I can buy out your interest in this meeting for a quarter, and I expect a great many of you haven't made a quarter each day while we were here serving and praying and working the best way we could, and you gadding about town.

I believe it's the first meeting I ever ran in my life when there were more men out at any service than women; and I tell you when it gets so good women in a city are scarce, things are getting mighty bad, they are, sure as you're born.

There isn't any doubt about that. I've seen a few towns where good men were scarce, but I believe you've got less earnest Christian women in this town than any town I have ever known of its size. What do you think about that?

Now, there is no use in quibbling over the matter at all, brethren. If St. Joseph can rush up under a tent four times a day, and turn everything loose - and God has blessed that town as I scarcely know God has ever blessed a town in the United States of America of its size, almost literally redeemed St. Joseph, Mo. - you can. How came that? The people got interested and took stock; don't you see! That was all. Now, how may we obtain just such a blessing? By getting interested and taking stock.

I will tell you how I feel about it. I can afford to fail. Christ could afford to fail in some places, for in some places he didn't do many wonderful works. What paper is it in your city that that article was in today that spoke about burying Sam Jones?

It says: "Jones has come here to be buried. We buried Moody here, and he has never done anything since; and we buried Harrison here, and he has never done anything since." I believe that is about the sense of the article. "And Jones has come to St. Louis to be buried." Yes, I will be the best man that was ever buried in this community. You'll never bury Jones - I'll say that to you. My faith in God, and faith in the right, and faith in the Cross of Christ, will be as strong when I leave this city if not a single soul is blessed, as it shall be if one hundred thousand are blessed. My faith in God Almighty doesn't depend upon what the Christian people in St. Louis will or will not do. I have no notion of going into my grave till I die, and then I will go in as gracefully and as dignified as a man ever did; but I will never be dignified until I do die. That's just the way I feel about it.

Well, now, I don't like to call up the memories of the war, not at all; and if there is any section in all America that the war question brings up sad memories in, it is here and in Missouri. I would not lift the mantle and veil of charity from a single scar that was left by the war. Not that. But let me tell you a little war incident. I do not care which side you were on. You admire a brave man, to whichever side he belonged. I do. I love a brave man today, whether he wore the blue or the gray.

I like a brave man, for me or against me. I despise a coward in blue or gray. When Johnston turned over his army to Hood in Atlanta - Joe Johnston that carried his army on, back and back, retreating before Sherman until he reached Atlanta - there Johnston turned over his army to Hood. Hood was a gallant man and a brave man. He had already lost one of his legs in battle, and when he took charge of Johnston's army he came round back into Tennessee with it, and, you recollect, fought the bloody battle of Franklin, perhaps one of the most bloody battles of the war. When that battle was raging hot and thick, Gen. Hood's tent was on a prominence, and from that prominence Gen. Hood, in walking up and down in front of his tent, could see the battle. He could see lines and he could hear the booming of the cannon and the rattle of the musketry. And as he walked up and down in front of the tent, halting with his artificial leg, every time he turned his eyes downward towards the lines he saw that there was a fort out in a locust grove that was literally hewing down his ranks by the hundred. Every time he walked up and down in front of his tent, limping as he walked and every time he turned his face towards the lines he saw that that fort in the locust grove was literally hewing down his ranks.

After he had watched the fight awhile he called his Adjutant General to him. That officer rode up on his bloody horse, and Gen. Hood said: "Adjutant, go and present my compliments to Gen. Cheatham, and tell him that I ask at his hands that fort in the locust grove." The Adjutant General loped off with all the speed of his horse. In a few minutes he returned and said: "Gen. Hood, Gen. Cheatham is missing. They think he has been killed, He has not been seen in two hours." Gen. Hood bowed his head, and marched up and down in front of his tent, and every time he turned his face to the lines, that fort in the locust grove was literally hewing down his ranks to the ground. And directly he called his Adjutant General again, and he said: "Adjutant General, go and present my compliments to Gen. Claiborne, and tell him I ask at his hands the fort in the locust grove." The Adjutant General loped off down the lines and in a few moments came back and said: "Gen. Hood, Gen. Claiborne is dead on the battlefield."

Gen. Hood dropped his head, and the tears ran down his cheeks as he marched up and down in front of his tent. He looked through the tears as they glistened in his eyes and saw that the fort in the locust grove was still hewing his ranks to the ground. And directly he called his Adjutant General again, and he said: "Adjutant General, go and present my love" - he is softening down now, no longer compliments - "Adjutant General, go and present my love to Gen. Cockrell and tell him I ask at his hands that fort in the locust grove." The Adjutant General loped off down the line, and rode up to Gen. Cockrell. I believe he is, perhaps, from your city or state - one of the youngest Generals in the Southern army. The Adjutant General rode up to him and said: "Gen. Cockrell, Gen. Hood sends you his love, and says he asks at your hands that fort in the locust grove." Gen. Cockrell straightened himself up in his saddle, and said: "1st Missouri Brigade, attention!" And he dropped his fingers on that fort. They charged upon the fort with intrepid courage and captured it, and Gen. Cockrell called his Adjutant General and said: "Adjutant General, go and present my love to Gen. Hood, and also tell him that I present him the fort in the locust grove." And I want to tell you Christian people here whether that incident be true or not, it illustrates what I desire to say to you. I am here as the adjutant general of the Lord Jesus Christ, and I say to you Christian people, as I point over this wicked city, that the Lord Jesus Christ presents his love to you Christian people, and He wants at your hands every fort of sin in this community, and in less than thirty days I hope you all with one accord will say, "Lord Jesus, we present our love to you, and we

also present the city redeemed by Thy grace."

I want every Christian man that is ready to march out into line, not to fight his fellow man, but to bring his neighbor and friend to God and do what he can for the race. This coming week I will do my best, and I want every Christian in this house, of every denomination, who feels like saying: "God is my helper; I will go into the fight, and pray and work and do my best". I want every such an one to stand up; and I hope you will all stand up immediately and say: "That is my honest conviction. I want to go into the fight. I want to do my best."

Brethren, there cannot be a movement without friction, a battle without an issue, no issue without browsing of lines, and no victory without a fight. The fight is now on. Will you come up to the help of the Lord against the powers that be?

Well, thank God for this Saturday night meeting. God bless this service to the good of every Christian here. Now, we say to you all, we want the battle to begin now; we want the battle to be pushed on now. If you good women will pray as you ought, you will hear of such a meeting as St. Louis never had before. God give us power, and I want to tell you that nothing but the power of God can ever reach this city. Nothing but the power of God. God Almighty does not ask any more odds in St. Louis, if you take hold right, than He does in the smallest town in the state. He is an omnipotent God, and can do all He undertakes. Now we are going to sing "Hold the Fort, for I Am Coming." I want everybody to join in that song, and afterwards we will pronounce the benediction.

## 03. Eternal Punishment, Or The Logic of Damnation

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### Eternal Punishment, Or The Logic of Damnation

"Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil" (Ecclesiastes 8:11) This is a wonderful old book we preachers take our texts from. In the book of Genesis we read of the creation of the world and the origin of man. God devotes one book to tell me of my origin, and the thousand chapters that follow tell me where I am going. We spend an hour here today on the pathway to the grave. This text belongs legitimately to the conclusion of the sermon, which is the answer to a question I want to ask you. I want first to ask the question, and I want us to spend twenty or thirty minutes trying to answer that question, and then we will let God answer this question; for we ought to be willing that God should answer all questions that pertain to life and salvation. The question which I now propound plainly stated is this: "Why will you continue in sin?" Now, as simple as every word of that text is, may be we can spend a minute or two profitably in consideration of these words, "Why will you continue in sin?" I don't ask why you happen to be already a sinner. That involves three logical questions, which we have not the ability to discuss. I don't ask why you have come out to this service a sinner. That will involve exculpatory statements on your part, which I have not the time nor disposition to hear. But the question plainly stated is not, "Should you remain in sin?" or, "How you are a sinner?" but, "Why will you leave here an impenitent sinner?" And we narrow the question down a little, and we put it in this shape: "Why will you?" I don't mean the one behind you, nor the one in front of you. I mean you. God bless you! This is a very personal matter.

You can't get anybody to die for you; and can't get anybody to stand in your stead at the day of Judgment and be damned for you. You stand in your own shoes, as if you are the only individual that ever violated a law of God. This is preeminently a personal matter, and we don't ask you why the world continues in sin or why the members of the Churches continue in sin, but we ask you, "Why will you continue in sin another day, another hour, another week?"

We say first: Is it because you are ignorant as to the nature of sin? Does any man in this congregation give me as his reason for living today in sin and living on in sin, because he doesn't know what sin is? Is there a man here this evening that doesn't know it is wrong to drink, wrong to violate the Sabbath, wrong to live in neglect of his Christian duty? Do you plead ignorance of the nature of sin? The world stands convicted at this point.

You let a member of the Church do wrong, and you are the first one to see it. You let my foot slip, and you are the first man to see it and talk about it; and your criticisms upon the life of the Christian people are an everlasting demonstration that you know what right is, and that you know what wrong is. You know there is a vast difference between the way we look at men in Church and out of Church. The world expects something of a man in Church. I am glad it does. The world doesn't expect much of you, and if it did it would be very much disappointed. Here is the difference between a member of the Church and a man out of Church. The member of the Church is a white piece of canvas, and if any thing is sprinkled upon him it makes a spot easy to discern. But that old

sinner is a black, dingy piece of canvas, and you can just take any thing and rub upon him, and it doesn't show at all.

You let me go into a bar room and take a drink of whisky, and it is wired all over the country, and read in every newspaper at the breakfast table tomorrow morning. You go in and take a drink every morning and nobody notices you. This is the difference between a gentleman and a vagabond. You let me go out on the streets and profane the name of God, and it is flashed across the world, "Jones is in the city swearing." You can swear every day. Nobody notices you. Nobody expects any better of you for it. That is the difference between a gentleman and a vagabond. I thank God, I have lived to see the day in my State when nobody will swear or drink whisky but vagabonds. You don't like that? Do you? I don't blame you. I would not either. Fifteen years ago I would have felt very much insulted if I heard a Preacher say that. The truth is the same now that it was then, but, O, what a different fellow I am now from what I was then. Drinking is the habit of a vagabond, and profanity is the habit of a vagabond; and if you will be profane and swear you lack that much of being a gentleman. No gentleman will profane the name of God, and whatever else you lack, I am sorry to say that many of you come that much short of being a gentleman.

Ignorant of the nature of sin! Will you say you don't know your life is wrong? Every man answers back, and says: "That is not my excuse. I know what right is, and I know right is right. I know what wrong is, and further than that, I know wrong is wrong." Then we stop here and ask you this question: Is there any man that says, "The reason I live in sin is because I don't know what the consequences of a sinful life are"? I know, forsooth, because this nineteenth century is wicked, there is a hell. I heard a Minister say once, "That science is going to demonstrate that there is no hell." Said I, "When the delegation comes back I want to be on hand when they report." Science knows as little about hell, and what is in hell, as science knows about the birth place of God. The biggest fool I know is that fool who gets into the biggest, broadest way to hell, and stops by the way and tries to persuade men there is no hell. The biggest fool is the man who spends his probationary existence in arguing that there is no hell, and then lies down in hell forever, realizing that there is one. You poor dunce, what do you know of what is down there? Did you ever attend a Universalist meeting? I was at a Universalist meeting one day, and that day all the red nosed drunkards and gamblers and rascals of the town had the front seats and amen corners. All I want to know of a Preacher is, who has got the amen corners?

God pity you living in sin. What is to become of you? Let this Book speak out, and this is the only Book that says any thing of the other side of the tomb. I will keep to this Book until you find us something better, for this Book says that "the wicked shall be turned into hell with all the nations that forget God." I believe in a bottomless hell, and I believe that the wicked shall be turned into hell. I do believe that the righteous have hope after death, and eternal life is the legitimate end of a good man. I mean to say that God will not punish a single person except he fly in the face of the required law laid down on every page of this Book; except he lay his hand over every scar in his heart and says there is no scar there. I do believe if a man lives right he will get to Heaven, and those who do wrong will go to hell. Do you think there is fire there? I don't know whether there will be any before you get there, unless you take something with you to burn you through all eternity. Every sinner carries his own brimstone with him. No sir, that man says he knows the legitimate end of a sinful life is hell; and if you will tell me how long sin will last, I will tell you how long hell will last. "It is not because I am ignorant of the nature or consequences of sin that I continue in it," may

be your reply to my question. Then what is it? Are you indifferent to the results? O, how many men meet truth without a tremor in their muscles. When a man reaches this point, when you can't move him with truth, he is immovable.

What stolid indifference we meet on all sides! Men know their life is short, and that they may be in their coffins before tomorrow evening's sun, yet they are indifferent to their condition. "Indifferent?" You say, "I know what Preachers think of me, and neighbors think of me as indifferent, but down in my heart I think and feel more than anybody has discovered. I have gone home from Church with my Christian wife, her arm in mine, and I have heard my soul beat with conviction, but I would not have my wife hear it. Thank God, wherever else I went, I was never indifferent to the great truths of eternity. No, sir; it is not indifference. I look as if I were, but I am not."

Then, we ask, Is it recklessness? Is it because you know the truth and will dare the truth? Is it that? Recklessness is a poor thing in any world. O, how reckless some men are. We see that Alpine hunter as he walks on the narrow paths, with precipices on both sides. He realizes his risk, yet he walks on across the path, while the very dog that walks behind him will wince and turn. I have known men who seemed to be so reckless that they were unwilling to live on to their threescore years and ten, and lie down and die in the natural order of things. I see them at twenty years of age begin to drink, and they drink on until thirty years of age. They know they are about gone. "One year more, just twelve months, is all I can last," they say. Yet the poor fellow goes on, and seems to be grieving for damnation. And I see him walk out on the street, all besotted with whisky, and pick a quarrel with a friend, and that friend shoots him down, and he leaps from the sidewalks of the city into hell. God pity you! After all that has been said and done you will go, within twelve months, to a drunkard's grave! Forty years old, and before you are forty-one you will fall into a drunkard's grave! How is it?

Recklessness! You say, "I know wrong is wrong, but I won't heed it. I curse publicly. I drink openly. I sin with a high hand." God pity you! If I were going to sin I would crawl off in some dark corner and never let my example be seen to lead on any others. How reckless poor humanity is at times concerning the truth! It hurries on to the edge of the precipice, and stands and shudders but a moment, then makes a leap, from which there is no recovering forever.

"No, sir, it is not recklessness!"

Then I stop and ask you this question - Is it because you are satisfied in your present condition? Thank God, no man was ever satisfied with himself as a sinner. Twenty-five years of the gall of bitterness and the bonds of iniquity have persuaded me that no man would ever be satisfied with himself as a sinner. Like the rough sea, you have no rest. You are devoid of peace within your breast. Thank God, he will not let a sinner lie down and sleep on his way to hell.

"No, Sir, I am not satisfied with myself." And when those innocent children throw their lovely arms around your neck and look up in your face, in all the innocence of their nature, you say, "Of all the women that God ever gave children to, I am least calculated to lead them to God and everlasting life."

"Satisfied with myself? No, sir. Nobody can say that away from God and on his way to Perdition."

Then we will ask again, is it because of your inconsideration? I know sometimes a man will look at a thing and look off. Do you know what bar rooms are for, and billiard tables, and cards, and Germans? They are tricks of the devil to keep your minds off of yourself. Sometimes men get conviction of the Divine Spirit, and they will go and dance it off, drink and swear and gamble it off. God pity a man who has convictions and will dance and curse them away; convictions that a lost spirit would give the world if he could have. If the devil can keep you busy all day in your store and make you dance yourself to sleep, he has got you pretty safe. There are members of the Church that rent houses for bar rooms. You are a joint stock owner of that thing, and if you can tell me how a man of God can be a joint stockholder in a bar room, then you have explained to me one of the profoundest mysteries of moral science. Every man belonging to a club is a joint owner of that bar room. I have been expecting some of the high bred gentlemen to come forward and defend the club. If I had such a nice thing I would just hire newspapers and defend it. And I will tell you that no bar room, that no deck of cards, can be defended in Heaven, on earth or in hell. You could not hire a decent idiot to sail into me on that question. I suppose some of you are mean enough to sail in, but you have got too much sense. I can associate with members of the Church, who belong to it, but when you set in to defend it, I would not wipe my feet on you. I am perfectly willing to give you all the time that I am not engaged in preaching.

"It is not because I am satisfied with my present condition. It is not because I won't think. I have thought, but doubts arise about these things." Is it because you are leading a sort of compromise life? Do you say, I am going to be religious after a while? There is not a lost spirit in hell that has not said the same thing. You are going to be religious tomorrow. All that is within you, between you and eternal despair, is your heart that beats, and if that heart stops beating you are gone forever. "No," you say, "it is not because I am leading a compromise life." Is it because a spiritual apathy has taken possession of you? O, how men sleep over their eternal interests! A man sleeping on the edge of a precipice, and he may go over forever! The wife of Mr. Rogers, of Marietta, Ga., was indisposed one morning. He sent a servant down the street for quinine, and when he returned with it, his wife took the prescription, mixed it and swallowed it. She then went to the door and said, "Husband, that was not quinine I took, just now." He ran hurriedly to the drug store. "What is that you sent my wife?" And the doctor answered, "I have sent enough morphine to your house to kill a dozen persons. I did it by mistake."

He ran back and got another physician and they went to his house and commenced to administer emetics. A death like stupor came over her, and she turned to her husband and said: "Please, sir, let me go to sleep." "O, no, if you go to sleep you will not awaken this side of eternity." They walked her up and down the floor, threw cold water on her face and continued to administer emetics. Again the death like stupor seized her and she said - "Please, sir, let me go to sleep five minutes." "No, wife, if you sleep five minutes you will never waken up again." And they worked and wearied until four hours passed away, and then the doctor said, "Now we have saved her." I have seen thousands with that death like stupor upon them, and they say, "Just let me sleep these last precious verses through", and as the last note dies away they are asleep, and when they awake they will open their eyes in hell. God pity a man that will sleep his eternal interests away.

You say it is not ignorance as to the nature of sin; it is not the consequences of sin; it is not because you are leading a compromise life; nor because of inconsiderateness; nor because you are sleeping through your interests. Is it because you have a conquered peace that defies all the

batteries of Heaven?

Bishop Pierce was preaching at a camp meeting in Georgia, and among those attending there was a man not a Christian. He was an old man, and sat out in the straw in front of the Bishop. The Bishop said, when he sat down, "Something said to me, 'You are preaching the last awakening sermon that man will ever hear,' and the good power came to me, and I turned it upon the head of that old sinner." He sat and turned and twisted in his chair, and bit his lips, and when the Bishop quit preaching he got up, went to his cottage and barred the door, fastened the window, and prostrated himself on his face. By and by his wife came and knocked for admission, and the only answer she received was the groans of her husband. She looked through the cracks of the door and saw him prostrated on his face. She went back at 3 o'clock and he was in the same position. At sundown the battle was going on; at 12 o'clock that night the contest was still going on, waxing hotter and thicker, but grander in its results than the battles of Waterloo, or Gettysburg, or any battle that earth ever saw. At sunrise the next morning it continued, and at 9 o'clock it yet went on. At 1 o'clock the wife was standing opposite the cottage, and she saw the door fly open and she ran up to him. She could tell by the cold marble of his countenance that he had conquered. Yet it took him twenty-five hours to do it. That old man lived and died, but he did not have to fight any other battle.

You have got to surrender to God this evening. The hell spirit is here, and you have got to expel this spirit out of your heart. It may not take you twenty-five hours; it may not take you twenty-five seconds to fight the last battle. How long will we go on in sin? How long will God forbear? Where does hope end, and where begin the confines of despair? Will you take the step this evening from which there is no recovery? In Ecclesiastes, chapter eight, eleventh verse, is the logic of damnation. Because sentences are not speedily executed; because justice does not crush you down immediately, are you to go on to ruin? Because there are ten years between me and eternal punishment, shall I spend these ten years in sin? Because God is good, shall I keep on in wickedness?

If that drunken man knew that in his next drunken dream God would send him to hell; if that profane swearer knew that the next oath he swore God would send him immediately to hell, they would not drink or swear any more. Don't think because the sentence is not speedily executed you can keep going speedily on. God help every one of us this evening! I recollect that day in my experience when I could look my precious wife in the face and say, "I have drunk my last drop, wife." I recollect when I could look my friends in the face and say, "I have sworn my last oath."

Don't put it off any longer, until you are gray headed. Choose you this day whom you will serve. If I were a young man I would want to be religious. If I were an old man I would want to be religious. If the Spirit of God in Christ had always been cruel to me, I would serve him for what he was to my mother. O, how good He was to her. How He charmed her to His loving heart, and how sweetly she died! If Christ had always been cruel to me I would love Him for what He was to my precious father. I would love Him for what He is to my precious wife and children. I will love and praise Him forever for what He has done for me and mine.

## 04. Law and Order

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Law and Order "And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." (Galatians 6:9)

Brethren, I want to preach from two sides of this text tonight, one half to you as Christians and the other half to you brethren - I mean what I say -who are not Christians. You are my brother, but I shall preach the first few minutes from this text to Christian people.

"And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." God says if we don't weary in well doing, we shall reap. I trust that in thirty days from this good hour every Christian here can write "T. P." opposite this verse in the margin of his or her Bible - "tried and proven" to be true. God says if we would not grow weary in well doing we should reap - reap a harvest of husbands and wives and sons and daughters for garnerers in the sky. Now, brother, this is a declaration with a promise attached - if you won't grow weary in well doing you shall reap a harvest.

I wonder what that "well doing" referred to in this verse is? I will drop back a few verses and find out. Brethren, first, well doing in a Christian life is this: "Brethren, if a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such a one in the spirit of meekness; considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Thus I learn from the lesson before us that the first duty of every Christian man is to ignore himself, and crucify himself, and live only for the good of others. We never have much trouble after we have gotten rid of ourselves. My biggest job is managing myself, and I'd rather undertake to control and manage Cincinnati than to manage myself.

I can get the police to help me manage Cincinnati, if I can get them straight to start with. I can get the Law and Order League and the Committee of One Hundred, and get help from various other directions, to help me control this city. I'll tell you another thing: I hope when God blessed Cincinnati with another election - I refer not to any previous election, or to any man who ever held the office of mayor - but I trust that the next mayor you have will enforce the laws of the city if he has to die in the ditch in his endeavor to keep it straight. I'll tell you another thing; If I were a citizen of Cincinnati I would die by the Law and Order League. I would stand up with the citizens of the Committee of One Hundred until my feet flew from under me. I would go into every thing and stay with every thing that looked towards law and order. Understand that? It is your only safety as a city; it is the safety of the commonwealth of each State, and the safety of municipal corporations - the enforcement of law. Law is made not for good citizens, but for bad citizens, and there isn't a law on the statute books of Ohio that is odious to law abiding people. What do you say to that? I am ready now and ready forever to die by the laws of my State, good or bad. I am branching off from my text, but what I have said is Gospel just as much as any thing I could say.

God bless you people of Cincinnati and rally you round the code of your city, and the laws of your city, and help you to stand by them and to see them enforced, and if any fellow doesn't like these laws let him emigrate -you have no use for him, no how! This is a free country. If he doesn't want

to stay in a law abiding city, why, let him emigrate, and if you all haven't money enough to buy him a ticket, if he will write me a letter I'll furnish him a ticket, for the sake of the love I bear to you all. Law and order, righteousness, let it reign on earth, and let all good citizens stand by it. That's it! If I were mayor of this city next Sunday and Monday, there would be a thousand fellows in your lock ups, and station houses, and jails, on Monday night sure. Put that down!

Every man in this town that opened his bar room on Sunday I would put in jail, if I had to call out the militia of the city to help put him there. Every bar room door that is flung open in Cincinnati on Sunday is against the law, and in direct opposition to the law of your city and of your State; and, brethren, in the name of God, let's enforce the law, or let's call our Legislature home, and quit paying them to go up there to Columbus and enact a set of rules and laws that they don't intend to carry out. Abolish the Legislature, burn the code, or make up your mind to stand up for law and order. God bless the Law and Order League and the Committee of One Hundred!

If there's a saloon keeper in this city that doesn't like the way things are run, tell him to emigrate, demijohn and all - you wouldn't miss him! You can well spare twenty-nine hundred saloon keepers and beer gardens, and then have one hundred of them left, and the Lord knows that's enough. A hundred saloons ought to do you, if you ain't the greediest crowd I ever struck. If we can't do any thing with law and order on these saloons, let's starve them out. I understand that a good many of them have got to that point now that they can't settle their bills. They say they never saw business so dull in their line in their life. Thank God for dull business along on that line!

Brethren, stand by your Law and Order League, by your Committee of One Hundred, and by your mayor in the enforcement of the law, and not only stand by your mayor, but tell him if he doesn't pitch in and enforce the law he can never be elected dog pelter in this town, much less mayor again. The mayor isn't the boss of the town. He's the servant of everybody and anybody, and, brethren, let's make our servants do what we want them to do. That's the way.

Law and order! Why, see what this little movement here has already done. You've shut up the theaters here on Sunday, and I'll tell you, if you'll push the battle on you will do like the citizens of St. Joseph, Mo. When I went there, an honest Preacher, the Pastor of a Church in that city, came to me and said: "Brother Jones, don't open your mouth about the liquor traffic here or they'll put dynamite under the house you sleep in and blow you up!" "What?" said I. "They'll kill you before twenty-four hours if you ever denounce the liquor traffic, and they'll do it with dynamite," said the Preacher, earnestly. "If they blow me up with dynamite," said I, "I'll get a fine momentum, and I'll keep on all the harder. The tendency of the flash of this thing is upward, and it'll give a fellow a good start. I like that."

Well, out there in St. Joseph I turned my guns loose on that traffic, and in less than thirty days from the time I left there they had over hauled the 180 bar keepers, found 180 true bills against them, indicted them, brought them up before the court, and they walked up to the judge and took solemn oath they'd never sell another drop of liquor on Sunday if the judge would only be light on them that time and let them off. They knew they were doing wrong, and they persisted in it until they were brought up sharply. Law and order has got to prevail in this city, and if it does, you're going to see another state of things in Cincinnati. You good people are in the majority.

It is all a great big lie about the hoodlums running this town. I know some of the best citizens of this city are Germans, and I have received letters while I have been here from German citizens that have brought joy to my heart. Thank God for every German in this city that is for law and order! Thank God for every American here that is in favor of law and order! In this democratic country, I mean republican country, the majority rules. In a republican form of government the majority always rules, and the good citizens of this town are in that majority; and, now, let's come forward and dare to assert ourselves in favor of law and order and righteousness.

Well, I must come to my text. What I have been saying is good Gospel, and it will do your children good after you are dead and gone if you will follow that kind of Gospel; and the Lord knows I didn't come to this city to get up a shout and go round corn stalk meeting, where they all shout and afterward go on with their devilment, but I came here to get up a Ten Commandments revival, a Sermon on the Mount revival, and to preach righteousness among the people.

I will tell you another thing; the responsive hearts and the responsive presence of the people here in this hall to the Gospel as it has been preached have convinced me that Ohio and Cincinnati are overwhelmingly in favor of law and order, and may God bless you for showing it.

But, brethren, I must return to my text: "And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not." The first duty of every man is to ignore himself and his own purpose and desires and intentions, crucify himself and live only for the good of others. That's it. O, how I love to see a self sacrificing man - a man that loves humanity better than he loves himself. I like that sort of a man. He is an honor to his race and a blessing to the world.

We have a man down our way in Georgia; he's a little Methodist Preacher on a circuit now. Whenever I walk into the presence of that man I think he's the largest man I ever looked at, and he just expands in my presence when I look in his face, and I get whittled down until I feel I'm no bigger than a mole hill beside a majestic mountain. Why does he look so large? Because, when I look into that face, I'm looking into the face of the most unselfish man I ever saw. He doesn't care one cent for himself. He doesn't live or do for himself, but every thought of his life, every act of his life is, "How can I help some one else?" He's the happiest man, and the most glorious being I ever looked at, and I trace it all to the one source, that he's so supremely unselfish. He just lives for other people. Brother, you'll never be worth any thing until you can get yourself down and get your foot squarely planted on yourself, and say, "Now, you lie there. If you get up I'll mash your mouth for you." When you do that you get in a position where you can help some one else. Blessed be God, I have got myself out of the way, and have nothing to look after now but other people. There's nothing in the way now, and, with my whole self in the background, I have nothing to do but to live and act for others all the day long. This text says: "If a man be overtaken in a fault, ye which are spiritual restore such a one in the spirit of meekness, considering thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Your first duty is to live for your brother. I've often heard people say, "I have no time to look after other people. I'm doing first rate if I can get into Heaven myself. I'm in big luck if I can get there myself without looking after other people." Brother, you've made a mistake here as long as eternity. Listen to me, if I just wanted to make sure of damnation I would just settle it. "I'll never try to help anybody else in this country. I will spend all my days helping myself." What is hell at last? It's the very quintessence of selfishness, and selfishness is hell, and there is not an element in hell that does not enter into selfishness; and the supremely selfish man has already lighted the

fires of hell in his soul that shall burn forever and forever. A selfish man! Just as I am unselfish I am lovable, and just as I am unselfish I am a blessing to the world. Just as I am selfish I am unlovable and a curse to the world.

"Live for myself!" Why, what is it that makes a man sell whisky? Selfishness! What is it that makes a man gamble? Selfishness! What is it that makes a man steal? Selfishness! Do you catch the idea? In all the devilment that people have ever done in this world there is a seed at the bottom of the tap root of the whole thing, and that seed is selfishness. All that is good on earth today grows in this soil we call unselfishness. Divest yourself, brother, of all selfishness, and strike out to do good for the world.

I will tell you another thing. As Christian people we ought to join hands here now as a great army of Christians, and march to the front hand in hand, heart to heart, faith to faith, love to love; march straight along as Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, and Christians of all denominations. We must join hands and march to the front, and let us say to this grand army, "We will hang together, and stick together, and fight together, and die together, and we will all go to Heaven together, or we will all go to hell together. We will stick to one another world without end!"

There's many a Preacher that has been unable to get up a successful meeting in his own Church, and if some other Preacher gets up a big meeting in his Church, and four or five hundred souls are converted and brought to God, this poor Preacher looks as if he'd been sick for six months; he just goes drooping about. I don't mean any Cincinnati Preacher - I mean a Georgia Preacher. I have seen them. They were so glad their brother Preacher was having such a successful revival that it was like to have killed them, they just fell off pounds and pounds. I mean these Georgia Preachers - I haven't any reference to any Cincinnati Preachers. I have seen that the case with a Preacher; he couldn't be happy over another preacher's revival to save his life.

It takes a good deal of religion for some Pastors to stand by and see the Pastor of another Church having such a big time with a revival. It takes more religion there than anywhere else in the world. It does that! I have been along there. I am a human being, and all of us Preachers are human beings. Brethren, I want to see the day come when you will rejoice in every good act, for there never was a revival in this town that didn't help every Church in the town, if they put themselves in a right attitude towards it. Every revival in any Church in this city, no matter if not more than five hundred are out, will do good to every other Church, if they put themselves in a right attitude to the work of Christ.

If I never had saved a soul in the world, and the Lord allows me in Heaven with the workers that did save the souls, I'd stand and shout hosannas over the work of the others. It takes a good deal of religion to do that. We want religion enough to stand by and enjoy another fellow's doing what we tried, but were unable to do ourselves. It takes one hundred and eighty pounds of grace to the square inch right there to let me crow over and enjoy another man doing a thing that I couldn't do myself.

I have known Preachers - Georgia Preachers, you know - to try for two or three years to get up a big revival in their Church, and they couldn't get up any, and then they lammed in and preached hard against revivals. They tried to have them themselves and couldn't, and then they just lammed in and preached as hard against them as they could. Lord, have mercy on selfish Preachers. If

God will take all the selfishness out of the hearts of all the Preachers, myself as well as others, we will be in a position to lead the ranks of God into the belching mouths of the cannons of the devil and run him back into his citadel and bombard it until we run him out and capture this world for Christ.

There are Preachers in this town that haven't been in this hall at all; and mark what I tell you. The Preachers of this city that have stood aloof - I want them to hear this, I hope it will I do them good - when they saw God was with it and saving souls, and yet kept away, will have to make out that a clear case of insanity was upon them during these meetings or go to hell, in my candid judgment. I don't care, brother, if he is your Pastor and does rack around to see you every week, and talk with you on religion. I tell you when God Almighty's cannon and musketry begin to roar, every loyal citizen will rush to the front and help fight the battles. If your Pastor, brother, has been hanging back, you tell him he ought to go before a jury and be tried for insanity, and carry a good certificate with him to the Judgment, for he'll need it.

Selfishness! Good Lord take the selfishness out of our Preachers and out of our Churches, and then we'll win this world to Christ. We're not running this thing for ourselves, but running it for Christ.

Now, suppose an insurance company had a hundred agencies and agents in this town and they were to pull against one another, undercut one another, as the Churches pull against and undercut one another. Let a disaffected member get mad at one Church here because the Preacher raked him about progressive euchre, and leave, another Church will say, "Come, live with us." All the same Church, all agents for the same house and compromising and cutting rates! Why, there isn't an insurance company in America that wouldn't send their inspector of agencies out here and discharge every agent in the town if they ran on that schedule.

Selfishness is the curse of the world, and unselfishness is a blessing to the world. You have as unselfish Preachers in this town as walk the face of the earth. You have the others too; I never call any names, but every fellow knows his number. If this cap fits any Preacher in this house let him wear it. If it doesn't fit you throw it away and get a better one. People say I arrogate a great deal to myself. But I do not intend to take any thing to myself. I don't want any praise from anybody. I don't care what you think of me so long as you think well of my Savior and do what He wants you to do. There are no selfish aims or ambitious to be gained in this fight, and God has blessed me in proportion as I have been unselfish. I don't want any praise - as I said before, I'd just as soon you'd throw mud on me as praise me. Brethren, with an unselfish spirit, let's join hands and march on to glory and to God with this city. In St. Joseph, Mo., those brothers gathered and worked and worked for weeks together, and there they are today with more than a thousand souls that they reaped since the union revival closed. And now, brother, here is a harvest field of one hundred and fifty thousand souls away from Christ; and I hope every pastor will call his Church together on Sunday at 11 o'clock, and give them the plan of the battle, and tell them what he expects them to do. And brother and sister in Christ, if you never did a faithful month's work for God in your life, and you never intended to do one month's work, you tell your Pastor next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock: "Brother, put me down in the first of the soldiers that will go in to conquer or to die." And if you will do that, in less than six weeks from today I will show you fifty thousand souls converted to God and added to the Churches. The doors are wide open. O, let us fight this old world and get in

the rear of this old world, and drive them into the kingdom of God, and there is nothing else here to do. And brother, let us go with unselfishness into this fight, and all meet and pray together, and then they will scatter out to the different Churches in the city, and save this town from death and hell.

I will tell you another thing. Every man of righteousness ought to join in the battle. And you that are not members of the Church, surrender your heart to God tonight, and Sunday morning at 11 O'clock come in and join some Christian Church, and be one of the most valiant soldiers of the Cross for the next five or six weeks in bringing to Christ those around you. If a man is trying to help others to Christ, it is the best evidence that he has got it himself. Go to work, and go to work for Christ now. As a good man said, "I will pay the balance in good works as long as I live. I am going to devote my life to God and humanity."

I will tell you another thing. You can't be too patient toward one another. These new converts will need your care and mercy and good will and help every day - mark that. I want to say, I frequently hear this question: Do Jones's converts stick? Now, let me tell you, I never run any insurance on them at all; no guarantee. I don't run any guaranty on my converts. They may, every one, be in the penitentiary before this time next year. But I will tell you one thing, every convert of these meetings will average up with the Churches they join. Do you hear that? Average up with the Churches they join. A woman said to me once, "Brother Jones, we had a revival here two years ago, and seventy-five joined our Church, and now where are they, those seventy-five?" She said, "I don't believe in revivals." I said, "Sister, ain't those seventy-five here in town?" She said, "Yes, but I never see much of them. Why," she says, "some of those converts are getting drunk." Said I, "Ain't some of your old converts getting drunk?" "Well, yes," said she; "but some of the new converts don't come to meeting." "Don't some of your old ones stay away, too?" said I. "Well, yes," said she; "and some of the new converts play cards." Said I, "Don't some of the old ones play cards, too?" "Well, yes." Said I, "Sister, the new converts will live right up with the old ones; some of the new ones are getting drunk, so are some of the old ones; some of the new ones play cards, so do some of the old ones; some of the new ones are staying away from meeting, so are some of the old ones."

It is not so much the weight and bigness of the infant as it is what sort of a mother has God given it to take care of it! There is many a Church in this country - O, what mothers, what mothers, what mothers they are! Ah, me, there is that mother with her sweet, beautiful babe yonder who cares nothing for it! She keeps it in the nursery, and the mother doesn't see it once a week or once a month. O, such a mother isn't worthy of a child! She isn't worthy the name of mother. The Church in this town is a mother to its converts, and there's many a Church in this town that cares nothing for its converts. They hire a Preacher to look after the Church, hire him by the month, and pay him by the month to look after the babies, and I tell you there is a sight of them to look after. I would rather preach three hundred and sixty-five sermons every year for one of your Churches, than to look after the babies for one week. It's a solid fact. It is whine and whine, and cry and cry; and soothing syrup and soothing syrup. How many bottles do you reckon have been used in this Church? I suppose you can go into the closet and find hundreds of empty bottles of soothing syrup. And before the Pastor can get one fellow quiet, another breaks out, and it is running with the spoon and bottle all the time.

Obliged to do it! It isn't right the way we do with our Preachers; it is not right before God. I told them the other day in my sermon, that in some of these Churches the whole Church will be in the wagon, every single member of the Church up in the wagon, some laughing, some cursing, some drinking, some playing cards, some shouting, but the whole lot up in the wagon, and the poor little old Preacher out in the shafts trying to pull the whole thing along. There goes the poor fellow under this big load, just tired to death, and here some fellow wipes his mouth after taking a drink, and says, "Jab him up a bit." I say, get out of that wagon and catch hold and pull or push at once. O, brethren of the Ministry, God bless you, hitch up that crowd to the wagon, and get up on the spring seat and drive a while!

It is a heap easier for you all to pull the Preacher, than it is for the Preacher to pull you. Let us swap about with him; let us all get out of the wagon a while. And about the only time you get out at all is when you go down a steep hill, and then you get out and push. The Lord have mercy on that sort of a man. Live for others, work for others. Your Preacher needs unselfish members. God needs unselfish members. The world needs you every day. The poor, weak brethren in the Church need you every day.

Now this incident. I read it a few months ago. It was related by Bishop Marvin. He said that in one of his charges once, when he was a young Pastor, he commenced a meeting on his circuit at a Church, and he said at that Church there were from two to three hundred members. He commenced preaching, but the Church didn't get aroused. And he said when he had preached about two weeks, seventy-five had professed conversion and joined the Church, but the Church never got waked up. And before the first day of next January - this was in July - before the first day of January seventy-two of the seventy-five had gone back to the world, just as bad or worse than they were before. He said right over there on that same circuit there was another Church, the most faithful Church he ever saw, with two of the most faithful class leaders he ever knew. He commenced his meetings there, and the Church was on fire with love to God and man. And that is pure unselfishness, love to God and love to man. And he said while preaching at that Church one night, he noticed an old blacksmith, dingy, black, and dirty, come in and take a back seat; and after the service one of the class leaders came up and said: "Brother Marvin, did you see that old dingy, dirty blacksmith take his seat?" "Yes," he said. "Well," said the class leader, "he is the worst old drunkard this country possesses, and I was glad to see him here," The bishop said: "You ought to invite him back again." "Well, I tried, but he was gone before I could get to him," "Well," said Marvin, "you must go to see him."

Next morning, bright and early, the class leader rode up to the blacksmith's house and said to him: "I am mighty glad I saw you at the Church last night, and I want you to come again." Said he: "I love to hear that man preach; he caught hold of my heart; but," said he, "look at these ragged clothes and this debauched body; and my poor wife in rags, and my children in their desolation; we can't go to Church; we've got nothing to wear." "Ah," said the class leader, "I know that; but I am going to bring you a suit apiece for the whole family, and come with my wagon and take you to Church." He did. On that night the blacksmith, his wife, and two oldest children were there, and knelt at the altar. The next thing, the blacksmith and his wife and two oldest children were converted and joined the Church. And when the blacksmith walked up and joined the Church, the sinners out in the back of the house said: "The first time that old blacksmith goes to town and gets drunk they'll lose him." The meeting closed. They got him to pray in his family; they carried him

work to his shop, and got the neighbors to patronize him, and kept him busy at his trade; and before two years he had bought himself a nice cottage and paid for all his tools, and was one of the respected men of the community. About six months after these two years were over the Western fever broke out in the settlement. People all took a notion to go West, and the blacksmith said he thought he would go. And the class leaders said: "Sir, we don't want you to live out West; the company is too bad, and we want you to stay here with us, with your family, and go to Heaven with us." He said: "I can do better with my children out there." They couldn't persuade him, and in a short time a small company started out West with about forty wagons, and the blacksmith and his family with them. They crossed the Mississippi River, and one of the company wrote back, and among other things said: "We gather in the blacksmith's wagon, and he reads his Bible and offers family prayer with all the company every night and morning." And when they got the next letter they had arrived at their place of destination, and they were almost afraid to open it, but it said; "The blacksmith has gone right into Church with all his family and gone right to duty." Every letter they got said, "He is faithful to God and duty."

About six months after he went out one of the class leaders one morning got a letter with a black margin all around the envelope, and he opened it, and it was from the wife, bathed in her tears, and it read: "My husband died shouting happy last night, and went home to Heaven, and he told me to write back to his faithful class leaders and tell them another one is saved by Grace and gone home to God."

O, for that spirit of religion in this country! That is what we want. O, my brethren, let us stand by one another; let us die by one another! There is too much doubt and hesitancy on the mind of the people. I recollect when Sam Small was converted. O, how dissipated that man was! He told you all himself. I don't go behind his back; I have said all before his face that I say here, and I am no prouder of my precious child, or of my wife, than I am of Sam Small. Thank God for the Grace that brought him to me. When Sam Small was converted to God I heard him talk once, and my wife and friends said, "Sam Small has got religion, just as sure as Sam Jones has got it; he has got it, certain." He has. He has got the right aim. The first thing I did, I threw my arms around him and said, "Brother, come and go to work with me in the cause of God " The wise brethren walked up and said, "Brother Sam, you had better be very particular; if his foot were to happen to slip it would be death on you, and you had better be mighty particular now." "If he falls down," said I, "he shall fall on me; I will hold him up, and stand by him until I die myself. And thank God Almighty, he never fell on me. I have never held up a pound for him, but I have got so now, thank God, I can lean on him, and he is helping to hold me up. Glory be to God for the spirit that will throw his arms around a poor fellow struggling and help him on to God!

I never see a poor drunken man but I want to throw my arms around him and keep them there. I never see a poor, weak brother come up that I don't wish I had nothing else in the world to do but to keep him out of temptations and keep him straight until he gets firmly on his feet. They need your nursing; they need your help. But O, what is the use of bringing them in and nobody taking care of them? Take hold of souls and bring them through to God. You who are spiritual go and love him, stand by him, do your best for him.

I learned how to love a man once by a game of town ball. When I was a boy we used to play town ball. But I will tell you what, if I had a dog and he were to go out and look at a game of base ball an

hour, and then come back in my yard, I would go out and kill him, I would. None of your base ball in mine. There is not a more corrupting thing this side of hell than base ball. Now, put that down. They all thought I had forgotten that, I never have had any use form it. The idea of a great big young buck twenty-five years old running all over creation for a ball. If your mother wanted you to cut a stick of wood she couldn't get you to do it to save her life, but you dress up in a fool's garb and run after a ball, the hottest day, until your tongue lolls out, you fool you. That isn't all. It is one of the finest fields for gambling in America. And that is not all. I wouldn't wipe my feet on any crowd that would go out and play base ball on the Sabbath. Those are my sentiments. I couldn't put it in any more concise way than that. I don't know whether you agree with me or not; but you understand me, I reckon, don't you? I will let my boy play ball until he is ten years old, but after he is fifteen years old I believe I will wear him out with work. If he falls catch him at such foolishness as that.

Men, stand by one another and help one another, and when down let us catch him immediately and straighten him up, and then call to other brothers, and say, "One of you get under this arm and one under the other," and let him hobble on toward glory, and when he gets into Heaven his crutches will be there too, blessed be God. It is about the only way you will ever get to Heaven. It is to go there as a crutch under some poor fellow's arm, and the only way he will get there is for you to play the crutch for him. O, thank God, the crutches and the lame have to go in together, and they rejoice together in the name of the good work.

Stand by one another! Help one another! Do your duty toward one another! And when a poor fellow falls down do not look at him and say - "Just look at that brother now; he joined the Church during the revival, and now is drunk; look at him!" There is the poor, fallen brother in the ditch; he is drunk, beastly drunk; and here are two brethren standing off, looking at him and saying, one to the other, "I told our Pastor not to take him into the Church." Do you want to know whom God thinks more of, that one lying there, or these two? That sot lying in the gutter is better than a hundred such in the sight of God. That poor, drunken fellow is better in the sight of God than these Pharisees that will see their brother sink and then say, "Just look at him." A brother would run to him and drag him out of the ditch and stand by him and say, "You have done wrong, so have I, and we will quit now and try to live right."

There is many a poor fellow who has gone to hell from this community that Christian people never made one effort to save from death and hell. They just go to the dogs all around us.

I have talked more than an hour, and now I am going to close with just these words. I never preached on the subject that I started out on in my life, and I have gone off in this direction, and I hope God will use it to your good.

Now a word or two to you men out of the Church. Let me say this to you: There is a great responsibility on you. You have seen rich men in the community; you have seen a rich man and you have seen all the poor people turn away; and you hear the poor people talk and say: "That rich man doesn't care any thing about us poor folks." The truth of the business is, these poor people imagine that that rich man doesn't care any thing about them; and when they see him they treat him coolly, and he does the same, for the poor fellows don't know what else to do. Now you have imagined many a time the Church didn't care any thing about you and that these people didn't want to have any thing to do with you, and you have turned away yourself. Turn to the Church and

say, "Give me help and assistance," and they will take you by the hand and take you to glory and to God. When you do that once, men of the world, you will be on the right direction.

## 05. Whosoever Will May Come

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Whosoever Will May Come "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." (Revelation 22:17)

You see, I get this text from the last page of this blessed hook. This is Gods last message to man. And for fear that something might be added to, or that something might be taken from, the Scripture, God puts this fearful admonition. He says: "For I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this hook. If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this hook. And if any man shall take away from the words of the hook of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the hook of life and from the things that are written in this book,"

I am glad that God winds up his revelation to man with this gracious verse: "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

### GOD'S LATEST WORD TO MAN

If I have been corresponding with a friend on any given subject, and he has written me a dozen or a hundred letters upon that subject-if I want to find his mind now concerning that, I will turn to the last letter received from him-the one bearing the most recent date. And now, if I would know Gods will concerning the race of man I wont run back over Genesis or Deuteronomy or the prophecies of Isaiah or the Epistle to the Romans by St. Paul. When I want to find out what were the concluding words, the last message of God to man, I run through the book, and I see Gods last message, and I see the fearful warning added: "Dont any man take away these work. If he does, I will take away his part out of the book of life. And if any man shall add any thing to this book which shall make it so that these are not my last words, then I will add unto him the plagues that are written in the book." And after all the fearful warnings and judgments and denunciations of the Scripture, thanks be to God, this is his last message to man:

"And the Spirit and the bride may Come. And let him that heareth say , Come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

SOME GRAND DAYS s a grand day in the worlds history when the evening and the morning were the seventh day, and the Son of God and angels shouted over a finished world. It was a grand day in the worlds history when Adam and Eve, the first pair, stood before God, with their reason clear and perfect, unruffled by passion, unclouded by prejudice and unimpaired by disease. It was a grand conception to them as they looked out over a finished world and said that the flowers were Gods thought in bloom; that the rivers were Gods thought imbedded; that the mountains were Gods thought piled up, and that the dewdrops were his thoughts in pearl as they mingle in loving tenderness and join together on the leaf of the rose. And wherever man looked about him, all nature in its beauty and freshness whispered back, "The hand that made me is divine." It was a

grand day in the worlds history when It was announced through the moral universe of God that man had violated the law of God and had brought misery and woe upon himself and upon his progeny forever. It was a grand day in the worlds history when God met the fallen and degenerate pair and said to Eve: "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpents head." It was a grand day in the worlds history when the last strong swimmer sank beneath the flood and left Noah in the ark with his three sons and their wives and two of all sorts to perpetuate the race upon the face of the earth. It was a grand day in this worlds history when Pharaoh and his hosts and all of his chariots and men were swallowed up and engulfed by the Red Sea. It was a grand day in this worlds history when a burning hail fell on Sodom and Gomorrah and all the plains thereof, and destroyed the cities of the plain. It was a grand day in this worlds history when 185,000 soldiers under the blast of an archangels wing were wrapped in their winding sheets. It was a grand day in this worlds history when on Korah and Dathan and Abiram and their wicked com pany the earth burst open and swallowed them up out of the sight of men. THE NEW SAVIOR

It was a grander day in the worlds history when the old prophet of God stood on the hills of Judea with his spark in hand and let its beneficent rays shine down through seven centuries, and his voice was heard through the seven centuries, saying: "Simon and Anna prepare the cradle to rock the babe of Bethlehem." It was a grand day in this worlds history when the star poised itself over the manger of Bethlehem and when the wise men gathered about the babe of Bethlehem. There they looked upon an everlasting God lying asleep in Marys arms, and the King of Angels and God over all, blessed for evermore, as he was carried about in a virgins arms, as they looked upon the King of Angels, the carpenters despised boy. It was a grand day in this worlds history, when at twelve years of age, this God-man surprised all the wisdom of Jerusalem by his forethought and by his Intelligence. It was a grand day in this worlds history when the Son of God notified his disciples, to whin he had been sent from the Father: "I put you on notice that I must be crucified, dead, and that I will arise again in the third day." It was a grand day in the worlds history when he hung there suspended between two thieves and cried out with aloud voice: "My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken me ! It was a grand day in the worlds history when they buried this sacrifice yonder in the grave of Joseph, and put the seal of the Roman government upon it, and put sturdy Roman soldiers around It to guard it. THE SACRIFICE ACCEPTED

It was a grand day in the worlds history when on the morning of the third day God summoned an angel to his aide, because Christ himself had announced the fact, "I am the sacrifice. I go to die for the world." And now the only question with his disciples and with all humanity is, "Will God accept the sacrifice !" He has suffered, bled, died. He is buried. Will he ever rise again! Will God accept the sacrifice?

It was on the morning of the third day that God summoned an angel to his side and told him to go to earth as swift as morning light and roll away the stone from the grave, and when he made his appearance there at the grave and rolled away the stone, and the Son of God stood up ii the sepulcher and took the napkins from his jaws and the grave clothes from his body, and folded them up and laid them to one side, and walked forth from the tomb, the first fruits of the resurrection, then God accepted the sacrifice, and grasped the stylus in his own hand and signed the magna charts of mans salvation. And ever since that God blessed moment it has been written: "Whosoever liveth and believeth shall never more die."

It was a grand day in the worlds history when the Savior man stood yonder, surrounded by a company of five hundred, and chariot descended from the skies, and he stepped into the chariot and above star and moon he disappeared until it overvaulted the very throne of God itself. And as they stood gazing into heaven, an angel flew back to earth and shouted aloud to them:

"Why stand ye here gazing up into heaven? As ye have seen the son of man 'ascending, so he shall descend at the last day to judge the world of righteousness." THE COMFORTER That was a grand day in this worlds history when the one hundred and twenty gathered in that upper room, that upper chamber yonder, in Jerusalem. And they had prayed the first day and the second day and the third day and on until the tenth day. They were praying for the imbuement of power from on high. Christ had told them:

"Tarry ye here at Jerusalem until ye are imbued with power from am high. It is expedient for you that I go away. After I go away the Comforter will come, the Holy Ghost. He will come to the world."

I have often thought that that expression: Jesus said it is expedient "The best thing I can do for you is to leave the world and go home to the Father and then the Spirit will come."

"Master, can there be anything better than thy presence? Thou art the bread of life to us. Thou art the water of life to us. Thou art the door by which if any man enter he shall go in and eat and find pasture. Thou art the truth and the way to life. Master, is it expedient, is it best that thou go away?"

He said: "It is expedient that I go to the Father." And on the morning of the tenth day, as that company gathered and prayed in that upper chamber, the Holy Spirit, the Holy Ghost, the third person of the adorable Trinity, flew right through the wounded side of the Son of God and laved his wings in that precious blood, and flew down to earth and rushed in upon that company and filled the room like a rushing, mighty wind; and Peter opened the door and the company followed him down upon the streets of Jerusalem, and there, on the morning of the tenth day, he preached that memorable sermon in Jerusalem that won 3,000 souls to Christ more conversions to Peter in that one sermon than Christ had in all his ministry. And Christ knew what he was talking about when he said:

"It expedient for you that should go way. If I go away the Comforter will come and the Spirit shall come." THE WOOING OF THE SPIRIT That Spirit is the third person of the adorable Trinity. God gave the Son and the Son comes to suffer, die and to arise again. And now the Spirit comes to woo and beseech and implore and enlighten and convict and convert the world to God. It seemed like after God had loved the race and called them to him and they had wandered off, that they would have died without excuse, but God sent his Son to live among us and to die for us and to preach to us and to instruct us, and if he had stopped at that, man would have died without excuse. But he didnt stop there. And now the Holy Ghost comes into the world the third person of the adorable Trinity, and every good resolution we ever have and every good that ever inspired us, and every good deed ever done, we owe it all to the inspiration and blessed in. fluence of the Holy Spirit of God.

Oh, thank God! we have an even-present omniscient, omnipresent God with us to-night When I bid wife and children "good-by" at home, God boards the train with me, and he is with me all the weary miles of my road from home. And then I am conscious God is at home. with my family, and when I come into the Christian homes of St. Louis I find God present in every Christian home, and that

God is with the missionary in China, and God is with thousands and millions of pulpits on earth. No wonder the blessed Christ said: "It is expedient for you that I go away. I will send the Comforter."

#### THE FRUIT OF THE SPIRIT

Oh, brother, sister, hear me to-night! Is there in your soul the desire to be good? Is there a purpose to be good? Is there a resolution to be good? It was born under the touch of the Divine Spirit upon these cold, dead hearts of ours. And the Spirit comes to woo. He comes to teach. He comes to implore. For when he shall come he will re prove the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment to come.

Come Holy Spirit,

Heavenly Dove, With all thy quickening powers, Kindle a flame of sacred love, In all these hearts of ours

Help us to walk close with God! Help us, Divine Spirit, ever to be tender and impressible! Help us ever to hear and heed the Gospel of the Son of God! The Divine Spirit broods over the congregation to-night. He touched your heart to-day. He touched your heart last night and day before yesterday. He has touched a thousand hearts or more, and called them to a better life in the last few days in this city. And the most fearful sin that you may commit is to wound the Spirit of God, to drive him out of your heart and to drive him away from your presence. The book says:

"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption."

#### GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT

You may laugh at me. You may deride me. You may scoff at the church. You may defy God, and you may crucify my Savior afresh, and put him to open shame, but I warn you to-night: Take heed how you trifle with the Spirit of all grace! I have seen men reject and insult the Divine Spirit, until I could almost hear the Spirit of God as he closed the gates of Heaven forever in an immortal spirits face. My friend, to-night, if there is in your soul the desire to be a Christian, nurse it, foster it, shield it Keep it there, and pray God to fan the spark into a living flame that shall burn on and on when the stars have gone and when the moon shall turn to blood. Lets you and I pray for this, and whatever others may do, God help us to be impressible and movable under the Divine Spirit of grace. The Spirit says, "Come." The third person of the ever adorable Trinity is the active agency in the world to-day to teach men, to move men, to stir men and use men, and but for his divine presence with me as I preach the gospel, I declare to the fact that I would never have the heart to take another text in this world. Oh, how many struggles the earnest preacher may have in the world! God only knows the burdens that I have carried on my own poor head since I landed in your city. God only knows the wakeful hours, the tears and the prayers that have gone up from my poor heart, and I say:

"God save the city! God arouse the city! God save our young men! God save our young women God save the fathers and mothers in this city!" And I can almost hear God as he whispers back: "I'll be with you. Ill stand by you. And when the din and smoke of the battle has blown away, you will find that I have been your friend through the thickest of the fight, and all God asks of the Christian people of St. Louis to-night is to come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty. God arouse you! And God help his church in St. Louis to heed the wooing of the Spirit, and come to the

help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty. The Spirit says, "Come." THE SPIRITS BESEECHING ENTREATY

Well, if God had stopped at the point given his Son, and sent his Spirit to woo men-we would have died without excuse. But God pushes his work on and on and on until he shall say to a guilty world: "What more could I have done to my vineyard that I have not already done I" God will never leave a stone unturned, God will never leave an effort unput-forth as long as man is out of hell and out of the grave. And I tell you, my congregation, to-night, I know God is in earnest about the salvation of man, and I have felt thousands of times that the worst of sinners would rejoice if they were to see his face. God help men to look up to-night and see their Fathers face, with all the love of his heart as it beams forth, and hear his voice as he calls them to the better life. God loves you, and he has given you every manifestation of his love. He tells you in his blessed book:

"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

SPARKS OF DIVINE LOVE

I have seen a mother as she followed a wayward boy on, and on and on to the very brink of hell, and when the son made his final leap from his mothers arms she too his poor body and buried it, and would go to his grave and water it with her tears day after day. Oh, how that mothers heart clung to that wayward boy! I have seen the wife, when every friend in the world had forsaken her husband, and all mankind scoffed him away from their presence-when he would come home drunken and debauched and ruined, his precious wife would meet him at the front gate and help him up the steps, and help him into the room and carry him to the bed and pull off his muddy shoes and bathe his fevered face, and imprint the kiss of love and fidelity upon his dissipated cheek. Oh, why did wife do that? Why does mother do that? It is just a little of the nature of God poured into that mothers heart and that wifes heart that makes her love and cling to that son and to that husband as she does.

"When my father and my mother forsake me, then God will take me up." THE MOTHERHOOD OF GOD The sweetest thought in Gods word to me is the place where we are taught the motherhood of God. God is not only my father, but God is my mother, too, in all his loving kindnesses and tender mercies to us. Oh, my Father! my Father! with the rod of correction, and with the stern words of advice, I look to thee in admiration and love; and oh, God, my precious mother, I run to thy arms I Thou art my mother, I love thee with all my heart. And the Spirit, says "Come!"

Oh, God! Thou art interested for us and thou art interested in us.

"And the Spirit and the bride say, Come."

God did not stop with that.

"The Spirit and the bride say, Come." The Church of God is the bride of the lamb. I wish we were wrapped in waiting for the bridegroom. Oh, how I wish we had always lived, and always been faithful to our bridegroom! He said:

"I go to prepare a place for you." THE UNFAITHFUL BRIDE.

You see that young man yonder. He has plighted his vows to a young lady, and he bids her good-by for a short time. "I am going West. I am going West to prepare our fortune and build our house and have everything ready." Brethren, that young lady, instead of being faithful to that earnest, laborious young man preparing good things for her, is flirting with her betrothed husbands enemies and associating with those that despise her husband. God forgive the unfaithful girl. And while Christ is, by his divine power and infinite wisdom, exhausting all the riches and glories of heaven preparing for us, his bride, here we are consorting with his enemies and flirting with the gay and giddy godless ones of the world. Precious Savior, forgive us! Forgive us! We will not associate with the godless any longer.

"The bride says, Come!" A GOOD WORD FOR THE CHURCH.

I wish we lived better. But there is one thing I have found out: We know we have been unfaithful; we know we have not been what we ought to have been. But one thing I can say and tell the truth: The Church of God Almighty has not lost her interest in sinners and in the world. For over one thousand years the church has been on her knees and praying for sinners, and the message of the Church of God is a God-given message.

"Come thou and go with us and we 'll do thee good, for the Lord has promised good concerning us."

You have cursed the church and abused the church, and bemeaned the church and called them hypocrites, but do you want to see whether the church loves you or not! If the worst old sinner in St. Louis would come with streaming eyes and say to the Church of God, "Men and brethren, pray for me. I want to join your company and go with you to Heaven." I see the church in a minute, as her tears come flowing down to the earth and she lifts her hand to God, and she says, "Blessed be God! Another sinner coming to repentance and coming to life." The old Church of God does love the world, and she has been praying for the world in all its ages, and while we have forgotten a thousand things and neglected a thousand things, thanks be unto God, we have never neglected to pray for you, my fellow. citizens. There is not a day or night in St. Louis that in the Church of God her best men and women are not on their knees praying, "God save the wicked of the city and save the fallen of humanity;" and the cry of the church and the song of the church is, "Rescue the perishing and save the fallen."

THANK GOD FOR THE CHURCH!

Thank God for the old church. She has been worth all the world to me. I know now I should have wandered a poor, motherless orphan if it had not been for the Church of Jesus Christ. She has been so good to me! Oh, she has been a mother in the best sense to me. I never joined the church because I thought I could help it along, but I joined the church that it might take me, a poor babe, in its arms, and nurture me and feed me and take care of me; and, whatever the church has been to others, I can say of Gods church to-night, they have given me my meat and my drink, and they have been friends and brothers to me.

Oh, friend, you will never know what you have missed staying out of the pale of the Church of God, and I beg you to hear the voice of the Church of God as it cries to-night.

"Come thou and go with us, and we'll do thee good."

Wont you come? Wont you come? The Church of God, with her Bibles and missionaries and preachers and consecrated ministry and good women and men on earth, with her churches and Sabbath-schools, and her prayer-meetings and family altars-hey all cry aloud and say:

"Come thou and go with us, and well do thee good."

HIM THAT HEARETH "The Spirit and the bride say, Come."

It looks like if God had stopped there wed have died without excuse. It goes further "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come, and let him that heareth say, Come."

Oh, blessed thought! blessed thought! A man need not wait until he comes into the church before he says to those around him, "Come, thou, and go with us... Let him that heareth say, Come."

We get this figure from the caravan crossing the desert. When the water is all given out on the desert and man and beast are famishing for water, then they hold a counsel and they start one on ahead hurriedly, and in about five minutes they start another, just so as to keep him in sound of the front ones voice, and in five minutes more they start another, and on and on until they are stretched out on the plains for miles, and finally the head man finds the oasis, and he hallows back: "Water, I have found it!" to the next man, and the next man voices it on down the line, and on and on until the caravan hears the cry, "We have found it! Water! Water! We have found it!" And they hear the welcome news and press on with all their might, that they may slake their thirst and preserve their lives. THE APPLICATION. And all the way from Heaven to earth God has strung out a line, and he shouts it from his own lips in Heaven, and we catch it up and pass it on and on until we shout at the very gates of Hell, "Come! Come! Come! and let him that heareth Come!"

If you ever heard the gospel, preach it to somebody else and say, "Come on! Lets go and live right and do right and get to Heaven."

"Let him that heareth say, Come!"

Let each man be a power that will echo the call, and on and on down the line.

Once one of our little boys ran up a stairway calling his little brother, and as he said, "Buddie Paul" something up stairs echoed it back, "Buddie Paul!" He ran down to his mother and said, "Mamma, what is that upstairs that said, 'Buddie Paul every time I said 'Buddie Paul! " and his mother explained it by telling him it was the echo of his voice-the walls of the room above echoing his voice back. And, brother, when God shouts from Heaven, let every man be the sounding board that will pass it on and on until this whole universe shall hear the glad word:

Let "whosoever heareth say, Come," and "whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

"Let him that heareth say, Come."

## OUTSIDE WORKERS

Why, I have often known men to go to work before the word got to them. They have gone around among their friends, saying, " Boys, look a-here I we have not done right. Suppose we go to church and give our hearts to God and live religious!" -and how many men have been brought to Christ by men who were not religious? When I was in Jackson, Tennessee, I was met by the

mayor of the city and other gentlemen, and they said to me "We were going to your room to see you. We have a friend in this town that we want you to talk to. We want him to be saved."

Said I, "Gentlemen, I am glad to find you interested: but," said I, "gentlemen are you Christians? Members of the church?"

"No, Mr. Jones, we are sorry we are not. We are not Christians, but we feel an interest in our friend."

"Well," said I, "God says that when a kingdom is divided against itself it can not stand. And Satans kingdom is divided in this very town. His very servants are going to the ministers of God and asking them to go and see their friends."

NEARING THE KINGDOM. When a man is interested and says, "boys, lets do better," that man is not very far from the Kingdom of God. He has just put his foot over the line, and all he has got to do is to put it down, and one other step and he is in the Kingdom of God.

"Let him that heareth say. Come."

There are five hundred men and women here to-night that are just putting their foot over the dividing line, and all youve got to do is to put that foot down and bring the other foot even with it and you are in the Kingdom of God, a saved man, saved forever and forever. Will you put your foot down to-night and say, "God helping me, I will give myself to God, I wont stand here any longer?"

"Let him that heareth say. Come." And then he said: FOR THE THIRSTY SOUL.

"And let him that is athirst come."

Whether you have heard anything or not, God bless you, the call is to you. If there is down in your soul a thirst, a hunger for a better life, God stood with one hand and touched your heart and made it hunger and made it thirst, and then he stood with the other hand loaded with the bread and with the water of life, and he quenched that thirsty souls thirst forever. Blessed be God! He stands ready to quench thirst and to appease hunger to-night, and he is going all over St. Louis with one hand laden with the bread of life, and the other with the water of life, and the hungriest man will be the first man to get it; and I tell you, hungry man, to-night, when God rings the dinner bell of grace throw down your hearts and come in, dinner is ready to eat, and satisfy your longing needs forever.

"Let him that is athirst come."

If down in your soul there is a desire to be a good man, start to-night-start to-night. If there is a hungering for a better life, God says:

"Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness."

Then he says again: Oh, how far down the line God brings this to us. He brings it right down to where he throws heaven and hell at every mans feet, and tells him to take his choice. Now he says:

WHOSOEVER WILL.

"Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

I like that grand "whosoever" there. I have read a heap. Oh, I have read a great deal about election, but I think I have found out from Gods word what you mean by election. The "elect" are the "whosoever-will," and the 'non-elect" are the "whosoever-wonts." Now which side will you take-the elect or the whosoever-wills, or the nonelect or the whosoever-wonts? "Elect," whosoever will. Thank God for that grand old word, and thank God that as the ages wear away men see God in nature, and see God in all his goodness, and see God in his books. Preachers are coming closer to that grand old word every day, and I verily believe that I shall live to see the day when every pulpit in this world will be bottomed on that grand old "whosoever will," and there they will stand and preach the gospel of the Son of God.

"Whosoever will."

ANOTHER STORY That reminds me of the penitent down in Georgia at the altar. He was agonizing, praying. The preacher went up to him, trying to encourage him, and, "Well," he said, "I am not one of the elect, I am one of the reprobates; I feel it all over "-and I dont reckon a poor soul ever did try to seek God that the devil didnt slip up with something of that sort-" You are one of the reprobates; God never died to save you"-and there he was in agony, and the preacher said to him:

"Well, my brother, listen to me a minute. Now," said he, "if you could see your name, 'James B. Green, written upon the Lambs book this minute, would you believe then Christ died for you and you were one of the elect?" The poor fellow thought a moment and he said, "No, sir. There are other people in this world of my name." (Laughter.)

"Well," said the preacher, "if you could see it, 'James B. Green, Sc riven County, Ga., would you believe it was you then?"

Well," he says, "there may have been other people of 'my name in this county before I was born. I dont know."

"Well," said he, "if you could see it, 'James B. Green, Scriven County, Ga., and the year '1867, would you believe it was you?"

"Well," he said, "it may be there is somebody in this county now of my name."

"Well," said he, "if you could see it, 'James B. Green of Scriven County, and the Nineteenth District and the year '67, would you believe it was you?"

"Well," he says, "I could not know definitely."

"Now," said he, "my friend, God Almighty saw all that trouble and he just put it into one word and he said: 'Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.'" And the poor fellow jumped up and clapped his hands and said, "Thank God! I know that means me." A UNIVERSAL SALVATION And "whosoever will, let him take the water of Life freely."

Blessed be God! It is for all of us. It is for all of us.

"Whosoever will."

Listen, brother. It aint "Whosoever feels," it aint "Whosoever is fit," it aint "Whosoever has repented," it aint "Whosoever has got faith," it aint "Whosoever does this or that or the other," but it is, "Whosoever will - will - will"

LEFT TO THE HUMAN WILL.

God throws it all on the will, and I am glad he does. I know God traverses my emotional nature, and runs through hope and fear and desire and anxiety and dread and affection. God runs all through my emotional nature and my sensibilities. God goes as he pleases through my sensibilities. When God reaches intellect he goes up through perception and conception and judgment and memory and reason and all the faculties of the mind. God goes through them all and asks me no questions. But when God goes to the door of the human will, he stands on tip toe and knocks, and says:

"Behold I stand at the door and knock, and if any man will open unto me I will come in and sup with him and he shall sup with me."

Thank God, it is "whosoever will." If you will, God will; and I say to-night God dont say "whosoever feels," or whosoever says this or that or the other, but he throws it all on your will as a man, and says:

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." And I like the conclusion:

"Let him take the water of life freely."

Blessed be God, ye thirsty men can drink, and there is enough for to-day, enough for all of us, enough forever and evermore. Come and drink freely.

LET HIM COME And there is another little word in there I like, that little word "let"

"Let him take the water of life freely."

Six thousand years ago God said: "Let there be light," and there was light. It was a word of command, and God looks out upon a famishing race with the water of life in reach, and he says: "Let him come;" and when God says "Let him come," he says, "Go behind him, powers and principalities, and clear the way. Let him take the water of life freely." God has taken down the mountains and filled up the valleys, and made you a straight and even and smooth way, so that you can drink and live forever, and if you perish you perish because you will not live. God never suffered a soul to be captured and carried away by the enemy of souls and will never suffer you to die; as long as you leek to Christ or lean to Christ or pray to Christ, God will not suffer you to die. God never suffered the devil to take possession of an immortal soul and drag it down to Hell until that soul had walked up to the feet of the devil and stacked its arms, and said: "I surrender forever." Then Gods own arm and power can never rescue you. God help you to-night to say: "Gods goodness leadeth me to repentance, and I intend to lead a better life." THE LAST APPEAL

Now, before we leave this audience room, how many men in the church or out of the church will stand up to-night and say: "I will get closer to God, and drink more of the water of life, God being my helper." And I hope every man and woman in this house will long to-night for the better life, with the sweet assurance that God will reach down and give them that for which they seek. Now

every man and woman here to-night that will stand on their feet and by standing up say: "I will drink more freely of that water, and eat more of that bread. I will get closer to God. I will get closer to God." Now every man of you that feels that way stand up, and say, "Here is one! Here is one!" Now we will see how many here to-night, in the church or out of it, that will make this declaration.

To-morrow night I will preach in Centenary Church. I can not hold out to preach in this hall. Let us go to Centenary Church, and if you pack the upper room we will run services in both rooms. I do not say which one I will run. Now to-morrow night come out and let us bring souls to Christ. If any one wants to converse on religion to-night we will talk and sing and pray with you, and may God bless you and save your souls. Amen. Stay, friends, if you want to be saved. And now may the blessing of God abide with you forever and ever. Amen.

## 06. God's Grace is Sufficient

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### God's Grace is Sufficient

"And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure. For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me. And he said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness." (2 Corinthians 12:7-9)

We ask your attention, especially to these words: "My grace is sufficient for thee." The devil is cunning and an artful adversary. His first effort on humanity is to make us believe that we are strong enough and that we are good enough without any religion, that we are all right, and we needn't give ourselves any trouble; we're as good as anybody, a first-class fellow; but by and by we become possessed with an idea that we are not so strong, and not so good, and not so pure. The fact of the business is that when we reach the conclusion of a sensible and wise man, we say, "I am not good at all - I am not strong at all," and then the devil takes that fact and works on it and says: "You're too mean and too weak to travel and to talk about being good."

How many thousand men who walk the streets of this city have been possessed of one of these ideas to their ruin and to other's ruin! The first thing a man so possessed says, is: "I'm all right - I don't need any help - I don't want any Christ to die for me. I don't ask odds of anybody." And the next thing you see, the poor fellow has jumped clear over on the proposition, and says, "Now, there isn't any use of my trying; I'm the meanest man in the world, the wickedest and of the least account. If I just thought there was a chance for me I wouldn't mind starting. The fact is, I'm so lowdown, and so weak, there's no chance for me at all."

Now, I want to say to you, brother, that of the two cases, I prefer the latter. There is no hope at all for a fellow who believes he is all right, when he isn't. That man is hopelessly lost while in that condition, but I have great hopes for a fellow that has touched bottom on the other side, and who feels, "I am not right, I'm not pure, nor good, and I haven't strength to be so, though I want to be right."

"I sat this morning a half-hour talking to an honest man. I believe he was an honest and a true man. He said, "Mr. Jones, I have indulged in sin and been so depraved that I have lost my will power. I want to be good. I want to be a Christian and to abandon my sins. I want to live right and get to heaven. But, Mr. Jones, my will power is gone." I wish every Christian in this house and all these preachers could say, "I have lost my will power." Their case is mighty hopeful then. They can then say, "All my will is swallowed up in Thy will. Now I will consult the will of God and bid goodbye to my will and accept the will of God and the truth of God." I wish the whole universe would lose its will and have its will swallowed up in the will of God.

Now, here, we have a case before us today. Paul was largely like some of us, in that he once felt, "I am all right now; I am blameless; I never did contrary to right; I live on the straight edge;" but the

time came, when in hopeless despair he fell; and when he arose he said: "Though I am a Pharisee of the Pharisees, of the tribe of Benjamin, I count all these as nothing compared to the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord."

Paul seemed to have been in need of this subdued condition of his will. He had been exalted to the third heaven, and had heard the unspeakable words which it is not lawful for a man to utter; his ears had been touched with the music of heaven; but at last he came down from these towering heights. Like Paul, the deeper down you go, the more Artesian power will be added to the current of your life. There are many little shallow wells in this country, with a great many wiggle-tails in them. You all don't know exactly what that means. We do in South Georgia. In some places down there, they keep a long-handled gourd - they don't need any bucket or rope for a man can dip his water out of the well - but in one place in South Georgia, there is long-handled gourd and a pine knot at the well. The pine knot is very much worn. The first thing they do when they want to get water out of the well, is to knock against the wooden sides with the pine knot to make the wiggle-tails sink, so that they can dip the water up, free from them. And there are many preachers in this country that have to use the pine knot.

O, brother, we will go into the deepest depth, and go up into the highest heights, but there are depths and heights in piety I know nothing about. There are heights in divine life I never have reached. There are beauties in Christian experience that you and I know nothing about. O, brother, let's go down in humility, in contrition, in honest confession before God.

Now, when you find a fellow away down, remember David said, "I was brought low and the Lord helped me." The Lord fishes on the bottom, and if you want to get to his bait and hook, you've got to get right on the bottom, brother. "I was brought low and the Lord helped me." Now, St. Paul had been high and he had been low. We find him here on a very low plain. "There was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me."

What was that thorn, do you know? I am glad I do not know. I am glad no human being knows just what that thorn was. Some of the wise men say the thorn in St. Paul's flesh was the fact that his eyesight was defective. For you know when he fell under the convicting power of God, he was blind three days and nights, and they tell us his eyesight was never entirely restored, and that that was the thorn in his flesh. Perhaps as he walked the streets the people said, "There goes old half-blind Paul, trying to teach people the way to heaven. Just look at him!" This was trying to a sensitive nature such as his. Others have said that the thorn in St. Paul's flesh was a defect in one of his legs, by reason of which he had to limp as he went through the world, carrying the Gospel, and then perhaps they would say as they saw him, "Watch old Paul now, hobbling along, trying to show the people how to get to glory. He is a nice fellow trying to teach people." The fact that he was lame was indeed a sore trial to him, and then to be scoffed at on account of his infirmity was indeed sad. Another wise man tells us that he thinks the thorn in St. Paul's flesh was the continued suppression of the ambition of his nature. Paul was eminently a great man. God never made a greater man, intellectually, morally, or spiritually than St. Paul. I measure his head and his heart, and I don't know which is the bigger. If you will find me a man who has a great deal of brains and no heart, I will find you a stolid, sound, solid, decent, dogmatic doctor of divinity that has not won a soul to Christ in twenty years; but there is one thing he will do, - he will "contend for the faith once delivered." And he is giving a falsehood to his own proposition, "contending for the faith once

delivered." It ought to be for the faith delivered ten thousand times.

Brother, I reckon we need these men in the world. I have never been wise enough to know why these men go all to head. There is a woman, they say, in the show who is nearly all gone to feet, but it's a sad sight to see a fellow gone altogether to head. He would wear a number thirty hat, I suppose, and his head would weigh fifty pounds and his body forty. That's out of proportion. Brother, it's the head and the heart together that we are to look at, and this grand man had both. And now to curb the ambition of his nature, St. Paul - the Saul of Tarsus, with a world stretched out before him, with powers to succeed in any direction, with qualifications equal to the grandest accomplishments in life - is chained in the eyes of the world to the humble and despised Nazarene and his truths.

I do not think it was the defect in his eyesight; I do not think it was his lameness. I do not think it was suppressed ambition or subdued ambition. You ask me what it was - this thorn in his flesh? I say I do not know. Look here. If suppressed ambition were all my trouble, I could get along finely. If it were only lameness, I could hobble along. If it were defect in my eyesight, I could put up with that. But I tell you, brother, every man in this world has some supreme thorn in his flesh, and he can cherish the blessed thought, "Maybe this was the very thing that crushed St. Paul's spirit, and brought him so low to the mercy-seat."

Now, what your thorn is I do not know, but there is not a person here today without a thorn. You know there is something you never talk about, never mention to any human being on the face of the earth. Did you ever notice that? You may talk a great deal, yet there is something you keep to yourself. There are some moments when God alone can take our arm and walk with us, or we would not go right.

Paul did not tell what his thorn was. He might have said, "I am suffering more than angels can bear." What is your case? "I can not tell you about it; I want your sympathy and prayers." Where is the man who has not carried a thorn in his flesh of which he has never spoken? I know that I have gotten a great deal of consolation in my distressed moments in the thought that "Well, after all, may be this thing that pressed so sorely on the life and character of this great man - may be I am to bear that."

Now, brother, St. Paul carried this thorn in his flesh, the messenger of Satan, to buffet him. He carried it until he felt in his heart, "I can carry it no longer." Haven't you been right there? Have you not felt that you must be relieved, or you would die? St. Paul reached that point. What did he do? St. Paul looked at this whole trouble, and then, when the world and his friends had turned their backs upon him, he fell on his knees and prayed, "O, Lord, I beseech thee, let this depart from me; I am overloaded." He got up off his knees and said: "I get no relief in prayer. If angels don't help, humanity won't. My friends turn their backs on me. What must I do?" And he dropped on his knees the second time, and said, "O, Lord, do have mercy upon me." And he prayed earnestly, and got off his knees the second time, and there was the thorn still in his flesh, with all of its unspeakable pain. He looked at the world; his friends turned back from him; and at the angels, and there was a moment, perhaps, when he said, "O, what can I do?" And St. Paul dropped the third time to his knees. And there is a charm in this third prayer, brother; and imagine the third prayer of St. Paul, and the blessed Christ, as he stood at the Father's side and said: "Father, something must be done. I recollect the third time I prayed in the garden of Gethsemane. I remember when I had

prayed once and got up, I found my disciples all asleep, and I awoke them, and when I went into the garden a second time, and came back, I found them asleep again, and I went all alone and almost hopeless into the garden, and kneeled down the third time, and the bloody sweat burst from my body, and how I prayed that the cup might pass from me, and that I might be fanned with the wings of thy love. O, Father, I recollect that. Something must now be done." And I imagine the great God stood up in the presence of the angels, and looked over the parapets of heaven, reached down and put his thumb on the thorn in St. Paul's flesh, and drove it up, and said, "My grace is sufficient for thee." And St. Paul stood up, and has never said a word about that thorn from that day to this. Thank God!

"My grace is sufficient for thee." That's it, brother; that's it!

I tell you, my brother, today, whatever your supreme trouble is, whatever may be the thorn you are carrying, go to God with it. If God does not pluck it out, he may drive it to the very head, but he will say, "My grace is sufficient for thee." When we go to God, and he puts his hand on that thorn, and drives it up, and says, "My grace is sufficient for thee," trust him and he will give you strength. When you are weak, you are going to be strengthened under him.

Thank God, I say, that there are weak moments in our lives. Then God shows his power and love. May God help you to trust in him, and help you to see that whatever your thorn is, he will take care of it for you.

## 07. The Righteous and the Wicked

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The Righteous and the Wicked "The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." (Psalms 92:12) "I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay-tree." (Psalms 37:35)

We narrow these two expressions which I have just read down to this: "The righteous are like the palm-tree, the wicked like a bay-tree." First let us stop and ask, "What is a palm-tree? What is that thing which I am or ought to be like?" The Eastern people boast of the fact that the palm-tree is good for three hundred and seventy-six different things. They say, "We live upon its fruits; of its sap we make wine and medicinal purposes; its wood we use for various manufacturing purposes; its bark and its roots we use for this and that;" and they have summed up all the different things that the palm-tree is good for. They say that from its topmost sprig to the last fiber of its roots it is of use. There is not a particle of the palm-tree that is not useful, and all over, through and through, first to last, it is good for three hundred and seventy-six different things. "The righteous are," or ought to be, "like the palm-tree," good for many different things, good from top to bottom, through and through, with not a particle of soul, body, or spirit that is not good in the service of God. My Bible here, brethren, looks upon me as a sort of trinity in unity - a body, a mind, and a spirit. Now, a man who takes good care of his body, and eats when he ought to eat, and does so with special reference to the great purpose of his existence, is physically religious. Then contemplate the mind. A man who reads the right books, and only the right books, and who improves his mind and grasps at those thoughts which are ennobling and elevate him, is intellectually religious. A man who looks after the spirit - a man who lives in a spiritual atmosphere, and who abides in eternal life, and has eternal life abiding in him here and now - that man is spiritually religious; and, brethren, I like a religion that permeates a man from the top of his head to the sole of his foot. I like a religion, a Bible, a Gospel, a system that looks after me as I am now - mind, body, spirit. A man who eats too much, drinks too much, sleeps too much, or sleeps too little, is a physical sinner, and he will suffer for it, too. I don't know how much he'll suffer for it in the next world, but he'll catch it in this - no avoiding that! A man who punishes his mind, sins against it. It has its life just as the body has, and needs nourishment, too. There's many a starved mind in this country, brethren. If I were simply to feed my body upon husks that had no nutriment, how could I perpetuate physical life? If I do not sit down and eat those things that tend to produce strength and perpetuate life, in so far am I sinning against my body. I wonder what those people are doing that spend their intellectual hours playing cards? How much mental food is there in that? One evening, where I was preaching, I denounced social card-playing and progressive euchre. (Note: Euchre is a game of cards.) Let me tell you, too, if you play progressive euchre - and I don't care whose son, whose wife, whose husband you are - you are a gambler as much as any blackleg in this city. You can't play progressive euchre without the "Booby prize," and you can't play for a Booby prize without putting up the stakes; and if you win or lose, you are a gambler in the sight of God just as much as is the worst blackleg that ever cursed this city. Well, one of the society women who heard me, a member of the Church, said: "Why, I'm disgusted with that preacher. I have a contempt for him. How in the

world could I interest my husband at night if I didn't play cards with him? It's the only way I have of amusing my husband." If I were you, sister, I'd send my husband to a lunatic asylum, where they have cards for the inmates in all the rooms. The Lord pity the woman who has married such an intellectual starveling that she has to sit down and debauch her mind to interest her husband.

Intellectually religious! Thank God for a system of religion that from foot to scalp makes one a holy man all over. I like that sort! The religion of Jesus Christ makes me eat just as the engineer fires his engine - to get strength to go on! Nothing more, nothing less! My intellectual nature calls for things that bring out the brain sweat, and fill the brain with thoughts like those which God thinks, and the brightest man in this world is the man who thinks the thoughts of God.

I can see how the righteous are like the palm tree, for they are good all over, good for many different things. Brother, how many are you good for? Sister, get out your pencil and little piece of paper, and let's run the rule of addition over your life. Now, how many things are you good for? I mean how many things are you good for religiously? You can run a world of things outside of your religious duty, but I am talking about the thing religiously. Now how many of these things are you good for? That sister yonder says, "Wait a minute - I'll tell you. I'm good for - I'm good - I'm - I'm - I - I - um;" and brethren, that's just where she'll get to. That brother yonder has been in the Church for ten years, and he is idle today, and God speaks every day in his hearing, "Go work in my vineyard," and he stands there with his hands in his pockets, and says, "I would go to work in a minute if I only knew anything in the world to go to work at." Whenever you hear a man talk that way, he's a fool or a rascal, one, inevitably; and sometimes he's a compound of both, and then you get him in bad shape indeed! Standing here idle with his hands in his pockets, and there are thirteen hundred and fifty millions of sinners in this universe! He's standing around idle, with a world sinking, sinking down to hell, and he says, - "I can't find a thing to do!" Brother, when you talk that way, you show mentally you are a blank. If you are intellectual at all, then you are intellectually false, and you misrepresent yourself when you say, "I can't find a thing to do in the world."

There's a work for you. Every sinner in this town is a good subject for you to work on. If I had my home here I wouldn't say, "I can't find a thing in the world to do;" and you'd better not go to the judgment and talk that sort of foolishness, for God will say, "Didn't you live in such and such a city?" Good anywhere - good everywhere! O, brethren, the Lord gave us the sort of religion that doesn't stand on the banks of the river and shudder and shake with dread, and shrink; but the Lord gave us the sort of religion that runs and leaps into the current that is lined from source to mouth with human wretches. God help us to bring them over. The Lord give us the sort of Christianity that doesn't sit around with folded hands waiting for something to turn up, but give us the sort of Christianity that will pitch in and pound the iron until it gets red-hot, and then we can shape it as God wants it shaped. It will get warm under the blows of an honest, earnest heart! God everywhere, and God all over! I want the Christianity that makes every deed of my life and every word of my life a maxim for universal application, and as I apply the maxim, the world grows better.

Good for three hundred and seventy-six different things! I have heard some brethren in the Church say, "You're all loading me too heavy. I must help myself some. I'm going to quit being deacon. You're all putting everything on me." Look here, brother, get down on your knees and count the three hundred and seventy-six different things you are good for and busy at, and then when you

come out, get the measure of the palm tree, and then you'll let them put anything on you. There's something wrong with the man that lies down on the ground with his cross on top of him.

I am disgusted with the Christianity that thus breaks down. I look back about eighteen hundred years ago, and I see what the disciples of Jesus Christ went through in order to make their way to God, and to make themselves the ministers of God's grace, and I am ashamed of every officer of religion we have upon the face of the earth. Why, brethren, then they took them out of their homes and stripped them and misrepresented them, and persecuted them, inflicting stripes and imprisonment, and crucified them. And yet people are no better now than they used to be. I wonder if the difference is in the preachers, and not with the people? I have been hunting for a martyr, a fellow that died for the truth. If I could get him, I would have a text that I could make things hum with. But I have been hunting one for thirteen years, and I have never found a martyr yet. O, for a Christian that goes out to battle red-hot, and makes it so warm for those who sin that this world would surrender, or put that man out of the way. You can get it in that shape if you want it. God forbid that I should bring a railing and a scoffing against any preacher. I would not strike a blow at you that I would not be willing myself to receive. But what is the matter with us? We want a Christianity that walks right out. A liquor paper in Georgia denounces Sam Jones as a firebrand. God grant that if ever I have my name changed from Sam Jones to "Firebrand," I may go forth a firebrand in the name of Jesus Christ. Jesus said: "I am come to send fire on this earth." We need an issue, brethren - a clearly defined issue, and we must have it, brethren, if we ever get this city for Christ. The devil now possesses it, and the only road we have to take in order to get it from him is the road of Christ. The Lord help every preacher in this city next Sunday morning to turn his guns on sin, and if you will bombard sinners in the right way, they will run up their white flag within thirty days from today. Let the pulpit be sure that it is right, and then go to hitting hard, and "carry the war into Africa." Rush it right on. How your enemies will howl, and kick, and rear, and pitch, and talk about vulgarity and vulgar witticisms, and slang, and all that sort of thing. But I tell you, brethren, one thing, that you will get at the meanness of them if you will get at them in the right way. Meanness is always cowardly. One good Christian can chase away a thousand, and two good ones put ten thousand to flight if you will get God with you. I hope that every newspaper in this city, and every pulpit in this city will square up on the Ten Commandments. They are good for anything and everything; good everywhere, and good at all circumstances. They are good at prayer-meetings. They are good at family prayer. They are good at visiting the sick. They are good at serving the needy. They are good at helping the weak. They are good anywhere and everywhere.

O, my, how I do like to see a Christian that knows his rights, let you talk to him and abuse him as you will. How many in this house can say, "I am the Lord's with reserved rights in the world?" Christianity is like the man when he found the pearl of great price. He sold out everything and put it all into the pearl of great price. Brother and sister, have you a reserved right in Christian life? Turn it all over to God. Then he will use you for his glory and your eternal good. A reserved right! Some people promise to enter a Church if the preacher will not ask them to pray or to speak in public. He takes them in as a sort of honorary members. And don't you honor the Church with a vengeance, you honorary members! A fellow told me one night, "I am going out to the Church tonight, but I want you to promise me that you will not call on me to pray." "I won't make any promise," I said. "Then I won't go," he replied. I said, "I would fight you from now to daylight before I would promise

not to call on you to do your duty. How are you to give us an example if you don't pray?" The freest man is the one who is ready at all times for anything that God or the Church calls upon him to do. Brother, I would rather be a whole Christian and do my whole Christian duty fifty times over, than shirk a duty, as you do, once a week. God knows it is easier. He who does otherwise is always dodging. He never gets clear from fear. He's afraid somebody will shadow him when he walks out, and proclaim all he sees. You want to be good in three hundred and seventy-six things until you build up a palm-tree in heaven. A good Christian will grow anywhere, like the palm-tree, which will grow anywhere in its latitude - in the bottoms, in the marsh, among the rocks, on the hillside.

Some people say, "I can not be good and keep house." But there is more religion in the kitchen than in the parlor. "I can not be good and be a merchant." "I can not be good and be a lawyer." A palm tree grows everywhere; and some of the best people that I ever knew were hotel keepers, were lawyers, were merchants. And every good hotel keeper and every good merchant, every good lawyer is a demonstration of the fact that all of them could be good if they wanted to be. All can be good anywhere, no matter their business may be.

Another thing about the palm-tree. If you plant it in the Desert of Sahara, you will notice that it takes root and shoots out and other palms grow up around it, and these draw moisture, and by and by a palm-tree grove is spread around the spring that is formed in this oasis in the desert, where the weary traveler can stop and slake his thirst. A good Christian is like a palm-tree in this respect. When you find one, another one will grow up around him. His roots are like those of the palm-tree. They just spring up all around him, and their moisture is the river of life, and these form the oasis in the desert of life, where the weary traveler can slake his thirst in the shadow of the tree of life.

Then there is another thing about the palm-tree. You can take it and bend it over and press it right down to the earth, but it shoots itself up again toward heaven. Poor Job said when he was smashed down in the ash bank, and his wife put additional pressure on his fall by telling him his breath was a stench and his body corrupt, and told him to curse God and die, "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil? Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Glory be to God that we can be like a palm-tree. Let us be like the palm-tree - good everywhere and through every day in the week from head to foot; good anywhere you hitch. I like that sort of Christianity. But the wicked are like a bay-tree. Do you know what a bay-tree is?" Now you will find your latitude, some of you. If you have studied yourself for hours you will know. A bay-tree is good for nothing in the universe, that we know of. God may see good in it, but we can not. In the first place, a bay-tree will come out and blossom as prettily as any tree in the land, but it never has any fruit. Then another thing about the bay-tree. If I were going out for a load of wood, I would drive five miles further rather than try to split up a bay-tree, it is so hard. And another thing about a bay-tree. It not only has no fruit upon it, and not only is it not fit for wood, because it is so hard to cut, but it will only grow down in a marsh bottom, and is fit for nothing but shade, and it casts its shade just right where the sun ought to shine. The wicked are like the bay-tree. O, brethren, what is a wicked mother worth to her children? O, sister, what are you worth? You will bear and blossom out beautifully in your worldly life, but you have no fruits of righteousness. You flower best in the marshy bottom of sin; and you are fit for nothing but to shade, and you shade the light of heaven from your precious children. God forgive us. Brother, is it true that you are a bay-tree? In any heavenly sense, are you good for anything? Good for yourself, or any good for the next world?

O, brother, you flourish best in the swamp of sin, and do nothing but shade, and you shade the light of heaven from the precious ones in your home.

Mother and sister, let us go to our homes this evening and ask ourselves, "Am I like the palm-tree, or am I like the bay-tree?"

I might talk and hour about this subject, but we have got enough to think about. I want to get you down to bottom rock. I want to get you down to the roots. We want to shuffle off the incrustations of evil until we can plant our feet on the "Rock of ages," and then we will stand secure when the last storm has swept over us. I know I am not up, but I am down, and the way up is down. If you want to go up, start down. He that humbleth himself shall be exalted. If you go down deep enough you will never break off the stem. Go down and down. David said he was brought low, and the Lord helped him. Good Lord, help me to go down.

And, brethren, God will help us to see eye to eye. Some of you don't understand me, and, perhaps, I don't understand you. But God will help to bring us to where we can see each other face to face; mark what I tell you. There are as good people in this house as any that live on this earth. I have never said otherwise. I will tell you another thing. You talk about living out of the Church. It is all I can do to live in the Church. It is the only house that Christians have got; and if they turned me out of one, I would join the next I came to, and be ready for the next opening of the door; and if they turned me out, I would go again. A colored man was noticed joining a Church every time he could get a chance. He was asked, "What makes you do that way?" He answered, "O, it did me so much good the first time that I joined, that I want to keep on joining every time you open the door." Thank God for his grand Church.

God bless you and help you to see that the Church of Jesus Christ is the only hope of this world. If that is the truth, then let us make the Church what God wants it to be.

## 08. Why Will Ye Die?

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### Why Will Ye Die?

"Say unto them, As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live; turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" (Ezekiel 23:11)

God said frequently to his children, "Come, let us reason together." He is a reasonable God, and you are reasonable men in many things, and he challenges you into his presence, and says, "Let us reason together about this. I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." In other words, "I have nothing to do with the death of the wicked." I say there is nothing in the grace of God, and nothing in the blood of Jesus Christ, to save an impenitent man.

These are clear, honest statements of Scriptural truths. There is nothing in the Pacific Railroad's movement of its trains to make you ship your goods over that road if you don't want to ship them that way. There is nothing in the management of the Pacific road that can compel a man to travel over its lines if the man doesn't want to go over them; and we say honestly and emphatically that there is nothing in the atonement of Jesus Christ to save any but the lost; and no man is saved, in a Gospel sense, until he first sees and feels he is lost. When a man feels that he is lost in this sense, thank God he is getting to be found! Your salvation depends on your patient continuance in well-doing.

What is the judgment at last? "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." It isn't, Well commenced. I have known people to begin a great many things well. It isn't, Well carried on. I've known a great many people to carry on an enterprise for years, and then break down. It isn't, Well begun or well carried on, but it is "Well done, well finished, well rounded up, thou good and faithful servant." And now, brother, listen: If you are an earnest, humble Christian, your salvation does not depend so much on what happened in the past, may be, as on what are you going to do from now on?" "If a righteous man forsake his righteousness and commit iniquity, the righteousness he hath done shall be forgotten, and he shall die in his sin." God says to the wicked, "If you forsake your wickedness and do right, you shall live. I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked."

I know the question is asked, "If God is omnipotent and is love, then why should any perish?" Brother, we have what we call human will in this world, and that will determines for you where you will go. If you go to hell, it is a matter of choice with you; if you go to heaven, it is likewise a matter of choice. Say, why did God endow man with will, then? Look here, there are some things that are inherent in the nature of the thing. How cometh that engine on the track yonder? Its gauge indicated one hundred and fifty pounds pressure of steam. What do they want with the steam? Why, to pull the train behind the engine. But it may burst the boiler into ten thousand pieces! Yes, but that's the inherent nature of the steam. When you sit in the train, you always feel the powerful pulsations of the majestic engine in front, and that engine has power enough in its nature to blow the boiler into ten thousand pieces. The powers that God has given you to direct you and move

you, these same powers may destroy you for time and eternity. Righteousness is the right use of God's given thing, and sin is the wrong use of God's given thing. If you use a thing wrongly, God is not responsible if you are blown up by it; and the power to do right or wrong is inherent in the nature of man. I suppose they could have made an engine so that its boiler wouldn't burst; but if they did, they'd have to make some other sort of an engine than a steam engine. I've seen caloric engines, but they never get anywhere.

Hear me. God has no pleasure in the death of him that dies! My mother loved me because she had some of the nature of God in her own heart; my wife loves me because some of the nature of God has been poured into her heart. God is love, and the great store-house of God's love is his heart, and we all draw from that store-house; and all the love my wife and my mother and my children have for me has been drawn from the great store-house of the love of God. Did my wife's love save me? Did my mother's love save me from a wicked life? No, sir! No, sir! In that sense, God's love can't save any man, and it never did save any man.

If God's mercy, and God's love, and God's goodness could save a man, then God was guilty of cruelty to send his only begotten Son to suffer on the cross that he might wash away with his blood, our sin. There is no means by which we can be saved except in the name of the only begotten Son of God. The Father sent his Son into the world not to condemn the world, but that through him the world might be saved. He bridges the chasm between a sinking world and the God that made it; and he was sent not to break down and crush and ruin humanity, but that we might cross over in safety on his atonement into the kingdom of God.

I declare it to be as true as that I read my Bible that there is not a man here tonight but who may be in heaven within a hundred years from today. There isn't a man here tonight but who, if he makes the choice, can be in hell a hundred years from today. Those ten decades will soon be gone, brethren. O, how the time flies! Let's you and I settle it tonight. "By the grace of God, if that be true, I'll be in heaven a hundred years from now." We may be there in ten years; it may be in ten months; it may be in ten days; it may be in ten hours; - we will be in the one place or the other. To the righteous I say, "Keep on; plow your furrow out; go on through;" but to the wicked I say, "Stop! there's danger and death ahead of you." There's a message for you both tonight! Christian people, hear me, and go on in your way; but, sinners, just stop long enough in your mad, onward rush to hear these truths. "Turn ye, turn ye, why will you die." The turning spoken of here means an actual, business-like turning away from sin, not a mock turning. There's no farce about this thing; it's an actual turning away from sin.

Here's a merchant that's been merchandising ten years, and he's been losing money right along, and now he's almost near to bankruptcy, and he resolves he'll close out his stock on hand, and quit the business and go to farming. There's a business turn about that thing. He doesn't want to go on losing money; he sees he's sinking every year, and he resolves to quit merchandising and go to farming. Turning away from sin is just as actual as is that man turning from merchandising.

It seems to me sometimes that we've got religion diluted down to a sentiment or to a song; but it's an outrage on the glittering, glorious Gospel of the Son of God. It is not a sentiment - it's a sanctified business. It's a business contract binding on you. You do what God tells you to do, and then if God doesn't do what he said he would do, you have an issue that will bankrupt heaven in a minute. A great many people in this world want their pay before they do their job. There are two

bad paymasters - one who pays before the job is done, and the one who never pays at all; and the one that never pays at all is the best one, because if he pays humanity before they do the job, they will tell a thousand lies to get out of it, and never do it at all. Listen! Some of you people want the pay before you do the work! That's your trouble. You say, "If God will bless me, I will do so and so." I guess you will. Who are you that want to dictate the terms to him, and receive all the benefit yourself? God says, "You do so and so and I will do so and so." Do your duty; that's the way. If you will do your duty, you will be religious, and you will be religious if you do your duty. Some people are always troubled to know what the Lord will do for them. Turn and you will be saved, said the Lord. The turning is your duty, and the saving is God's. If you turn and God doesn't save you, then you will have an issue that will overturn the pillars of justice. The turn must be business-like, however. You don't want other people to pay you before you do your duty, and why do you want the Lord to do it? A man doesn't want to pay for a bill of goods until he orders and receives them. You don't want to pay the blacksmith until he shoes your horse. Let's be decent and sensible in our turning to God.

What's the use in forswearing ball-rooms, and then wanting to go back to them? What's the use in giving up cards, and still you're nearly dead to play cards again? I believe in Christian liberty, in a fellow getting religion and doing right. But whenever you get to rubbing up against ball-room and card-rooms and theaters, and such, you make a mistake - you haven't given up anything. I loved to dance and do a hundred things that are wrong, but I have had as much desire to go to hell as to a ball-room since I got religion. I believe in a religion that sets us at liberty, and makes us do the things we love to do, and makes us love the things we ought to do. You can't turn away heartily to heaven, and yet long for the fleshpots of Egypt. I've got into Canaan now, where the grapes and the pomegranates and the figs cluster thick above my head, and I can eat and rejoice. I have had enough of the leeks and onions. It is all choice. I take God's love to my heart, and put it on, and follow his directions.

Now, from ever thing that is wrong, I take my heart, and put it on these things which are right. And a man is never converted until he is converted from the wrong and converted to the right.

God pity you, my brother! Let us go out on one side or the other. Let us take a stand. If it is right to do wrong, let us go on boldly; and if it is right to do right, and stick to God and live for heaven, let us go over on that side.

I heard of a gambler in Louisville who gave himself to God, and joined the Church; and then he went on the streets next day, and when he met his former companions, he said to them, "Goodbye, boys; I will never do those things again; and unless you come into the Church and take a stand with me, I will cut your acquaintance today, and cut it forever." That is what I call taking a stand! And if you want to be religious, take a stand. May the good Lord give these poor sinners grip. That is what we want; the nerve to come up and assert our manhood, and take sides in this great moral issue.

Turn - an actual, hearty turning away from sin. And not only that, but let it be an immediate turning. Be not among these everlasting dilly-dally men, putting off, and putting off.

You can't be in too big a hurry in this great question of preparing for eternity. And, thank God, when a man prepares to die, then he is prepared to live; he is prepared for every good work and

word. It is an immediate turning away from sin that is necessary. O, brother, that heart that beats in your bosom is but a muffled drum beating your funeral dirge to the tomb, and you know not when that heart will stop beating. Brother, you have no time to lose - you have no more time to throw away. Whatever else may happen, if you will put in your best licks from this hour until you die, you will find out you just barely made your way safely to the good world. An immediate turning away from sin! And not only must it be an immediate turning away, but a thorough turning. Brother, there is no use in talking about giving up part. One sin in your life is like one leak in a ship; it will sink your soul before it reaches the other shore; and it is a question not of how many sins have you given up, whether twenty or fifty or a thousand, the one question for eternity is, have you given them all up; and have you emptied them down tonight so that you can say, "There is the last sin of my life, it is given up forever?" Will you do that? O, brother, you can not swim the ocean of time with any sin resting upon you; you can not do it. And you can just as well give your sins up now and give them all up. I know what human nature is. I recollect how I tried to scatter my sins along and give up those I felt I could get along best without. But, brother, I never made any headway until I emptied them all down, and said, "Lord, I will never do another thing that displeases thee." And I said, "If I am damned at last it will be for those sins already committed. I will never commit another." And it must not only be a thorough giving up, but, brother, hear me once more - it must be an eternal giving up of sin. When General Lee, under the apple tree at Appomattox, handed his sword to General Grant, he said with his whole heart, and said it for his whole army, "We will never take up arms against the old flag again."

I tell you, my fellow-citizens, when a poor sinner goes to the cross and surrenders, let him surrender with the understanding that he lays down his old weapons of rebellion. Let him say: "I do not lay them down for a week, or a month, or a year, but so help me God I will never, never fire that old gun again. I will never handle it anymore. God helping me, I will be true to the flag of the cross from this day until the minute I die."

Now you say, "What is the necessity of my turning?" Do you know, brother, that this nineteenth century is wicked, and more wicked perhaps than the century that preceded it, and that the more wicked and depraved men get, the more they fight this idea of hell? And did you ever see a man that didn't believe in an eternal hell, but that when he came to die he would go there? There is many a fellow in this country who says, "There is no hell," and mark the expression, he won't be in hell more than ten minutes before he jumps up and cries out, "O, what a mistake I made in my doctrine. I didn't have any hell in it, and now I am in hell forever."

Hear me, my brother. Let us open the pages of this Book, and we will see that for the wickedness of man, God drowned this old world. We turn over a little further, and see the burning hail falling on Sodom and Gomorrah. And we turn over a little further, and there are Pharoah and his hosts, horses, chariots, all drowned in the Red Sea. We turn over page after page, and we find a little further along Ananias and Sapphira as they dropped dead in their tracks for lying. We turn over and over until the end, and find that God has been punishing sin for four thousand years. As I look an all merciful God and loving Father in the face tonight, then I look at myself and say, O, God, if thou has destroyed armies and drowned the world, and sent the burning hail upon cities and destroyed them, and caused the earth to burst open and swallow the wicked; I look at all this and then I ask myself the question, if God will drown worlds and burn cities and destroy armies as he has done in the past, then will God let me go unpunished in the future? And the man who says that

God will not punish sin, must fly in the face of the record and of the history of this universe.

And, now, the means of turning. What are the means? "Lord, here I am tonight, a poor sinner. I give up and surrender to the cross. I take the line of duty thou has marked out for me. I give myself to thee from this time on." Brother, sister, won't you turn tonight?

"Sinners, turn! why will you die? God, your Savior, asks you why?"

Won't you turn tonight and be saved forever? Turn! Turn!

## 09. The Blessedness of Religion

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### The Blessedness of Religion

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful; but his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night." (Psalms 1:1-2) The Psalms are an interesting study for any man. I like to read Dickens and Thackeray and Bulwer and Shakespeare, because they evince such a deep insight into human nature. A man may study the pages of such books as these to advantage, but there is more for me in these one hundred and fifty psalms than in the writings of all these masters. The authors I have named give me human nature as we might see it if we were standing on the streets or in your stores. But David gives us human nature as it is acted upon or influenced by the Divine Spirit. I never have much to say against human nature. I have very little abuse for a man in his normal state.

It is perverted human nature I fight. It is the perversion of hand and foot and tongue and mind that I am ready always and forever to denounce. David gives me human nature as it is acted upon and influenced in the best way. I love to read David, because, in the first place, David knew what he was talking about. I love to hear a man talk who seems to know what he is talking about. I've heard men trying to explain a great many things they didn't understand. I love to read David, because he experienced what he was talking about. No man before him knew more of God and more of humanity than David, and the best preacher that ever planted his foot in this city is the preacher who knows the most about God and the most about humanity. He stands between the two, and hence he ought to know God, and lay his hands on the shoulder of his living Father in heaven, and then put the other arm around the race, and try to lift humanity up to God. This David could do.

Now this man who had studied life in all its phases, a man who seemed to understand God as no man before him and very few after him, a man who seemed to understand himself and understand human nature - gives us the conclusion he had reached in these words, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly," as much as if to say, "If you want to be a happy man" - and all men want to be happy - "If you really are in search of happiness, listen to this prescription: 'Blessed and happy you will be, if you walk not in the counsel of the ungodly.'" An ungodly man may be a very moral man; an ungodly man need not swear, nor drink, nor violate the Sabbath, nor commit any of the flagrant sins which men are so often guilty of. An ungodly man means simply an ungodlike man. Ungodliness and ungodlikeness are synonymous - they mean the same thing. What does ungodly mean? It signifies not acquainted with God, and God's ways. Every man who knows God, loves God, and every man who does not know God, doesn't love him. It is just as natural for a soul that knows God to love God, as it is for a mother to love her babe, or as it is for a father to love his son. An ungodly man is a man who cares nothing about God. I'll tell you the distinguishing characteristic of that sort of men. They love to talk. They scoff at the idea that anybody ever died for them, but they are all right, and they can give more advice, and practice less of it than any tribe in creation. The way to tell an ungodly man is that he is always talking about

what harm is there in this, that, or the other thing, and the way to tell a godly man is, he is always hunting around for something with good in it, and not going about trying to find something that people can see no harm in, as they say. If there is no harm in cards, why I haven't the time to play cards, and I'm sorry for the man and woman that have time to dance. I tell you, brethren, when I look around me and see a sinking world and humanity drifting off from God, and so many sick beds to visit, and so many that are poor and need sympathy and help, I have no time to spare for these things; and you wouldn't have either if you were of any account. You can put that down!

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly." In other words, if you want to be happy in this life, don't take counsel or advice from ungodly men. Don't do that! When you are lost as to any moral problem, go to the best man or the best woman you know in the world for good advice, for they're the only ones capable of advising you. I want a man first to practice what he preaches, and show me it is good to do it, and then tell me how he did it, and then I want to do just like him. An ungodly man! As I said before, you can hardly pick a flaw in him; he never goes far enough to be dubbed immoral. What's the difference between an immoral sinner and a moral sinner? Why, it's just the difference between the typhoid fever and the smallpox. That's the only difference at all. One's internal and the other is external, but both will kill nine times in ten. An ungodly man "Can't see any harm in anything." He is like an old Irishman down in our town, who was a devout member of his Church. He was very profane, and a man said to him one day, "Jack, how can you be called a devout member of your Church and swear and curse as you do?" And Jack replied, "Faith, sir, and there's no harm in cursing unless you make harm out of it." Do you get the idea, brethren? I am not hunting those things that have no harm in them, but I'm hunting the things that have good in them, and so are all good men under all circumstances. They ain't inquiring whether there is much or little harm in this, that, and the other thing. If you want to be happy, brethren, don't take the advice or counsel of the ungodly, or of those men who run on that line of things. They'll get you into trouble sooner or later, sure.

Take the question of theater-going, and nine-tenths of these ungodly people in the Church and out, you'll find go to the theaters. Let's raise that question a little while here. A preacher in St. Louis told me that during his pastorate in Chicago there was a young lady, teacher in one of the schools, who came to him during a revival. Her conscience was stirred, and she walked up to him and said, "I want to be a Christian. I want to join your Church, but you object to theater-going, and I can't see any harm in that at all." The pastor said to her, "Sister, give your heart to God, join the Church, and go to the theater as much as you please." She joined the Church, and after that went to the theater. Next Summer the revival started again, and the young lady came into the church, and took a class in the Sunday-school, and tried to live right. One day during the revival one of the young lady's pupils, who had become penitent, came to her and said, "Miss So-and-so, do you go to the theater? And she answered, "Yes; I go occasionally." The pupil then asked, "Do you think it is right as a Christian to go to the theater?" "Well," said the teacher, "I don't know." And the pupil asked again, "Miss So-and-so, if you go as a Christian, can I go as a penitent?" And the young lady told her pastor, "I looked that sweet girl in the face, and said, 'Darling, I'll never put my foot inside another theater, God helping me, as long as I live.' My liberty as a Christian was costing that girl her soul, and I said to myself, 'My liberty shall never do that,' and I gave up the thing that was leading a soul from God."

That's the way a Christian will settle that question every time. My liberty and license in these things shall never cost a human being his soul. Lord cure us of this abominable way of asking, "What harm is there in this?" But nobody has ever asked me, "Is there any harm in family prayer?" They never asked me if I thought there was in harm in reading the Bible! Do you want to know why? Because they knew there was no harm in it! Why did they ask me the other question? Because they knew there was harm in it, and that settles the whole question.

"Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly." When a man gets to listening to bad advice the next thing he's going to do is to stand in the way of sinners. That means, keeping the company of sinners; and a man isn't going to listen to bad advice long before he'll be with sinners. I don't care whose boy, or wife, or child you are, you can not stand the pressure of bad company.

We need to inform ourselves in this question of company. There isn't an angel in heaven that can keep company some of you do and be pure. Above everything in the universe, a man ought to be choice about his company and about his books. If you will show me the company you keep, I will write your biography ten years ahead of your death, and I will not miss the mark one time in ten. "Birds of a feather flock together."

I will tell you another thing. There is but one safe rule in this line. Don't you ever go with anybody that will say things you won't, that will do things you won't do. You won't run with them long until you will be doing those things and saying those things yourself. Always hunt better company than you are, for when some of us get up to ourselves, we are with the biggest rascal in town right then. And that gets things in a bad shape, doesn't it? I am sorry for a fellow when, every time he goes off by himself, he is in the worst company he was ever in in his life. I will illustrate that for you. There was a very stingy man I once heard of down in our country. His wife was a Methodist, and he would go with his wife to Church, but he never would pay a dime toward the support of the Church. One summer he professed religion and joined the Church himself. Well, shortly after he joined the Church, the stewards went over to his house and spoke to him kindly and told him: "Our preacher is now in need of provisions, and I came over to see if I could get some meat from you for him." He had a smoke-house full, and he thought a minute: "Why," said he, "certainly, I will give the preacher some meat." He went out to his smoke-house while the steward sat at the window. He walked up to the smoke-house, unlocked the door, took down a big, fine ham, brought it about half-way to the house, stopped and laid it down. He looked at it a while, and turned around and walked back to the smoke-house, got another and came and laid it down also. Then he stood and looked at it for a minute, turned back to the smoke-house and brought another. The steward was watching him, and he looked down at the three hams. He heard him say: "If you don't shut your mouth, you old stingy devil, I will go and give him all the meat there is in the smoke-house." The devil was in him, and told him every time: "Are you going to give away that ham?" And the devil kept after him, and he tried to hush his mouth by putting down one ham at a time, but finally he silenced him when he said, "If you don't hush your mouth I will give him every ham in the smoke-house." And then the devil hushed. So a man can be in bad company when he is by himself. "Bad company will ruin you."

Above all things we ought to be careful about the associations of our children. If that neighbor of yours is worth fifty, or seventy-five, or a hundred thousand dollars, he may have the worst children

in town, and yet you will let those children of his come over there and ruin yours because he has got a little money. Did you ever notice that streak of human nature? If that neighbor's son of yours drives a fine horse and buggy in the streets of this city and belongs to one of the fashionable clubs, that is all I want to know about him or any other man. It is only a question of time when he will be drowned in debauchery and ruin if he is a member of a city club. I don't care if you are as pious as Job, if you will join one of those clubs and begin to run with them, I would swap your chances of heaven for those of Judas Iscariot.

I am determined to be understood, you see, and you all can disagree with me if you want to; but you shan't run away from here and say: "I declare, I didn't understand that fellow." You shan't say that. I want to make you see what I am talking about.

"Nor standeth in the way of sinners." O, mothers, look to the company of your children. Fathers, look to the company of your sons. And I say to you tonight, whenever it becomes a known fact that my daughters keep company with dissipated young men and my sons have gone out into bad company, I shall lose all hope for the future of my children. O, stand by your children and protect them.

Boys, listen to me. You never can get higher than the company you keep. If you would be noble and true, seek the best atmosphere of earth, and live in it forever. Stand not in the way of sinners. In this verse, David adds, "Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." Now, brethren, we notice first he is walking along, in the counsel of the ungodly. Well, when a man is walking in this way, he can turn to the right or turn to the left by the movements of one set of muscles; but you let him stand right still and he has got to move every muscle in his body to get off; and then let him sit down, and nine times in ten he is there to stay. While walking along in your youthful days, God's minister used to come and impress you and move you and turn you, but by and by you got to standing, and then the thunders of worlds could not shake you or turn you. Some of you have reached the last stage, the ante-room to hell, and that is sitting in the seat of the scornful. God pity a poor wretch that has gone through bad counsel into bad company until finally he is sitting down in the seat of the scornful, where he can laugh at the preacher and make fun of God and scorn the Bible.

"Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." A man never gets over the fact that he has taken such an attitude toward God. "But his delight is in the law of the Lord." I tell you, brother, when you get to where you will like this Book, and read this Book, you are laying a foundation then. Young boys, take this Book; let your delight be in the counsel, in the law of the Lord. I never think of what this Bible is to a man but I think of a little boy. He was the good boy in the town, and all the boys recognized him as a good, upright boy. And they laid their traps to get him drunk. They sent one of the shrewdest of the bad boys to him, and he met him on the street, and he said, "Johnny, come into the grocery and let us have a mint julep." Johnny say, "O, no, I can't go in there." "Well, why?" "Well, my Book says, 'Look not upon the wine when it is red,' much less drink it." "O, he says, "I know the Book says that, but come in and take one drink." "Well," he says, "I can't do it." "Well, why?" "Because my Book says, 'At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.'" "O," he says, "I know the Bible says that, but come in and take one drink." "No," he says, "my Bible says, 'When sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'" And the bad boy turned off and left him, and went over to his companions, and they said, "Did you see him?" "Yes." "Did you get him to drink?" "No, I couldn't get him in the grocery." "Well, why?" He said, "That boy was just as chuck full of

Bible as he could be, and I couldn't do a thing with him." Ah, brother, "his delight is in the law of the Lord."

Now, let me give you the germ of happiness that may spring up and be a tree under which you can sit in its shade and eat its fruits. Listen: these texts, these two verses, furnish the secret of a happy life. I beg you, don't walk in the counsel of the ungodly! Don't stand in the way of sinners! Don't sit in the seat of the scornful, but take the Book of God, make it your counsel, give yourself to the right, and live and die for God.

## 10. A New Creature In Christ

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A New Creature In Christ "Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." (2 Corinthians 5:17)

Christ Jesus was a man, and in referring to his relation to our race, he spoke of himself as "the Son of man." "These works that I do demonstrate that I am divine. Now I would not have you forget that I am also the Son of man."

We have Christ in two manifestations, and I wish we had more of him in a third. We have Christ in his works, and we have him in his words. We have books written on the latter. Rudolph Stier, on the Words of the Lord Jesus, is, perhaps, one of the most valuable books in a preacher's library. I have been panting and hungry a long time for a book on the Thoughts of the Lord Jesus. Really, when I look at his works, I wonder and say, "Behold!" Then, when I read his words, I say, "A man that could talk like that, of course could work like that;" and when I get into the great thoughts of Christ, then I say, "The words and works of Christ are the mere bubbles on the great ocean of life. He who thought like Christ could surely work like Christ and talk like Christ."

Christ Jesus is a great deal more to us, brother, than we have ever realized. Really, the wealth of the universe is hidden in Christ. Now I would not stand here and study Christ; I would not stand here with all the infirmities and difficulties that encompass me, with the seen things, and study the Lord Jesus, but I would go where Jesus is, and study the universe; and a man who stands where Jesus is understands things very differently from a man who stands here and studies them.

Jesus Christ is the great telescope to the Christian's eye. He not only brings the unseen things, which are afar off, down to where I may reach them, but he is also the great microscope to the Christian's eye, so that the things that are close to me I can see a thousand times better when I look through Christ.

Christ in his works and in his words, Christ in his thoughts, in the unfailing purity of his social life, his grandeur of intellectual life in the whole sum of his life, is an exemplar for all men. O Jesus, thou art all in all, and from thee and through thee I may see all things in the light God see them.

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." I believe that Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary. I believe that he was God. I believe that he was man. I believe we needed this God-Man. Jesus Christ is a mediator - one who works between two parties. I think it was Bishop Morris who put this in the strongest way. He said, "Jesus was the mediator, the one between the two, and Jesus was divine, and Jesus was human, and he laid the left hand of his humanity on the shoulder of man, and then, reaching up, caught the shoulder of God with the right hand of his divinity, and he brought God and man together." We needed Christ. And I believe another thing, brother. I believe the Lord Jesus Christ not only came and lived among men, but he fared largely as other men did and do. Jesus Christ suffered and died for what he was and for what he said and for what he did. That's true. And Jesus Christ died as naturally as St. Paul died, and St. Paul died a natural death. Do you want to know what I mean by this? I mean that in that day, in the fullness of the

time, when Jesus came, it was death to any man to preach righteousness and live it before the people. And Jesus came and suffered the penalty of his righteous life and his righteous words. Now, on this question, I want to say, brethren, that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Savior of men, suffered the penalty of his words and his works. It was death to the God-man. It was death to those who loved this God-man, to talk and preach as he did. Then I see Jesus on that cross as he suffers and dies; and, listen, brother, on that cross I see the divinest, grandest manifestation of God's love to man. If you want to draw out from the deepest depth all that's true in me, listen. You see Christ on that cross. I have heard men say that Jesus hung on the cross to satisfy the claims of divine justice. I have heard them say Jesus was hung on that cross to appease God's wrath against man; but I will tell you my conception of it, and this little bundle of paper, the Bible, which I hold in my hand, is with me. Jesus Christ was not there to satisfy claims of divine justice. He was not there as a target of divine wrath. No. Would you make me believe that God was angry with humanity six thousand years ago, and that the only way to keep him from killing out the whole concern was to put his only Son on the cross and sacrifice him? I do not believe God suffered his Son to be crucified because he was mad with men, but that Jesus came and died because of God's love for man. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life."

God doesn't love me because Christ died for me, but Christ died for me because of God's unspeakable love for me. Now you are getting your theology right on this question, and you can knock all the infidelity out of this country by this great New Testament doctrine. Love! "Herein is love, not that we loved Him, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." And this old idea we have, that God does not love anybody but good people, won't do. Some people get this idea in their heads, and the first thing you know they think they have a corner on the grace of God, and are trying to run a monopoly on the love of heaven.

Hear, my brethren, God loves every man in this universe. I will take this view. The sun in mid-heaven shines on everything alike. It shines on the verdant valleys, on the bold mountain peaks. It pours its vivifying rays on growing grain, fruits, and flowers, as well as on the stricken oak, or blasted tree, and sterile ground. It shines on all alike. Why? Because it is its nature to shine on everything. God's name as well as nature is love, and God loves everything that comes under the burning rays of his love. God loves all men. He loved me just as much before I was converted as he loves me now. If he had not, I never would have been converted. It is God's nature to love, and you cannot make it out that God is mad with men. O thou infinite God of love and mercy, of long suffering and goodness, show us all that thou hast never dealt with us in anger, but always in love.

God loves us, brethren, and Jesus Christ was not hung on the cross as a target of divine justice, or to placate divine anger, but as the manifestation of God's love to dying men. That's it. I hope I am orthodox, brethren! I hope I am. If I am not, I will tell you this much, I can love God more with this view of the divine atonement than I can with any other; and you must let me have my way, because I can get along better on that than on any other ground. We won't quarrel about it. You may take the other view of it if you like, or mix the two together if you please, but I love Him because he first loved me. He is a loving Savior; a loving Savior, living; loving, dying; loving, going to the grave; loving, rising; always filled with love for me.

"Now, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Jesus was emphatically a new creature in the world. There was none like him before, nor any like him since. Jesus prayed, "Father, as we are one, grant that these people may be all one with us." All are merged into one in Christ - one in purpose, one in desire, one in intention, one in love, one in purity, one in faith, one in forgiveness, one in pardon. It is a oneness in sentiment, purpose, virtue, desire, love, and purity.

You see two men walking along. You say these two men have the same purposes, the same interests, the same desires, everything the same. When you hit one, you hit both. The bar-keepers in this city are all one. If you raise your voice against one of them, they will all rise up against you. You hit one of them in denouncing their traffic, and you hit them all. Their interests are identical. I wish I could say that when you hit one Christian in this town, you hit all; but, instead of that, when you hit one, the rest all say, "I am glad it was not me." Thank God, though we cannot know like him, and cannot have power like him, one thing we can do, and that is, love like God. And that is the grandest of his attributes - love.

Now, brother, being in Christ Jesus, presupposes a longing for Christ. I said before, Jesus Christ is not a sentiment. He is a divine person, and in the divinity of his person he embraces all wisdom, justice, mercy, love, and purity. Of all these attributes, Christ is the living embodiment, and he who is in Christ the most necessarily partakes most of these divine characteristics. The Scriptural term for this longing is "hungering and thirsting after righteousness." That is a healthful and religious state. David said: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." Hunger of the soul is a hunger for Christ. The sense of hunger and of thirst of the body, how intense it is. Did you ever locate the sense of physical hunger? A little boy once said to his father, "Papa, I feel so hungry." "Son," said the father, "how do you feel when you are hungry?" "I feel like chewing something," said the boy. So the organs of the appetite are where to look for physical hunger. Now where do I locate the sense of spiritual hunger? It is in the heart. My heart, my soul panteth after the living God. This longing, this intense burning desire, O Christ, nothing can satisfy but thyself.

See that baby boy; how he cries and kicks and screams! His nurse endeavors to pacify him by offering him his little toys and playthings, but he says: "I don't want my toys." She offers him marbles, but he cries, "I don't want any marbles." After she has exhausted all her resources to quiet him, and he still cries and refuses to be comforted, the little fellow's mother comes in. The instant his eyes light upon her his crying ceases; he rushes up and is caught in her loving arms. He "just wanted mamma." He did not want anything else; and with her his soul was satisfied. And, brother, whenever a soul gets to the point in its childlike simplicity, that the devil, the world, and the flesh, with its cards, and dancing, and theaters, and all its other allurements cannot satisfy it, and it says, "I don't want that, I want my Savior," he is sure to come and abide with that soul. The way to get the fullness of Christ is to empty your heart of everything that rejects Christ and his affinities. Always lean to those things that are Christ's. Let your prayer be, "Lord, help me to turn each idol out that dares to rival thee." How many can say now, "I would rather have Christ for my portion than all else besides?" Being in Christ not only presupposes a longing for Christ, but a fleeing to Christ. O, blessed Christ, I run upon the swiftest feet of faith to meet thee. O, dear Lord, I tried until I could try no more to remain away; my soul became impatient, and I could stay no longer; show me thy way. I will rush into thine arms of waiting love. Thank God for that purpose of my soul that makes me go out in search of my Lord. I will search for him. I am so glad that I never let the grass

grow up in my pathway between my Lord and me. The devil shall never come between my Savior and myself.

I saw some time ago an illustration of how the devil works among his crowd, by an old colored preacher down South. He laid three objects on his Bible, and he said: "Now, brethren, I'm a-going to show how de debbil works de Christuon. Here's de Savior, here's de Christuon, and here's de debbil. Now when de Christuon move up to Christ, den de debill he move off; de Christuon move nearer Christ, and de debbil he move funder off; den de Christuon sort o'back-slides, den de debbil move up; de Christuon gets funder and funder away from Christ, and de debbil moves up closer and closer to him, and de first thing you know, de debbil jump over him and get right between him and Christ; and when he gets over dar between you and Christ he's got you, and den he'll say, 'Now I's got you, sure.'" This is a living illustration. Never let the devil get between you and your Lord. Say to him, "Get thee behind me, Satan; you shall never come between me and my Lord."

Then running to Christ! Thank God for the privilege of going to Christ. Is there trouble anywhere? Take it to the Lord in prayer. What a Friend we have in Jesus! Thank God, brother! I have been at times in such tight places that I could not do a thing in the world but pray; and thank God that was all I needed to do. Just leave it all with the Lord. That's what we call rushing to the Lord in prayer.

O, my brother, if I wanted to divide the armies of Satan and put all perdition to flight, I would not order down a legion of angels and all the artillery of heaven; but I will tell you what I would do: I would fall on my knees in prayer to God. "And Satan trembles when he sees The weakest saint upon his knees." A man can fall into no harm while he is on his knees praying. Did you ever hear of a man getting drunk on his knees? Did you ever hear of a man stealing while on his knees in prayer? I will tell you, your trouble is, you have not been on your knees enough.

Ah, me! how Satan has tempted me, how the passion for drink has come on and almost overwhelmed me; but, thank God, I have found his grace sufficient to sustain me. Those people who say, I cannot help drinking; or, I cannot help doing this or that when tempted, - I know what the matter with them is: you don't do enough of this knee-work I am talking about. I hear people say, "I'm afraid to join the Church, I'm afraid I can't hold out, I'm afraid I'll swear or drink or do something wrong;" and I have said to them, "I never have been afraid of but one thing since I joined the Church, and that is, I am afraid I won't pray enough." I am omnipotent when leaning on the arm of God in prayer. If you want to whip the devil, just fall on your knees in prayer. Being in Christ pre-supposes, again, submission to Christ. O, how we want our own way! How jealous we are of what we call our privileges! How we kick and rear if we cannot have our own way, and how we rave, and pitch, and tear if we don't get it! Why, we fall out with our preacher and abuse him like a pick-pocket if he attempts to abridge "our privileges." Ah, we are jealous of these "privileges." You touch them, and you get your foot into it. I sail into you on your dram-drinking, theater-going, card-playing, and dancing, and the town rises up in arms against me; but it is the hit dog that hollers, and you may put that down. If you go and break a drunkard's jug, he'll get mad, every time; but his wife won't. If we sail into these people who do these things I have the utmost pity and sympathy for them, and I do believe, my brethren, the poor people are so deluded and persuaded by the world, that they don't see any harm in the things they are doing. Let us get them to reading books that have sense in them - I mean religious sense. If I have got but a little sense, good Lord, let it be religious sense.

I heard a man say once, "Myself and my wife never had asquabble in our lives - never had aquarrel - only when she wanted to have her own way." Well, who isn't lovable that way? The devil himself is agreeable enough when he has everything his own way. Listen: I am sorry for Christian people who have reserved rights. Religion is like that pearl of great price, which, when found, the buyer sold all that he had and purchased. And, brother, thank God, from the day I gave up sin to this hour, I never had a reserved right. I say, "Lord, I will do anything - everything." I have invested my all in it. All that I have is in this Book, and if it doesn't break I am a millionaire through all eternity. That's the way to talk it.

Submission to Christ! Do as he tells you to do. You are a most humble member of your Church until your preacher says something that touches you, and off you fly, and say: "If I can't live in peace here, I'll go and join another Church." Or perhaps some good sister says, "My husband and I were talking about this the other night, and we ain't going to stand this sort of thing." Sister! God bless you; go over there, and have the best time you can while you are here. A gentleman said to me that at a meeting of an official board of his Church, at which his wife and himself were present, rum was passed around, and everyone present, members of the board, including the pastor of the Church, except the gentleman who told me and his wife, drank of it. A preacher who will indulge in such things, not only with his members, but privately, belongs to the devil from his hat to his heels. I know when I did that way I belonged to the devil, and I don't care whether the man is a preacher or not, the test of his allegiance to Christ is how he lives.

Christ says, "Not everyone that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven." Now you say, "Mr. Jones, you ought not to be so rough on the ministers." Well, I called no names, and I would not tell my preacher that "Jones is hitting at him." It's an insult to tell him that he is being hit.

Then we say again, that being in Christ Jesus presupposes union with Christ. "I am the vine, and ye are the branches," says Christ. Did you ever go into a vineyard and examine the vines and branches? Did you ever see how closely in vital forces they were united? How the very vitality of the branch was determined by the vine? If united to Christ, he and myself are one, one in all things, in earnestness, in energy, in goodness, in mercy, in purity, in truth. Being in Christ Jesus presupposes also all the affinities which control one's life - his likes, his looks, his thoughts, his tastes, his all. It is a religion, assimilation with the character of our Lord Jesus Christ, doing like him, thinking and being like him. Blessed Christ, give us a religion that makes us like thyself, and then we shall be Christians in the grandest sense. Our blessed Lord loved the sinners and died for them. Let us, brethren, imitate our divine Lord, and do the best we can for the sinning and erring ones around us.

## 11. Fighting the Devil

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### Fighting the Devil

"Now while Paul waited for them at Athens his spirit was stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry." (2 Corinthians 5:17) The preacher explained that by "them" was meant Silas and Timothy, co-workers with Paul, who were to follow and accompany him on his missionary tour, and said:

I believe Saul of Tarsus was the greatest man in this world's history. When I measure his head I look and admire. When I measure his heart I am at a loss to know which is the greater, his head or his heart. It takes both head and heart to make a true man. If there was a leading characteristic in the life of this great man it was his sterling integrity, his downright honesty.

There was never but one trouble in the mind of this great man, and that was touching the divinity of Christ. It took the biggest guns of Heaven to arouse and convince him, but when once convinced he was loyal forever. I believe I am ready to say here in my place that St. Paul being an honest man, God put him straight once, and he never gave God a moment's trouble after that until God said: "It is enough; come up higher." St. Paul was such a man as I would imitate. I admire his character, true, noble, courageous, honest. And now this man, waiting for his companions at Athens, sees the whole city given to idolatry. The charge that God brought against his ancient people was this: "My people will not consider." The etymological definition of that word is "to look at a thing until you see it." Here the speaker illustrated the words "glance" and "consider" by reference to the study of a landscape picture. A glance would take in the main features, such as the mountain scenery, the stream and the hamlet. A consideration or careful examination would show the foliage of the mountain trees, the road leading to the mansion, the cattle grazing on the hill slopes, and so on. There was quite a difference between glancing at an object and considering it. St. Paul had considered the state of affairs in Athens and his spirit was stirred within him when he saw how the whole city was given to idolatry.

Now, said Mr. Jones, I want to say: One of two things is true of St. Louis tonight. Either the eyes of Christian people are closed to the fact, or else the facts are falsehoods; one or the other. You can take whichever horn of the dilemma you please. I can take the daily papers of St Louis and read your local columns, and see, without getting at the Bible, that St Louis is wrong; that there is something radically wrong about this city; there are too many debauched characters, too many suicides, too many murders, too many that are drifting daily to destruction and ruin. The fact is, a man don't need a Bible to see this world is all wrong; all you need to do is just to read your morning and afternoon papers, and then walk this street with your eyes open, and if you do that it will not be one week from today until you look on with horror that is indescribable.

Now, let me ask each of you: Did you ever look at your heart until you saw it? I grant you that you have glanced at it a thousand times, but did you ever kneel down and pray for light and look and look and look until you saw your heart. My Bible teaches me that:

"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." My Bible teaches me:

"Keep your heart with all diligence, for out of it come the issues of life and death." My Bible teaches me:

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

I once saw a pictorial representation of the human heart. It represented the sinner's heart; full of all kinds of wild beasts, reptiles and unclean birds -- a hideous sight to look upon. Then there was the heart under conviction of sin, with the heads of all these animals turned outward, as if they were getting ready to leave. Then I saw the heart converted, cleansed, and it was represented with a shining light and a cross. I saw also the backslider's heart, with the heads of all the beasts and reptiles as if they had turned backward, and I saw the apostate's heart -- a Methodist heart -- as it was filled to overflowing with all manner of horrid things, and the last state of that man was worse than the first.

Oh, the heart! the heart! This world reminds me, in some of its phases, of the man down in the spring branch trying to clear the water, so he could get a clear drink. He was doing all he could to filter and clear the water when some friend called out to him: "Stranger, come up a little higher and run that hog out of that spring, and it will clear itself." No trouble then. And I declare to you tonight, the hardest job man ever undertook in this world is to lift up your life with an unclean heart.

There is no such thing as a clean life outside of a clean heart. I know we have what we call moral men, but I don't believe you can separate morals and Christianity. In fact, the morals of this world are the paraphernalia of Christianity. The man who is moral in the sense that he will pay his debts and tell the truth, and that sort of thing, may be a villain at heart. Our Savior looked at the most moral men this world ever saw, and said: "You white washed rascals, you!" That is our version. His version was: "Ye whited sepulchers!" I had rather be called the former. And I want to say to you men that don't profess to be Christians, I don't bring a railing charge against you. In the life of Jesus Christ not a single harsh word ever escaped His lips toward a sinner. When Jesus would talk with a sinner, He would fetch up the parable of the lost sheep, where the man left the ninety and nine safe in the fold and followed the poor, wandering sheep, and when he found it he didn't take a club and beat it back home, but picked up the poor, tired, hungry sheep and laid it on his shoulder and brought it back to the fold. But I tell you one thing. The Lord Jesus himself never lost a chance to pour hot shot and grape and canister into the Scribes and Pharisees, and they are the gentlemen I am after, begging your pardon. Now, if the sinners about this town want to go to theaters, and want to dance and want to play cards and want to curse and want to live licentious lives, I say, "Go it Go it boys;" but if you members of the church want to do it, I will brand you as hypocrites until you renounce your faith in Christ and have your name taken off the church books. I've got a right to say a few things along there, and neither this world, nor the flesh, nor the devil, will interpose any objection. Don't anybody say I interposed an objection to any man who don't profess to be a Christian, or placed any obstacle in the way of his doing just as he pleases. We will attend to your case later, but now I want to look in the faces of men who have made their vows and their promises to God, and who have sworn eternal allegiance to Jesus Christ, and their lives are a shame to the Gospel and a disgrace to the character they profess. That's it.

Now, let us look at our hearts. I believe this incident, related of Mr. Moody, will illustrate the point I am on. On one occasion, when he had invited penitents to the altar, there came forward a great many, and he walked back two or three pews to where two Christian ladies were sitting, and he said, "My sisters, will you walk forward and talk to those penitents?" They looked up at him and said, "No, sir, Mr. Moody; we are praying for you." "Praying for me?" he said. "Am I not trying to live right and get to Heaven?" "Yes, Mr. Moody; but we are praying that you may have a clean heart." And he said conviction entered his spirit in a moment, and he dismissed the services later and went home and fell down on his knees and prayed, "Lord God, show me my heart. Let me see it as it is -- " And he said, "When the light of Heaven poured in upon my heart I saw it was full of Moody, and full of selfishness, and full of worldly pride; and then I said, 'Lord God, help me to "Cast every idol out That dares to rival thee!"

"And," said he, "the Lord came and washed out all unrighteousness from my heart, and from that day until now I have never preached a sermon that didn't win souls to Christ." And I declare to you, if Jesus had in this town an army of pure blood-washed hearts we could win St. Louis to Christ And never, never, never will we accomplish the work and bring the world to Christ until we, who profess Christ, arouse ourselves and wake up and shake the devil's fleas, off ourselves and get to be decent.

I can stand anything better than I can a hypocrite. I always did have a hatred for shams and humbugs and cheats, and of all the humbugs that ever cursed the universe, I reckon the religious humbug is the humbuggest You remember how the students played a joke once on the professor -- at Princeton, I believe it was. He was one of these old bugologists, and I reckon he had specimens of all the bugs in the world in his frames and boxes. And the mischievous boys got the legs of one bug and the body of another and the head and wings of others and put them together like nature had formed them, and then they laid it on the old professor's table, and walked in and ask him what kind of a bug that was, and he said, "Gentlemen that is a humbug." And I tell you when a fellow gets a little Methodism in him, and a little of theaters, and a little card playing, and a little of most everything, and is made up out of a hundred different sort of things, then he is a first-class humbug in every sense of the word. He is just good anywhere.

Oh, my heart! With the heart right, with the fountain clear, the stream will be clear. With a good tree the fruit will be good. And I declare to you tonight that the hardest work a man ever tried to do is to be a Christian without religion; to be a good man with a bad heart.

Why there are just scores sitting in front of me tonight that if it were literally true that we had wild beasts and serpents and other venomous things in bodily form in our hearts, as they are typically there, I would hate to be close round some of you, for fear I might get bit before I could get out of the way. Oh, God, give us clear hearts and clear hands. And then I will say, to be practical all along the line, did you ever look at your tongue until you saw it? Oh, these tongues of ours! These tongues of ours! We Methodists pour the water on, and the Presbyterians sprinkle it on and the Baptists put us clean under, but I don't care whether you sprinkle, or pour, or immerse, the tongue comes out as dry as powder. Did you ever see a baptized tongue? Say, did you? Did you ever see a tongue that belongs to the Church? You will generally find the tongue among man's reserved rights. There come in some reservations, and always where there is a reservation the tongue is retained. The tongue! The tongue! The tongue! Pambus, one of the middleage saints, went to his

neighbor with a Bible in his hand and told him "I want you to read me a verse of Scripture every day. I can't read, and I want you to read to me." So the neighbor opened the Bible and read these words:

"I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue."

Pambus took the book out of his hand and walked back home, and about a week after that the neighbor met him, and he said: "Pambus, I thought you were to come back and let me read you a passage of Scripture every day?" and Pambus said, "Do you recollect that verse you read to me the other day?" "No," said the neighbor. "Well," said Pambus, "I will quote it:

'I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue.'

"And," he said, "I never intend to learn another passage of Scripture until I learn to live that one." Oh, me! If every man, woman and child in this house tonight would go away from here determined to live that passage of Scripture! "I said, I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue. I will keep my tongue from evil and my lips from speaking guile."

Oh, me! Shakespeare told a great truth when he said:

He that steals my purse steals trash, But he that filcheth from me my good name Takes that which not enricheth him! But makes me poor indeed.

These violators of character -- I will venture the assertion there are many, many, many here tonight if every word you said about people in this house was posted up there in legible words, here tonight, you would immediately leave this house and never be seen in public again "We ain't going anywhere where they put up everything we say for folks to look at" Now I I look at my tongue until I see it. There is many a man that in other things may do well, that will at last lie down in Hell forever, and say: "I am conscious I am tongue damned. I would have gone to Heaven if I hadn't got a tongue" My tongue! And I say to you tonight the best thing we can do with our tongues is to speak well and to speak kindly of all men. I dare assert here in my place tonight, when you take me from this sacred stand that I occupy tonight, I defy you to put your finger on a word of mine against the character or reputation of anybody. But I am not talking for myself up here. Understand that. Once in Jerusalem a great crowd -- it was 1,800 years and more ago, as the legend goes, or the allegory -- a great crowd was gathered in Jerusalem, and they were gathered around a dead dog, and they stood and looked, and one of them said: "That is the ugliest dog I ever saw." Another said, "Oh, he is not only the ugliest dog I ever saw, but I don't believe his old hide is worth taking off of him." Another said, "Just look how crooked his legs are." And so they criticised the poor dog. And directly one spoke up and said, "Ain't those the prettiest, pearly white teeth you ever looked at?" And they walked off and said, "That must have been Jesus of Nazareth that could have found something good to say about a dead dog." Oh, me I I like those people that always like to see something kind in people in their ways and walks of life. And then, I ask you again, did you ever look at your feet until you see them? There is a good deal in that.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."

Oh, Lord God! I would follow in the footsteps of Him who led the way to Heaven. There is no circumspect Christian who does not see to it that his feet are kept in the narrow way that leads from earth to Heaven. A Methodist, a Baptist, a Presbyterian, a Catholic in a ballroom! Their feet,

that they have pledged should follow in the footsteps of Christ, are there cutting the pigeon-wing to music! Now what do you think of that? And I hear this expression: They say, "Well, our church don't object to it" Now I would say a very strong thing here -- and I hope you will take it in the very spirit in which I say it, for I never said a kinder thing or a harder thing than that -- you never, you never shall hear a truer thing. Whenever a Presbyterian, or a Methodist, or a Baptist, or a Christian, or a Congregationalist, or a Catholic says that their church don't object to dancing and theaters, and all such things as that, they could not tell a bigger lie if they would try in a hundred years! Thank God, there not a church named after Christ on earth that has not thundered out after these things with all the power they have got.

"Our church don't object!" Well, now, the Episcopal Church being a church in authority -- how they did thunder against these worldly amusements. That little church you belong to may not That rotten little thing! I would not stay in it long enough to get my hat if it didn't.

I was sitting in a train some time ago and the train rolled up to the station, and just up on the platform, near by, were three ladies. One of the ladies said to the other: "Are you going to the ball tonight?" The other lady said, "I ain't going." "But," she said, "I forgot; you are a Methodist, and you don't go to such places. I would not be a Methodist I want to enjoy myself." The other said, "Yes, I am a Methodist, and, thank God! I don't want to go to such places." "Oh," said the other one, "I would not be a Methodist," and the train rolled off, and I felt like jumping on the top of that train myself and hollering, "Hurrah for Methodism!" And whenever she goes into copartnership with ball rooms and with all of the worldly amusements that embarrass the Christian and paralyze his power -- whenever the Methodist Church goes into co partnership with these things, I will sever my connection with her forever. And I love her and honor her today because she has stood like a bulwark against these things and denounced them from first to last.

One of the honored preachers of this town, a man whose good opinion I value highly, one of the noblest, truest ministers of this town, said to me: "I declare to you, our churches are little more than a graveyard. We have been killed and almost buried by this tide of worldliness that has swept over our homes year after year." And that is the truth And I can read a ten-page letter that I got from a citizen of St. Louis today, and turn every face in this house as pale as death. That man wrote like he knew what he was talking about. There is many a mother at 12 o'clock at night in this town that can sing with the blood trickling in her heart, Oh, where is my wandering boy tonight?

He was as pure as the driven snow. And oh, why, why, why would I take this carcass, and that carcass, and the other carcass that are so offensive? Why would I bring them out before this congregation? Nothing, nothing, nothing would make me do it but to get you to take those carcasses that are despoiling the very odors of your city, and bury them out of sight forever. That is it. You all have spent two or three nights looking at me. God help you to look at yourselves awhile. And you will think I am a beauty before you get through. I look at myself from head to foot -- my hands, my heart, my feet, my tongue. I look at my ways and walks and character in this community. Did you ever look at yourself as a member of the church? Did you ever wake up some morning and shut your eyes and lay there and say, "Well, suppose every member of the church in town was just like me, what sort of a church would we have in this town? Suppose every member of the church in town prayed as little as I pray, what sort of a church would we have? Suppose every member of the church in town paid as little as I pay, how long before the whole thing would

be sold out by the sheriff?"

Oh, my brother! it is well enough, now and then, for a fellow to get a square, honest look at himself. What sort of a Methodist are you? There is a man that has promised to renounce the world, the flesh and the devil, and the pomp and the glory of this world, and he has promised on oath, before God and man, not to follow or be led by them. What is your life? There is that Presbyterian, consecrated to God by the most solemn ceremony that heaven ever listened at. Now, what is your character? There is the Episcopalian; with the imposing hands of the clergy laid upon his head, and with a ceremony as solemn as eternity, he was dedicated in the church to God last night, and tonight he is in the biggest ball in town, dancing his way to Hell. And no longer than this very year, in one of the cities of the South, one gentleman told me -- said he: "I saw the Episcopal clergyman lay his hand on the heads of a class of twenty one night, and," he said, "the next night eighteen out of that twenty were at a magnificent ball." Now, you say: "I wouldn't have done that, I would have waited a week." Well, if a fellow is going to do it at all, better get right at it. Don't you think that's so? How long ought a fellow to wait after he joins the church before he goes to his devilment? Now, that's it.

I wish I could get all the Methodists and Baptists and Presbyterians in this city, and all other churches, to live just like they promised to live. I wish I could get all the Episcopalians in town to be as good out of Lent as they are in Lent. That would be good, wouldn't it? And I never could see why a fellow ought not to be as good one time as another. Did you? I never could. And I'm going to be as good the year round as any Episcopalian in this town is during Lent. I reckon they all hope to die in Lent. If a heap of them die out of Lent, the devil will get them in my judgment. In a great many places they dance Lent in, and they dance it out. Like the Irishman talking about holidays in America -- said he: "Instead of hanging our heads and sorrowing over the crucifixion of our Savior, we Americans fire it in and fire it out

Now, I don't pick out any denominations, and say anything about one denomination that I would not say about another. There is no denominationalism in this. I have no purpose and no desire in my heart to say one thing about one denomination that I would not say against another. That is true. I am just talking true things, and any night you come here if you don't like the way this is rattled off, you can rack out of here just the minute you please. For I propose, God being my helper, to speak of the truth as I see it, and I don't care what man or devil or cities or earth or hell may say, I am going to preach, while I do preach, what I believe to be the truth. And I will tell you, Christian people, if you think the devil is going to surrender any ground in this town until every inch is covered with blood, you do not know the devil as well as I do. I will tell you that. I have been fighting His Majesty several years, and I declare to you that he is always ready for a fight. He has possessed nearly two thirds of this city for nearly forty years, and if you think he is going to make a voluntary surrender of his territory, you do not know him. He is going to fight and fight, and every child he has got is going to help him; you can put that down. And I tell you there is another thing; there is a heap of members of the church to help him, too. They will that. Some places the devil goes to he never has anything to do himself. He puts his hands in his pockets and goes round and gets members of the church to run his devilment for him. They do his work cheaper for him than any other class. He don't have to pay them, and they board themselves. In some towns the leading ballroom dude is a member of the church -- the fellow that gets them all up and runs the thing.

I look at myself as a member of the church. Oh me, brother! when you see yourself as a member of the church, as a professor of religion, it will do you good. I will ask you again, did you ever look at yourself as a father? Oh, me! how close you get to a man's heart when you talk to him of his family. Brother and sister, did you ever have your innocent child sit on your lap, put its little arms round your neck and imprint the kiss of innocence on your cheek? Have you ever looked on your lovely children lying in their bed and said: "Of all children God ever gave, my children have the purest and best of fathers." You can go home tonight and wake up your little Willie. Get him quite awake, and ask him "Who is the best man in St Louis?" He will answer, "Why, you, papa." Ask him, "who would you rather be most like" and he will reply, "why, you, papa." Ask him who is best man in the world and he will say, "why, you, papa." He ain't got no sense. And that is why we curse, and damn and ruin our children. They can see no harm in us and just as we do they will follow and imitate us. A single man may drink, as a single man he may swear, as a single man he may lead a godless life, but as a married man you had better call a halt and ask where you are leading your children to day by day. You may sit in the chairs of this hall night after night; you may simply have your curiosity excited; you may simply come here to laugh; but when you gather your children in your arms and see that your bad example is leading them to death and hell, there is no joke about that -- no laugh about that! God pity me and pity you in our relations toward those that lean upon us; and if there is any fact in my history I bless God for in my heart tonight, it is the fact that not a sweet child of mine ever looked in my face when I was not a Christian, trying to serve God and set it a good example. Did you ever look at yourself as a mother? Of all beings that earth claims its blessings from, it looks as though a mother ought to be the best. Mother, what is your life before your children? Consider yourself. Did you ever look at your children till you saw them? Wife, did you ever look at your husband till you saw him? Husband, did you ever look at your wife until you saw her? If there is anybody in the world I would have get to Heaven, it is my wife; and there is a husband who never talked ten minutes to his wife on religion; and there is a wife who never opened her mouth to her husband about the way of life. Oh, me! when we think of a home that has been Christless, what a sad thing! And then we ask you again, did you ever look at St Louis until you saw it? Did you ever take it by streets and blocks? Did you ever count the bar-rooms in this town? Did you ever count the beer gardens in this town? Did you ever count the number of men that went in and out of the bar-rooms and beer gardens? I bring this question square before you. Did you ever count the number of soiled doves that curse this city and curse themselves? Oh, my God, when we look at these pictures we have to shut our eyes and drop down upon our knees. We say, "God deliver us and God speed us." Did you ever count the billiard tables in this town? Did you ever count the gambling hells in this town? Oh, me! No wonder this one writes and that one writes, "Jones, God bless you! turn loose your guns and do your best to wake up the Christian people and show them how this town by streets and blocks is drifting to Hell every day."

Now, I am going to stick to truth while I am here, and I say to every man and to every influence in this town unfriendly to Christ and unfriendly to the Bible to fight back. I do not look for anything else. I want to say right now that I like to see things moving up, and if you can say anything worse of me than I can of you, lamn [sic] in, and I will beat you to the tank in that line, maybe. Pick every flaw you can in every sermon, and if I can not pick more flaws in your life than you do in my sermons I will yield the feather to you. I say to you now we propose to get your eyes open so that you can see yourselves. That is the first sight you ought to look at. Then look at St Paul. When he went to the city of Athens so wholly given up to idolatry it stirred his heart within him. I have heard

Christian people say that they had no feeling, no enthusiasm, no religious fervor, but never since I joined Christ's church have I been devoid of religious fervor and enthusiasm. The man who goes about like a corpse, with no feeling enthusiasm, that man is either dead to all intents and purposes, or he has closed his eyes to what is going on about him. When that great man visited the city of Athens, so wholly given up to idolatry, it stirred his heart within him. And he went over to Mars Hill, pointed to the inscription "To the Unknown God" and preached that grand sermon generated in his soul as he walked through the streets of the city and saw that it was wholly given up to idolatry; and I tell you tonight when we see ourselves and our city and our surroundings as they are, there is hope for us.

There is just one thing more I want you to do -- that is, to see the cross. It is the hope of the world. It is the Balm of Gilead. It has the power to save. It is the redemption of the race. Oh, my brother, fourteen years ago and a few days I, a poor, wretched, ruined, lost sinner, walked up to see my father die. Oh, how I loved that father, and how I broke his heart I have wished a thousand times that I had my father back just one hour that I might lean my head on his bosom and hear him speak the words of kindness and advice he has spoken to me in the past As I stood by his dying couch he took my hand in his bony hand, and a heavenly smile rested on his face just before he passed out of this world. He did not die; he did not die. His faculties were as bright and his hope as buoyant in the very agonies of death as they ever had been. As I took his bony hand he said: "My poor, wayward Godless boy! You have almost broken my heart, and you have given me so much trouble! Won't you tell your dying father, now, that you will meet him in the good world?" I stood there for a moment convulsed from head to foot. I said, "Yes, father, I will meet you in the good world" I turned away from that dying couch, and every step I have made from that time to this has been to the good world. And I mean, with the grace of God, to keep my promise. I left that bed a wretched sinner, and looked to God. I looked up there and -- I saw one hanging on the tree In agonies of blood.

He fixed his languid eyes on me, As near his cross I stood.

Sure, never, to my latest breath Can I forget that look;

He seemed to charge me with his death, Though not a word he spoke. My conscience felt and owned the guilt And plunged me in despair;

I saw my sins his blood had spilled And helped to nail him there. A second look he gave, which said:

"I freely all forgive, My blood is shed to ransom thee, I die that you may live."

Blessed Christ, live forever to save dying men.

## 12. The Virtue of Honesty

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### The Virtue of Honesty

"For the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world." (Titus 2:12)

Last night we selected this text in the second chapter of St. Paul to Titus. "For the grace of God, that bringeth salvation, hath appeared unto all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world."

I announced last night we would take up the discussion of that text again tonight. I think we left off at this point about the grace of God teaching us, and how it is necessary that we should be taught. The honor of Christ and the salvation of our own souls depend largely upon our holding and practising proper views of the Scripture. Ignorance is a sort of heterogeneous compound that God nor man can do much with. The fact is, we must know something before we are capacitated to do something, and all intelligent action is based on intelligent thought, and there can be no intelligent thought unless, perhaps, we know some things. The man who really knows one thing well is on the road to know a great many things, and the trouble, perhaps, with a large mass of humanity is they have never known one thing well.

"And the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men teaching us --" instructing us, qualifying us. Teaching us what?

"That denying ungodliness and worldly lusts we should live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world." In plain English, teaching us, "cease to do evil; learn to do well." Conversion is a very common term in the church and in the pulpit. Sometimes we use it in a very vague sense. Conversion, scripturally, means simply two things: 1) "I have quit the wrong." 2) "I have taken hold of the right." No man is scripturally converted until he throws down the wrong and walks off from the wrong, and walks up to the right and espouses the cause of the right. Religion is a two-fold principle, or rather it is a principle that enables a man to discern the right and to do the right, to discern the wrong and to make him hate the wrong. There are two elements in every pious life: 1) Negative goodness. 2) Positive righteousness.

Negative goodness is not religion. If negative goodness was religion, then one of these lamp-posts out here would be the best Christian in town; it never cursed, nor swore, nor drank a drop since it was made; it never did anything wrong. If negative goodness is religion, then a stock, or stone, or mountain, would be the best specimen of Christian this world has. Negative goodness is, perhaps, one of the halves of religion; but genuine religion, Christly religion, means not only that a man is negatively good, but that he is positively righteous. There is no power in a negative position, or in being negative. Christ Jesus saw this when he told his preachers to go forth and affirm and preach the gospel, not go to denying the denials of infidelity. I never uttered a sentence in my life to prove that the Bible was true. I never spent five minutes in my life trying to prove there was a hell. I never

spent fifteen seconds in the pulpit in my life trying to prove there is a God. Nobody but a fool needs such argument. A man told me once, "I don't believe there is a God. I don't believe I am anything but mortal." Said I, "If I was you I would get me a little more hair and a tail and be a sure enough dog." I believe I would.

There is, as I said, no power in a negative force, and none in a negative position of any sort. We are not sent forth to deny anything that anybody says, but we are sent forth to affirm something. An aggressive Christianity is always affirmative. I am sorry for the preacher that has backslidden far enough to try to prove in his sermon that there is a God. I am sorry for the preacher that has got so low down in his theology that he is trying to establish the fact that there is a hell sure enough. I know of men trying to establish the fact that there is no hell. A gentleman said to me the other day that the fact was nearly established. I said to him, "When did you start your exploring party down there, and when will they return to report?" He said he hadn't started anybody and he wasn't looking for them to return. Said I, "How are you going to prove anything, then?" And I want to tell you this much: The assertions of the word of God on all these questions stand unshaken today, and a little child of three years old in this city knows just as much about Hell as any living scientist. I suppose some of the dead ones know more about it. There's many a fellow that has written hell out of his theology here, but he won't be in hell fifteen seconds till he will jump and say, "My Lord! What a mistake I made in my theology. There is one, sure enough." Bob Ingersoll was speaking on one occasion -- I have got a good deal of respect for Bob Ingersoll -- a great deal more respect than I have for a great many members of the church in this town, a great deal. When Bob says he don't believe the Bible and don't pay any attention to its precepts, they say they believe it, but do just like Bob, you see. I can't stand that. And it isn't theoretical infidelity that is cursing this country; it is practical infidelity; that's the sort.

Well, Ingersoll was lecturing -- I believe it was in Milwaukee -- and in his lecture he came to this assertion, and while he lectured there were standing up in the corner of the platform three or four drunken men, standing there talking in an undertone. That crowd felt like they ought to take the amen corners on Bob; and all I want to know about any fellow is who takes the amen corners on him; and when you find Bob preaching you will find the amen corners filled with old red nosed drunkards and other vagabonds of the town; they have rushed up and taken the amen corners on him. And while Bob was lecturing, when he reached the assertion, "There is no hell, and I can prove it to any reasonable man," he got the attention at that word, of course. They were interested at this point, and one of them straightened himself up, and staggered up to Bob and put his hand on his shoulder, and said, "Can you, Bob?" He said, "Yes, I can." "Well," the fellow says, "do it, Bob, and make it mighty strong, for," he says, "I tell you that nine tenths of us poor fellows in Milwaukee are depending on how you make that thing." So we say we never need try to prove anything that the Bible asserts. We are to preach the word to the people and the Bible will take care of itself. The Bible was the guide of my mother. It was the stay of my father's life; it was a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path, and he bequeathed it to me as his richest gift to his wayward boy, and I say to you tonight: take all other things from me and my home, but leave me my Bible. The precious book I'd rather have Than all the golden gems That o'er in monarchs' coffers shone Or on their diadems. And were the seas one chrysolite, This earth a golden ball, And gems were all the stars of night, This book were worth them all.

Ah, no, the soul ne'er found relief In glittering hoards of wealth;

Gems dazzle not the eye of grief;

Gold can not purchase health. But here's a blessed balm  
For every human woe, And they that  
seek that book in tears, Their tears shall cease to flow.

Bless God for the Bible, which is the guide of my life and the inspiration of my soul.

We said a moment ago that its positive and negative features -- these two combined -- give it force and power -- give Christian life force and power. There is no power in electricity until you bring the two forces, positive and negative, together. You see that negative electricity gathering about the trunk of this old oak tree? That tree has withstood a thousand storms, and now we see this negative electricity climbing up its body and settling in its foliage; and now the positive electricity passes over it in the cloud, and negative strikes positive, and the two forces come together in the top of this old oak tree, and it comes with a crash and splits that oak tree from its topmost twig to the last bottom of its roots. There's power. There's omnipotence. And so in the life of every good man who is negatively good and positively righteous look at George Whitefield with his whole nature surcharged with negative goodness and his life full of positive righteousness. We see him going out to the moorfields of London at 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning with 10,000 lanterns blazing all around him. George Whitefield preaches the gospel, and before daylight and sun-up he has a thousand penitents and a thousand converts and does more before breakfast in the morning than all the pulpits in London did the year round. That looks like business.

Negative goodness! The Lord knows I have a contempt for the good-goody members of the Church. Old Brother Goody-Goody and Old Sister Goody-Goody just goody-goody and so good they are good for nothing. Haven't you seen 'em?

I believe in doing good. I like goodness. I despise every wicked act that a man can do. But I tell you this: I have had members, as a pastor, who would work and do their level best, and every three or four months they would get drunk in spite of everything I could do. When they were sober, they went up to their eyes in religion and in work and righteousness, and I tell you I hate this thing you call drunkenness, and no man hates it more than I do, but I had rather have a member of the Church who would get drunk every three or four months, but would work when he is sober and do his level best, than one of these sober fellows that ain't any account anyhow, that might just as well be drunk or just as well be dead. God pity these lazy, shiftless kind of fellows. All they want in God's world is somewhere to sit down and somewhere to spit. Spitting room is a big thing with lazy men. Now recollect, if anybody says they don't believe in laughing in church that you are in a music hall tonight. You can just cut your patching on that line. There ain't any harm in laughing here.

Teaching that we must quit the wrong --

"That denying ungodliness worldly lusts we must live soberly, righteously and godly in this present world" -- teaching me this fact, and the first lesson Christ ever taught man here was this: "You are a sinner; you are a wrongdoer; you ought to cease to do evil." And I will say right here at this point, I could never lay any claim to the salvation of Jesus Christ until I bundled all my sins up in one common bundle and threw them all down and walked over the river of Resolution, and then turned round and set fire to the bridge and stood and watched till the last expiring spark dropped into the water; and then I turned my back on sin and said "I am in now for the conversion or nothing," and I

hadn't got fifteen steps from the bank of that river till I was in the arms of God, a saved man, and I say to you tonight -- you men of the Church who say, "I can't live without sin," that no man ever found God and no man was ever converted until he quit his sins. That's all there is about it. When I stand up and preach against sin and sinners, the Church hollers, "'Lay on MacDuff.' Give it to him. He ought to have it." But when I preach at the Church and say, "You men who profess to be Christians, you are living in sin" they say, "Oh, he's one of these sanctificationists, and he's putting on airs." You want me to give it to these old sinners, but let you alone.

Ah, me! brother! If God Almighty expects these sinners to quit sin, what does he expect of you who profess love him, who profess to be Christians? That's the way to talk it.

Cease to do evil and learn to do well. I want to say here in my place tonight that I profess to know a few things along this line, and propose to say them to that member of the Church that dances and attends theaters and plays progressive euchre -- and that's the best named game I ever heard -- progressive euchre! Progressive euchre doublequick to Hell right along. And I say another thing. There is no progressive euchre player in this house that ought not to be indicted for violating the laws of Missouri and be put in one of the jails of this county. How do you like that? It is just gambling scientifically, magnificently, gloriously, sociality, and so forth. That's what it is. And I'll tell you, in our State we can indict a man and put him in the penitentiary for playing progressive euchre with his neighbors, any time, and I want to see the day come when if Christians haven't got faith enough in the Lord Jesus Christ and their profession to bind them to decency and right that the law will help us to make our members decent. I do. I do sure. And the man who is running these things, I'll tell you the truth, brethren, that man never was converted; that man never has repented; that man is still in the bonds of iniquity and the gall of bitterness. You ask me why? Well, I got religion fourteen years ago last August -- I was right sure there -- and if it did not knock that card-playing, theater-going system out of me right there! And I never got a symptom of it since; and whenever the day comes in my religious experience when I want to play cards, and when I want to drink whisky, and when I want to attend theaters, I want to drop down on my knees and tell the Lord, "My religion is played out, sure. I never felt this symptom since I was converted, and now, Lord, like most Methodists, my religion has left me and give it back to me again." That's the way I talk, and all I can say of you Presbyterians and Christians and Baptists that are not on that line is, you never had any, because you can't lose yours, you know. . When our members go to the devil we say "they have lost their religion," and when your members go to the devil you say "they never had any." Well, it don't make any difference which way it is, the devil has got them sure.

"Teaching us that we must cease to do evil and learn to do well." This is the Christian truth that teaches me that I must deny ungodliness and worldly lust, and I must live soberly as to myself, righteously toward my neighbor, godly toward Him unto whom I owe so much.

Now, here are three positive attitudes of the Christian. He is a sober-minded man in his relations toward all the world around him. I like one of these sober-minded men that takes a particular view of everything, and goes for the long run all the time, and cares nothing for counting the present results, but is looking to the great long run. I like one of these sober-minded men. He is the same every day, and the same under all circumstances and the same everywhere; he is just as good in New York as he is in St. Louis.

There is many a fellow that is a good Christian in St. Louis, but if he were to wear an indicator when he went New York, when he got back his wife would quit him, in my candid judgment. He is just as sober and pious here in church and in this community as he can be, but let him go on a fishing trip, and he'll carry a quart of liquor for every day he's going to be out. I like a religion that keeps me as good off of my knees as I am on my knees; just as good on the outside as I am on the inside; just as good in New York as I am at home; just as good anywhere and everywhere and forever, as my promises and my vows demand I should be. I like that sort of Christianity -- sober-minded sort that regulates all my life. I like that. This dead-level sort, this straightforward sort; I like that sort of a Christian.

Sober-mindedness. That's the regulating force of every good man's life, that makes him step along in an even, smooth way toward the good world. Some people think Heaven is away off yonder, and some think Hell is away down yonder, but I want to you that Heaven is on a dead-level with every good man's heart, and I want to tell you the way to Heaven is dead-level. Christ dug down the mountains, and filled up the valleys, and the way to Heaven is a dead-level, and the way to Hell is a dead-level, and there is only one road in the moral universe, and one end of that road is Hell, and the other end of the road is Heaven, and it don't matter who you are, but which way are you going? Don't you see? Soberly, righteously, a sober-minded man.

You look at that stationary engine out yonder at the sawmill. You see little governors playing around over the steam-chest, and you see there that saw as it runs into that large log -- that sixty-two inch circular saw runs right into the log, and the little governors let down, and additional steam is thrown against the piston-head, and I see that saw wade right along through the log, and run out at the other end, and the little governors lift up, and let off the steam, and the ssw runs at the same revolution to the minute, whether it is in or out. There is the Christian man, like Job. Oh, my, he was a sober-minded man. In prosperity, and when adversity came, and the last dollar was swept away from him, Job run in and out that log, and he was running the same revolutions to the minute when he run into infirmity and disease and pain, and as he run right through and came out, running the same revolution to the minute, and he said "I will trust him though he slay me," and when they placed the charge against his character that he had sinned and done wrong, he went right along through that, and came out on the other side, and the Lord God said to him: "Job, take my arm, and walk with me, and I will make your latter days more prosperous than your former days." I like a sober-minded man -- a man who will do the same thing all the time; not one of those men who will do some thing during the revival meeting, and who don't recollect that he did anything out of the revival, and one day he will shake your hands and another day he will hardly know you when he meets you on the street. I don't like one of those persimmon-headed sort of fellows: I want a fellow who knows you when he meets you, everywhere, and will do the same thing everywhere, and under all circumstances.

Sober-minded! A Christian man ought to be so minded, and rest on this one promise -- all things are given for good to them that love God -- sober-minded as to ourselves and righteous toward our neighbors.

I will tell you if there is anything the religion demands a man, it is that he be downright honest. Honesty! As somebody said, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," and that is the grandest utterance outside the lid of the Bible.

"An honest man is the noblest work of God." And when I say an honest man, I don't mean a man simply that pays his debts -- some of us ain't honest enough to do that. But I have known men that would walk across town to pay a nickel that they owed, and I never saw a man that would do that, that I would not hide my pocket book from at night. One of those fellows that are so scrupulous he is fixing things to cheat somebody. I am not talking about that class.

I'll tell you what this world needs right now. It needs a larger course of downright honesty; that's it. I will tell you what, the Church of God will never take this world until we get honest. There are too many men in the Church boarding with their wives -- there are that -- agents for their wives. I want to die the day before my wife appoints me her agent. Do you hear that? A man in the Church of God and a prominent character, and that man living in a \$30,000 house, and riding around in a \$1,200 turnout, and the poor widow woman whose money he has is walking these streets with scarcely bread to eat. And if there is a Hell at all, that man will go there as certain as God is just.

Honesty! We want in this country men in the Church of God who will do what they say they will do. That's it. Why sir, a man's Methodism ain't worth anything him in this country, and a man's Baptism and his Presbyterianism ain't worth anything to him. You go down to a store tomorrow and want a thousand dollars' worth of goods on credit, and the fellow says, "Can you give me any security?" "No; I am a Methodist." "You can't run that thing on me here."\* And let a Baptist go down there and say, "I'm a Baptist, and I want credit."\* "If you will come in here and let me show you how these Baptists have gouged me, you would not play yourself as a Baptist." And so with every denomination. And I tell you here tonight, the Church of God will never do the work He wants her to do until she is honest -- honest toward God and honest toward man. I want to see the day come when all the churches in the world will have the character in commercial life that the old Hardshell Church has in Georgia. Down in Athens, Ga. an old Hardshell walked in one day to a store, and said to the merchant: "I want a couple of hundred dollars' worth of goods this year on credit." The merchant looked at his old hat and jean pants, and he concluded that was not the sort of a man to trust, and he told him he would not give him the goods. The fellow turned and walked out, and the merchant asked a clerk in the store: "Who is that man?" "That's Mr. So-and-So; he belongs to the Hardshell Church up here." The merchant went out after him and said: "Friend, come back here. Are you a Hardshell?" He said, "Yes." "Well," said the merchant, "you can have all you want; you can have all I have here in this store on credit for as long time as you need." And down in Georgia the Hardshells will turn a member out of church for taking the homestead exemption or going into bankruptcy just as quick as they would for stealing -- they will that.

Honesty! I like that. We have collecting laws all over this country, and we have ruined our people; we have made our people dishonest by our laws -- that is the truth about it. Our people are made dishonest by our laws. Our law, our Congress, our Legislature, fixes it so that a man can, by a turn of technicalities in law, just wipe out all his debts, and he can compromise with his creditors.

Out in Waco, Tex, last year, there was a merchant there thrown into bankruptcy, and he compromised his debts at a hundred cents in the dollar -- just think about that -- and paid it, every bit. He compromised his debts at a hundred cents in the dollar! He was a fool, wasn't he? He was a fool. They say in one heathen country they make every holiday a day for a general hand shaking among all enemies, and every fellow pays every dollar he owes in the world. That's a grand holiday ain't it? They are heathens, though, ain't they? They must be heathens if they do that way.

Make friends with all my enemies, and pay every dollar I owe every holiday! Nobody but a heathen would do that, would they? Righteously do the right thing; do the right thing. And I want to say about it, that those bankrupt and homestead laws have been the curse of this country in all ages of it. I want to see the day come -- and I beg your pardon for the expression -- I want to see, the day come when you can sell a man's shirt off of his back to pay his debts. I'd rather die than to be in debt, and have things that other people ought to have. That's the way I look at it.

You say, "Yes, you are talking mighty big." Yea, and I have talked little, too, I want you to understand that. The devil bankrupted me for both worlds, and when God converted my soul and I was called into the ministry, I was hundreds of dollars in debt, and I know how a man feels; I know how it cows a man; and I know how I have gone up with \$2.50 at a time to pay a debt and my wife had one dress and I had one suit, and we were living at starvation rates, and my wife doing her own ironing and her own nursing, and I splitting the wood and working and saving every nickel I could to pay my debts, and in spite of that I have heard of fellows saying: "If that fellow Jones would pay his debts I could have more confidence in him," and if they had put their ears to this side (placing his hand on his head) they could hear the blood drip! drip! I paid every cent, thank God! a hundred cents on the dollar, and I was just as good a man after I paid as I was before. And thank God that a poor man can be an honest man! Thank God that is true.

I'll tell you the sort I find in my Bible -- where Obadiah borrowed \$500 from Ahab and died before the money was due. After his death Ahab sued the widow for the debt, and levied on her and her two children for the money. They could levy on children in those days, and they were to be sold in this case to pay the debt. The mother was in distress, and she hunted up -- I had almost said a lawyer, but she never went within a mile of one, God bless you. She hunted up the best old prophet of God on the face of the earth. She stated her case to him and said: "My husband died owing this money and they have levied on my two children to pay this debt. What must I do?" The old prophet looked at her and said: "What have you in your house?" The poor woman replied, trembling: "Nothing but a pot of oil, and that is to embalm our bodies with." The prophet never said a word about the homestead, but he said: "You go and sell that oil and pay that debt." She went home and borrowed vessels and drew enough oil out of the pot to pay the old debt, and she had more oil left afterwards than when she commenced to draw it. That was God Almighty standing by an honest woman, don't you see? I have seen it repeated again and again, and I tell you that God Almighty will take care of honest men, if he has to put the angels on half rations for twelve months. I was once appointed to certain work in a certain county in a Georgia circuit. The year before the whole country was blighted with drouth. The people had not made a bale of cotton to twenty acres, when they ought to have made a bale to every two acres. Corn was not a paying crop, and merchants were pressing their Claims. I commenced preaching righteousness. I said, "I know your soil has been parched by the drought, I know your crops are failures, I know that you are poor, but," I continued, "listen at me. If the sheriff comes on you and takes your house and your stock, and your all, let him take them, and then walk out with your wife and children, bareheaded and barefooted, so that you can say, 'we are homeless and breadless, but my integrity is as unstained as the character of God.'" Oh, for an unstained character! That is what we want in this country. An honest man. I tell you there are too many men in this country who have widows' and orphans' legacies in their pockets, and I am sorry to say, too many of that sort have broken into the churches of this country, and every dollar of that money that you keep in your pocket as a

preacher, and in your treasury as a church, the devil will make you pay it back with compound interest. He well knows that that is his money, and he does not loan his money without interest, and big interest at that.

Righteously. Righteous men. I like righteous men. Tom Moore, the poet, was righteous in this sense. They asked him on his dying pillow, "Are there any of your manuscripts that you have changed or altered?" He said "No; I never wrote a line in my life that I would now wipe out with my little finger." You are a merchant Can you say on your dying pillow, "I never performed a deed I would now wipe out with my little finger?" Samuel, the prophet, was a righteous man, and when he walked out to his burial place, all Israel gathered around him, and the clear voice of the old prophet rang out and he asked these questions: "Whom have I cheated?" "Whom have I defrauded?" "Of whom have I received a bribe of money to blind my eyes?" And all Israel echoed back, "No one." Oh, that was a grand victory. But brethren, the man who does not recognize his obligations to God is but half a man at best I have my relations toward my family, and my relations toward my country, and my relations toward my God. I will meet the demands of my children and my home. I will meet the demands of my country. I will meet the demands of the God that made me and them. I am good for all worlds. A godly man is one that does everything with reference to the great eye of God that is looking down upon him; a man that is godly in his life and character, and that does right toward the God that made him. Where do we find examples of godly men? St. Paul, the author of this text, was a godly man. He lived for God, and counted all things as lost that he might please God. In his dying moments he sat in his dark dungeon and wrote in his last letter to Timothy:

"The time of my departure is at hand."

Oh, what a thought! St. Paul meant to say to him: "I shall have a cold supper tonight and a cold breakfast in the morning; I shall sleep on a hard bed tonight, but I shall take dinner in Heaven tomorrow with God and the angels." He talked about his departure as a school boy talks of leaving school for home, and when his head was severed from his body God stooped down, picked up that bloody head and placed a crown of everlasting life upon it. He was a godly man and God will take care of that sort of man, living or dying.

Just such a man as this died in our State some months ago, and when his large family of Christian boys and girls stood around him, he struggled for breath in the last extremities of life. Just as his moments were drawing to a close he seemed restless and wanted to speak. His children's attention was attracted by his looks and they said, "Father, is there any request you wish to make? If so tell us what it is." He caught his breath and said, "Bring -- " but breaking down he could not utter another word. His children gathered close around him and said, "Oh father, do not die without telling us what you want." Again he said, "Bring -- " and could not utter another word. The children bent over him and said, "Father, do not die without telling us what you want." Presently his system relaxed in death, and his lips moved freely as he said:

"Bring forth the royal diadem, And crown Him Lord of all."

Then the soul swept out of his body and he never breathed another breath. God help us to live righteously soberly and godly in this world, and to look forward with blessed hope to the glorious appearing of the great God and our Savior, Jesus Christ. At times within the past ten years I have thought of going back to the practice of law and of accumulating a fortune, that my family might be

provided for, and of preaching the gospel in after life; but with the blessed hope of God before me I continued right on. My eyes were on something better, grander and nobler. When kind friends in Nashville said: "Here is a \$10,000 home and thousands in bonds if you will make your home in our midst," I replied: "No, in our own quiet little cottage my wife and children and myself love God and are striving to get to Heaven. Excuse me, I love you just as much as if I accepted it" Then my wife said to me, "Husband, I am prouder of you for that than for any act in your history." And I want to say to this congregation that I am getting higher and higher. I sympathize a good deal with the eaglet caged up yonder. Now a kind friend, pitying its drooping condition, opens the cage door and lets it out. I see it leave its cage and turn its eye to the sun and to the mountain-tops. Its ruffled feathers begin to smooth down and it raises its wings and shakes them for a moment. I see it fly up into the air and poise itself on its wings. It looks back toward the cage and utters a scream, as much as to say, "Farewell cage; farewell imprisonment and weary hours!" I see it fly higher and higher, until at last it poises on its wings just in sight and I hear it scream again. It seems to say, "Farewell earth and imprisonment and cage and dreary days." Higher and higher it goes, poises itself, flies off and alights on the mountain top, free as air. Brethren, the soul of man, that has been ruffled by ten thousand cares, some of these days will look toward that blessed hope of God, plume its wings and fly upward. And the higher we go, earth shall hear our voices, growing the fainter, saying, Farewell cares, imprisonment and earth!" Higher and higher we shall go until at last we fly off in a bee-line for the other world. We shall go up until there is nothing in the way. That is what a bee-line means. The bee, after passing from flower to flower and filling its little honey cell, begins to circle up and up and up, until it gets above the highest tree top. Then it strikes a bee-line for its home. Brethren, let us get above worldly care and sin and temptation, and let us strike a bee-line for that home beyond where sin and suffering are felt no more. May God bless you all, and may you ponder over these words in the spirit in which they have been uttered. If you do not like anything that has been said, and if you come and apologize, I will forgive you, for I never bear malice to anybody in this world.

## 13. It Pays to be Righteous

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It Pays to be Righteous "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." (Romans 6:23)

We invite your attention tonight to the last clause of the tenth verse of the second chapter of the Gospel by St John Really the text is this:

"The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." But we take this text tonight because it is illustrative of the principle we want to discuss: "But thou hast kept the good wine until now."

I want to say to you before I proceed that I feel less like preaching tonight and more like talking. I feel like I wanted to talk to each man and woman just as if we were sitting in our parlor or sitting in your family room face to face. Let us talk about this, and you talk back at me with your mind and let us see where we will get to tonight in this discussion.

There are two questions that always come up naturally and legitimately, and, you might say, inevitably, between employer and employee. There can be no such thing as a contract for labor without the asking and answering of two questions. Now, if you seek to employ a man for a day or a year or an hour, the first natural and inevitable question on his part will be: What kind of work do you want me to do? And when this question is satisfactorily answered, there is another just as inevitable and natural, and that is: What will you pay me for it? We say these two questions are at the very basis of all contracts for labor. There can be no intelligent agreement without, the question, 1) What kind of work do you want me to do? and, 2) What will you pay me for it?

Now, there are persons here tonight who may boast of the fact: "I never was in the employment of any one; I never sustained the relationship of a hired servant." They boast of the fact that they live under the freest government the world ever saw, whose very constitution guarantees to every man his life, and his liberty and his property. And yet there is a very special sense in which we are all servants, and there is a very special sense in which we are employed, and there is an awful sense in which payday is coming.

Now, whose servant am I? In a spiritual sense every man is a servant. He has his master and his employment and payday is coming to him. Now, whose servant am I? We may settle that very easily and in a very short time. Our Savior said:

"To whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servant ye are, whether of sin unto death or obedience unto righteousness."

He said again:

"No man can serve two masters. Either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will despise the one and cling to the other."

He said something a little stronger than that:

"He that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." The dividing line is so narrow that no man can stand on that line. I am either on one side or the other. There are a great many men here tonight, though, that will tell you, you go to them with a question like this:

"Are you a bad man?"

"No, sir."

"Are you a good man?"

"No, sir."

Neither good nor bad. There are a great many of this sort in the world. Really, they are in the majority. Well, now let me tell you. There are two characters in every community that ever I have been in, that are a puzzle to half the community. One character is that member of the church that will pray in public and pray in his family, and do anything the church wants him to do, and pay liberally but he don't treat his fellow-man right; won't pay his debts won't live right toward his fellow-man. He seems to do everything that God wants him to do and to do right toward God, but he don't treat his neighbor right. Well, now, here's the other one, standing right by his side. He's a just man and pays his debts; he is generous to the poor; he seems to be, all in all, a good citizen. Well, now, there the two stand, and the balance of the community, a large proportion of the community, stand and look at these two characters, and say: "Well, I'd rather be that man out of the church, that's just and generous and pays his debts, than to be that man in the church that mistreats his neighbors." Well, why do you want to be a fool and be like either one? I don't I assure you, and by the grace of God I don't intend to be like either one. I am going to do right toward God, and I'm going to do right toward man, and there's the whole man.

"And this is the first and greatest of the commandments. Thou shalt serve God with all thy heart and mind and strength. And ths other is like unto it: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And no man who is an enemy to his neighbor is a true friend to God. And no man who is an enemy of God can be a true friend to his neighbor. A half man! A half man! He will do right toward his neighbor. He won't do right toward God. He will do right toward God, but won't do right toward his neighbor. Now, my friend, I say, in all love and kindness, if you are of these, I don't want to be like you, I don't care which character you represent God helping me, I want to do right toward God, and I want to do right toward my fellow-men. And after all, these men, neither good nor bad, you ask then: "Will you go to Heaven if you die?" "No, sir; I hardly think I will." "Go to Hell?" "No, sir; don't think I'll go to Hell." And your sort will necessitate some sort of third universe or world in eternity. You are not fit for Heaven; you admit it, and you are hardly bad enough to go to Hell. And here you are, and you have been to God and to this community, all your life, in just such an attitude as that.

Brother, let me say this to you, you are on one side or the other. I recollect once at a county camp-meeting a gentleman approached me and he said:

"I'm mighty glad to see this grand work going on here. I hope this whole community will be saved."

"Well," says I, "thank you, brother. What church do you belong to?"

He said: "I don't belong to the church, but," he says, "I'm a Christian."

I said: "You a Christian and not belong to any church! Why, you are the man I've been looking for, too, these many year". I've offered a reward -- a large reward -- for one of your sort Christians are sort of scarce in the church, and the Lord knows I didn't know there was one out of the church. I'm gone lost, now. I've found an anomaly in the moral universe of God -- a Christian out of the church!" And I said to him: "I am mighty glad to meet you, sir. Now," said I, "this afternoon when I call up the penitents, I want to call on you to pray them."

"Oh, no!" he says, "I can't pray in public"

Says I, "Why?"

Said he, "Because I'm not a member of the church."

"Well," said I, "when the service is over this afternoon, take one of the boys -- one of the penitent out from the altar -- and go out into the woods and pray with him."

"Oh, no!" he says, "I can't do that."

"Why?" said I "Because I am not a member of the church, Mr. Jones."

"Well," said I, "can't you just take one of the boys by the arm and take him off out into the woods and talk with him about Christ?"

"No!" he said, "my trouble is, I'm not a member of the church."

"No, sir," said I, " That ain't your trouble. Your trouble is, you belong to the devil from your hat to your heels! That's your trouble."

"He that is not with me is against me."

"He that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad."

There is no neutral ground, sir. Every Christian man has his banner and his weapon, and he is out in the front ranks, and he is fighting for Christ and for his cause. Now, whose servant am I?

"To whom ye yield yourselves servant, to obey, his servants ye are."

Well, now, let's settle this question, each one for himself. The Lord Jesus Christ said this:

"If ye love me, keep my commandments."

"Do you do that?"

"No, sir."

He said again:

"Come out from among them and be ye separate."

"Have you done that?"

"No, sir."

"Deny yourself and take up your cross and follow me."

"Have you done that?"

"No, sir."

Well, that settles the question beyond all cavil that you are not a servant of the Lord God, and then, if you are not a servant of the Lord God Almighty, there is but one alternative you have: You are a servant of the devil. Every man that walks this earth is a loving, willing, cheerful servant of God, or he is a servant of the devil -- one or the other.

Now, will you slip up to your master, the devil, and ask him what kind of work he wants you to do? Ah me! That seems like a foolish proposition! What kind of work does the devil want his servants to do? He wants them to profane the name of God; to violate the Sabbath; to bear false witness; to do a thousand things that we are guilty of every day. He wants me to do those things that will make my wife think less of me and make my children think less of me and make my parents think less of me. He wants me to do those things that are disreputable and that dishonor God and that will doom my soul forever. Isn't that so? I can prove it by fifty thousand sinners in St. Louis that that is true.

Then, if I must do such disreputable work as this, and must engage in such disreputable employment as that, what is the wages? Woe and misery and anguish on earth and damnation in the end. Is that so? Well, there are thousands of sinners living and thousands in eternity tonight that are living witnesses to the truth that the devil would ruin them upon earth and degrade them in time and damn them in eternity. Payday is coming. It has come to millions. It is now coming to thousands.

What's the wages?

Preaching once in my own church on a line of thought like this, I turned to an old gray-headed sinner sitting over to my left. Said I: "There you are, after sixty odd years of age, and I wish you would get up and tell this congregation your wages for sixty-five years of sinful bondage." The old man twisted and turned in his pew, and next day he met me on the road and said he: "Oh, Jones, when you put that question to me last night, if I had stood up and told the plain truth it would have frightened many a soul last night. I can tell you, sir, that for sixty-five years of sinful bondage, all I have to show for it in the world is the most godless family in all this settlement, and a hard heart, and a stiff neck, and a rebellious soul, and no assurance at all that I will ever be saved."

Oh, sir, when a man of sixty-five years of age reaches a point where his stock in trade is all things like that, it is enough to frighten a man who has not gone farther than some of you boys. Then, if I be a servant of the Lord God thank God he has many servants in the city -- the question comes up: What does the Lord God want his servants to do? He wants me to love mercy and to do justly and walk humbly before God. He wants me to bear the fruits of the spirit, which are love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness and faith. He wants me to work diligently and work righteousness and speak the truth in my heart. He wants me to do those things that will make my wife think more of me, and that will make my neighbor think more of me, and make my children think more of me. He wants me to do those things that will honor me in time and elevate my soul every day, and ultimately bring me to the saint's everlasting rest, in a world of bliss and peace.

Now, brother, if this is true, the Lord want us to serve him gladly and serve him joyfully, and there is nothing that the Lord wants me to do that I won't be in doing it, a better merchant, a better farmer, a better lawyer, a better doctor, a better mechanic, a better everything and anything, for religion is the best thing on earth to mix with life, and there is nothing better in Heaven than religion.

Now, there are some seemingly hard things we have to do for Christ, but I will honor him that this declaration is true as earth and Heaven ever listened to. Listen! I will honor my Savior with this fact: I have done some seemingly hard things, but the hardest thing I ever did for Christ was the thing that made me most like him after I got through with it. He that sweats and toils and suffers for Christ shall have flagons of joy and rivers of pleasure for every tear and pang he has ever had.

Now, if it is such delightful service that I am to render in the employ of my God, what is the pay? What is the pay? Why, brother, he gives me enough cash to live on every day, and when I get old and wrinkled and grayheaded and can not work any longer, God comes down and picks me up in his loving arms and carries me home to Heaven to live for ever and ever. Is that true? True as Heaven. Then I stop and ask myself this question: If these things are, and this world knows they are true, then what? Why is it that every man in the world is not a servant of God? Why is it that there is a servant of the devil in the universe? If the devil wants to employ me in disreputable service and degrading service, and it is misery and anguish in time and damnation in eternity, and God gives me delightful, joyous employment and helps me to build a character that will stand the test of judgment, and finally sits me down on the streets of the paradise of God a saved man -- if one is true and the other is true, why is it that there is a servant of the devil in all this broad land? Now, let us see why.

"Thou ha kept the good wine until now." This text illustrates a principle in this moral universe on both sides of the question. The devil's economy is to give the best he has got first and then it gets worse through all eternity. Now, to illustrate -- and I ways could illustrate thing faster and perhaps better than I could talk it.

Now, when I was a ten or twelve years old young boy, the devil took me up into a large, capacious palace -- a magnificent structure it was, beautiful, glorious in all its architectural beauty. He carried me into the palace and led me around, and I looked upon and worshiped the pictures hanging around the walls, and then I looked at the beautiful carpets on the floor; I looked at those beautiful windows, with their lace curtains. I looked again, and there was a table of pleasure, and a chair of ease, a sofa of contentment, and, oh, how many thousand things in that palace charmed my heart. And then he said to me: "If you will be my servant, all this is yours." And I surveyed those pictures, and those beauties, and that elegant furniture, and that beautiful palace, inside and out, and I said: Well, sir, I enter your service. If all this is mine, what do I care for God and Heaven and everlasting life?" and I took possession. I remained in there, joyfully, several days. But I walked out one day, and when I returned I saw my chair of ease was gone, and, somehow or other, I never felt as easy in there afterward as I did before. I returned another day and my sofa of contentment was gone, and, somehow or other, I never felt contented in there after that. I came back another day and my table of pleasure was gone, and some how or other, the pleasures had departed with the table.

I came back another day and one of those beautiful windows had been removed and a solid wall placed in its stead, and I said: "It is not quite as light in here as it once was." I came back another

day -- a beautiful picture was removed, and how blank that wall looked! Another day, and another piece of furniture gone. Back another day, and a window gone -- perceptibly darker. Another day and a door had been removed, and I said: "There are not as many ways of ingress and egress, now, as I once had." And on and on and on, until by and by the last picture was gone, the last window had been removed, and, oh, how dark and gloomy was my home! And again, and again, and the carpets were all taken up, and how bare and cold that floor! And again, and again, and another door removed, until the last door had been removed, except one, and the windows were removed and everything gone, and, oh, how desolate! But fourteen years ago the latter part of August last, I walked out of that palace to see my father die, and I promised him I'd never go back any more.

I know a man that stayed there just a little longer than I did -- my friend he was. He stayed there until the last piece of furniture was gone, and every window removed, and the doors all taken out, and he said: "I can't get out of that large, capacious palace." The walls were coming together every day, every hour, and on Thursday night, about one o'clock, as his wife stood by his bedside, the walls of that palace crushed together, and he admitted with his dying breath that "the wages of sin is death!" My God! how many souls in St. Louis are encompassed in that palace tonight! How many in there, with doors all removed and windows taken out! And they will realize some of these days, as the walls crush together, that "the wages of sin is death." But how on the other side? This is but a picture of life, brethren. Life! Why, I can remember the first dram I ever drank. It made me feel manly. I thought, "Well, surely I have found the elixir of life, the grand panacea for all sad feelings." But I drank, and drank, until I despised myself and loathed, and loathed, and loathed my very being, because I was a miserable drunkard. I recollect the first oath I ever swore. I thought it sounded manly. But I cursed and swore until I was a black-mouthed villain, and I despised myself when I walked into the presence of a Christian gentleman. Oh, my congregation, tonight I tell you that sin has its richest, sweetest ingredient at the top of the cup, but as you go down, and down and down, the bitterest drink that a human being can swallow is the last dregs of the sinner's life. Oh, how painful! Some of you know that to be true. The devil offers and gives the best first, and it gets worse and worse and worse through all eternity! And there is not a sinner, twenty-five years old, in this house, but what you will realize in eternity that you saw more real pleasure in a life of sin up to twenty years of age, than all eternity had for you after that time. When Lord Byron, who drank of every cup that earth could give him, and who had all the ministers of earth to play around him at his bed, Lord Byron with an intellectual and a physical nature that could dive down into deepest depths and could soar into the highest, and whose wings when spread could touch either pole -- and that poor man just before he died, sitting in his gay company, was meditative and moody, and they looked at him and said: "Byron, what are you thinking about so seriously?" "Oh," he said, "I was sitting here counting up the number of happy days I had in this world." And they said: "How many do you make it?" "Oh," he said, "I can count but eleven, and I was sitting here now wondering if I would ever make up the dozen in this world of tears and pangs and sorrows."

Oh, brother, he went to depths you know nothing of, and to heights you will never reach. Let me say to you night, you are reaching the point like the great prominent character in England who was sitting thinking in his study, and a friend said: "What are you thinking about?" He said: "I was sitting here looking at my dog on the mat and wishing in my heart I were that dog lying there." Oh, sir, there are depths to which humanity can go that we loathe ourselves and despise ourselves, and

yet the things promise mighty nice in the beginning. But how about the other side of the picture? The first thing the Lord gives to a man is the bitterest cup that he ever swallowed up to that hour -- the cup of conviction -- repentance. Oh, me! when David took this cup in his hand and drank it down he said:

"It is the wormwood and the gall." And he said:

"It makes my knees to smite together, and the pains of hell got hold upon me. I found trouble and sorrow."

There is no experience in all the universe of God like the experience of the soul in the deepest hour of its spiritual anguish. And this cup that God presents -- the cup of conviction -- to the honest soul, oh, how it makes his knees smite together, and what wormwood and gall it is! I can never forget the hours in my life when I turned this world a loose and had no God to take my hand. Oh, brother for nearly a week I was wading and wading through the deepest trials. I had turned loose all my sins, and I could not find the hand of God. I was reaching up, saying, "Father, take my hand! take my hand!" And on I went. I felt like the veriest orphan in all the universe of God, and miserably I pressed my way along, the most miserable man in the world. Thank God for those awful hours! They have been so awful to me that my footsteps shall never go back over that road. God, let me die before I shall ever cross that weary quagmire again in my human experience, poor and wretched and miserable! That was the first cup. I drank it down. And oh, what anguish and misery of soul. The next cup God presented to my lips was the cup of justification, and I drank it down, and I said, "Well, surely God has kept the good wine until now." Oh, none but God can know how glorious the sinner feels when he hears the voice of God saying:

"Son, daughter, thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven!" That is the second cup. And on, and on -- I have had a thousand I think sometimes -- but I want to tell you it is bitter! bitter! bitter! And as you swallow the cup down, ever and anon as you hand the cup back to the hand of God, he tells you, "and still there is more to follow." And on, and on, and on!

Why, the first cup God presented to St. Paul, he was stricken down in the road and struck stone blind. For three days and nights he groped his way in darkness until he reached the house of Ananias, and when Ananias laid his hands upon him and the scales fell from his eyes and joy came into his soul, I expect St. Paul thought, "Well, God has kept the good wine until now." And a few months after that St. Paul was caught up into the third heaven and poised himself over the city of God and looked down on the towering spires and jasper walls and pearly gates and his ears were charmed with the songs of angels and the music of the redeemed. I expect as he looked down on that city of God that he said: "Well, verily God has kept the good wine until now." But by and by in his lonely prison at Rome God presented another cup and St Paul took his pen again and wrote Timothy:

"The time of my departure is at hand."

He just took that great clod of a word which we call "death" and threw it on one side and he said:

"The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." But God stooped over the parapet of heaven and shook his crown in his face, and Paul said, "I will wear that tomorrow. I will sleep in this old dungeon tonight and eat a cold

breakfast in the morning, but I will take dinner in Heaven tomorrow with God and the angels." And if we had St. Paul down here tonight to conclude this service, and he would just tell us what good things God has in store for us, we would all leave here shouting the praises of God for the glorious hope of an immortal life beyond the skies. Oh, brother! better and better and better through all eternity.

I have thought of a thousand things in reference to eternity I have thought this way; I have laid down and dreamed of Heaven, and I have stood up and thought of Heaven and I have sat down and read of Heaven, and then I have sung of Heaven, and on I go; but, brethren, all the money I have got in the universe is in this bank, and if it don't break I am a millionaire. I have felt it many a time. All my calculations and all my interest is in that direction, and if at the final day God should say to me -- "Depart ye cursed into everlasting flames,"

I will turn my back and walk away from the gates of Heaven the worst disappointed man that God ever drove away from his presence. No, sir. My calculations are all that way. And then after a while if I do succeed and step inside of the pearly gates and turn around and see God and angels, and precious mother and father and loved ones, brethren, I will just bury my face in my hands and say, "Sure enough, beyond all doubt or cavil, I am here, I am here." And blessed be God, I just as fully expect to realize that I am in heaven as I realize tonight I am in St. Louis; in fact more so. I may be mistaken about being in St Louis, it may be somewhere else; but when I get to Heaven, there is no place in the world like Heaven, and I will know I am there, sure enough. When I was in Waco, Texas, I was stricken down by laborious work with malarial typhoid fever. I suffered day after day and day after day for fourteen long days. I saw the anxious care on the doctor's face, and on my wife's face, and one day the devil, almost in his visible presence, came into my room, and, slipping up to my bedside, said: "Now you have worked yourself to death. Now you are down with typho-malarial fever. Your system is reduced, and your nervous system is exhausted. You will never rally from your sickness; you have worked yourself to death." I said to His Majesty: Now, you get out of here! You get out of here! If I had it all to do over again I would not strike a lick less. I do not care much whether I go to Heaven about this time next week. Do you think you can set me back with that sort of talk?" Said I: "You can get out! You get out of here! If I have worked myself to death, glory be to God! I have worked myself to Heaven, and that is the grand consummation of it all."

About nine tenths of the reasons why I want to stay down here is not because I think so grandly of this old world, but I want to stay here until God gives me time to eliminate from me everything that ought to be eliminated before I go. As soon as God shall empty me of all worldliness, and all self and fill me with his presence, I am ready to go any time. I don't want to be forever what I am tonight I want to be eliminated of some things and take in some other things before I crystallize forever and shall be forever what I am.

Better! Better! Well, now I know what a servant of God will do for other folks, and we are all alike. I have been watching some things mighty close during the last few years. I was pastor of a church and in that church there was one of the most faithful, godly women I ever saw in my life. Her husband was wealthy, and she gave with a princely hand to the poor and to every good cause, and it was joy to her heart to do for the Master. And finally her time came to pass out of this world. I visited her in her last illness. She was dying of consumption, and had spent several winters in

Florida. She was now dying of consumption, and when I would go into her room and talk to her, she would frequently say, "I dread to die, not the results of death," she said, "but the agonies of death." And I talked to her and encouraged her all I could. She said, "I am so frail, I am so weak I can scarcely lift my hands, and, oh I how can I grapple with physical death?" The last time I visited her before she died she motioned to the company present to leave the room -- I suppose she did, for they all got up and walked out at once and left me alone with her. Then she said: My pastor, I have some things of importance to say to you that I never want you to mention while I live, for the world makes light of such things, and what I say to you is as sacred to me as my own soul." She said, "You know told you when you were here last that I was afraid of the agonies of death; not of the beyond." "Yes, ma'am," I replied. "Well," she says, " I am not now." "Well," said I, "what brought about the change?" She said, "Yesterday I was lying in my room there and I put my handkerchief over my face and I was thinking of Heaven, and," she says, "all at once a scene just as natural as life presented itself. It seemed that I stood upon the moss-covered banks of a beautiful river, and the noiseless water was rolling gently by." And she said, "All at once a little boat ran its prow out right at my feet, and the oarsman invited me into the boat; I stepped into the little boat and it moved off so noiselessly, and we disembarked on the other bank amid the shouts of the angels and the songs of the redeemed, and," she said, "they carried me up a beautiful avenue to a palace, and we walked up to the door of the palace and the door stood jar." She said, "They carried me into the palace, and I felt like a stranger in a strange place. They carried me up to the King and introduced me to him, and as soon as my eyes fell upon him, I saw and recognized immediately that it was the world's Redeemer, my precious Savior, and I was at home from that time on. Now," she said, "I am not afraid to die." Just a few days afterwards, as her husband sat with her, she called him in a whisper. He went to her. She said: "Husband, I feel so delightfully strange; what do you think is the matter with me?" He felt her hand and felt her arm to her body, and it was cold. "Oh, precious wife," he said, "you are dying." She raised her arms and clasped them around his neck, and said: "Oh, husband, if this is death, what a glorious thing to die." And she fell back on her pillow and never breathed another breath.

Just eleven days after that I was walking along by the hotel, and the husband of this good woman said: "Mr. Jones, my little Annie is very sick. I wish you would come and see her." She was the only child of that man and the good sister that had died. As I walked into the room, there was little Annie, little ten-year-old Annie, sick with diphtheria. I walked in and took her hand, and said: "Sweet darling, are you suffering much?" She said in a whisper: "Yes, sir; a good deal." I said: "Darling, do you want me to talk to you? And she said: "Yes. sir if you please." "What about I?" I asked. She said: "I want you to talk to me about Heaven." I said: "Well, darling, it is a great country, a glorious place, where little girls never suffer, and mamma is never sick, and where all is life and health and peace" And her little eyes would fairly dance like diamonds in her head while I talked. And directly the doctors walked in, and her father said: "Annie, darling, the doctors want to cauterize, to burn your throat again." She looked up so pleadingly, and said: "Papa, please, sir, don't let them burn my throat any more. Mamma has been calling me all the morning, and I want to go." "Why " he said, "sweet darling, if you go papa won't have any little girl. Won't you stay with papa?" "Well," she said, "they may burn my throat, but it won't do any good. I am going to mamma." They burned her throat, and she lay perfectly quiet a minute or two. Then she was visited by some Sunday-school children, and she turned and said: "Won't you sing, 'Shall we gather at the river?'" And she said: "I have heard them singing it over there, and mamma is joining

in." The little children began to sing, and just as they commenced the chorus the sweet spirit of little Annie left the body with a placid, heavenly smile on its face, and went home to live with her mamma forever. No wonder the old prophet said:

"Let me live the life of the righteous and die a happy death, and may my last end be like his: Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Peace! Peace! Now, another incident, and then I will quit, just to show you the difference; a simple contrast. I want you to see it. During the last cruel war -- and how cruel it was! -- a minister in our State was summoned to Virginia by a telegram, which read:

"Your brother is mortally wounded. Hurry to the front." This minister hurried to the front as fast as the trains could carry him to the battlefields of Virginia. When he reached Virginia he found his brother was wounded sure enough fatally. He was in a country home, and he made haste to the place, and when he walked into the room where his suffering brother was dying he went up to the bed and took his hand. He saw immediately that death was doing its work, and he said: "Brother, I am so glad to get here before your death. Brother, I am so anxious about your soul. You have been a wicked man all your life; I have prayed for you, and talked with you many a time. Now, brother, brother, will you right here surrender your heart to God?" "Oh," said the wounded man, "brother, do not talk to me about my soul. I have thrown away all my health and vigorous days and despised God and religion, and now I can do nothing with every fiber of my body burning and aching. Oh, brother, I can not talk with you now about religion." The next day the brother tried his best to preach him again, but the wounded brother waved him off, and said: "Brother, I am tortured to death with physical pain. Please, sir, do not trouble me now. I am unprepared and shall die unprepared, but do not torture me more than I am being tortured." he could not approach him. It was the sixth night this preacher brother had sat by his brother's bedside. Loss of sleep and exhaustion and anxiety had reduced him so much and worried him so that as the wounded brother was lying quietly that night about 12 o'clock he said to himself, "I will lie down on the cot and rest for a few moments. I won't go to sleep. I see brother is very low." And he said, "I lay down on the cot and in a moment almost was sound asleep. And while asleep he dreamt that his brother died with his mouth wide open, and just as soon as the soul left the body he saw the devil come in in bodily form and approach the bed, and walk up to his dead brother and look down into his brother's mouth and he saw that the soul was gone. And he said: "I thought that when the soul of my brother left his body it hid among the piles of wood I had piled up by the fire to keep the fire going, and the devil scented the soul, and started around to my brother's hidden soul, and as the devil approached that hiding place the soul flew out of the room, crying 'Lost! Lost! Lost! Forever lost!' And," said he, "in the distance I heard the wail of my brother's soul as it hurried out of the reach of the devil, and in the distance I could hear the shrieks and screams of my brother's soul as the devil fastened his talons in it forever and ever. And," he said, "when I woke up agitated and frightened the light had gone out" And said he, "I jumped up and lit the lamp. I walked up to the bed. There was my poor brother, lying with his mouth wide open. And I believe God shut my eyes in sleep to show me the scene that transpired in that room."

God have mercy on men who will let the last chance of being saved pass away and then go into eternity unprepared. Will you risk it? Will you risk it? How many men sitting before me, or anywhere in this church, tonight, who are not religious, who are not professors of religion, young

men who are not religious, fathers who are not religious, how many of you will stand up before God and man and say, "I don't want to do without religion; I want to be a Christian here and live with Christians here on earth and with them forever hereafter"? How many of you will stand up tonight and say, "God being my judge, I do not want to die a sinner. I want to be a Christian; I want to be saved from sin"? Have you interest enough in your soul to stand up and say: "I want the prayers of all who pray. I want to be saved from my sins"? Will you stand up -- every person who wants to be a Christian and shun the death that never, never dies -- will you stand up? Do not be ashamed or afraid. That is right God sees you, and I tell you a man is not far from the kingdom of God when he will stand up and say: "I want to be a Christian." Oh, my Lord, save these people tonight. You can all sit down. God help us tonight to prepare for eternity. We have no more time to lose.

## 14. For Men Only

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For Men Only "Escape for thy life!" (Genesis 19:14) I want to invite your attention this evening to a part of the fourteenth verse of the nineteenth chapter of Genesis:

"Escape for thy life!"

There is in the bosom of every man an instinctive love of life, and an instinctive fear of death. Man has a spiritual nature as well as a physical nature, and there are certain things which are death-dealing poisons to the moral and spiritual life as there are things which are poison to the physical life. So the warning, "Escape for thy life," means escape from sin. I intend to speak plainly to all of you this evening. When a man preaches to me there are three questions I ask of him: "Do you mean kindly to me, and are you my friend?" "Are you posted on the subject you are discussing?" and "Do you love what you preach?" You can tell whether or not I am your friend by the way I speak to you; you can find out how I live by inquiring where I have lived, and you will find out before I get through that I'm I intend to discuss.

Profanity

Now, I intend to discuss some cardinal sins, and the first is the sin of profanity. What an awful sin it is and how it has got into society. If I should say that the man who did that would lie and drink, you would say that I am right; but if I should say that the man who will swear will lie and drink, you would say: "Hold on there, don't say that or there'll be a row; I swear sometimes." Now I tell you that the man who will swear will do all the other things if you just take the bridle off him and turn him loose, and the young man that stils himself upon his honor and integrity, and is a swearer -- I say that young man would steal and crush the virtue of the sweetest maiden in this great city, if only the obstacles that now prevent him from doing it were removed. The swearing man that went into the army, stole and went to a house of ill-fame at night. The bars were down. Don't you know that?

They say at when the devil wants to catch any other kind of a sinner he baits his hook; but when he wants to catch a profane swearer he just drops his hook without any bait, and the poor fool just gobbles it up. The man who swears -- you can say what you please about it -- the man who swears lacks just that much of being a gentleman. Those men that swarm the railway trains. The railway trains have their fine chair cars, and sleeping cars, and smoking cars, and they need now just one more car, and that is the man that steals gets something, but the man that swears, what does he get? You ask me if I stole when I swore, and I say "yes," I did. I stole the peace from my home and the roses from the cheeks of my wife, and that was about as far as I could get without running against the sheriff.

Sabbath Breaking The next cardinal sin I want to talk about is the sin of Sabbath breaking.

See these men having all the money that they can make during the week, and sometimes money that they don't make and all for the purpose of going out Sunday and breaking the Sabbath. Just

go up to a crowd of those fellows and hear them. Hear the nasty, obscene language and the miserable oaths they use. Why if a buzzard would come along flying in the air above a crowd of those men, he'd get within about ten feet of them and stop, and then say. "Whe-e-e-u," and spread his wings and sail away. And I tell you, when a crowd of men get so low that a buzzard won't come near them, they're pretty low. You say to me, "I don't like these Sunday Christians." I tell you that I do. I tell you that the man that keeps the Sabbath holy keeps every other day holy, and the man that violates the Sabbath violates every other day in the week.

Gambling Now, I want to talk to you about gambling.

I have no respect for those cotton gamblers and these speculators. I see that those fellows in the East have made a spec, and there's going to be many a one squeezed. I am glad that every now and then they catch some Ward or Fish and disgrace them. I wish these Christians would quit speculating, I do indeed. I tell them it's wrong to buck against futures, but you can't convince any of these old Methodist deacons who's just won about \$30,000 that gambling in futures is wrong; oh, no. He wouldn't think that was any more wrong than it is for a goat to eat grass. But just let him lose \$30,000 and he'll come and say: "O, it's wrong to deal in futures." The church raffles and lotteries are wrong, but the devil will help you to get them up. The devil will help you to get up anything of this kind in the church, but he charges you compound interest, and he'll sue you and levy on you when you haven't got a cent. I know that. I've been there. I say to you, fellow citizens, that people may talk about their gold and silver and greenbacks, and their hard and soft money, but I say to you, let us have honest money. I'd rather have one dollar I had worked for, that I had earned by the sweat of my brow, than all the millions of Jay Gould.

Here is a young man getting \$50 a month. His livery stable is \$25, Louisiana lottery tickets \$10 or \$15, theater tickets \$15, tailor's bill \$25. Where does he get his money? I knew a boy getting \$40 and spending money like this in Atlanta, and one day his employer took him into a room and backed him up against the door and said: "Now, I know you are spending all this money. Where do you get it?" And the boy -- aha! the boy said that his step-mother sent it to him. Now, how foolish that was, for everybody knows that step-mothers don't send their boys any money. I had a step-mother, but she never sent me money. Look at this boy that's just won \$10,000 in the Louisiana lottery, a concern which can't receive letters through the mails, and you have to whip the devil around the stump to get your money to it even. The money all goes in vile companionship and in pouring liquor down his throat, and he hunts up something else which will give him a chance of getting something for nothing. And here's the boy who has earned a dollar by hard work, and he puts it covered with sweat in his pants pocket, and he puts his pants under his pillow and goes to sleep, and that eagle on the dollar turns to a nightingale and sings to him in his dreams. But the man who deals in cotton futures can't blame his boy for buying Louisiana lottery tickets. A man told me once "There's a man who's a cotton buyer, and he's one of the most honest men on earth. He is so honest that he'll pay the poorest man, that can't read or write, the fair price for his bale of cotton," and I felt like going up to him and shaking hands with him and asking him if he didn't feel lonesome among his associates.

Liscentiousness

I want to speak licentiousness. It is the worst and most damnable of the cardinal sins. I was told not long ago that this wave of licentiousness had involved half of our society, and if it this is so I

thought how long will it be before the mighty wave sweeps over and engulfs the other half. Let us build a wall around the virtue of our pure women a mile high. Oh, I believe that the most awful hell there is in the next world is reserved for the man that tampers with the virtue of a pure woman; and yet so our society is, that when such a thing as this happens, the woman sinks down lower and lower and passes into oblivion, while he is lionized. How different was the action of Christ! This the evangelist illustrated by the story of Christ and the woman taken in adultery. "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone," and they all shrank away. There are many of these poor creatures who are longing for other things and other lives, and there are many of your St. Louis millionaires who would contribute thousands toward the building of a house of refuge for them. The evangelist then discussed libertinism and libertines, young and old, denouncing both in language far more vigorous than that used by evangelist Varley, although he did not descend to the indecent description and filthy detail of the London preacher. The immoral husband he especially denounced, saying as he did so, that he knew very well that he had in his audience a number of the very men of whom he was speaking, concluding his remarks upon this sin, with:

"I have more hope of any man than of the one who is in the power of licentiousness, and has given himself up to it. We can do very little with the man who has yielded himself up to an unhallowed alliance of this kind. We put our arms around him and try to pull him away, but he clings to his sin.

Sin of Intemperance In conclusion, I'm agoing to tell you to beware of intemperance, the deadly sin of intemperance. This the evangelist disposed of briefly. In St. Joseph he had angered the saloon-keepers by speaking of their business, and he had heard that they were talking in an aggrieved way of his remarks. He had gone to one of them and told him to meet him and go with him to see the wife of a man who had sunk from respectability to drunkenness and had committed a crime for which he was then in the penitentiary. "Thus we will put our ears to her side and hear the lifeblood trickling away, and then, if you say I have been unjust, I will get down on my knees and beg your pardon." His own miserable experience as a drunkard was told from the time he married his Kentucky wife to the time of his conversion "I never had but one child who saw me drunk, and God took him away. I may, when I was raving, have said something brutal to him. When I meet him in Heaven I shall kneel down before him and ask him if this is true, and if it is I shall ask forgiveness."

Now I want all of you who think you will try to abandon or shun these sins I have spoken of to stand up and let me see you.

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